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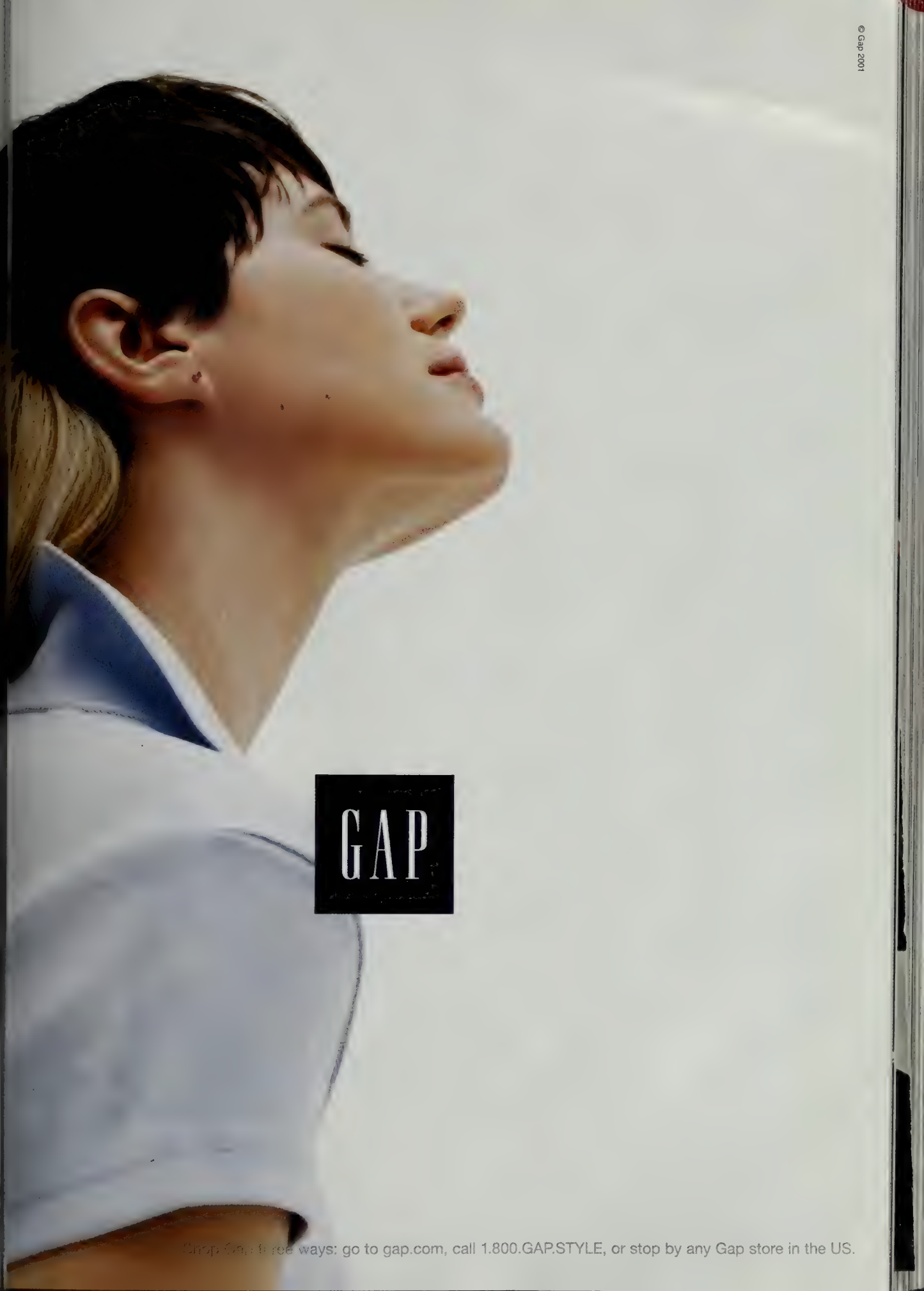
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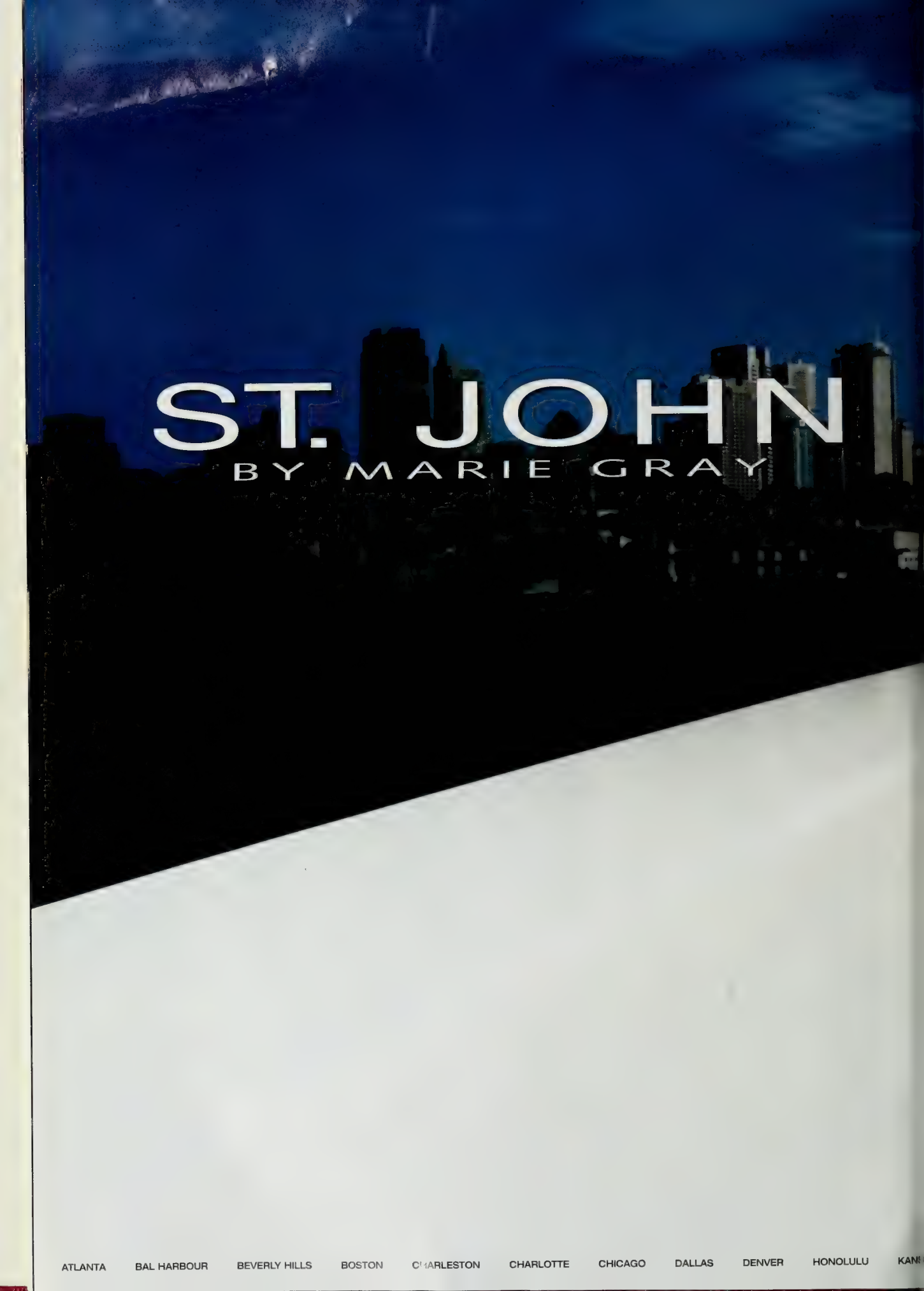
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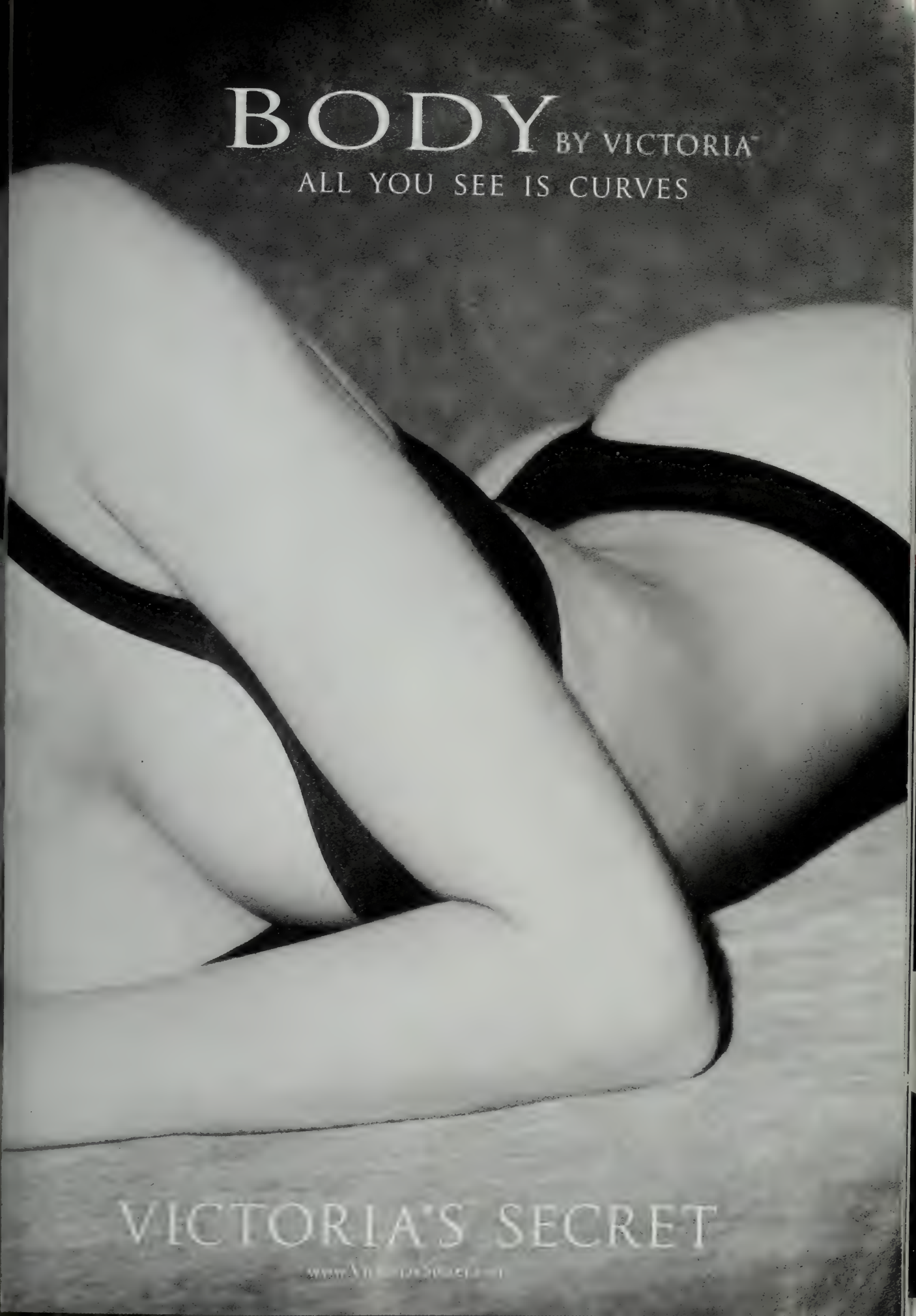

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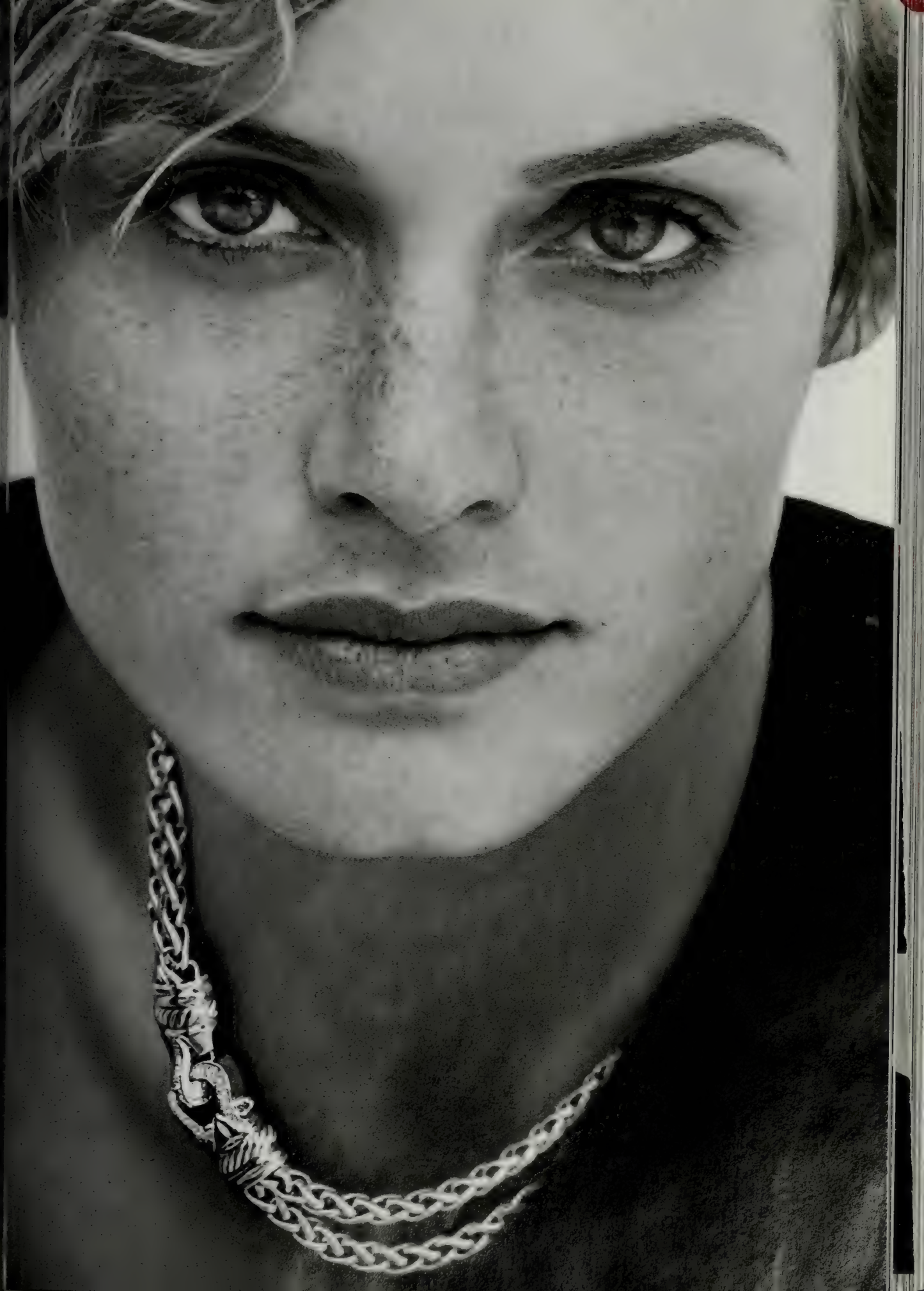

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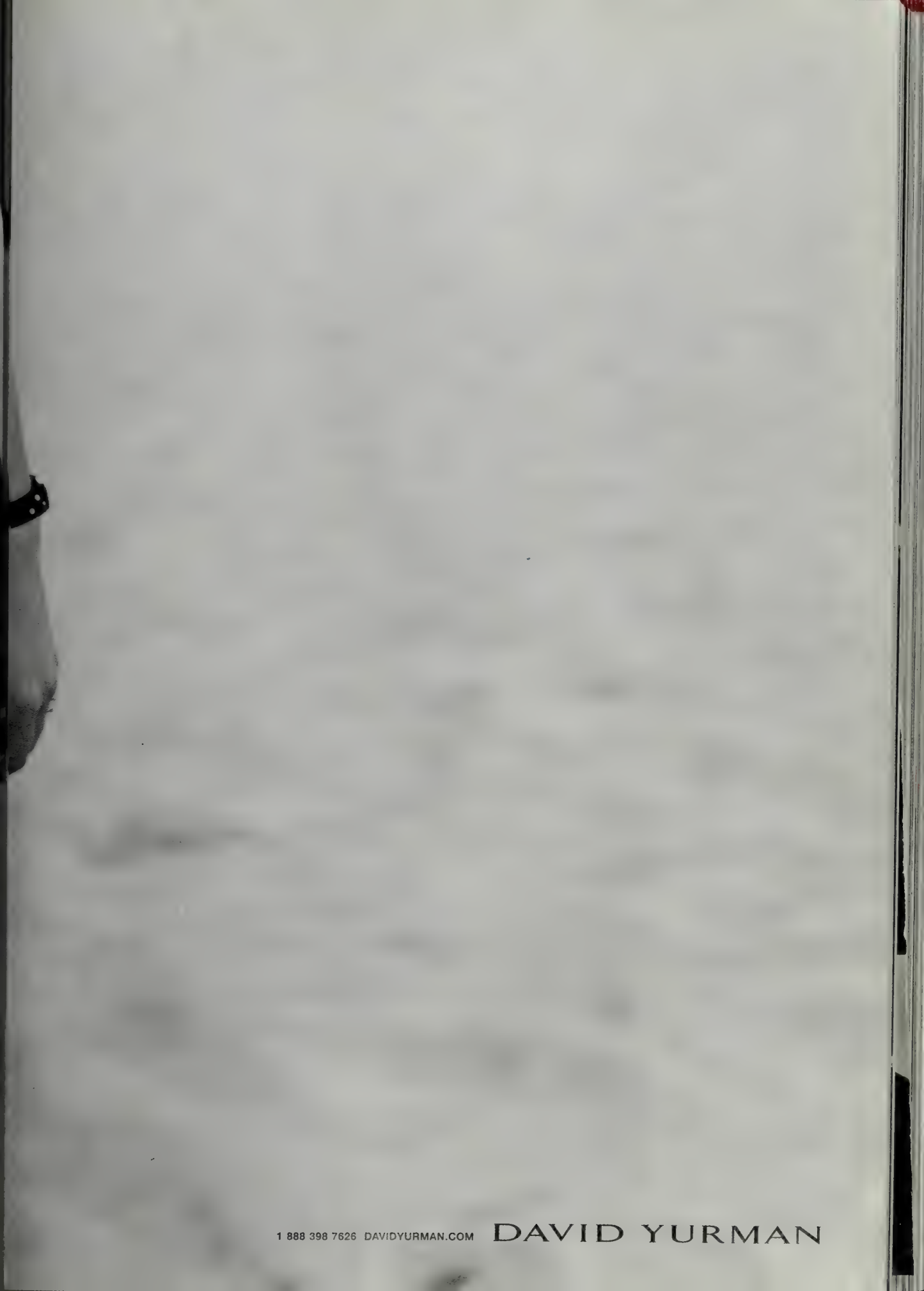

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VANITY FAIR

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STORMY WEATHER
Hollywood golden girl Jennifer Aniston 162

Features

DECONSTRUCTING JENNIFER Her tresses launched a million haircuts, and her body fueled the growing controversy over Hollywood's anorexic ideals, but it is Jennifer Aniston's dead-on comic timing that has earned her stardom—not to mention that $750,000-per-episode *Friends* paycheck. At home in Los Angeles, with her latest movie, *Rock Star,* hitting theaters in the fall, Aniston levels with Leslie Bennetts about subverting the media spotlight, her painful estrangement from her mother, and life as Mrs. Brad Pitt. Photographs by Michael Thompson 16

DAVOS, INC. Every January, world-stage movers, thinkers, and shakers—this year's roster included Bill Gates, Yasser Arafat, Kofi Annan, Dianne Feinstein, George Soros, David Rockefeller, and Oprah Winfrey—head for the Alpine village of Davos, Switzerland, to mull the state of the planet. Roaming the World Economic Forum, from high-minded seminars to caviar-and-champagne blowouts, James Atlas watches the ultimate network in action 168

STANLEY SPENCER'S PRIVATE EYE The 100-plus drawings and canvases on show at London's Tate Britain prove Stanley Spencer to be one of the few great English painters of the last two centuries. Henry Porter spotlights an artist whose vision thrived in the isolation of a simple village. 17

BARON BY DESIGN Fabien Baron revolutionized the look of fashion magazines with his 1992 overhaul of *Harper's Bazaar,* as well as the images, ads, and logos of style setters from Donna Karan and Jil Sander to Ian Schrager and Madonna. He's now trying his hand at furniture and architecture, giving Matt Tyrnauer the first tour of his 3,600-square-foot SoHo loft, a triumph of painstakingly perfected minimalism that can double as the family's indoor soccer field. Photographs by Fabien Baron. 17

LA VIE EN ROSE The legacy of Billy Rose—lyricist, nightclub owner, producer, art collector, philanthropist, and serial bridegroom—finds a home this fall as his theater archives settle at Lincoln Center. Richard Merkin spotlights the Napoleon of Depression-era showbiz. Photograph by Anton Bruehl and Fernand Bourges 18

BOUND FOR GLORY When folk music swept the nation in the late 1950s and early 60s, two singers emerged as the new culture's king and queen: one a barefoot, silver-throated waif, the other a scruffy kid from Minnesota with a voice like sandpaper and a Woody Guthrie obsession. In an excerpt from his new book, David Hajdu tells the love story of Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, from their first wary encounters to their incandescent appearance at the 1963 Newport Folk Festival 18

BECKINSALE'S CALL Firooz Zahedi and Krista Smith spotlight Kate Beckinsale as the British beauty acts American in two big new movies: the Merchant Ivory adaptation of Henry James's *The Golden Bowl* and Michael Bay's *Pearl Harbor*. 19

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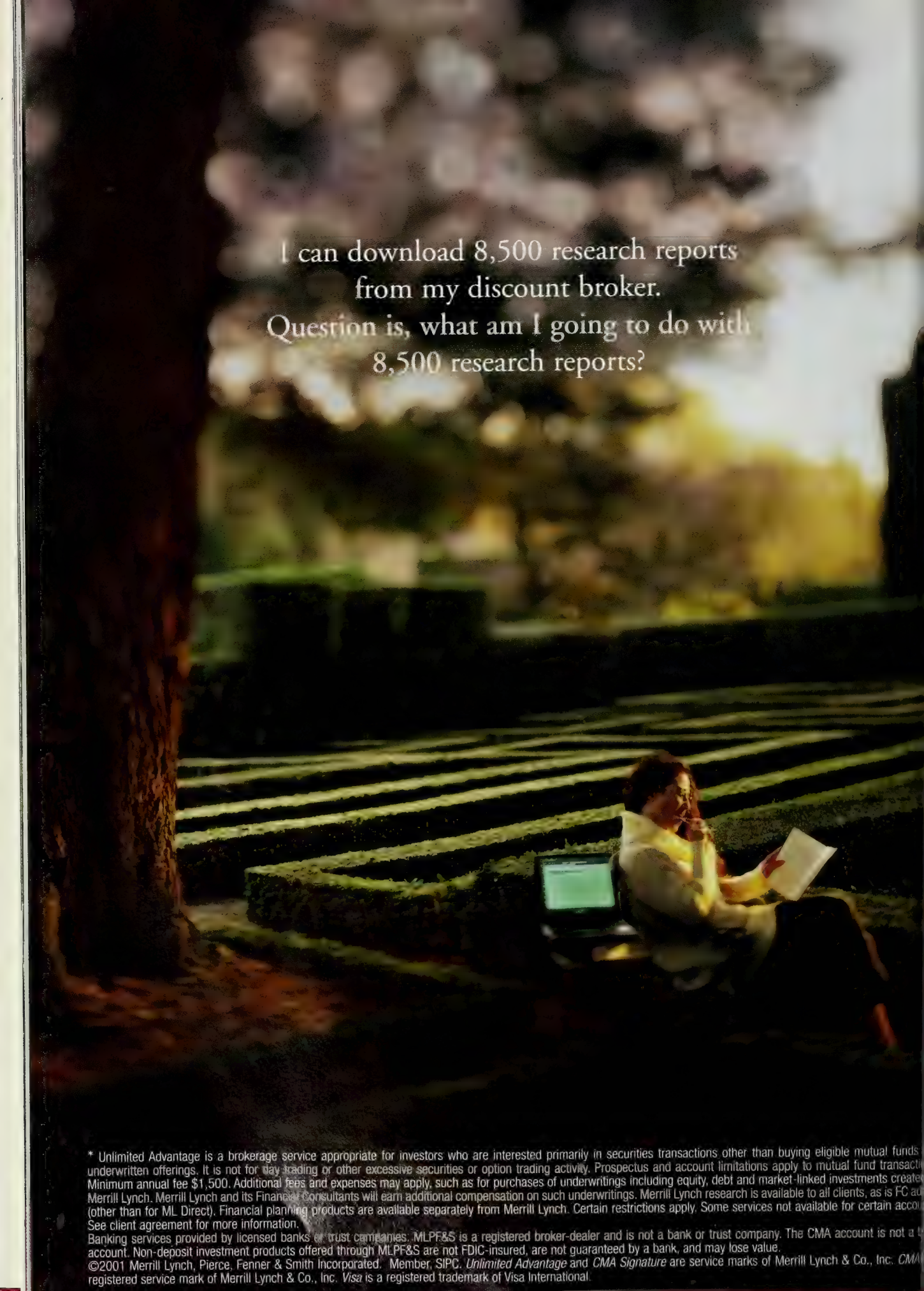




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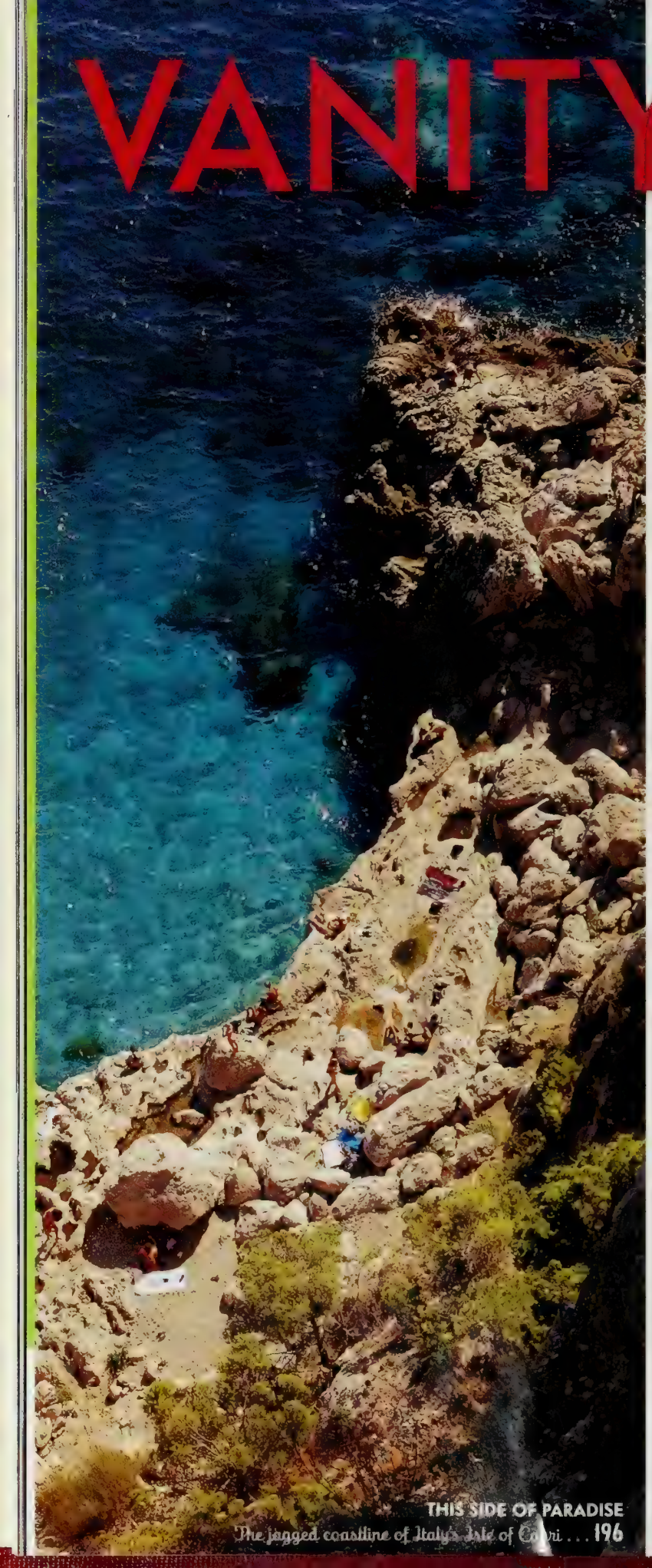


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LA DOLCE CAPRI Long a hedonistic playground for the fabulous, Capri has enticed waves of prominent socialites, fashion designers, filmmakers, and Onassises to its shores. Exploring what is now the choice getaway for such one-name wonders as Mariah, Julia, and Oprah, Evgenia Peretz discovers that scandals have always abounded at this intersection of natural paradise and glamour. Photographs by Jonathan Becker 196

Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Royal goods—the Duchess of Devonshire opens her gourmet Chatsworth Farm Shop in London. Hot Reels: Krista Smith on Renée Zellweger and *Bridget Jones's Diary;* Coming Attractions –Walter Kirn sounds the alarm on *Pearl Harbor.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Scotch rocks—Steven Daly on the Glasgow quintet Mogwai; Christopher Hitchens reviews James Ellroy's latest *noir* trip, *The Cold Six Thousand.* Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. By the Shoreditch—a guide to London's swinging East End 7

Columns

WE KNOW BEST In New York, a mayoral hopeful is trying to outlaw smoking in any establishment where food is served; in London, the House of Commons has voted to ban foxhunting, that definitive, if slightly silly, pastime of rural England. Christopher Hitchens argues that these moves to write P.C. behavior into law threaten civilization as we know it. Portrait by Christian Witkin 9

THE MOST HAPPENING FELLA From behind his oversize desk on *The Daily Show,* Jon Stewart—Comedy Central's answer to the network anchor—delivers all the news that's fit to mock. James Wolcott talks with Stewart about how he got hooked on stand-up and about the mirror worlds of politics and entertainment. Portraits by Robert Trachtenberg 10

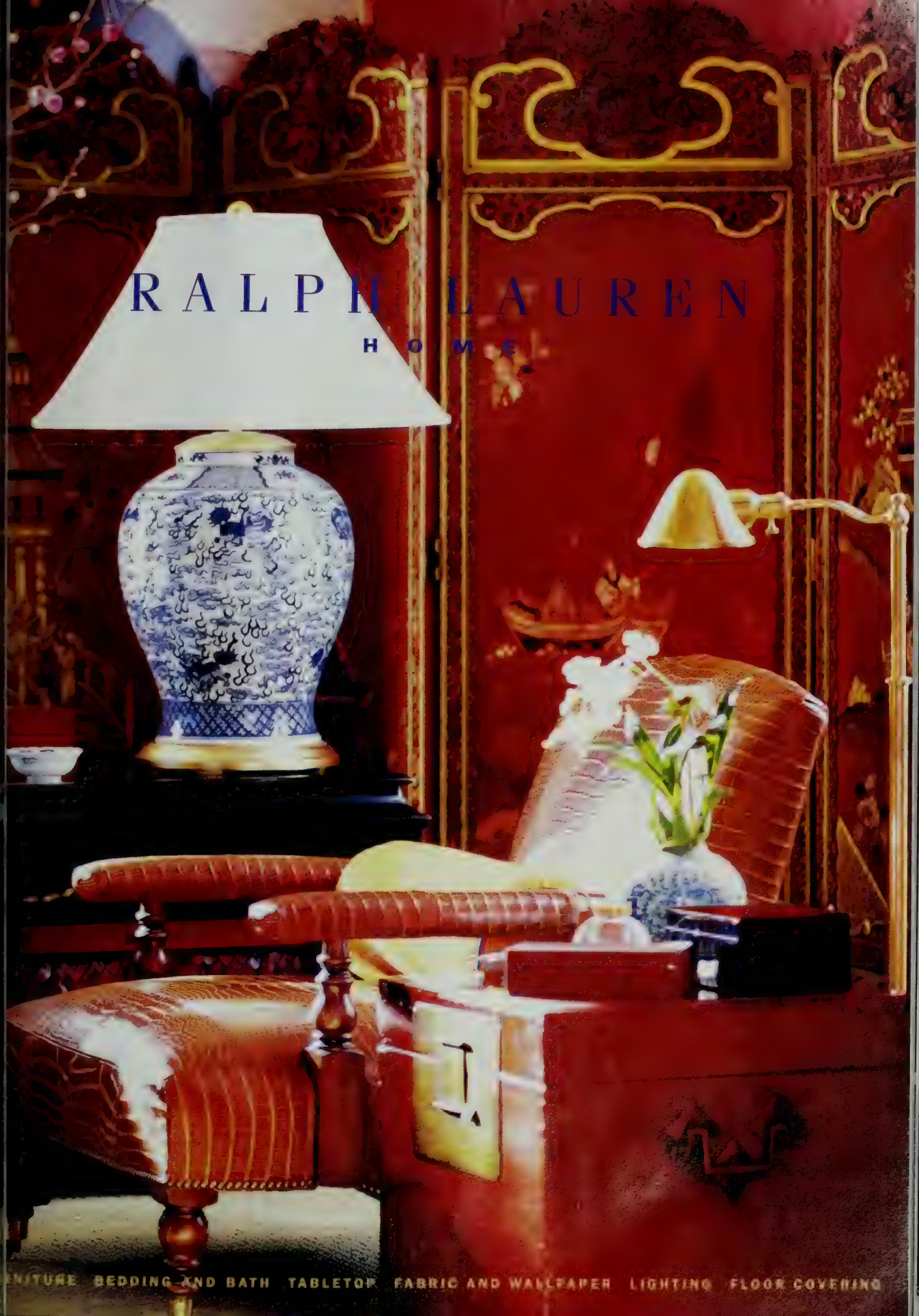
DENNIS THE MENACE As the publisher of *Maxim* and other wildly successful magazines, Felix Dennis has become the 72nd-richest man in Britain, with a lifestyle to rival Hugh Hefner's. Now, with the launch of three new U.S. titles, he is challenging *Rolling Stone* and *Time.* Visiting Dennis at his homes in Mustique and England, Nina Munk charts the rise of a fearless opportunist who loves his cars, his women, and, most of all, a good fight. Portrait by Jonathan Becker 10

HALL OF FAME Matt Tyrnauer nominates NBC reporter Robert Hager, who has followed his own beat for more than three decades with the top news network, covering everything from Vietnam to Viagra. Portrait by Jonathan Becker 1

DEAR DAME EDNA . . . Combining the noblesse oblige of Brooke Astor, the practical wisdom of Ann Landers, and the fashion sense of Pat Buckley, Dame Edna Everage continues to dispense advice, on topics ranging from child rearing in the age of Britney Spears to connubial espionage. Illustration by Hilary Knight 1

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THIS SIDE OF PARADISE
The jagged coastline of Italy's Isle of Capri . . . 196


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WHITE LINES
Inside the life of designer Fabien Baron . . . 176

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BALLETS OVER BROADWAY Jerome Robbins was one of the 20th century's most gifted theatrical talents, a choreographer and director capable of turning artistic gambles into smash hits. But his decision to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1953 made his temperamental personality even harder to bear for colleagues from Arthur Laurents to Zero Mostel. Drawing from his new biography, Greg Lawrence shows how two of Robbins's biggest successes, *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof,* were formed by his creative genius, obsessive perfectionism, and outright sadism 122

Vanities

BIG JAKE The travel agents to the fashion set show their speed dial. George Wayne is as hard as the Rock. Nan Darien gives Laura Bush a makeover. *V.F.* Camera visits the makers of a new series of Samuel Beckett films. Two-way pagers sow havoc in Hollywood. Out & In: Ambien makes a comeback, geneticists are on the way out 156

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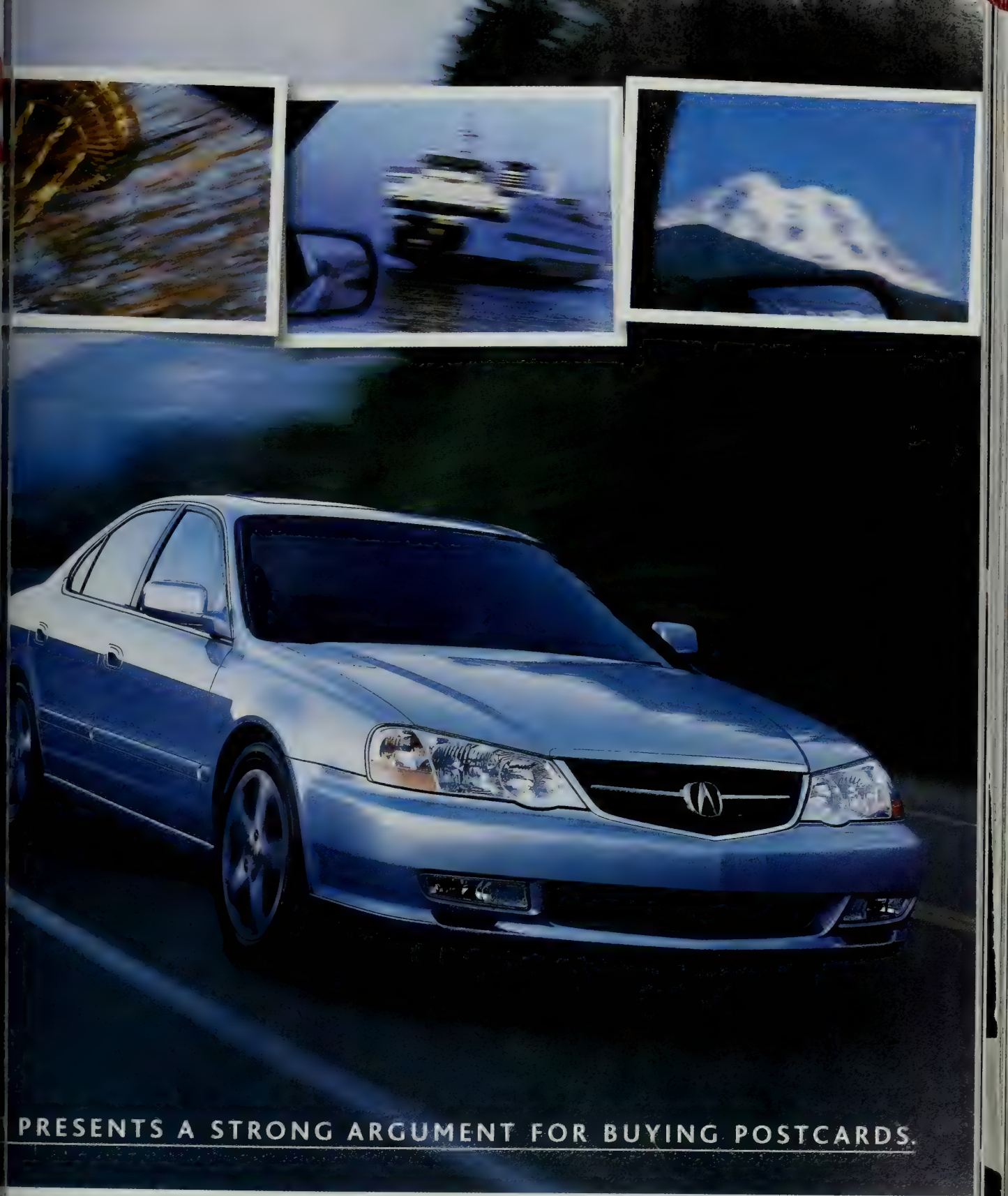
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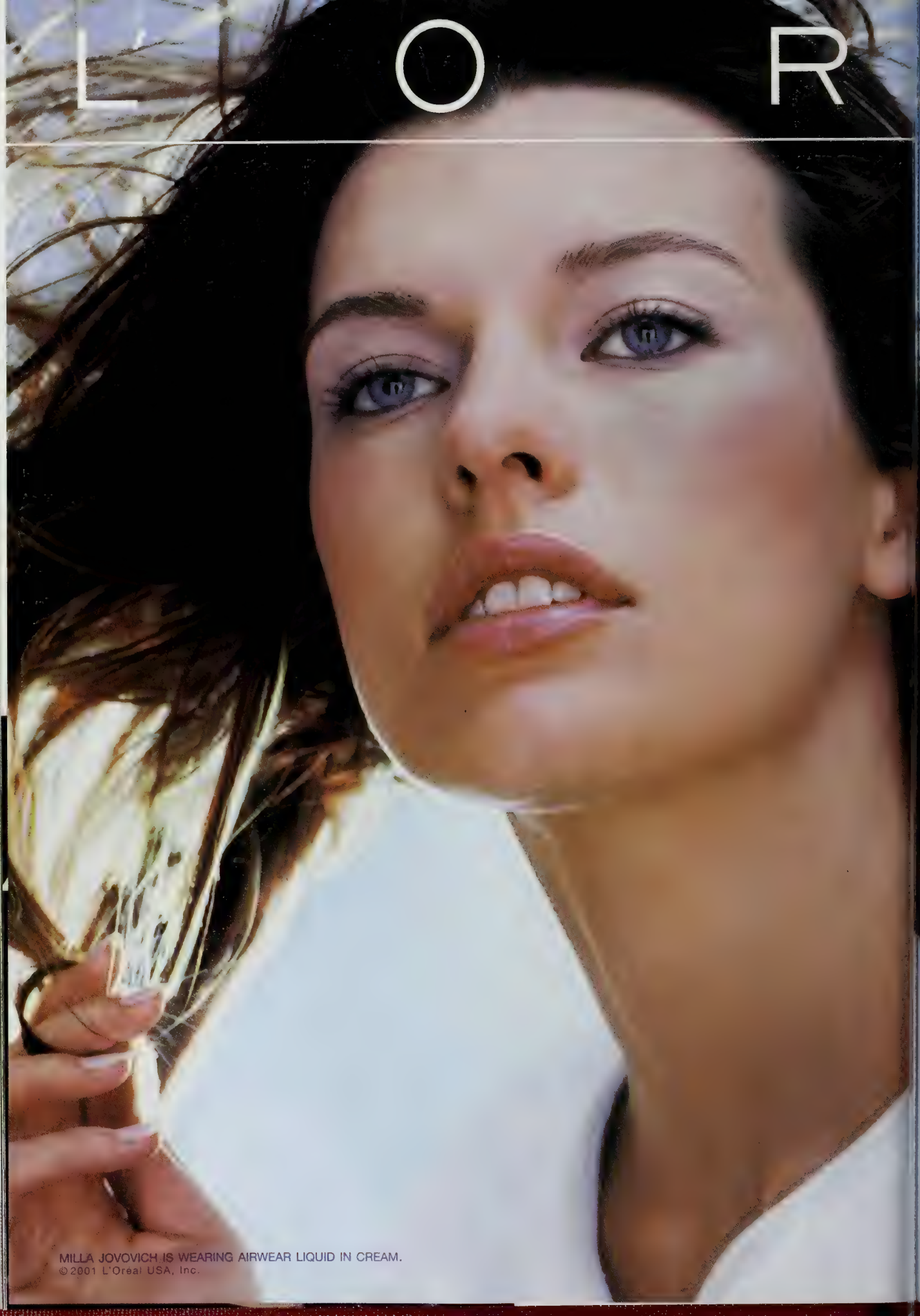
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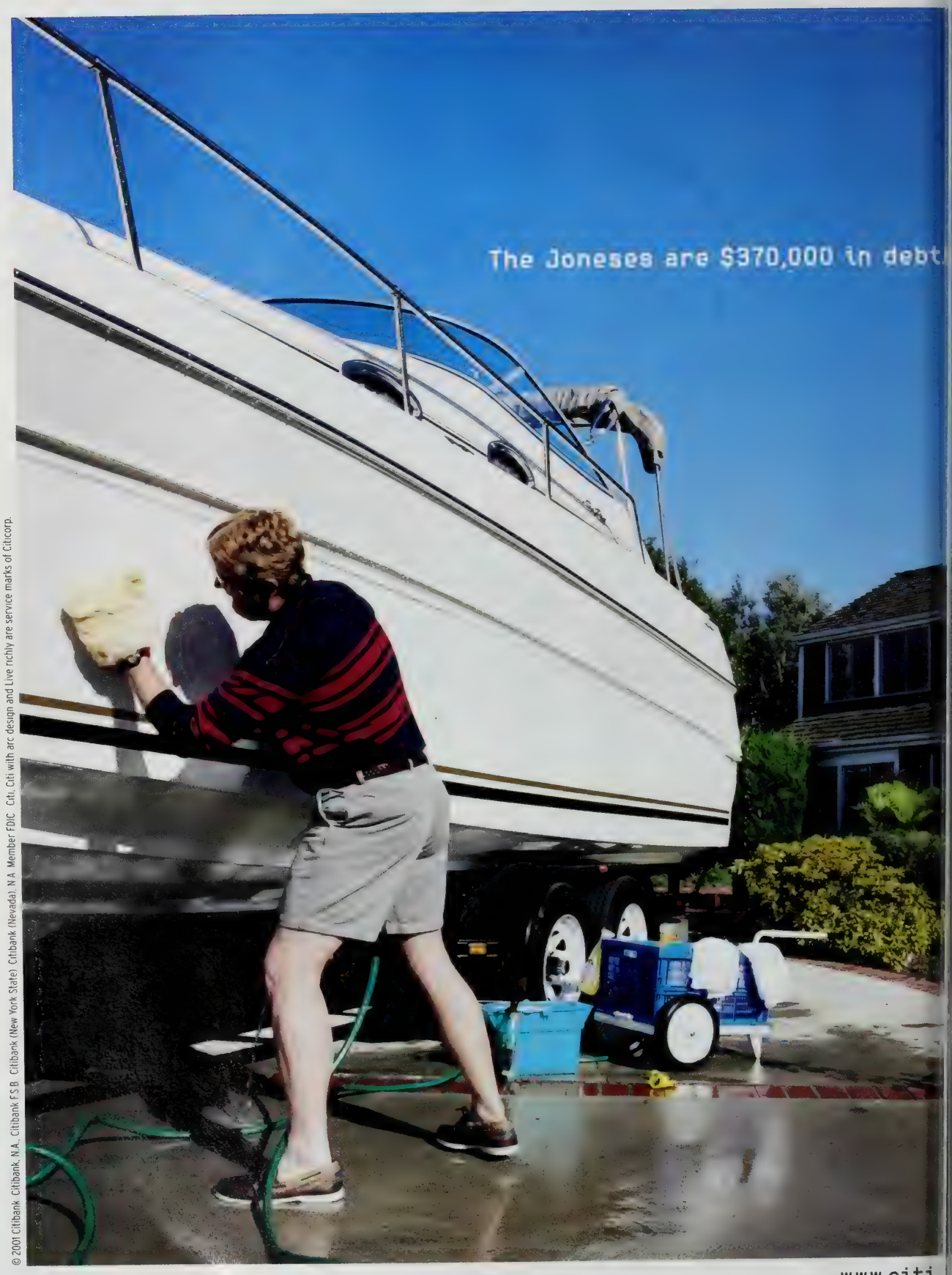
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Photo: Karla DiBenedetto. Artwork: Upper left: Ebenam Okudzeto, *Long Distance Lover* (detail), 1999–2000; Upper right: Gerald Leak, *Pink Mosquito*, 2000; Lower left: Adler Guerrier, *Flaneur nyc/mia* (detail), 2000


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EDITOR'S LETTER

I'll Take Capri



Being the editor of a magazine like *Vanity Fair,* you temper the job's exhilaration with the knowledge that you really are the eunuch in the center of the orgy. All about you, photographers and writers are shimmering across oceans to distant lands, returning with padded expense accounts and stories about glorious places, robust characters, and outsize human accomplishments.

For this issue, for instance, James Atlas flew to the Alpine Swiss village of Davos for a worm's-eye view of the World Economic Forum, which is held there each year. Panjandrums from business, politics, academia, and entertainment flock to Davos to weigh in on worthy subjects and, in back rooms, swap business cards and carve up the world. It's sort of a cross between a Renaissance Weekend and that famous meeting of the Mob's Five Families in Apalachin, New York. Only, everybody's in Gore-Tex.

As much as I enjoyed Atlas's report from Davos (page 168), that's a trip I could do without. Conferences and PowerPoint get-togethers, which are all the rage these days, aren't my thing. No matter how ma Gulfstreams are on the tarm or platoons of aides are buzz about with cell phones glued their ears, these powwows seem to have the faint whiff an endless Learning Annex se inar about them.

Jonathan Becker and Evge Peretz's story on Capri (pa 196), on the other hand, is d nitely up my alley. Not that I been there or anything. Still craggy, villa-dotted coastline w the Mediterranean below, a lots of attractive Europeans doing goodness knows what in betwe I even like the pants.

And although I live in Greenwich Village, David Hajdu's scription of it in the early 60s, in the excerpt of his book *Positiv 4th Street* which begins on page 186, makes it sound more fu wheeling then than it is today—lots of red wine and cigarette sm brick-wall coffeehouses and great music. Hajdu's narrative of formative days of folk and the emergence of Bob Dylan and Jo Baez definitely makes you wish you had been there.

Elsewhere in this issue are all sorts of stories to ca an editor to feel inadequate. I'd like to paint like Stan Spencer (page 174), dispense advice the way Dame E Everage does it (page 118), hold an audience like Stewart (page 100), and report with the skill of NB Bob Hager (page 116). I'd certainly like to live in ar rector Fabien Baron's SoHo loft (page 176). And I w I had *Maxim* publisher Felix Dennis's way with a m azine (page 108).

Good issue, I think, but oh, it's all too depress for words.

—GRAYDON CART



On the Cover

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Jennifer Aniston wears a dress by Valentino Haute Couture. Diamond pendant, ear studs, and bracelet by Harry Winston. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Scott Andrew. Manicure by Lisa Jachno. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Michael Thompson in Malibu, California, on February 19, 2001.


GIORGIO ARMANI

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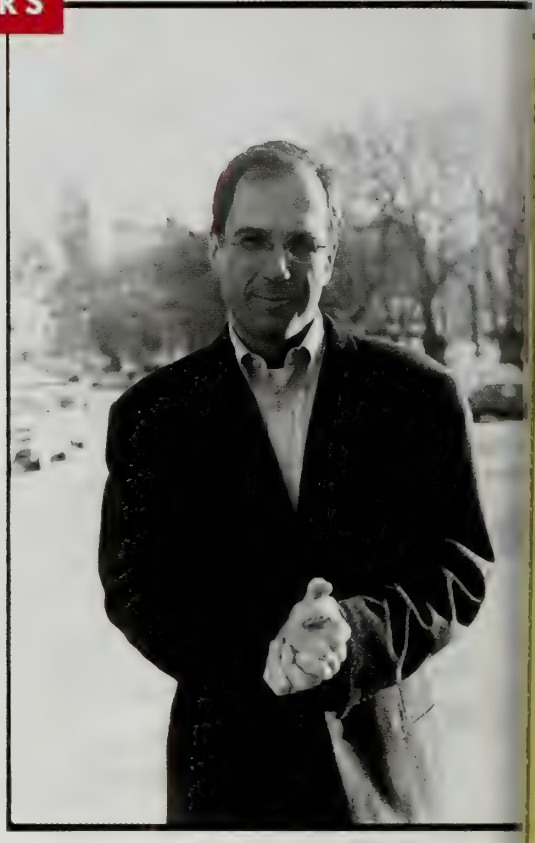
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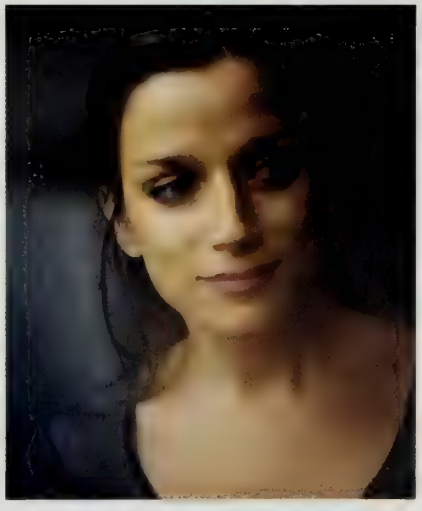
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The author of *Lush Life,* the 1996 biography of jazz composer Billy Strayhorn, **David Hajdu** turned his attention to folk music for his second book, *Positively 4th Street: The Lives and Times of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, Mimi Baez Fariña and Richard Fariña* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), which is excerpted in this issue. His five years of research had Hajdu cooking and making pottery with Baez. As for Dylan, who turns 60 this year, "it's almost impossible to process now that he was once an unknown kid, inventing himself," says Hajdu. "Our culture seems obsessed with the myth of the loner, the solitary visionary. But real life is arabesque and messy." In the May 1999 issue, Hajdu wrote about the relationship between Strayhorn and Duke Ellington.



One of the biggest challenges contributi editor **Evgenia Peretz** faced in report about Capri is that the Italian island stands for everything that doing work does not: relaxation and a worry-free existence. "There were moments when thought I must have appeared to be a neurotic, corporate stress case, showin up with my notebooks and microcasse ready to conduct 'interviews,'" Peretz says. "I quickly learned that none of i was very Capri." On the other hand, t island's laid-back vibe made meeting people easy. "If there's someone you want to meet, you can pretty much ju show up at their villa," she says, "and there they are, hanging out in the gar waiting to take you in."



According to **James Atlas,** who attended the annual World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, "It's not until you see David Rockefeller and Oprah trudging through the snow that it begins to dawn on you that this is not a normal environment." Over the past 30 years, the conference has become ground zero for kings, presidents, activists, scientists, professors, and business moguls alike to discuss global issues. "It stretched my imagination," says Atlas, who is the author of *Bellow: A Biography* and founding editor of the Lipper/Viking Penguin Lives Series. "I felt like a tourist in the great world."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



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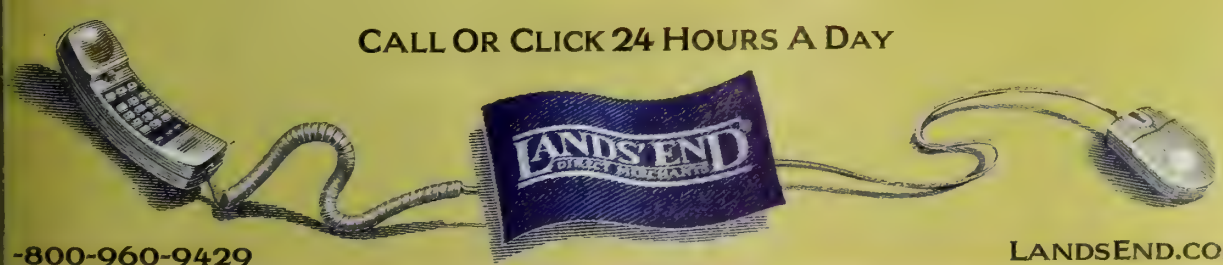
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FOLLIES

Roundabout Theatre's production of the James Goldman/Stephen Sondheim musical features a cast of legendary stars led by Blythe Danner, Gregory Harrison, Judith Ivey, and Treat Williams. Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs, with choreography by Kathleen Marshall (*Kiss Me Kate*).

Performances begin March 8 at the Belasco Theatre in New York. For tickets, call Telecharge at 212-239-6200 or visit www.telecharge.com.



The first time contributing photographer **Jonathan Becker** visited the Italian island of Capri was 15 years ago—and he stayed six weeks longer than he had planned. "It is seductively otherworldly and it licenses decadence," says Becker, who on page 196 captures the Mediterranean paradise that for decades has attracted the world's most alluring celebrities, aristocrats, and playboys. It is also a place where anything goes, and judging from Becker's recollections of "the sparkling azure sea, night-blooming jasmine, rambling villas, and hidden paths," it's no wonder so many find Capri so difficult to leave.



In recent months, contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts** has profiled a number of Hollywood's leading ladies, including Julianne Moore, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Kate Hudson. In Jennifer Aniston, this month's cover subject, Bennetts found an actress without attitude or pretension. "I think Jennifer has made a determined effort not to let fame, fortune, and marriage to Brad Pitt turn her into a different kind of person," says Bennetts. "She is very conscious of her influence, particularly on young women, and wants to use it constructively."



In *Dance with Demons* (Putnam), which is excerpted on page 122, **Greg Lawrence** explores the life of Broadway director and choreographer Jerome Robbins, whose stormy career included productions of *On the Town, Gypsy, The King and I,* and *Peter Pan,* in addition to the naming of names to the House Un-American Activities Committee during the McCarthy era. This excerpt chronicles Robbins's pitched battles with his collaborators on *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof,* which were ferocious to the point that, Lawrence says, it "raises the question of how we are to weigh his artistic achievements against the human cost he exacted over the years because of his aggressive perfectionism and apparent cruelty." Lawrence has previously worked with ballerina Gelsey Kirkland on three books, including the 1986 best-seller *Dancing on My Grave.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58



"It is a rare day when you see an apartment and think, I could just bring my toothbrush and move right in," says editor-at-large **Matt Tyrnauer** about the minimalist loft of designer Fabien Baron, whom he profiles on page 176. "Baron's three-dimensional design work recalls Mies van der Rohe's clean lines, attention to detail, and interest in expensive materials," says Tyrnauer, who happens to be a neo-Miesian modernist himself. "Baron is an extraordinarily intuitive designer, and he never seems to repeat himself." Also, on page 116, Tyrnauer nominates veteran *NBC Nightly News* correspondent Robert Hager to *Vanity Fair*'s Hall of Fame.



MARK S. HAFER

Before profiling British publisher Felix Dennis, **Nina Munk** had never read *Maxim, Stuff,* or any other of his "lad" and popular-culture magazines. Now, she admits, "I've really grown to like *Maxim.* It's not trying to pretend it's something it's not, and I admire that." For her article, which starts on page 108, Munk visited Dennis at two of his five homes—his Caribbean island retreat on Mustique and his estate in Warwickshire, England. "He was bombastic and crass and egomaniacal and fearless and brilliant no matter where he was or who he was with," says Munk. "It was probably one of the most fun stories that I've reported in the decade or so that I've been a business journalist." Munk is a frequent contributor to *Forbes, Fortune,* and *The New York Times Magazine.*

Fabien Baron, who shot his new SoHo loft for this issue, has variously been a magazine art director, photographer, and designer of everything from furniture to Calvin Klein fragrance bottles to Prada advertisements. His ultra-minimalist home required little lifestyle adjustment. "I don't own anything. I have books, cameras, and pictures, that's it." Of all his creative outlets, Baron says, his favorite may be the one no one ever sees: his landscape photography. "It's a bit like therapy. I'm in my own little world, no phones and no clients. I don't even print them. I look at the contacts, edit it, put it in the box, and move on."





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IT HAD TO BE HUGH

Brushes with Hef; House of Windsor under inspection; furries make some noise; a Holocaust survivor re-discovers her youth; Vanessa Redgrave sets the record straight; a word from the Hutchence camp; and more



SEVEN BUNNIES FOR ONE BACHELOR Hugh Hefner and his seven "girlfriends," photographed by David LaChapelle at the Playboy Mansion in Holmby Hills, California, on December 18, 2000.

We were the P.R. reps for *Playboy* in the 60s, and back then we were paid to keep stories like this one ["Hugh Hefner's Roaring 70s," by Nancy Jo Sales, March] *out* of the press. Hard to believe, but there was a time when seven in a bed would have been considered a P.R. nightmare. There was even a time—and this is *really* hard to believe—when bragging about being one of the seven would have been considered a very bad career move. So we kept secrets and kept a sense of humor about it all. Looking back, there was as much to laugh at as to cringe at. Then, as now, there were moments of sheer amazement: "That couldn't possibly have happened." "Could. Did." Ah, the days of gin and Bunnies.

BARBARA HARRISON AND
TANIA GROSSINGER
New York, New York

I WAS IN L.A. in the 70s, and I had occasion to visit the Mansion. I had met a photographer, had done test shots, and was accepted as a centerfold Playmate scheduled to appear in 1976. I frequented the Mansion on a regular basis and ended up in bed with Hefner on several occasions. Frankly, he missed his calling. He would have made a wonderful gynecologist—sex with him was basically sterile. What's amazing is that Hefner is a very intelligent man, and yet he does not recognize that he's an old man to whom no real, secure woman would give the time of day. These young girls use him only as a stepping-stone. Oh, by the way, I never did the centerfold. I met a wonderful man, backed out of my contract with *Playboy*, kept my advance, and got married.

S. FRANZ
Seattle, Washington

IN 1986, HEF assigned me to write *Bunny Memories*, a documentary film about the Playboy Clubs for the Playboy TV chan-


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nel. In the course of my research, I discovered two remarkable facts about Hef. First, his Playboy Clubs were the first in America to integrate chorus lines, allowing black and white dancers to work together. Second, as a passionate defender of the First Amendment, he awarded financial prizes to law students for essays on the freedom of speech.

I included these facts in my script, but Hef took them out. He explained that he knew about his achievements. Therefore, it would be unseemly to boast about them. I have a feeling that he did not want his outstanding contributions as a liberal political activist to affect his image as the Playboy of the Western World.

MALVIN WALD
Sherman Oaks, California

THE WINDSOR KNOT

IN AN ETHNICALLY DIVERSE, multi-faith "meritocracy," monarchy is surely an anachronism. The U.K. monarchy has been its own worst enemy, hopelessly misjudging the public mood and giving every impression of being dragged kicking and screaming into even the smallest reform.

That said, Christopher Hitchens's interesting article "Throne of Contention" [March] misses two key points.

First, however easy a target the monarchy is for reformers, there are far more pressing issues for the U.K.: a written constitution, a real Bill of Rights (although the adoption into U.K. law of the European Convention is a start), a freedom-of-information act with teeth, continued regional devolution, reform of the upper house [of Parliament], and some check on the power of the prime minister.

Second, the monarchy, however imperfect, is probably the least-damaging option for the U.K. The Windsors may be a dysfunctional family, but compared with other elected heads of state with personal difficulties (Bill Clinton and the late François Mitterrand spring to mind), they fare no worse—and probably exert at least as stabilizing an influence on government and the nation. The U.K. monarchy as currently constituted certainly needs reform, but I, for one, would prefer it to an elected President Thatcher or President Blair any day.

NICK GROVES
New York, New York

I SAY GIVE a crown to Christopher Hitchens. It's about time someone, *anyone*, demythologized the cult of the British monarchy. Apart from being born into the "right" family and shamelessly accepting money and jewels that she has done little to nothing to deserve, Queen Elizabeth II and her brood have proved themselves to be mere economic parasites and tabloid fodder. To willingly recognize themselves as figureheads is one thing; to refuse to step aside for the democratic aspirations of the citizens of Great Britain is entirely another.

TRACEY KINNEY
Lincoln University, Pennsylvania

READING CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S prediction about the imminent fall of the House of Windsor gave me a sense of déjà vu. Before the 1999 referendum in Australia (which, like Canada and New Zealand, is a constitutional monarchy that recognizes Elizabeth II) to decide the future of the crown, the fashionably republican chattering class predicted that the Windsors' days were over in Australia. Unfortunately for them, the majority of Australian citizens thought otherwise and cast their ballots to keep Elizabeth in her place. Why? Perhaps it was good old-fashioned common sense, which sees the monarchy, even with its antiquated trappings, as a



bulwark against political excesses and media that are more concerned with ratings, circulation, and the self-promotion of talking heads.

JOHN-MICHAEL HOWSON
West Hollywood, California

AS A KEEN READER of Christopher Hitchens, may I point out just one factual error in his "Throne of Contention"? Queen Elizabeth is Her Majesty, not Her Royal Highness. But, having verbally jousted on the pros and cons of the British monarchy with Christopher on *Larry King Live,* I am sure he would rather she be known merely as Mrs. Windsor.

RICHARD MINEARDS
New York, New York



WHAT'S THIS WORLD COMING TO? "Fox Wolfie Galen," photographed in a restaurant near his home in Pennsylvania by Harry Benson on January 12, 2001.

THE SOUND AND THE FURRIES

TWO (OPPOSABLE) THUMBS UP for George Gurley's "Pleasures of the Fur" [March]. His ability to "capture" the essence of the furries and plushies, portraying the movement's complete seriousness as well as the convention's surreal, hilarious moments, had me laughing so hard tears were streaming down my face. As Tony the Tiger would have said, "Gr-r-reat!" On a more serious note, I am now re-evaluating my relationship with my cats.

PLEASANT GEHMAN
Hollywood, California

THE FURRIES ARTICLE had me reeling. *Vanity Fair* is always one step ahead, dredging up the jewels that modern culture has to offer. I read this article on Saturday morning. It's now Monday morning and my jaw has not yet moved back up into its rightful position.

CASEY MAHER
New York, New York

GURLEY MISSED THE POINT. Sure, there's sex. But there's sex at business conventions, too. Some of it is heterosexual sex. Some of it is homosexual. Big deal. And





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all of it is between fans of anthropomorphics (a word that I didn't even see *used* in his article). Sure, we've got some guys who actually want to be foxes and wolves and such. So what? I know guys who want to be Jedi Knights, Starfleet officers, and pro wrestlers. I reckon they've all got nearly the same chance (slim to none), so why be down on them for it?

I help run one of the conventions mentioned in Mr. Gurley's story, and have been in the fandom for six years. I'm a college graduate, professional, and heterosexual, and am greatly annoyed with him for taking the easy way out and focusing on the more "adult" practices of some of my fandom's members while not investigating further.

ROBIN HOOD ("LOXLEY")
Jonesboro, Arkansas

BY USING "Fox Wolfie Galen" as an example of fur fans like myself, George Gurley has brought offense to a great many otherwise normal people. Most furs I know lean more to the side of Mike the Coyote. We believe that furry is just as harmless and sane as any other hobby. As Mike said, we are no worse than the rest of the world. We are just people, and should not be labeled by our hobbies or fetishes. Plushophilia and bestiality are two of the things that people automatically assume furries are into, and by publishing such rot, you are helping perpetuate this negative image.

REBEKAH STOHLDRIER ("K'SHARRA")
Gulfport, Mississippi

YEAH, I'M A FURRY, and I commend George Gurley on a great article. It accurately described my life as a fuzzy, stripy tiger, and some of the things that I enjoy doing for a pastime. George was a heck of a guy to get to know, and he may not admit it, but he *loved* the "skritches" he got from his temporary furry friends. But, sheesh, did you *have* to include the plushie molester in the article? Ew! Good thing my boss didn't read that article, otherwise she'd have branded me a plushie-boinker.

ERIC E. STEVENS ("SNAP E. TIGER")
Omaha, Nebraska

CHILDREN OF THE EXODUS

I READ WITH INTEREST "Magnificent Voyage" [by Maureen Orth, February]. How surprised I was to see myself and my brother in the group picture with the caption "MOTHER COURAGE: Ruth Gruber, center, in her war correspondent's uniform, escorts Jewish orphans to the United States on the SS *Uruguay*, May 1946." W are in the first row on the left. I never re alized that Ruth Gruber accompanied u to the United States, as I was very youn at the time. Upon our arrival, articles an pictures appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *Daily News*. Both m brother and I have built wonderful an successful lives here in the United States.

BERTHA STRAUS
Flushing, New Yor



A GUIDING LIGHT
Ruth Gruber, photographed by Robert Maxwel in New York, November 17, 2000.

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DOT'S ALL, FOLKS

EVGENIA PERETZ'S "In the Dot-Com Doldrums" [March] was a depressingly accurate portrayal of the dot-com world today. I spent one incredible year working at dot-coms in Silicon Alley. Ice cream Fridays, video games, and endless nights of drinking in bars and clubs were the least of the perks. Now I find myself jobless, with a set of skills that is obsolete and no real prospects for the future. I thought for a while that I might apply to become a New York City cop, but I'll probably get a job at Banana Republic. I hear they offer employees a 50 percent discount on the clothes.

SHARI ELIZABETH KNIGHT
Brooklyn, New York

ACTS OF CONSCIENCE

I DON'T THINK I deserve to be called legendary, but you made me a great compliment by including me on your April cover, photographed by the brilliant Annie Leibovitz. But I wish that, in this issue devoted to film actors, directors, and writers, you had not singled me out for my politics. Since you did, you made some

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mistakes. I *never* supported the I.R.A. I always advocated a number of the political aims of the Irish and campaigned for their human rights, which include political rights. Likewise, I did and do advocate these rights for the Palestinians, the Armenians, Kurds, and all other persecuted peoples, including the Jewish people.

I actively oppose terrorism. So did the Workers Revolutionary Party, which I left in 1985. Since 1993, I have been a special representative for the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF), which commits me to the protection of all children before my, or anyone else's, politics.

VANESSA REDGRAVE
London, England

LEGION OF DISHONOR

AFTER READING your article on Domenica Guillaume Walter ["Crimes of the Art," by John Richardson, March], I couldn't help but feel a strange sense of admiration for the almost Machiavellian ability that the French authorities demonstrated in focusing on "the big picture" while investigating the surreal crime developing before their eyes.

With the Ministry of Justice dropping the charges against Domenica Walter, the case clearly reminds us that we inherit not only the language, customs, and food of our ancestors, but also the lessons they taught us. Although it certainly is a blow to one's belief in equal justice under the law for all—and, in fairness, the principles of the French Revolution—at the end of the day, getting its hands on Guillaume's fabulous art collection certainly did serve France's national interest.

G. L. BRUM
Chicago, Illinois

PAULA, POSTMORTEM

I READ WITH INTEREST "The Perils of Paula" [by Steven Daly, February]. I would like to clear up the widely reported incident in the cathedral during [my brother] Michael Hutchence's funeral service, in which my mother allegedly told Paula Yates, "You killed my son." It is an absolute fabrication—Paula's fabrication. More than one writer has observed that Paula could be in a room with a dozen people, witnessing something going down, and come out with a rendition 180 degrees different from anyone else's. In this case, there were about 2,000 mourners at St. Andrew's Anglican Cathedral, plus several million watching it on TV. For most of the occasion, there was a camera on either my mother or Paula. After three years, no one can find a witness to the event that Mr. Daly writes of. It never happened.

I agree that there have been many ridiculous stories printed about Paula Yates, yet she habitually planted them herself or had others make the call for her. Paula was very clever; the exposure, good or bad, kept the public's interest. Two or three times a year, she would "grant" a cover interview to *OK!, Red,* or *Hello!* magazine—for which she was well paid. After she died, her friends carried on the tradition and sold their own stories. In all these years, Michael has fared rather badly. The story is always that he introduced her to drugs, and that she had no tolerance for drugs. As Mr. Daly writes, she clearly states in her autobiography that she jumped into the heroin habit at age 12 and continued at least through her teen years. It seems that it didn't sell very well, for her own friends must not have read it.

TINA HUTCHENCE
Burbank, California

A GIRL AND HER DOG

I VERY MUCH ENJOYED the Lee Radziwill article and photos ["Snapshots from a Fairy Tale," by Amy Fine Collins, March]. However, I have one correction to mention regarding the caption for the Henry Clarke portrait: the wonderful creature in Radziwill's arms is clearly, and compellingly, a pug—not a French bulldog.

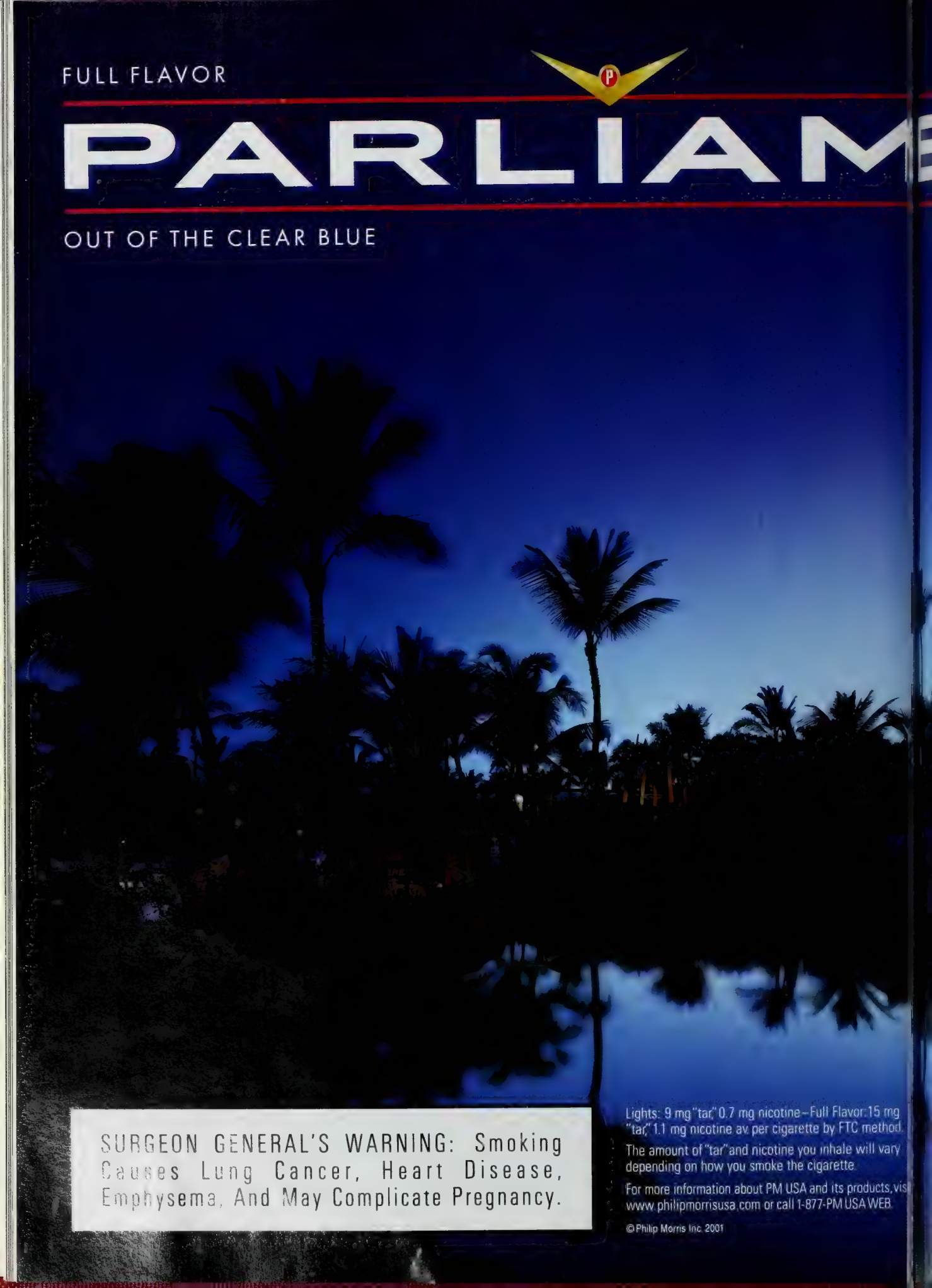
NICOLE MARKEY
Portland, Oregon

CORRECTIONS: On page 369 of the April issue the number of Oscar nominations John Williams has received was incorrect. He has been nominated 39 times. On page 257 of the March issue the photograph of Lee Radziwill was miscredited. The picture was taken by Peter Beard.

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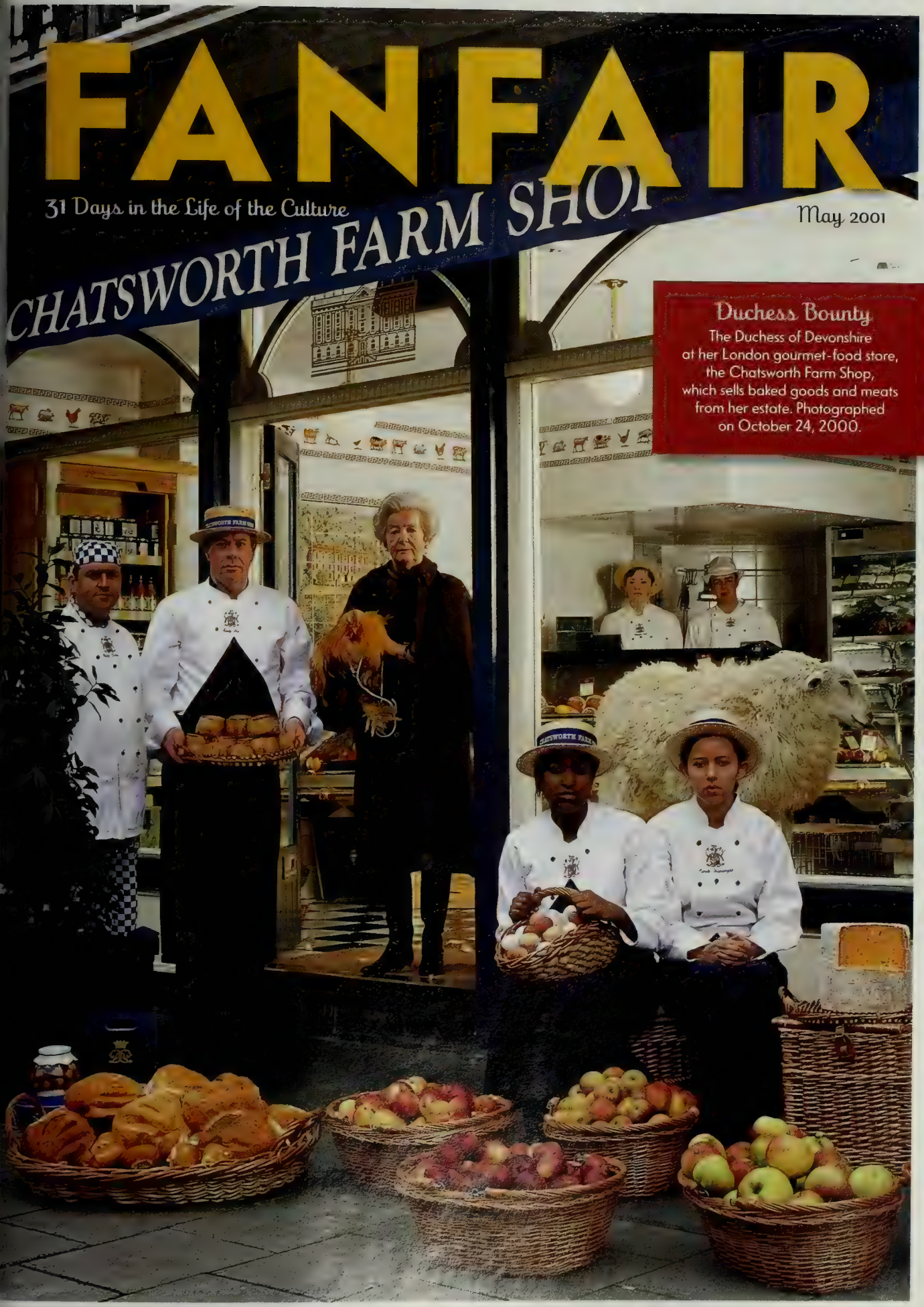

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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

May 2001

CHATSWORTH FARM SHOP



Duchess Bounty

The Duchess of Devonshire at her London gourmet-food store, the Chatsworth Farm Shop, which sells baked goods and meats from her estate. Photographed on October 24, 2000.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SNOWDON

FANFAIR

May

HAWAIIAN FIRE KNIVES, LONDON FLOWERS, AND CANNES THONGS

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



A triumphant May Queen, Hayes Common, England, circa 1923.

1 Annie Leibovitz's most recent photographs—they're of nude dancers—go on display at London's Shine Gallery. Isadora Duncan *wishes* she looked this beautiful.

2 N.Y.C.'s Foundry Theatre's adaptation of way-cool journalist Greil Marcus's *Lipstick Traces: A Secret History of the Twentieth Century.* Shhh, it's a secret.

LIPSTICK TRACES

3 *Hair* at N.Y.C.'s City Center Encores! *Hair, Rent, Help!*—musicals about countercultural longhairs always have one-word titles. We hold *Oklahoma!* very, very responsible.

4 The Milwaukee Art Museum opens a show of Georgia O'Keeffe's collection of her own work. Our expectation: animal skulls, cacti, desertscapes, floral nethers. ➤



5 Some—but thankfully not all—of the Hermitage Museum's three million works of art go on display at the Art Gallery of Ontario, thus finding themselves in the only place on the globe colder and bleaker than St. Petersburg.

6 The National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., opens "Cy Twombly: The Sculpture." We also look forward to "Schnabel: The Grooming Products" and "Picasso: The Ego." ➤



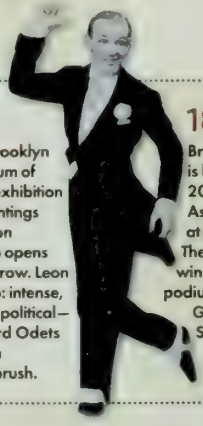
7 New York's Walter Reade Theater, 7:30 P.M.: mezzo-soprano Magdalena Kozena sings the work of two composers whose names derail speed typists regularly: Dvořák and Janáček.

8 Painter Jane Wilson's show "Land/Sea/Sky" opens at the DC Moore Gallery on Fifth Avenue in N.Y.C. Go/Enjoy/Buy.



9 British historian Michael Wood's new PBS series, *Conquistadors*, airs tonight and the 16th. Cortés conquers the Aztecs, Pizarro overthrows the Incas . . . And you thought soccer *hooligans* were a chilling display of European barbarism! ➤

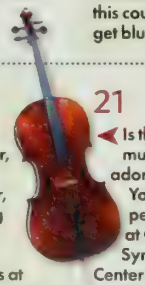
10 Big auction of photographs at Sotheby's London. Rotund Sotheby's security guard cautions absentminded gent in audience, "Don't scratch yer nose, guv'nuh, or it's yours."



11 Cannes Film Festival, Day Three: Weary projectionist hits beach bearing Cinzano, thong.

12 ◀ Work by Georgia O'Keeffe is included in the Corcoran Gallery's "Painters and the American West: The Anschutz Collection" in Washington, D.C., but if you've been reading carefully, you'll know that the good O'Keeffes are in Milwaukee.

13 American southwestern and Mesoamerican art is on display at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art: a reminder that the Zuni Pueblo's contribution to American culture is far greater than the clear malt beverage Zima's.



14 An exhibition of Uta Barth's photos opened last weekend at Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum. Included are "spatial dislocations"; this could get blurry.



15 The World Fire Knife Dance Championships start in Oahu, Hawaii. Yes, that's undulating dancers who throw knives set on fire: ➤ John Bobbitt's worst nightmare. ◀



17 The Brooklyn Museum of Art's exhibition of paintings by Leon Golub opens tomorrow. Leon Golub: intense, gritty, political—Clifford Odets with a paintbrush.

18 Broadway dance is honored at the 20th Annual T.D.F. Astaire Awards at the Hudson Theatre. Elated winner approaches podium, thanks God, Susan Stroman. ◀

19 Day Two of the *New Yorker* Festival: An ocean of good taste and PBS tote bags.

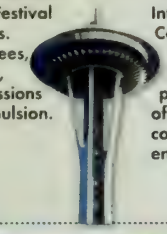
20 At N.Y.C.'s Lincoln Center, a tribute to Beatrix Potter, incorporating ballet. Act II: bitter dance teacher swats at Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle's ankles with gleeful cackle, metal-tipped cane.

21 ◀ Is there a classical musician more adorable than Yo-Yo Ma (who performs at Chicago's Symphony Center tonight)? Only Joshua Bell and Midori need apply.

22 Chelsea Flower Show opens in London. Pop-eyed woman in wool suit approaches presentation booth in search of a needless excess.

23 Works of medieval and Renaissance manuscript illuminators opened yesterday at the Getty Center in L.A. It's been years since we met a manuscript illuminator.

24 Seattle International Film Festival opens. Goatees, lattes, discussions of emulsion.



25 Fort Worth, Texas: 11th Van Cliburn International Piano Competition. Manic-depressive Polish piano prodigy skulks out of hotel room to buy cowboy boots, ➤ enchilada.



27 Washington, D.C.'s Phillips Collection unveils its Jacob Lawrence retrospective today, following the recent publication of the catalogue raisonné of Lawrence's work. (We just wanted to use "catalogue raisonné" in a sentence.)

28 Memorial Day. Meats are grilled.

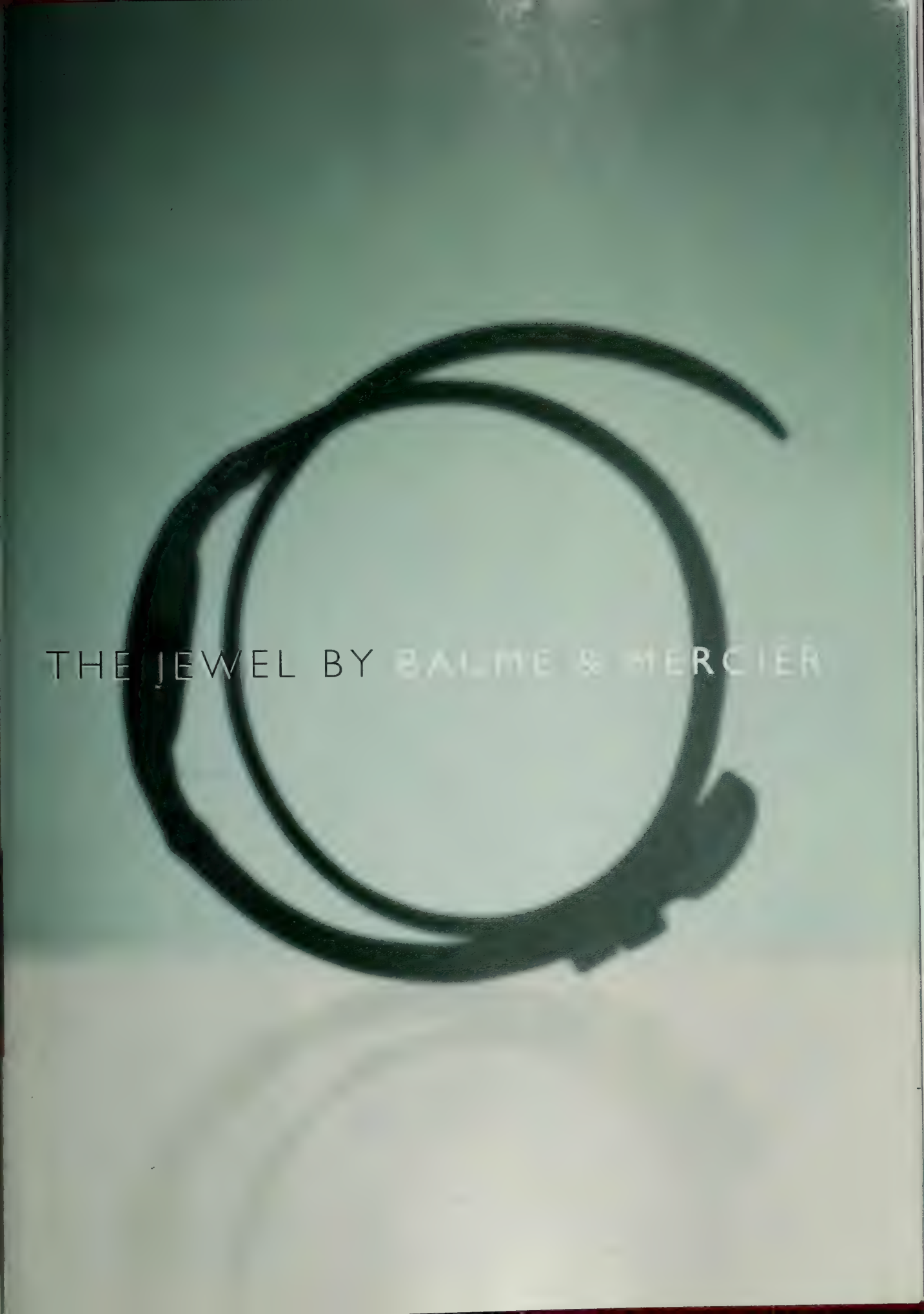


30 The Royal National Theatre's production of *Hamlet*, starring Simon Russell Beale, opens at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Hope to see someone's "bare bodkin." ➤





Georgia O'Keeffe's *Jack in the Pulpit No. 3*, 1930.


THE JEWEL BY BAUME & MERCIER



SPINSTER CITY
Renée Zellweger i
Bridget Jones's Diary

Love Jones

SWINGING SINGLETONS: *BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY*

Bridget Jones's Diary—the long-awaited screen adaptation of **Helen Fielding's** best-seller about a perpetually single British thirtysomething—marks the directorial debut for **Sharon Maguire,** who proves herself adept at the sensitive business of directing a romantic comedy. With a script co-written by Fielding, the film remains true to the book, following the misadventures of the lovably imperfect Bridget Jones as she navigates the "singleton" life, enduring well-intentioned reminders about her biological clock from friends and family members, and counting every cigarette, drink, and calorie along the way. **Renée Zellweger,** who displays a surprising knack for physical comedy, defies the early criticism in the British press about an American's portraying this distinctly English figure, and manages to conjure up the essence of Fielding's excruciatingly self-conscious heroine with amazing precision. (No one could pull off an internal, pre-date undergarment debate with as much aplomb.) Playing the two men battling—in very loose terms—for Bridget's affection are **Hugh Grant** and **Colin Firth.** Grant masterfully dispenses with his neurotic English-schoolboy act in the role of Bridget's Lothario boss, and Firth, in a send-up of his role as Mr. Darcy, the misunderstood heartthrob in the 1995 mini-series of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* is inspired as the bone-dry barrister Mark Darcy. (*Bridget Jones's Diary* is loosely based on Austen's classic.) This is one of the best romantic comedies to surface in years, and is sure to be recognized by all those singletons out there who have experienced the "smug marrieds," been relationship-challenged, or ever worn a hip slip. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —KRISTA SMITH



Hugh Grant and Zellweger share a moment.



Also This Month . . .

THE CRANKY, THE CHIVALROUS, AND THE ROCK

Mike Myers, Eddie Murphy, John Lithgow, and **Cameron Diaz** provide the voices for DreamWorks' latest animated epic, *Shrek,* a truly twisted fable in which a cranky ogre with poor hygiene is drawn into befriending a loquacious donkey and rescuing a princess. Fourteenth-century jousting should be poised for a comeback with *A Knight's Tale,* starring **Heath Ledger** as a dashing squire who rises through the ranks of the horse-and-lance circuit while harboring a troublesome secret. Proving that you can never have too many computer-generated dead people in one movie, *The Mummy Returns,* a sequel to the surprise 1999 hit, pits **Brendan Fraser** and **Rachel Weisz** against an entire army of mummies in an attempt to thwart yet another ancient curse. Includes what is sure to be a touching performance by the W.W.F.'s **the Rock.** And not to be missed on HBO this month, **Lisa Abelow Hedley's** *Dwarfs: Not a Fairy Tale,* a gripping documentary that explores the myths and realities of dwarfism, and puts a heroic face on those afflicted with it. —JOHN GILLIES



John Lithgow provides the voice for Lord Farquaad in *Shrek.*



Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett in *Pearl Harbor.*

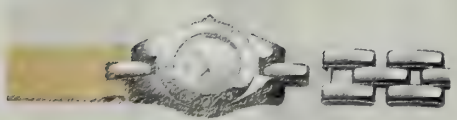
COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month:
Pearl Harbor.
Director:
Michael Bay.
Starring:
Ben Affleck, Josh Hartnett, Kate Beckinsale, Cuba Gooding Jr.
Coming to a theater near you:
May 25.
The bare bones:
While living, laughing, and loving in paradise, a carefree group of attractive young Americans is suddenly torpedoed, bombed, and strafed by Japanese Zeros and their scowling pilots.
Visual shorthand for American goodness: Cute kids playing sandlot baseball. Rippling flags. Junior officers dancing to big bands. Misty cornfields. Blowing laundry lines.
Where the budget went: Slow-mo P.O.V. shot of enemy bomb hurtling toward docked battleships. Underwater shot of drowning sailors sinking beneath the waves with massive flag. Mournful subclassical orchestral score.
Things you will see a lot of:
Tanned male torsos clad in sleeveless undershirts. Dog tags jiggling against perfect pecs. Cuba Gooding Jr. shaking his fist while blasting away with anti-aircraft gun.
The Message, Western Union–style:
"It was the end of innocence . . . and the dawn of a nation's greatest glory."
(Rating: ★★★★) —WALTER KIRN

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HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

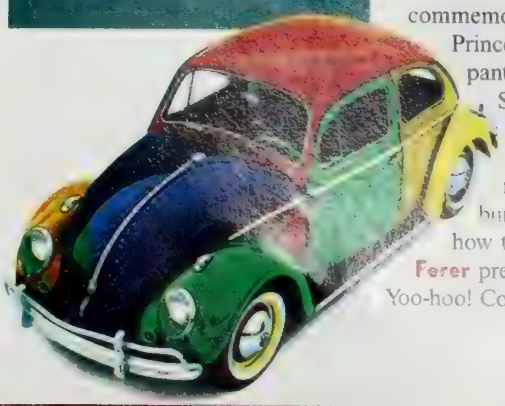
Unfortunately, you can't spray for it. Bumpkinitis, in which otherwise intelligent big-city folk move to the country and are shocked to discover: Plumbing is hard! Livestock poop! Locals won't suck up to you! Editor in chief of Simon & Schuster and accomplished horseman **Michael Korda** leads the emigration to the wilds of upstate New York in *Country Matters* (HarperCollins), while magazine writer and country-home owner **Jim Mullen** admits that *It Takes a Village Idiot* (Simon & Schuster). In *Pasquale's Nose* (Little, Brown), lawyer **Michael Rips** says *hasta la vista* and heads for a tiny Etruscan village, where he becomes enamored of the kooky locals.

Also this month: When a ringer for her dead high-school sweetheart turns up in her office, a Columbia University admissions officer finds herself in hot, hot water in **Helen Schulman's** dark, funny, and sexy *P.S.* (Bloomsbury)—an all-too-knowing excavation of our deepest desires that's both a turn-on and a page-turner.

The essays in **Denis Johnson's** *Seek* (HarperCollins) are bullet reports from across America's spiritual abyss, a landscape rife with poverty, violence, and the hunger for transcendence. If there was any question, it's hard to be a grown-up—**Susan Cheever** shares the pain of raising two children through two divorces, alcoholism, teen angst, and more in *As Good as I Could Be* (Simon & Schuster). *Karen Kilimnik Paintings* (Edition Patrick Frey) exhibits gothic fairy-tale miniatures, including a portrait triptych of Princess Di leaving the Ritz for the last time. A passionate single mother incubates a frightening obsession for her son in **Victoria Redel's** daring novel, *Loverboy* (Graywolf). **Susan Waggoner's** swanky *Nightclub Nights* (Rizzoli) toasts the sparkling days of the Stork Club and El Morocco. **Barbara Norfleet** drags readers back to life in the middle class of the 40s and 50s, *When We Liked Ike* (Norton), an era of domestic bliss, political witch-hunts, and discontent. The provocative *Washington* (PublicAffairs), by the late **Meg Greenfield,** proves what we long suspected: it's just like high school—Capitol Hill is aswarm with teachers' pets, B.M.O.C.'s, and tattletales. In the inventive novel *Songs from Nowhere near the Heart* (St. Martin's), **Jonathan Baird,** Seventeen lead singer, rips into the heart of the record-industry hype machine with his satirical knives. *John Diebboll: The Art of the Piano* (Godine) reveals the architect's dramatic piano-case designs. Albert Davis Lasker, Leo Burnett, Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet, Bill Bernbach, and David Ogilvy rise like titans in **Philippe Lorin's** *5 Giants of Advertising* (Assouline). **Franca Sozzani's** *Valentino* (Rizzoli) commemorates the 40th anniversary of the suave designer who has outfitted royalty from Princess Di to Liz Taylor. Before Bush-league First Ladies wore substitute-math-teacher pantsuits and wattle-concealing strings of pearls, there was Jackie O, the First Lady of Style; the Metropolitan Museum of Art's *Jacqueline Kennedy* (Bulfinch) marks the 40th anniversary of her White House arrival. *The Best of "Gourmet"* (Random House) toasts the magazine's 60th anniversary with a grand buffet of its finest recipes. **Joel Rose's** suspenseful saga of 1824, *New York Sawed in Half* (Bloomsbury), relives the greatest hoax ever recorded in New York history. Flummoxed about how to jazz up that stodgy old farmhouse/castle/villa? "Popular style-maker" **Christy Ferer** preaches *Breaking the Rules* (Simon & Schuster), casting off the tenets of good taste. Yoo-hoo! Country-home owners, it's time to break out the macramé toilet-paper covers!



Counterclockwise from top right: *P.S.* author Helen Schulman; "Valentino's Red Book," one of three parts of *Valentino*; a 1920s flyer for the Century Midnight Whirl, from *Nightclub Nights*; a 1953 photo by Jack Gould from *When We Liked Ike*; Twiggy at School at Cambridge, by Karen Kilimnik; part of an advertisement for Volkswagen by Doyle, Dane, Bernbach, one of the 5 Giants of Advertising



PHOTOGRAPH, TOP RIGHT, BY GASPER TRINGALE. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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HIGHLANDERS
Mogwai, from left, Dominic Aitchison, Martin Bulloch, Barry Burns, Stuart Braithwaite, and John Cummings.

Scotch Rocks

THE ABSTRACT PUNK OF GLASGOW'S MOGWAI

In the context of Britain's frothed and frenzied pop culture, the Glasgow quintet Mogwai look like scruffy refuseniks who've retreated to their bedroom to sulk, with just a bong by way of company. Or perhaps something stronger. From such voluntary isolation has this punk-obsessed working-class cell crafted a music of sullen magnificence: doggedly down-tempo instrumentals that veer from delicacy to violence with unholy assurance and no little soul. And there is an immutable something there to justify Mogwai's frequent talk of fealty to the spirit of punk rock—if there were any doubts on that issue, the band must surely have dispelled them when they wore and sold T-shirts that declare: BLUR ARE SHITE.

As is sometimes the case with such things, Mogwai's gestures of refusal have brought the band a shocking level of approbation, with gushing reviews, booming album sales, and sold-out concerts that leave disciples babbling about the unspeakable heaviosity of the experience. Mogwai's alarmingly affable guitarist, **Stuart Braithwaite,** is as surprised as anyone. "When we played our first gig," he says, "our strategy was, well, if everyone just leaves, we won't play gigs anymore, we'll just play in the house and try to put some records out."

Now comes Mogwai's third album, *Rock Action,* on which the band uses a grander instrumental palette than before, tentatively bleeds some vocals into the mix, and generally illustrates in musical form Braithwaite's stated reason for being in a band: "To escape reality, infinitely." There have even been muttered comparisons between Mogwai and **Pink Floyd,** those archetypal bourgeois prog-rockers whose comfortably numb solipsism was born of a better-funded boredom. "Oh, I don't like to hear the P- and F-words being used too much," warns Braithwaite, who points instead to **Kraftwerk** as a recent inspiration. "But then again, maybe that's us: Talk like the **Pistols,** sound like the Floyd!"

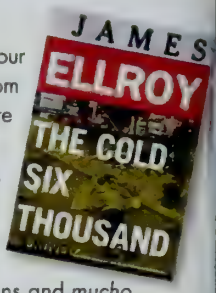
—STEVEN DALY

WORLD BEAT Renovations to **Monaco's** late-night hangout La Rascasse—now called Café Grand Prix (Quai Antoine 1er)—will be unveiled this month. . . . **Jakarta's** latest hot spot, Paprika (Wahid Hasyim 55a), is housed in a former music school. . . . **Tokyo** has gone mad for all things Korean—including the sleek Buddhist-inspired restaurant Jap Cho Ok (Alteka Belte Plaza, B1F, 4-1-15 Minami-Aoyama).



Ellroy Was Here

JAMES ELLROY LIGHTS UP THE 50S



Ellroy had done L.A. Done it once; done it twice. Hell—he'd done it four times. Ellroy knew from *noir.* Ellroy knew from cops. Ellroy knew from white powder. From *noir* to white—the colors that counted. But there was another white. The Great White. The big whale of the 60s.

J.F.K. in Dallas. Brains on the seat. L.B.J. whacking off for Veet-Nam. M.L.K. whacked on the balcony. Fidel the beard. Little Bobby with his bugs. J. Edgar—that fat little cross-dresser with his schemes and weaves.

Can't dodge that whale. Got to catch that wave. Common theme? The Mob. Vegas money. Names like Rosselli. Giancana. Molls and guns and *mucho* white powder. Low friends in high places. Howard Hughes.

Wayne Tedrow Jr. Some name for a Vegas cop. Wayne takes the six grand up front—cold. Wayne has a job to do. Wayne can take orders. Wayne has to waste some spade in Dallas. Wayne picks the big day. Jack Ruby. Officer Tippit. Lee Harvey Oswald.

Dallas is too hot. Go south, young man. Dixie is hotter. Churches burn. Hoods are worn. Cops are bent. Tracks get covered. Fall guys are required again. Patsies too.

Vietnam is hot also. Gooks creep. Grunts kill. Grunts torture and burn. Asia has poppies. Poppies become powder. It's blowback time. The war comes home. The Mob war in Cuba came home, too.

Wayne comes home. Wayne's got poppy powder. It's five years on. Time for Little Bobby to eat it.

Ellroy stopped. Ellroy thought—who's gonna tell it? The Feds? Never. The historians? Right. This is a job for a novelist. Fade to *noir.*

—CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BY STEVE GULLICK; BOTTOM LEFT, BY MICHAEL O'NEILL


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FANFAIR



HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

Eminem told me he wouldn't mind if he had lost the best-album Grammy to someone he had actually *heard* of, so study up on these new albums—next year's possible contenders.

The girls are mad: Sweet-talking lies, nobody's fool, look who's hurting now, can't trust you, crossed the line, about to call my peeps and take it to the streets, what were you thinking?—the divas are not smiling. **Destiny's Child** actually manages to sing the words "If I surround myself with positive things I'll gain prosperity" while keeping the beat on *Survivor.* And new albums from **Alicia Keys, Missy Elliott, Olivia,** and **Sunshine Anderson** all testify to the power of frenzied ambition and female independence.

The boys are sad: The songs on **Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds'** *No More Shall We Part* have such dark, romantic high drama that they make Leonard Cohen sound lighthearted. And you'll want to fall in love and/or slit your wrists to the intense emotional blackmail served up on fine new albums from **Alejandro Escovedo, Kevin Salem,** and **Joe Henry**—whose *Scar* features both Ornette Coleman and one of the all-time great song titles on the opening track: "Richard Pryor Addresses a Tearful Nation."

Soul survivors: **The Black Crowes** go boldly into new rhythmic territory on their Don Was–produced *Lions* and emerge with some of the best Led Zeppelin tracks recorded in years. Seventy-four-year-old **R. L. Burnside's** *Mississippi Hill Country Blues* is an unplugged gem from one of the greatest living virtuosos of raw, foot-stomping blues. On *Sweet Tea,* **Buddy Guy** interprets primitive blues written by Burnside, Junior Kimbrough, and T-Model Ford. *Welcome* is the apt title of the new CD from **Doyle Bramhall II,** one of the few real-deal, younger, non-cheesy, blues-based rock guitarists.

Sexual healing: **Craig David**—part hip-hop, part Stevie Wonder, and already a huge star in England—claims he was *Born to Do It* on his first U.S. release. You can practically hear **Maxwell** gyrate on his long-awaited *Now.* **Bilal** oozes carnality on *1st Born Second.* And the seductive talents of **Chocolate Genius** (né Marc Anthony Thompson) are showcased on *Godmusic.*

Sound investments: The songs on **Radiohead's** new *Amnesiac* were recorded during the *Kid A* sessions and are dreamy, beguiling, and irresistible. **Depeche Mode's** *Exciter* is the sonically expensive follow-up to 1997's *Ultra.* On *Vespertine,* **Björk** reclaims her very own, extraterrestrial musical world. **R.E.M.** is back with the decidedly rocking *Reveal.* **Lucinda Williams** breaks your heart on *Essence.* The prolific **Ani DiFranco** releases a two-CD set, *Revelling/Reckoning.* One hopes that in the rumored reorganization of the EMI labels **Sparklehorse's** wonderful new *King of Nails* won't get overlooked. *The Final Studio Recordings* are two CDs from the late Qawwali master **Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan;** out, too, is the eponymous CD from his nephew, **Rahat Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan**—all produced by Rick Rubin.

Also due: Re-releases, live albums, and previously unavailable recordings from **Chet Baker, Thelonious Monk, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis,** and **Mahalia Jackson;** anthologies from **Emmylou Harris** and **Gram Parsons;** and new albums from **Rammstein, David Garza, Marc Anthony, Bliss 66, Placebo, Loudermilk, Janet Jackson, Spiritualized, Sam Phillips, Laurie Anderson, John Mayer, Babyface, Saul Williams,** and the late **Big Pun.** And sometime very soon, David Lee Roth could be back on disc and on tour with **Van Halen.** Some people never learn.











TOP, BY JULIAN BROAD. SECOND FROM TOP, BY WILLIAM CLAXTON

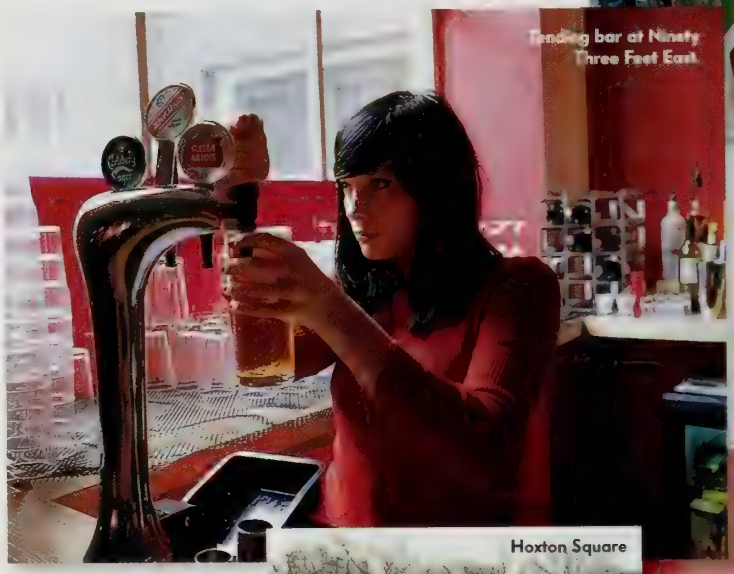
Counterclockwise from top: Radiohead, from V.F.'s November 2000 Music Issue; Chet Baker; Ani DiFranco; Craig David; Alejandro Escovedo's new CD; a new Mahalia Jackson CD; and Destiny's Child.


More upper than crusty.
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The East End Kids

A NEIGHBORHOOD BLOSSOMS IN LONDON

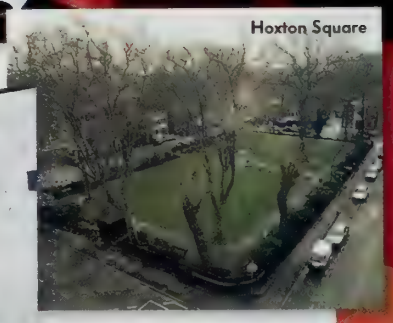

Columbia Road Market


Tending bar at Ninety Three Feet East.


The Griffin



The Smert Shplonam bar.


Hoxton Square


Ninety Three Feet E

Hoxton Square, the nexus of London's Young British Artist scene, the site of Jay Jopling's seminal White Cube[2] gallery, and the latest neighborhood to be gentrified in London's East End, is quite literally teeming with electricity. Not only do local hot spots include the Light (a bar built in an old electrical substation) and Electricity Showrooms, but this year a former electrical-power station for the East London railway is being converted into luxury apartments. Now called Gainsborough Studios, the station has served as a movie set for both Alfred Hitchcock



LONDON SPRAWLING

1. 291 Gallery. **2.** Columbia Road Market. **3.** The Red Lion. **4.** White Cube[2]. **5.** Charlie Wright's International Bar. **6.** Hoxton Boutique. **7.** Electricity Showrooms. **8.** Lux Cinema. **9.** 333 Club/Mother Bar. **10.** SCP. **11.** The Foundry. **12.** Bricklayers Arms. **13.** Cantaloupe. **14.** Great Eastern Dining Room. **15.** Home. **16.** The Dragon. **17.** Modern Art. **18.** Brick Lane Market. **19.** The Light. **20.** The Vibe Bar. **21.** Satellite. **22.** Spitalfields Market. **23.** Chapman Fine Arts. **24.** Whitechapel Art Gallery.

MAP BY JOYCE PENDOLA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM KUHN


Oscar de la Renta


Hoxton Boutique



Columbia Road Market


The Red Lion

and Guy Ritchie, a stage for Ralph Fiennes's *Coriolanus* and *Richard II,* and a runway for Alexander McQueen. For all its buzz, Hoxton and its neighbor Shoreditch differ from the usual paradigm of urban renewal (artists move in; prices rise; artists move out) in that these artists—at least those who can afford it (Tracey Emin, Chris Ofili, Jake and Dinos Chapman, and Rachel Whiteread, as well as East End pioneers Gilbert & George)—are staying. While some of the old haunts have given way to upscale newcomers such as the Vibe Bar, Ninety Three Feet East, Home, and Fabric, some staples—Spitalfields Market and the Bricklayers Arms pub, for example—remain. The East End's latest arrival? The Prince of Wales (his School of Architecture just moved into an old fur factory). There goes the neighborhood.

—ANNE FULENWIDER




The Sh! sex shop.


Hoxton Boutique wares.


A Vibe Bar patron.


The SCP furniture store.




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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



WAITING TO INHALE The author and his Rothmans "Blue," photographed in Washington, D.C., March 8, 2001.

WE KNOW BEST

What do America's increasingly Draconian anti-smoking laws and the recent moves in Britain to ban foxhunting have in common? Not only are they fundamentally illogical, says the author, but both presage a supervised world in which we'll all live painlessly, safely—and tediously

When Adolf Hitler had gotten his way in Germany, with a personal crusade against smoking and alcohol and meat eating (among other things), he felt strong enough to arrange a summit meeting with his brother-beneath-the-skin, Joseph Stalin. The original photograph of the signing of the Nazi-Soviet pact showed Stalin with a cigarette. The *Führer* angrily ordered that the filthy smoldering object be airbrushed from the shot before it was released. So now we know what Hitler thought about the limits of vile behavior ("Excuse me, my fellow Aryans, but I do have my standards").

That sort of thing could not happen in the warm and plural United States of America, even though cigarettes have been righteously airbrushed from U.S. Postal Service stamps commemorating Jackson Pollock and blues guitarist Robert Johnson; also from the silhouette of Franklin Roosevelt as the official symbol of Hyde Park, New York, as well as from the F.D.R. memorial in Washington. On their visits to the White House, Václav Havel and Lech Walesa were told to step outside into the cold if they wanted a smoke. So were the late Yitzhak Rabin and the late King Hussein of Jordan, both having flown long distances in order to sign

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN

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the Israeli-Jordanian peace accord. That's different, you understand. It's because we dwell in a caring community, and this is the kind of village it takes before you are fit to live in it or even to visit it.

I was teaching on the West Coast three years ago, and I remember how it started. Every office building, public and private, in the state of California had become "smoke-free." Fine. So had every airport. Fine also. Then so had every restaurant, abolishing the distinction between smoking and nonsmoking sections. O.K., if you absolutely insist; smoke has been known to drift even in the land that invented air-conditioning. But then there was a rumor that the ban would extend to all bars as well. No sweat, said the barman at my preferred smoke-easy. If the jerks do it, we can become a private club and charge 50 cents to get in. And then the specific provision forbidding smoking in private clubs was fully enforced. Gone were my days of having a drink with the marvelous writer Herb Caen in the funky old Washington Square Bar & Grill. The whole of San Francisco's North Beach, where once Lenny Bruce could be glimpsed through an enveloping fog of blue fumes, and where Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac declaimed their verses in equally nicotinic and subversive atmospheres, is now just another overpriced haunt of the lite and the decaf.



STAMP OF DISAPPROVAL

***Above, left,* a 1930s photo-booth portrait of blues guitarist Robert Johnson, from which the U.S. Postal Service omitted the cigarette for its 1994 Johnson stamp; *below, right,* the 1999 Jackson Pollock stamp removed the artist's trademark cigarette.**

At the time, I called up Terry Friedman, the assemblyman who had sponsored the legislation. Look, buster, I said to him in effect, I get the point about the protection of nonsmokers. But nobody in California has to smell cigarette smoke anymore if they don't want to. On the other hand, people who like a touch of squalor and bohemia in their lives are being told that there's no corner of California for them, no room and no exceptions. And across the bay from where I'm sitting is Jack London Square.

Do you ever get the feeling that you are really, really wasting your time? I will say for Mr. Friedman that he stayed "on message." Smoking is bad for you; smoke at second hand is bad for you. It's a health-and-safety issue and therefore a legal matter in the workplace. Well, I am a dues-paying member of Local 1981 of the United Automobile Workers (A.F.L.-C.I.O.), which houses the National Writers Union—motto: *Ne Conjuge Nobiscum,* or "Don't F*** with Us"—and I am dead serious about workers' rights at home and abroad. (More serious, even, than some California legislators.) But what about a guy who likes to smoke and drink and has the gift of gab and wants to work in a bar with other people who feel the same way? Oh, said Mr. Friedman. Him. He doesn't exist. Yes he does, I said. I've met him, and his customers too. No he doesn't, said Mr. Friedman, and I have a law to prove it. Suppose you were a guy seeking a bartending job and you hated smoke, and the only job open to you, the absolutely last job available, was in a bar that allowed smoking? Your rights would be violated, right?

No. *Wrong.* It is inconceivable that any real person would ever find himself in such a position. (And if he did, I hope I'd have the right not to hire the poor fish.) Yet the law governing every adult in a state the size and variety of California has to be mirthlessly enforced as if this notional person were the gold standard for human rights. "Zero tolerance," they call it—one of those terms (like "Drug Czar") that are unintentionally and usefully revealing. "Zero tolerance" literally means, and literally intends, complete intolerance. Yet it is proclaimed by prissy liberals for whom the word "tolerance" is a mantra, one of the fuzz-words of the room-temperature America that they have in mind. Another is "diversity," which has lost its meaning by evolving into a candy-striped version of—guess what—uniformity.

All right, you say, this is California; what can you expect? They think they'll be young and beautiful forever, even though most of them aren't even young and beautiful now. I haven't given up on California; it gashes me to lose North Beach to the Yuppies, and the once anarchic Berkeley to the P.C. creeps. But New York, now. Surely they'll leave me a bit of old New York? The New York that belongs not to some local ward heeler but to the whole world? And what would New York be if you could not open your own jazz dive or blues joint or necking shop, with strong cocktails on offer, and hang out a sign saying, IF YOU DON'T LIKE SMOKING, STAY THE HECK OUT OF THIS BAR? More is at stake here than the mere rights of smokers. You could call it ambience. You could call it attitude. You could even call it culture.

Now, will you please welcome Mr. Peter Vallone, an energetic mediocrity who makes the New York City Council speakership look like a hole in the air: one of those guys with too much spare time and some damned-fool game plan to pronounce himself mayor. Borrowing from the California playbook, Mr. Vallone wants to cross the line that separates the protection of nonsmokers—already a *fait accompli*—from the prohibition of smoking. For some of us, the wood-paneled room that has been steeped and cured in the right stuff represents not just the pursuit of happiness. It *is* happiness: an aid to conversation and composition and (once upon a time) seduction; the feast of reason and the flow of soul. For Mr. Vallone, whose achievements in the aforementioned fields have not so far been called to anyone's attention, the pursuit of happiness consists of making this impossible.

The Friedmans and Vallones of this world have two things

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on their side: one factor and one argument. The factor is the existence of Big Tobacco, a corporate specter with deep pockets that provides an almost Brechtian model of the profiteering merchant of death. (At the Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles last summer, there was only one way to tell that you were not at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia. Most of the corporate sponsorships were the same, except that the Democratic National Committee fastidiously refused the tobacco barons. As noted above: excuse me, but we do have our standards.) Big Tobacco makes a poor ally in a cultural or libertarian argument, but it has unintentionally provided the best defense of my position and the easiest refutation of Mr. Vallone's.

The tobacco barons can speak only in the idiom of commerce, so they at first protested New York's proposed smoking ban by saying that it would be bad for business. Smokers are often boozers; they won't stay for that after-dinner drink if they can't light up, and cocktails, as everyone knows, are the profit margin for restaurants. Not true, said surveys taken in response to the last ban, which banished smokers from most dining areas in 1995. The restaurant business is booming all around. The Center for Hospitality Research at the Cornell University School of Hotel Administration (nice to know that there is such a body beavering away) discovered the following in 1995: 47 percent of smokers (22.8 percent of the population) said they are avoiding smoke-free restaurants, and 59 percent said they are seeking restaurants that allow it. About 36.5 percent of nonsmokers said they avoid restaurants where smoking is permitted.

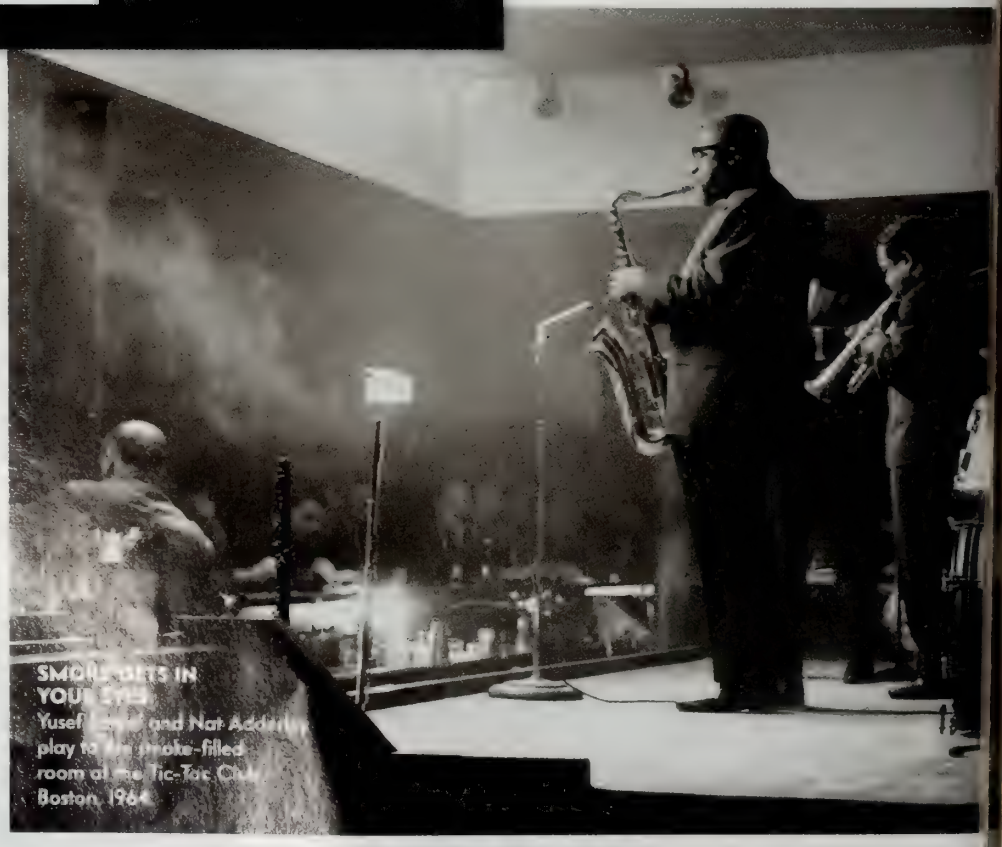
On visits to the White House, Václav Havel and Lech Walesa were told to step outside if they wanted a smoke.

If this means what it appears to mean, then the astonishing conclusion is that grown-up New Yorkers make decisions—from a practically infinite menu of possible dining establishments—based on their own preferences. Well, what do you know? Two further conclusions seem permissible: humanity is not divided into "smokers" and "nonsmokers" except in the personal ads placed by the lovelorn. And the United States is not some hellish kibbutz where there's just one communal dining area, which serves only comfort food.

If this is the real state of the case, then Mr. Vallone can take all of the pseudo-research on "passive" or "secondhand" smoking and cram it into his pipe. The person who smells cigarette smoke and wrinkles his nose before batting the air like a loon is now in the same position as the Peeping Tom neighbor who climbs precariously atop the fridge, binoculars clutched in leprous palm, in order to report the vile bedroom antics of the couple next door. You have to go out of your way to be offended. Never doubt that there are such people; never give them an inch, either, if you value privacy or diversity. Just up the road from me, in the Washington-Maryland-border subdivision of Friendship Heights, the mayor, a fascinating case study named Dr. Alfred Muller, is trying to impose a ban on lighting up on the sidewalk, on the street, in the park, or in a building entrance. Anywhere, in fact, over which government can exercise jurisdiction. This is Prohibition, and it demands and entails a force of paid officials who can enforce it—money and time well spent, in Dr. Muller's view. As an internist, he justifies the surveillance of his suburban Utopia with the high-minded excuse of public health.

I could waste columns of space reproducing the evidence that "passive smoking" is a nonproblem produced by junk research, and that as a medical matter it constitutes no threat to innocent bystanders. (The best book here is Jacob Sullum's meticulously presented 1998 study, *For Your Own Good,* which tossed and gored the politically conditioned "research" that underlies prohibition.) But I would just as soon stipulate that all the confected "findings" on this subject are sound.

Nobody has to endure any real risk of involuntary smoke inhalation, and no further laws are necessary to secure this existing immunity from harm. I don't own a car, but I share the open air with producers of carbon monoxide, limiting myself to the necessary law that prevents the noisy and filthy idling of stationary engines. Don't pursue me to the park bench if you prevent me from smoking indoors; I will of course ask permission of anyone else sitting there. I will even ask permission to smoke from people who visit me in my own home. But I won't let them visit me and then tell me to put my cigarette out. Anyone failing to see this distinction is a moral cretin, and several



SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
Yusef Lateef and Nat Adderley play to the smoke-filled room at the Tic-Tac Club, Boston, 1964

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ICHAEL THE WOMEN'S FRAGRANCE BY MICHAEL KORS



TALLY-HO! Harrison Irvine-Wing leads the hounds at the annual Lanarkshire & Renfrewshire Foxhounds Boxing Day hunt held at Corsliehill House, Houston, Renfrewshire, December 26, 1996.

other kinds of idiot as well, the sort of person who thinks that a fine bar can be reduced to the utilitarian definition of a "workplace."

The English, too, have been known to boast of their tolerance and broad-mindedness. I have seen no evidence for the ill effects of secondhand or passive foxhunting, but the complete lack of evidence has not prevented the same sort of legislators from deciding that it ought to be forbidden. Again, one is looking straight into the eyes of the behavior-modification specialist. The terrain of the argument is slightly different because (as with all arguments in England) it involves an element of class, and also because it involves a question of animal rights, specifically, the question of cruelty to dumb beasts. Neither of these arguments, on the "banning" side, is as strong as it looks. Leaving to one side the number of peasants and coal miners who hunt on the weekends, the abolition of the fox chase would neither diminish the power of the ruling class nor improve the condition of the toiling masses by one iota. And, while there are people who enjoy cruel sports such as dogfighting and cockfighting, I have seen enough of the foxhunting field to be sure that no sadist could derive the least satisfaction from it. So we must seek the real motive elsewhere.

In his *History of England*, Lord Macaulay famously said that "the Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." This is usually presented as a rather good thrust at Cromwell's unsmiling militants: I've always thought it was a point in their favor. The sight of the crowd at such spectacles, including such choice pursuits as horsebaiting (which actually used to occur in the London slums), or at human sacrifices on the scaffold, was indeed one of the most repellent elements of the show. That's why all such things have long been prohibited by the animal-loving English, even if they did get around to banning bearbaiting rather before they abolished, say, the public hanging of young pickpockets.

I was brought up in the English countryside and used to be bored by the people who led massed hordes of beagles and other pooches over hill and dale and stream, pursuing hares or foxes or otters or stags. I was also bored by the length of time it took to catch anything, and by the weather, which seemed to make each occasion of bloodletting so soggy. Moreover, my sympathies lay with the foxes and otters and hares (not so much the stags), and I used to wish that a special type of speedy royal corgi, say, could be bred and released from a sack, to be hunted down without pity by a slavering pack. But the idea that the contest itself should be abolished strikes me as grotesque. Nobody disputes the banal fact that foxes and some other wild predators need to be culled or controlled; it has to be done one way or another. The small achievement of the English rural types (not the most fascinating people in the world, all in all) is that over the centuries they have managed to transform this chore into an art form. It is part of the landscape and the literature; even the former village of Soho is named for a hunting cry. The great Trinidadian writer C. L. R. James, an unsleeping foe of British colonialism, made a similar point about cricket; it is not so much a game or a sport as a version of the ballet and the theater, enacted over a considerable time and space and somehow inextricable from the culture itself. The point would hold with the chase: the sound of the horn, the red coats through the mist, the dogs in full cry—it's a spectacle and a thrill that is worth the life of the odd chicken stealer. Some of the ends to which foxes come are sad; some are glorious; some are messy. But these are not herbivores who could look forward to a peaceful retirement. Nor is England a vegetarian society that prohibits the taking of animal life. Foxhunting, I conclude, is therefore being banned for populist and political reasons, disguised as humane and "concerned" ones.

Foxhunting is a spectacle and a thrill that is worth the life of the odd chicken stealer.

Again, and though I don't love the hunting society as much as I like bartenders and convivial smokers, I have a very good idea of what kind of country the hunt prohibitionists have in mind for us. They propose a sort of tedious, supervised, monochrome system, with safety warnings posted near mountains and oceans and glaciers, and seat belts in taxis, and crash helmets for Rollerbladers, so that we could all live painlessly and safely (once we've produced our IDs on the way in and the way out) in some gruesome version of Celebration, Florida. Well, no thanks. I won't live there and you can't make me. I have strong opinions of my own on what ought to be forbidden, but I try to argue as if I think I am right, not as if I know I am right. This is another of those narrow but deep distinctions, important for civilization, of which the Peter Vallones and Tony Blairs and Hillary Clintons understand nothing. The moment may well have come to tell them all to fuck off, lest worse befall not just us but them. This health warning is for their own good. □


liz claiborne



DAILY MALE Jon Stewart, host of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show*, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, January 19, 2001.

THE MOST HAPPENING FELLA

As host of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show*, Jon Stewart is one of the smartest acts on TV, both skewering the culture of news from behind his gigantic anchor desk and influencing the very pundits he parodies. The author gets Stewart's riffs on network news, Hollywood, and real political power

The anchor desk.

It is more than a piece of four-legged furniture.

It is a television institution, like the talk-show sofa and the sitcom dinette set. It is the flat surface where the first draft of history is read into the record. And nowhere does the anchor desk bestow more stature on a sitting person than in America. The men and women scooted behind the anchor desks of foreign news programs tend to be modest "newsreaders" who shy away from dramatic intonations. Here, they're authority figures whose facial expression

PORTRAITS BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG


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XII
VI
Twenty-4
by Patek Philippe

and subtle inflections are scrutinized for oracular portents, directional readings of public opinion, and sneaky hints of bias. When CBS's Walter Cronkite—for years regarded as the most trusted man in America, his avuncular voice offering a cup of warm cocoa in a time of turmoil—turned against the war in Vietnam, President Johnson realized he had lost the heartland: as Cronkite went, so went the nation. Today the audience is more schismed. The anchor desk doesn't command the respect it once did. After Peter Jennings seemed to express a distaste for Republicans by making a lemon face on the air, a furious right-wing posse jumped on his case. (Conservatives have long been suspicious of Jennings, who is a native of Canada, where they have socialized medicine and other fancy ideas.) The anchor desk also appears anachronistic in an era in which hip broadcasters such as MSNBC's Lester Holt and Ashleigh Banfield bop around the studio as if it were an airport lounge. But one program has held fast to the old, proud broadcast tradition. That program is Comedy Central's *The Daily Show,* hosted by Jon Stewart, the Dan Rather of infotainment.

The *Daily Show* opens with enough bombast to launch a new *Superman* sequel.

A generation is coming of age in America that doesn't take the news straight, that doesn't take the utterances of public figures straight, that doesn't take social games straight. . . . It sees giant con games everywhere. It sees "the system" itself as a con game. Paradoxically, this generation—so obsessed with the themes of falsehood, phoniness, and hypocrisy—, has developed and refined the art of the put-on, as if driven to illustrate that what passes for "truth" and "reality" is often cruelly deceptive.

—Jacob Brackman, *The Put-On* (1971).

Billing itself as "the most important television program—ever," *The Daily Show* opens with enough bombast to launch a new *Superman* sequel. Seated at a wrap-around anchor desk three times bigger than seems necessary, Stewart—patting script pages into a neat pile and jotting down last-minute notes just like a real anchorman—recaps the day's stories with the help of the always game *Daily Show* news team: Mo Rocca, Steve Carell, Stephen Colbert, Vance DeGeneres, and Nancy Walls (bolstered by disgruntled commentator Lewis Black). Carell and Colbert, with their dark eyebrows, deadpan voices, and bloodhound zeal in heading off on the wrong track, resemble a deranged unit of F.B.I. agents; Rocca, with his glee-club haircut, too-big bow ties, and adenoidal delivery, is a dot-com Jerry Lewis; Walls tosses her head and flirts with the camera as if she can't help being bubbly. Pretending to be in the thick of the action, they file their hard-hitting reports posed in front of blatant rear projections of the White House, earthquake-shaken Seattle, or a New Hampshire parking lot. One of the show's running gags is that its correspondents are experts in whatever field they happen to be covering that particular day—they might be billed as the show's "chief legal analyst" on one show, its "Internet security specialist" on another. (When Stephen Colbert expounded on the origins of Mardi Gras, pausing now and then to take snapshots of bare boobies, he was I.D.'d as the "senior religio-saturnalia correspondent.")

The fake-news format of *The Daily Show* is patterned after *Saturday Night Live*'s "Weekend Update" segment, the proving ground for some of the nation's most successful imitation anchors, from Chevy Chase to Dennis Miller. "Weekend Update," however, has become something of a catchall, the news bits sprinkled like parsley around showcase slots for *S.N.L.* cast members to do their shticks (Adam Sandler singing folk ditties in a spaz falsetto, Molly Shannon splaying herself). With its top-notch writing staff, led by Ben Karlin, a former editor of the satirical weekly *The Onion, The Daily Show* ranges more wildly afield, spoofing not only the news but the shameless artifices of news reporting and newsmagazine sob-sister techniques. (Stacey Grenrock-Woods's shocking look at the haunting legacy of German flatulence, complete with traumatic black-and-white flashbacks of Dad passing gas and a weeping violin on the soundtrack, travestied every trick in the *Dateline* handbook.) The series captures the surrealism of newscasters behaving like witch doctors, solemnly attending to the hysterical frenzies (Elián, O.J.) that they themselves fuel and keep blazing. The show's message: As the news gets nutty (reality—so hard to keep straight), only trained comedy professionals can make sense of the madness. Or as Hunter S. Thompson proclaimed, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn professional."

Some news programs hitch themselves to breaking events, and keep on trucking. ABC's *Nightline,* hosted by the imperturbable Ted Koppel, established its franchise during the Iranian hostage crisis. CNN came of age during the Gulf War. MSNBC and Fox News, with their rosters of judgmental blabbermouths, fed off the fumes and plump libido of the Clinton scandals. *The Daily Show* made its glory run during the Florida recount, the cliff-hanger sequel to the show's "Indecision 2000" election coverage. As the legal and political custody battle over the chads held a spellbound nation suspended in mid-yawn, *The Daily Show* cut through the rhetorical posturing and deconstructed the image campaigns waged by the two parties. Analyzing the proliferation of American flags during the candidates' photo ops, Vance DeGeneres unearthed this little-known factoid: "Back in 1976, Gerald Ford was expected to soundly defeat Jimmy Carter. Well, that all changed when he made a speech in front of two macramé owls. Political suicide, Jon." (Those macramé owls are a real *Onion* touch.) In a discussion of the confusion over the butterfly ballot, a town-hall meeting of senior citizens moderated by Stephen Colbert—"Has anyone here seen the movie *Cocoon*? If you went down to the pool and saw it was full of alien-egg pods, would you jump in?"—dribbled into chaos when the oldies insisted on ordering lunch from different menus and changing their selections. The illiteracy of the Republican placards and chants opposing the recount also came in for Mencken-esque mockery. It was a mockery tinged with futility—how do you shame the militantly ill-informed?

For years, Mort Sahl has come onstage carrying a newspaper. He reads a headline—"'Johnson Denies Mining Rivers and Shelling the North Is Escalation of War, Calls Moves "Military Steps Toward Peace."'" Before Sahl has even taken off from it, the audience responds to the tacit understanding that the news itself *is a put-on—doublethink that scarcely requires parody.*

—Jacob Brackman, *The Put-On* (1971).

The success of fake news has spurred real-news operations to compete by dusting off their funny bones. Witness CNN's *The Spin Room,* a jocular *Crossfire* in which Bill Press and Tucker Carlson josh through a thimble-deep discussion of the day's events. The CNN news broadcasts are also hearing the patter of little quips. How will the dedicated pseudo-



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journalists of *The Daily Show* meet the challenge of nitwit pundits and real anchors horning in on their act? This February, I interviewed Jon Stewart to discuss *The Daily Show*'s counterinsurgency plans. The interview took place in the "world news headquarters" of Comedy Central, located on a street in Manhattan's West 50s where the most scenic element was a cement mixer. Stewart led me into his office, which resembled the office of a freelance writer with its cascaded piles of printed matter and collegiate disarray. He took over the host duties of *The Daily Show* in January 1999, succeeding Craig Kilborn, who now has his own late-night chat show on CBS. In person, Stewart's more solidly built than he appears on-camera, a Reed Richards streak of gray hair above each temple lending him a true

Fake news's success has spurred real-news operations to dust off their funny bones





ANCHOR AWEIGH
Jon Stewart (then Leibowitz) was No. 12 on the 1980 Lawrence (New Jersey) High School soccer team; on the town with Parker Posey in 1995; with the *Daily Show* team on Election Night, 2000.

news-veteran distinction. (For those unversed in Marvel Comics, Reed Richards is the rubberman leader of the Fantastic Four.) It was eerily quiet elsewhere in the building. The studio was dormant, the program on a weeklong hiatus.

It was clear that the *Spin Room* team of Bill Press and Tucker Carlson wasn't giving Stewart night tremors. He sees that show as a peculiar act of penance. "In some respects, they're trying to stem a problem they created. They've given voice to all the spinners. And I think now they're giving us a nod and a wink, like, 'We know. Look, we're doing a show about this terrible, terrible thing we did to the country.' I don't know that it's necessarily funny as much as it is them going, 'Ha-ha. See what we did? We're sorry.'"

Nor did Stewart seem threatened by the trend of newscasters abandoning the anchor desk to roam around the set like free-range chickens. "I think that was always the biggest complaint for people at home, when people would watch Walter Cronkite and would say, 'Get up! You lazy, lazy . . . he's always sitting!' It's sort of like my favorite thing that's ever been done in the news, *20/20 Downtown,* which is *20/20* but they make Cynthia McFadden stand outside on a roof in a black leather coat. It's the same stories, it's the same shit they're doing on *20/20.* It's 'What you don't know about cribs might hurt your family.' 'Did you know that there's bacteria in your bathroom?' Yeah, that's where I shit."

No matter how much news-product differentiation and segmentation the networks attempt, the crap, to extend Stewart's evocative image, comes out of the same corporate chute. He recalls seeing an activist spokesperson recently on TV, "a woman from one of those organizations like Americans for the . . . it was something like Citizens for Good Things That Are American and Right. You know, it was one of those crazy groups where you're not quite sure what they do, but it just turns out to be sort of a right-wing think tank. And she was blasting *Temptation Island.* And one of the guys said to her, 'Well, you know, it's Fox News . . . ,' because she's clearly conservative. Well, Fox News is owned by the same company that does *Temptation Island.* She says, 'But the people in New York, the ones who run Fox News, they get it. Here in L.A., they don't get it.' As though there was a separate entity that really understood. Because Fox News, they're balanced, very normal, but Fox Hollywood, they just don't get it."

Stewart finds such distinctions silly because news, politics, and entertainment are all part of the same epic vanity production in voyeur America. They constitute a neon triangle. Just as most news coverage is a ritualistic spectacle, "a ballet of the obvious" (Stewart's phrase), politics and entertainment are ceremonial processions. "When you do a movie, there's a party before the movie, there's a pre-movie-party get-together, there's a gift that you're given from the studio, there's a wrap party that happens after it, there's a premiere, there's awards. It is clearly the most self-congratulatory business, I think, on earth other than politics. Politics and entertainment—it's so funny that the two of them butt heads, because it's like watching identical twins fight. They're the same person." Supposedly liberal Hollywood is only superficially politicized, says Stewart, its fund-raising another opportunity to court the spotlight. "You know, you might want to say the entertainment community is very liberal and puts a lot of money there. They don't give a fuck. They want access. They don't want change. They just want to know that when there's a big party the president is going to come to their house and they can kind of show him off a bit." The humility of Hollywood stars and the pieties of politicians form the same honey glaze over the same slab of ham.

The Daily Show takes some of its sharpest digs at showbiz celebrities unable to get over themselves and the culture of narcissism that crowns them with haloes. A roundup of the Golden Globe Awards included a quick montage of the female winners ditzing like adolescent girls and hyperventilating through their acceptance speeches: Sarah Jessica Parker ("Oh my God—um, I, oh jeez"), Kate Hudson ("This is so intense"), Renée Zellweger ("Oh God, thank you so much"), and Julia Roberts ("Oh, good golly"). Roberts, *The Daily*



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Show disclosed, had been accompanied to the event by "the sun, which shines only for her." Even the Grammy Awards, which were hosted by Stewart, didn't escape a light drubbing, with Eminem's false humility coming in for special notice. Not that *The Daily Show* is entirely out of the celebrity-catering business itself. A regular segment is a four-minute celebrity spot in which stars take their spin on the sofa to plug their latest misguided movie. Because *The Daily Show* is often the last stop in a marathon gabfest that can begin at dawn with the morning shows, some guests appear punch-drunk or cruising on autopilot by the time they're steered into the studio. Knowing it isn't going to elicit anything novel or earth-shattering from most of these drop-bys, the program occasionally tries to play the guest's visit as a parody of a celebrity interview, the questions winging out of left field. Those who are game, such as Chris Rock, riff merrily away. (Rock said he knew the intruder who had been arrested at the White House was a white dude when he heard the police had shot him in the leg. Getting shot in the leg—"Must be nice," Rock mused, as if a black man could only dream of such cushy treatment. If it had been a brother threatening the president, he'd have been shot so many times he'd have been dancing before he hit the ground.) Those celebrities who are just filling time and space, such as Ted Danson, sit there somewhat befuddled.

STEWART RIDDLE
Jon Stewart, photographed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, January 19, 2001.



Far more consistent, offbeat, and funny are the "human interest" stories that import the late Charles Kuralt's roadside finds into Christopher Guest's curiosity shop. Like Guest's *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show,* these postcards from the road are souvenirs of normal-bizarre Americana. Vance DeGeneres interviews the inventor of a miracle elixir called Polycure, an elderly black gentleman in a beret who declares, "I don't need Viagra at all. All I need is a skinny, bony female." Mo Rocca slips into camouflage gear to crouch behind bushes with a turkey caller. (Mo Rocca let loose in nature is inherently a hoot.) Nancy Walls meets an elephant-masturbator. These bits offer a respite from celebrity overload but continue the critique presented by the program, to wit: America is a country so media-saturated and self-aware that even the supposed real people are playing the parts of "real people"—fictionalized versions of themselves. The country is now a giant constructed backdrop: a movie set where everybody's an actor in his own mind and knows how to underplay for the camera. The show's irony isn't at their expense. Irony is now an engrained democratic custom, a fluent second language.

The irresistible rise of irony confounds and depresses many earnest minds. When Jacob Brackman published *The Put-On* in 1971, the book was intended both as a diagnosis of the phenomenon of Facetious Ambiguity and its premature autopsy. Its last sentence is "Perhaps a hope exists, however dubious, that the debasement of discourse will soon become intolerable—a hope that people, when their legs have been pulled almost to the breaking point, will at last begin to kick." Instead, in the years that followed, people let their legs get stretched longer than Reed Richards's. Irony and put-on, which Brackman saw reaching overripe decadence, had only begun to twinkle. *Saturday Night Live, Spy* magazine, Don Imus, David Letterman, Robert Altman's *Tanner '88* (which mixed real political candidates and actors-playing-candidates to newspaper-collage effect), David Lynch, David Byrne, Ken Finkleman, *Night Stand,* Tom Green, and *Series 7* lay ahead. Yet irony remains in sore repute, scorned as the refuge of the cynical and the smugly indifferent. To Bill Moyers fans, regular listeners of NPR, and noble worrywarts such as Jedediah Purdy (the author of *For Common Things*), the encroachment of irony into every corner enfeebles the will and curdles the spirit. Hardly a year goes by in which some crusader rabbit doesn't express the desire to rip the thin smirk off of irony and uncork a genuine war cry of passion and commitment—a Bruce Springsteen proletarian Tarzan yell that will speak truth to power and awaken the nation from its ponderous nap.

Don't look for Jon Stewart to supply this barbaric yawp. "You know, it wouldn't be fun for me to yell," he says. He has convictions and points of view, "but my job is to hopefully be funny and hopefully then I get some satisfaction at being able to get that out there in a way that's not too horrifying to listen to. You never want to be Lenny Bruce after the eighth court case where you're in the Cafe Wha? and you're just reading a document. You don't want to be the crazy man in the basement screaming about injustice, because you know what? Nobody gives a shit. They want to be entertained." True, but the laughs a news satire receives depend on the accuracy of the shots it takes. Irony is derided as being all attitude, a facile detachment. On *The Daily Show* it's something different—an instrument of instant analysis, an implicit rebuttal to spin and hype. It says, "This is what they're telling and selling us, when what they really mean is *this*." It's drama criticism performed with a laser scalpel, peeling off the façade to get at the fishy truth. Comedy cuts cleaner than editorializing or sermonizing, and leaves more-lasting impressions (Gerald Ford as a klutz, Dan Quayle as a deer in the headlights). Presenting the most talented posse of poker-faced goofballs since the cast of *SCTV* parted company, *The Daily Show* may resemble a fun house, but it's doing the work of a hundred media-study programs, and making it look easy. □

As news gets nutty, only comedy professionals can make sense of the madness.


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DENNIS THE MENACE

With five homes, five Rolls-Royces, and a Rolodex of mistresses, Felix Dennis is a story worthy of his own testosterone-and-cleavage-packed *Maxim*, the runaway hit of U.S. newsstands. But the British media mogul's transatlantic invasion has only just begun, as he launches three more magazines in America

BY NINA MUNK



LAD LAND Felix Dennis, photographed at Mandalay, his home on Mustique, February 6, 2001. *Inset*, recent issues of *Maxim*.

The Mustique telephone directory, a stapled pamphlet, includes three-digit phone numbers for such residents as the Earl of Lichfield, Prince and Princess Rupert Loewenstein, and Tommy Hilfiger. Mick Jagger's number is unlisted. "We politely request that if you recognize visiting celebrities or members of the Royal Family, you respect their privacy and do not ask them for autographs or take their picture." [illegible] "Mustique isn't for the [illegible] very rich," Bud Fisher reminds me as we drive up a steep hill one February evening to meet his boss, Felix Dennis, who counts being the 72nd-richest man in Britain, worth over half a billion dollars, according to the *Sunday Times* Rich List.

Passing through a gate guarded by two stone griffins spitting flames, we arrive at Mandalay, Dennis's hilltop compound and the former home of David Bowie, which Dennis bought in 1995 for $6 million. Included with the Indonesian-style pavilions were their contents: furniture and fixtures, sheets and towels, and Bowie's two pets, a calico cat and an overweight little dog.

Dennis, 54, looks a bit like one of Maurice Sendak's wild things. This evening, he wears undistinguished khakis and a Hawaiian shirt; his gray hair and thick beard are ungroomed. We walk together along a veranda lined with intricately carved teak columns and doors sent from a remote village in Java. In the courtyard are two ponds stocked with goldfish and Japanese koi; gently, water spills from one pond into the other. We descend to a [illegible]de terrace overlooking the lush hills of Mustique. Below us, the faint, glassy lights of sailboats and yachts portion out the bay. The salt air is scented with frangipani, jasmine, and hibiscus. Tree frogs sing. Above are thousands of stars. We've just missed what must have been a glorious sunset.

"There will be others," Dennis remarks, as if glorious sunsets are a dime a dozen; perhaps they are in Mustique. Tossing a cigarette butt over the balustrade and into the bushes, he maneuvers his ample body in the direction of a stained-glass door depicting two full-bosomed mermaids (one with boxing gloves, the other with a pool cue) and enters his newly constructed rec room. Eric Clapton bellows from the Rock-Ola jukebox. Silk Cut cigarette in hand (they're always in hand; he smokes three, maybe four packs of Silk Cuts a day), Dennis heads to the Harley-Davidson pinball machine. *Ding! Ding! Ding!* He scores! A round of Air-Hockey follows; Dennis beats his opponent with ease. Against one wall are other pinball machines: Striker Xtreme, Addams Family, and Star Trek. There's also a Foosball table and leather

SONY

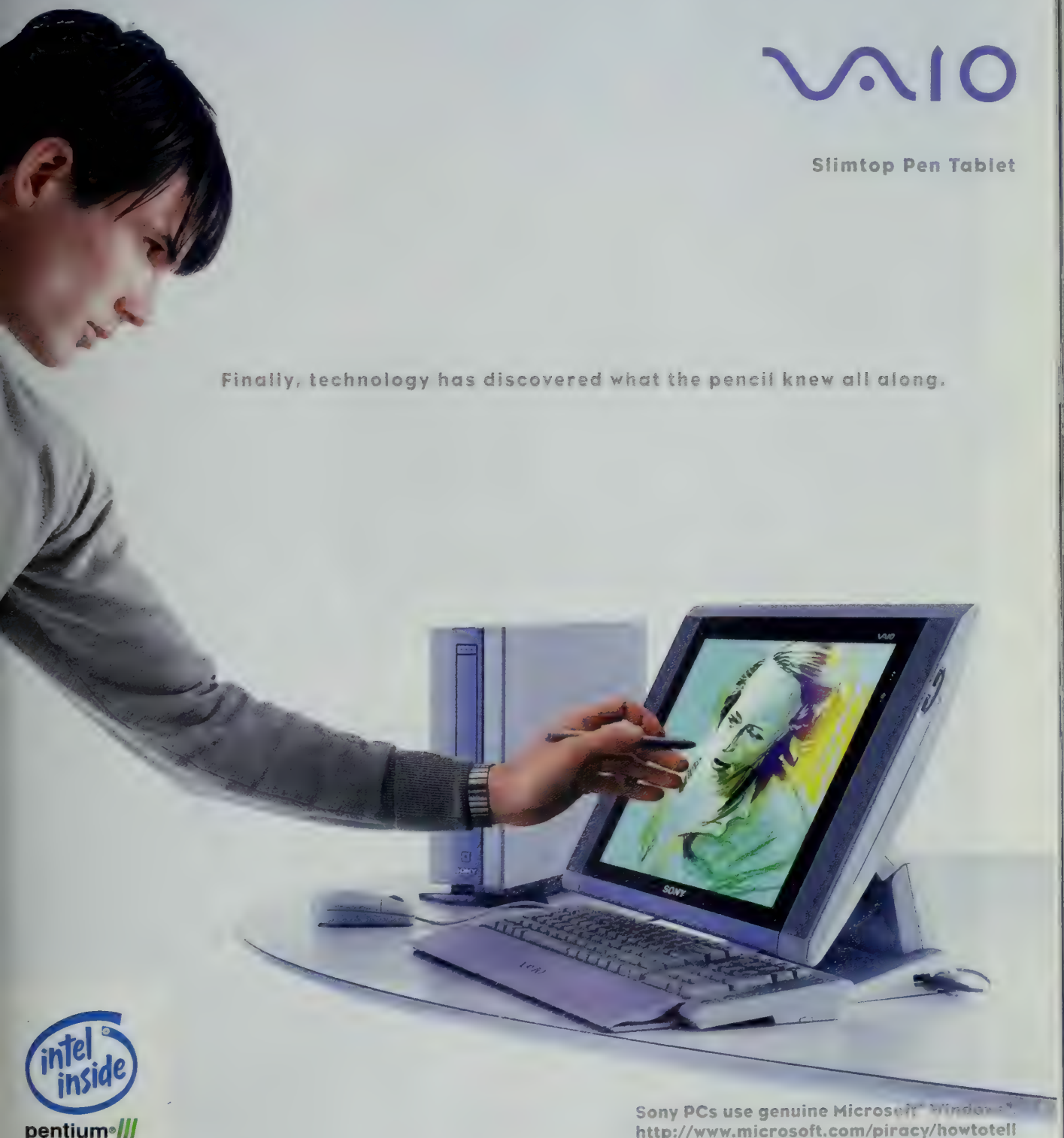
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lounge chairs shaped like baseball gloves.

Dennis lights another cigarette. "If I get lung cancer," he says, "I will die by an overdose of crack cocaine with an 18-year-old perched on top of me—I absolutely swear to you I will." Then he takes off a white Docksider to display his pale left foot. "In six weeks here these feet haven't touched the sand once!" he boasts with a laugh that makes it sound as if he were choking on a bone. "I let the guests go off and amuse themselves while I stay indoors." In the six weeks since Christmas that he has been on Mustique, Dennis has hardly left his compound. He is not interested in other people's parties.

"Watch this!" He twists around so that his body faces in one direction, his feet in another. It's a party trick. A Chuck Berry song starts up on the jukebox. Grabbing the remote control, Dennis turns the volume way up and, not unpleasingly, roars, "Go, go, go Johnny, go, go, go Johnny, go go! His mama told him someday you will be a man! And you will be the leader of a big band! Go Johnny, go, go, go Johnny, go go!"

"Felix relishes being a hillbilly moving into a high-class neighborhood, putting a car up on cinder blocks, and embarrassing everyone else on the block," says Mark Golin, who used to work as an editor for Dennis. Embarrassing everyone on the block is just what Felix Dennis did in 1997 when he introduced the American version of *Maxim*, his British magazine for young men. *Maxim*'s cinder-block tag line is "Sex. Sports. Beer. Gadgets. Clothes. Fitness." Unapologetically crass, the magazine features reviews of TV dinners ("Looks bad. Like poo-poo"), jokes ("Q: How did the hillbilly find his sister in the woods? A: Pretty good"), investment ideas ("Proudly putting the 'ass' back into 'managed asset allocation'"), etiquette tips ("In the morning, after the postcoital high and those shots of tequila have worn off, say sayonara with a line like, 'I had fun'—then get going"), and revealing photo shoots of young female celebrities you've never heard of ("If Scandinavian stunner and *Vertical Limit* star Izabella Scorupco is from such a wintry land, why does it feel like a sauna in here?").

When American *Maxim* was launched in April 1997, few people believed it would succeed. "Anyone would have told him there was no room for another men's magazine. Men don't read magazines. It was futile," says Reed Phillips of DeSilva & Phillips Inc., a New York investment bank specializing in media deals. Dennis's competitors were condescending: "It's not a bad magazine," *Esquire*'s editor, David Granger, informed *Newsweek* in early 1999. "It's just limited in its aspirations and ideas of what a man is." *GQ*'s editor, Art Cooper, told the *New York Post*, "*Maxim* is a magazine for men who not only move their lips when they read, they drool when they read."

Apparently millions of American men do drool when they read. Today, *Maxim* is one of the country's most successful magazines. Each month, two and a half million copies are sold on newsstands and by subscription. By comparison, *GQ*'s circulation is 900,000; *Esquire*'s is 680,000. On many U.S. newsstands—including those at 7-Eleven convenience stores—*Maxim* is not simply the top men's magazine; it's the No.-1-selling magazine, period. Last year, the U.S. edition, named Magazine of the Year by *Advertising Age*, sold $115 million worth of ads—more than *GQ*, nearly twice as much as *Esquire*, and more than *Playboy* and *Penthouse* combined. Meanwhile, U.S. newsstands are increasingly crowded with magazines imitating *Maxim*'s PG-13 raunchiness.

> "I am one of the finest magazine publishers in the world. That's not braggadocio—it's what I am."

Currently published in nine countries and seven languages, *Maxim* is but one title in Dennis's magazine empire. In the U.K., his homeland, he owns a dozen serviceable but highly successful computing, gaming, and automobile titles, among them: *Computer Shopper, PC Pro, Auto Express, Computer & Video Games,* and *MacUser.* He also publishes a newsmagazine called *The Week*, a breezy digest of newspaper and magazine articles and one of the U.K.'s fastest-growing publications.

But it is Dennis's success in the vast, lucrative, and highly competitive U.S. market that has made him one of the world's most respected and feared publishers. Indeed, making it in the United States is something of an initiation rite for foreign publishers—think of Australia's Rupert Murdoch, who first made a name for himself here with the *New York Post*, and Canada's Conrad Black, co-owner of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Two years after introducing *Maxim*, Dennis Publishing U.S.A. followed with *Stuff*, another magazine for young men, which now sells some 800,000 copies a month, almost as many as *Fortune* or *Forbes*. Over the next few months, three more Dennis magazines will be introduced in the U.S.: *Maxim Fashion*, an American version of *The Week*, and *Blender*, a glossy music magazine.

If bringing *Maxim* to America was bold, launching *Blender*, which will compete with *Rolling Stone* and *Spin*, seems almost foolhardy. Now that Dennis Publishing U.S.A. cuts such a high profile, more is at stake than the success of a single magazine. As Dennis readily concedes: "[*Blender*] will tell us whether Dennis Publishing U.S.A. is a real magazine-publishing company or not.... It will sort the men from the boys. It really will." As for *The Week*, it will be taking on such long-established U.S. titles as *Time* and *Newsweek* just as ad sales for those publications are dropping. As *The Wall Street Journal* asked recently, "Is Felix Dennis mad?"

Not really, according to most people I talked to. Instead, the word that friends, competitors, employees, partners, relatives, and former mistresses reach for to describe Dennis is "fearless." "People will cross Felix at their own peril," warns Robin Miller, chairman of Britain's Emap P.L.C., the magazine publisher whose *FHM* competes with *Maxim* in both the U.K. and the U.S. "He has the habit of putting the fear of God in people." If so, it may be because, like God, Dennis is beholden to no one. "There are very few people in negotiations who are prepared to go to the brink and walk away if they don't get exactly what they want," says Peter Godfrey, one of Dennis's business partners in the U.S. Adds Robert Bartner, Dennis's other U.S. partner, "Felix negotiates fully prepared to walk away—that's his strength."

And he insists on walking away with the last word. In July 1999, for instance, about six months before *Maxim*'s circulation numbers were first audited, Dennis took out a full-page ad in *The New York Times* claiming that his magazine was thrashing the competition. In a slick, quick response, one competitor sent a case of Vaseline to Dennis with a note: "Apparently the numbers aren't the only thing you massage." Delighted, Dennis faxed a handwritten reply from Mustique: "Thanks, but I'm a bit too busy counting my money to polish the wood right now."

His competitive streak extends to his private life. One of his old friends told me about a party in London two years ago; with 50 or 60 people watching, Dennis got into an argument with some woman he'd just met. "It was heated and embarrassing," the friend recalls. "And in the end he challenged her to competitive strip. They got down to their underwear and it was clear that Felix was prepared to go all the way. She backed off." It was not an

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isolated incident. "We've been to two parties where women tried to call him out—it's a mistake, because he will always go further."

Felix Dennis has never been married. He has no children. Though he does support a number of former and current mistresses—helping with the rent, supplementing their income, buying them apartments and jeweled wristwatches, providing them with nominal jobs—he strenuously avoids the emotional and financial responsibility of family life. "He's very generous with material things; he's very affectionate physically," explains an ex-girlfriend. "But with his emotions . . . " She trails off, adding, "Emotional detachment gives him total freedom." In this, he's the poster boy for *Maxim* just as Hugh Hefner in his silk pajamas is a full-page ad for *Playboy*. As Dennis once snapped when a BBC reporter raised the matter of his promiscuity, "Let's get real. I mean, you know, if you had millions of pounds, and you could be in love with half a dozen beautiful women at the same time, and they were happy with that arrangement, would you? Or would you like to be married and have children? Choose!"

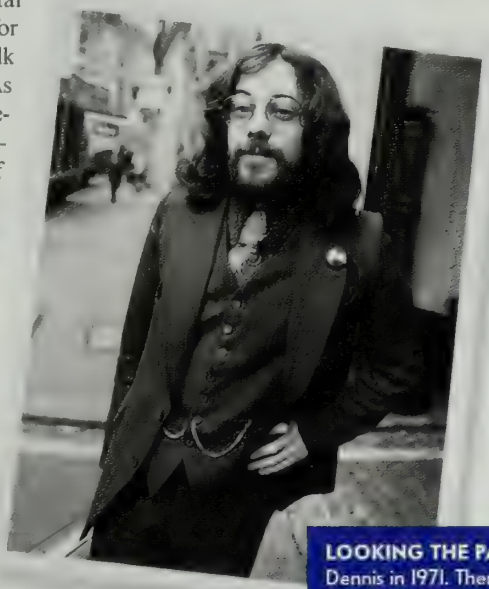
It is now past midnight in Mustique. Still holding court in his excessively air-conditioned rec room, far from frangipani, hibiscus, and clusters of stars, Dennis drinks red wine, goblet after goblet after goblet. He keeps smoking. And all the while he's talking passionately, about himself. "You know, I write *Maxim*'s cover lines," he tells his four guests. *Maxim*'s New York editors have just faxed him a draft of the March cover, the main headline of which reads, "Sexaholic!" In Dennis's view, the headline is "fucking stupid." *Maxim*'s new cover line: "Voodoo Sex! Turn Any Girl into Your Lust Puppet."

Unlike his peers at big American publishing companies (Condé Nast and Time Inc., for example), Dennis won't permit his writers and editors to become celebrities. At Dennis Publishing, there is only one star. While leaving the tedious details to his staff, Dennis has the final word on all major editorial decisions. "You have to subjugate your ego to work with Felix," one of his executives confides, sotto voce.

"I am one of the finest magazine publishers in the world," Dennis tells me. "That's not braggadocio—I refuse to engage in false modesty—it's what I am."

In the U.K., Felix Dennis is best known for having been a defendant in the country's most famous obscenity trial. In 1970, when he was 23, Dennis and two co-defendants were charged with, among other offenses, conspiring to "debauch and corrupt the morals of children and young persons." The magazine, an underground hippie journal called *Oz*, rocked the English establishment: there was the "Cunt Power" issue, with a cover story by Germaine Greer; the gay issue, with two naked men embracing on the cover; and the "Beautiful Freaks" issue, dedicated to LSD.

How Dennis landed at *Oz* is its own story. He was born in 1947 to an ordinary couple in an ordinary London suburb, but his life changed abruptly when his father, a shopkeeper, left his mother in 1950. Dennis never saw his father again. "My mother is a very strong-willed woman," he says matter-of-factly, "but it was very difficult for her. He did not send her money. He never sent her any money." For the next several years, Dennis and his younger brother, Julian, lived with their maternal grandparents in a plain brick house without electricity or indoor plumbing. Even then, it seems, Dennis was independent and fearless. At one school, his contempt for authority got him kicked out. "He was not the brightest guy around," says a former classmate, John Leaver, "but he had confidence, and at that age that's what everyone wanted—confidence. He was ballsy." He was also proud: when a classmate slandered his mother, Dennis beat the kid up.



LOOKING THE PART Dennis in 1971. Then 24, he was on trial for "corrupt[ing] the morals of children."

An average student, and impatient, Dennis dropped out of school and left home when he was 15. Renting a room in Harrow, a borough northwest of London, Dennis spent a few years playing drums in a band, designing shopwindows for a furniture store, and mowing lawns.

In London, a young Australian by the name of Richard Neville was launching *Oz*. It was 1967. The moment Dennis saw an early issue of *Oz*, he sent Neville an urgent tape-recorded message: "The most fucking fantastic mag I've ever seen in my life. . . . Your editorial address to fucking slimy politicians takes the cake. I will do anything to help you guys, anything."

As Neville tells the story in his 1995 book, *Hippie Hippie Shake*, Dennis, then 20, arrived at his door: "Felix was broke. To pay for his girlfriend's abortion, he had sold a precious drum-kit, but it was not enough. . . . 'You can have five hundred *Oz*es for free,' I said, pointing to the stacks of returns against the wall. If he sold the lot, he would clear sixty pounds. Felix was effusively grateful, and lugged the bundles out the door."

That was the start of Felix Dennis's publishing career. Each day, standing on Kings Road with three girls in miniskirts as lures, Dennis managed to sell hundreds and hundreds of copies of *Oz*. In the twinkling of an eye, he became its business manager.

Neville and his editors wore caftans and beads, smoked dope, and circulated memorial posters for Che Guevara. Dennis, on the other hand, wore three-piece chocolate-brown suits and high-heeled snakeskin boots to meet with advertisers. He also accumulated objects, filling his London flat with middle-class art and furnishings. His colleagues referred to him as a "bread-head." "Felix had an instinctive head for business," says Dick Pountain, who was *Oz*'s production manager.

What landed Felix Dennis in jail was the issue of June 1970. Even by today's standards, the wraparound cover's lesbian orgy is dirty: nipples sucked; dildos held; rats' tails pulled. You get the picture. Recalls Jim Anderson, *Oz*'s designer, "The printer called us. 'Boys! Boys! Do you really want to do this?' The minute the issue hit the streets the shit hit the fan."

Armed with a warrant under the Obscene Publications Act, Scotland Yard raided the *Oz* offices. Neville, Anderson, and Dennis were charged with obscenity, conspiracy, and sending indecent articles through the mail. The trial began on June 22, 1971. John Lennon and Yoko Ono marched in "Save *Oz*" protests and raised money for the trial by recording a single titled "God Save *Oz*." David Hockney helped out by auctioning sketches of the three defendants, nude. The *Oz* Three were found guilty. Neville was sentenced to 15 months in prison, Anderson to 12, and Dennis to 9. "You are younger than the other two and very much less intelligent" is how the judge justified Dennis's shorter sentence. But after less than two weeks in jail, the boys

were freed, their sentences later commuted. Neville moved to the Australian bush and became a social commentator. Anderson joined a hippie commune on the beach in Bolinas, California. Dennis became the 72nd-richest man in Britain.

Earlier this year, visiting his country estate in Warwickshire, two hours by car from London, I asked Dennis to identify his greatest strength. "Timing," he replied, without hesitation (or braggadocio).

It's uncanny, Dennis's sense of timing—his genius for turning loss into gain. For a short time after *Oz* folded, Dennis published underground comics on a shoestring. But as the hippie era waned, he went mainstream, launching a little motorcycle-review magazine and buying the modest *Hi-Fi Choice*. One day in 1974, passing a long line of teenagers outside a London movie theater, Dennis discovered Bruce Lee. "I thought, What the hell is going on? And I went over, and they told me they were queuing up to see this wonderful Chinaman who beat people up. So I went into the cinema and had a look, and I wasn't in the movie house 15, 20 minutes, seen him turn around and stare at the camera a couple of times and beat people up, and I was already rushing out of the movie house down to the offices—'Let's go! This is going to be big!'"

The result was *Kung-Fu Monthly*, a magazine that would eventually be published in 17 countries and 11 languages. Having landed in the business of marketing fads to teenagers, Dennis also produced inexpensive "one-shots"—single sheets of text that unfolded into glossy posters of James Dean, the Bay City Rollers, man-eating sharks, and Starsky and Hutch.

In 1975, Dennis, then 28, introduced his one-shots to America. "He arrived on my doorstep on West 44th Street, virtually unannounced," says Peter Godfrey, one of Dennis's partners in the U.S. "He pulled out of his bag a flimsy publication. . . . It was a Bruce Lee poster magazine. 'Who on earth would want a folded poster?' I asked." Still, the profit margins intrigued Godfrey: one-shot poster magazines could be produced for pennies and sold for dollars. With Godfrey and his partner Robert Bartner overseeing distribution, Dennis sold one-shots all across America.

In 1979, Godfrey called Dennis in London: "We have more returns on a *Star Wars* movie poster than expected, so we overpaid you a couple thousand dollars."



"Well, I've spent it," Dennis replied. "I've bought a P.C. newsletter."

Godfrey asked, "What's a P.C.?"

Bill Gates was 24 in 1979. Personal computers were largely the domain of hobbyists; Dennis hardly knew what one was. And yet, presciently, thanks to advice from friends who understood the potential of such things, Dennis had just bought Europe's first publication devoted to the P.C.: *Personal Computer World*. The price was £100,000. Less than three years later, Dennis sold it to a Dutch publishing company for the then astonishing sum of £3 million. Adjusted for inflation, that's about $10 million.

Dennis's next big magazine, *MacUser*, hit U.S. newsstands in October 1985, a year and nine months after the introduction of the Apple Macintosh computer. Fourteen months later, Ziff-Davis Publishing bought *MacUser* from Dennis and his two American partners for $20 million. Adjusted for inflation, that's $31 million.

By all accounts, Dennis had always been self-indulgent. Now, suddenly rich, he became insatiable, boasting of his 14 mistresses and hinting at odd, unmentionable sexual proclivities. He told *The Guardian* that he avoided old-fashioned intercourse—"not because of AIDS, but because I found out it was easier not having penetrative sex because you can do three things at once." (Dennis didn't elaborate.) His very conspicuous consumption began with the purchase of an oversize gold Rolex, then a cream-colored Rolls-Royce, bought on the spot at a dealership in London. In a 1993 interview with the U.K. edition of *Esquire*, Dennis described the purchase this way: "I did say the classic thing: 'Excuse me—how much is this?' And this prat actually said to me: 'If you have to ask, it's probably too much money.' So I said, 'You fucking cunt, go and get me the manager!' And when he came I said to him, 'I don't know who this cunt is, but why don't you fire him and get me someone who'll sell me this motorcar?' And he said, 'Yes, sir!' . . . I bought that fucking motorcar because that bastard told me I couldn't afford it."

The money from the *MacUser* sale also funded Dennis's one business venture outside publishing: Micro Warehouse, a Connecticut-based mail-order operation that sold computers and computer accessories. In early 2000 the company was bought by a group of private investors. In total, it earned Dennis $100 million.

Ironically, the 1995 launch of *Maxim* in the U.K. was one of the few times Felix Dennis was late to market. By the time he started the magazine, other so-called lads' magazines such as *FHM* and *Loaded* were well established. When he introduced *Maxim* to America, however, its adolescent mix of dirty jokes and boobs—somewhere between *Mad* and *Juggs*—was a novelty. "The timing was absolutely perfect," says Mark Golin, one of *Maxim*'s early U.S. editors. "*Maxim* was showing up at the end of the long politically correct era. Where you were supposed to discuss Woody Allen with your girlfriend over a glass of Char-


12
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DKNY
TIME

donnay, here was *Maxim* saying, It's O.K. to be a guy." Especially a guy who drools.

The success of *Maxim* in the U.S. sent the existing U.S. men's magazines into a tailspin. In response, Condé Nast, publisher of *GQ* (and of this magazine), hired away Golin in April 1999 to run *Details,* a once-hot young-men's magazine that was now floundering. At first, the raid appeared to be a blow. But from Dennis's point of view, the success of *Maxim* had nothing to do with some editor; after all, Dennis had created it.

Within hours of Golin's resignation, Dennis co-authored a clever press release, naming "Sammy the Office Hamster" as acting editor in chief. The girls featured in *Maxim* would be selected by Sammy. "One squeak means she gets the double-page spread," Dennis told a reporter. "Three squeaks and we've found our cover girl." Typically, ingeniously, Dennis turned rejection into a win. Impressed, *The Wall Street Journal* ran Dennis's press release on page one of its Marketplace section.

As for Mark Golin, less than a year after arriving at *Details* he found himself out of work. At present, he's responsible for content at Moviefone, an unglamorous division of AOL Time Warner. No wonder he sounds nostalgic: "Felix is somebody I would certainly drop anything to go and have 9 or 10 beers with," he admits over a recent late-afternoon gin-and-tonic.

So far, 2001 has not been kind to newspaper and magazine publishers: almost without exception, advertising is down sharply this year. Yet Dennis seems unconcerned. He claims his U.S. titles will report overall revenues of $200 million this year, a more than 80 percent increase from 2000. Besides, he argues that he does not publish magazines for advertisers, nor to impress his peers—at Dennis Publishing, the only thing that counts is the reader. "I adore my readers," he says. "I like my advertisers, but I don't adore them. I adore my readers. Everything I publish is for my readers."

On April 14, Dennis Publishing launches its U.S. version of *The Week,* whose ambitious slogan reads, "All You Need to Know About Everything That Matters." The launch of *The Week* is expected to cost $17 million. Less than four weeks later, on May 8, comes Dennis's new music magazine, *Blender,* edited by Andy Pemberton, who used to run Britain's quick-witted music magazine *Q.* Just as *Maxim* made the older men's magazines look and feel stodgy and snooty, so too does *Blender* promise to be younger and more inclusive than its competitors. Unlike *Rolling Stone, Blender* will not write about political or cultural trends. And rather than focus on one style of music, as *Spin* and *The Source* do, *Blender* will cover whatever kids are listening to on their MP3 players. Above all, *Blender* intends to be as irreverent as *Maxim;* it will not be self-important. "A magazine is just a piece of fluff in people's lives," Stephen Colvin, the head of Dennis Publishing U.S.A., reminds me—not the sort of admission you'd hear from most U.S. publishers, who tend to think their magazines matter.

Felix Dennis now owns five Rolls-Royces and five homes, each with its own wine cellar and dedicated full-time staff. His Warwickshire country house, for example, is maintained by five gardeners and seven housekeepers, among others. The gardeners clip hedges, trim topiary, and manicure grass. The housekeepers dust, hoover, mop, wax, and, yes, polish the wood—every day. At Dennis's specific request, they "groom" the carpets, making very sure that every single fiber faces the same way. They also button his freshly laundered shirts, which can then be slipped over his head. He has two personal assistants, three personal accountants, a bookkeeper, a chauffeur, and a "purchaser," who stocks Dennis's homes with clothing, toiletries, food, and other necessities of life.

At Dennis's request, housekeepers "groom" the carpets, making very sure every single fiber faces the same way.

Increasingly, though, what matters most to Dennis is neither money nor women but his legacy. "He loves being successful, he loves that people like you are doing profiles of him, he loves the game, but I suspect he has other, hidden motivations," says Robert Bartner, his longtime U.S. partner. "He started as far outside the English establishment as you can get and has been moving ever inward: at some point he will be knighted, or whatever it is you get from the Queen, and that to me would complete the circle from *Oz.*"

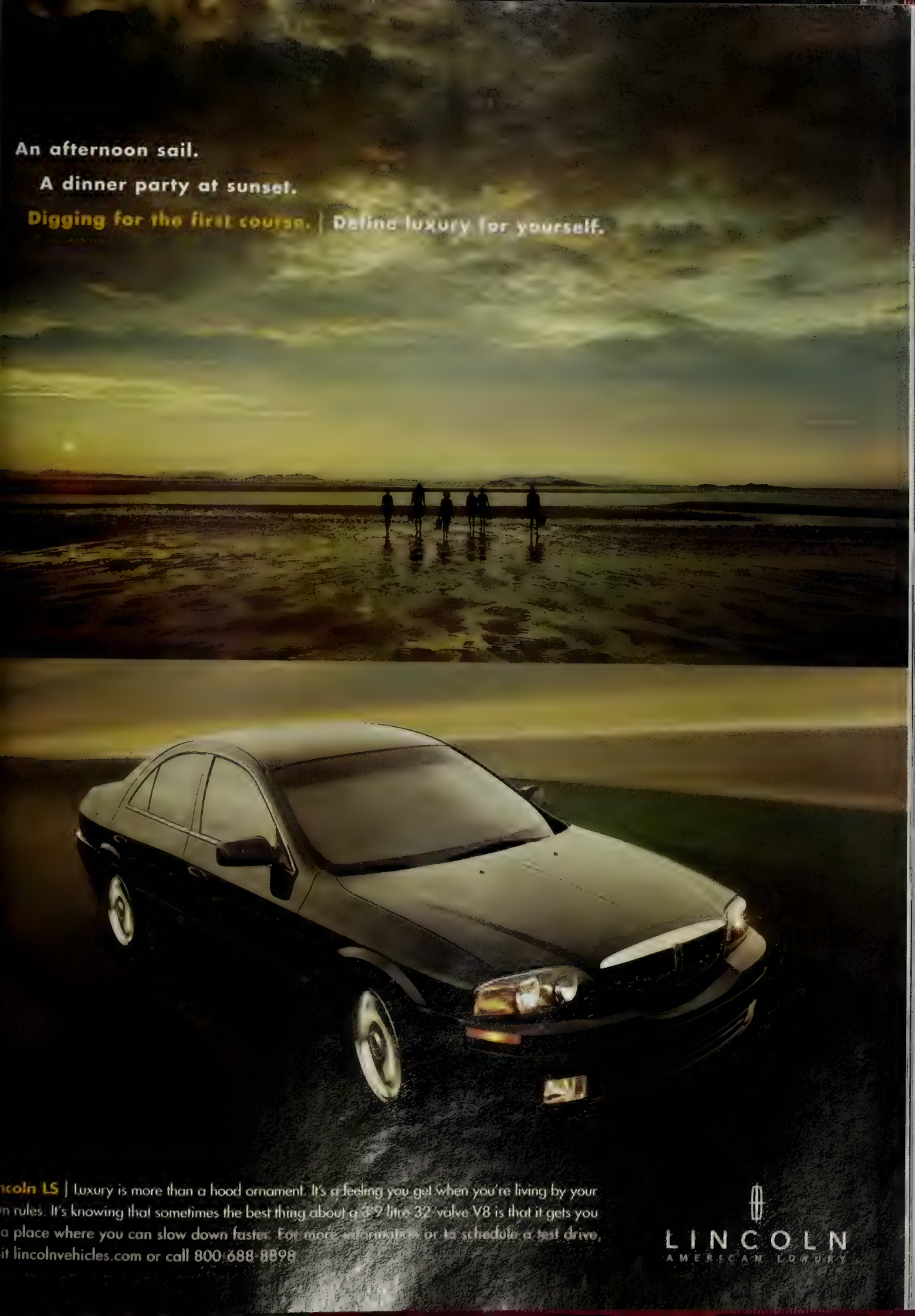
With posterity, or *Burke's Peerage,* firmly in mind, Dennis has turned one building on his English estate into a vermin-proof, humidity-controlled archive of his life. Organized by theme and date, it includes every scrap of paper that has ever entered Dennis's life: bus tickets, invitations, photographs, newspaper clippings, letters, receipts. As well, the archive holds thousands of pages of notes taken by a researcher hired to document his life. From time to time, 250 of his friends and associates are sent packages detailing the latest accomplishments of Felix Dennis: videotapes of his parties, bound copies of speeches he's given, recent issues of his magazines, press releases, stunning sales figures, company T-shirts. Recently, he announced that the bulk of his vast estate will go toward creating "the Forest of Dennis" in an as-yet-undisclosed location: 50,000 deciduous trees are to be planted on 100,000 acres of land, an area seven times the size of Manhattan.

In the past year, Dennis has also started writing poetry; it takes itself very seriously:

I do not speak of secrets, long dormant or concealed;
Of passion unrequited, of wounds which never healed.
I seek for treasures buried, a hoard, as you might say,
Though what I seek is worthless, encased in human clay.

On a late February afternoon, at his Warwickshire house, Dennis and I share a Sunday lunch: roast lamb with gravy, green beans, and julienne carrots, all prepared by his attentive companion—his "favorite companion"—Marie-France Demolis. She is a tall, suntanned, 42-year-old Frenchwoman, a hairdresser he met at a party. I have been invited here because there is something very important Dennis wants me to see. And so, after lunch, outfitted with a pair of Wellingtons and a warm coat, I am sent off with the chauffeur in a navy-blue stretch Rolls-Royce to visit Dennis's current "big project"—the Garden of Heroes.

Down a narrow, rutted path, in a fog, a mile or so from the main house, the car stops. Flanking a long avenue of smooth lawn, lined up with absolute precision, are a series of life-size bronze statues of Chuck Berry playing the guitar, Charles Darwin riding a galapago tortoise, Mark Twain sitting on a bench, Oscar Wilde, and Stephen Hawking in his wheelchair with its attached computer screen, which reads, "The universe has no boundary." Soon to be installed in the pantheon, I am told, are Vincent van Gogh, Grigory Aleksandrovich Potemkin, Bob Dylan with Woody Guthrie, Dorothy Parker with her dogs, Muhammad Ali, Yuri Gagarin, Billie Holiday, and Alistair Cooke announcing the death of Bobby Kennedy. Already in the Garden of Heroes, between Wilde and Hawking, is a life-size bronze of a young Felix Dennis from his *Oz* days. To quote the title of one of his poems, "The Greeks Had a Word for It." As Dennis explains in a footnote to the poem, "The word begins with 'H.'" □


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ROBERT'S RULES NBC News correspondent Robert Hager, photographed on grassland near Chesapeake Bay in Maryland.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

Robert Hager

BECAUSE he's the soft-spoken secret weapon of NBC News, the workhorse reporter who covers planes, trains, and hurricanes—a beat that he invented 22 years ago and that every other network has copied. BECAUSE he also covers NASA, the I.R.S., and the wide-ranging "Band-Aid beat" (everything from Tommy Thompson to Viagra), and he gets more stories on *NBC Nightly News* than any other correspondent, year in and year out. BECAUSE he will soon celebrate his 32nd anniversary at NBC (combat coverage in Vietnam was his first assignment; he went on to the Munich Olympics, Brezhnev's Moscow, the Iranian revolution, the Jonestown massacre, and Lockerbie), and today he is the most senior correspondent at the No. 1 news network. BECAUSE as an aspiring journalist he would record *The Huntley-Brinkley Report* on a reel-to-reel and then bang out a copy on a manual typewriter to teach himself how news scripts were structured. (BECAUSE, when he later worked with David Brinkley at NBC, the anchorman could never remember his young colleague's name—even though he'd just introduced him on the air.) BECAUSE, in covering 24 hurricanes (he stows army M.R.E.'s and a supply of candles in his duffel bag) and 88 plane crashes (he broke the story of J.F.K. Jr.'s missing aircraft, and says TWA 800 will never be solved, adding, "but it wasn't a missile or a bomb"), he always reports these disasters with "just the facts, please" dignity, never becoming maudlin, always remaining incisive. BECAUSE, in the era of histrionics, high cheekbones, and *The O'Reilly Factor,* he makes the news worth watching.

—MATT TYRNAUER

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



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ADVICE

Dear Dame Edna ...





A teenager obsessed with Britney Spears? An F.B.I.-employed husband behaving strangely? More guidance for the poor Possums who need it most from that wonderfully wise Australian diva, Dame Edna Everage

Dear Dame Edna,

My young daughter is starting to look and act just like Britney Spears and, frankly, I'm alarmed.

Concerned, Bernardsville, New Jersey

Dear Concerned,

It is perfectly normal [illegible] young people, and place[illegible] imitate gorgeous stars. It won't [illegible] now that I have thousands [illegible] both sexes I'm afraid—at [illegible] and even women you m[illegible] self-assured, like Margaret Thatcher and Oprah Winfrey, have gone through periods when they copied me slavishly from coiffure to panty hose.

Consider yourself lucky that your daughter has chosen a comparatively wholesome role model who does nothing more worrying than flaunt what my son Kenny mysteriously calls "T&A."

I am sorry to bring everything back to myself, but your problem is not nearly as bad as mine with my troubled daughter, Valmai, starting to look and act like Martina Navratilova, and her roommate Fern turning up as a multiply pierced Eminem look-alike.

Count your blessings—and the royalties if your daughter can almost sing.

Dear Dame Edna,

My husband has worked for the F.B.I. for 2[illegible] years. He recently received a promotion, which brings his salary to $237,000. When I spoke with the spouses of other bureau personnel, I got the impression that their husbands and wives are not nearly so well paid, although they are on about the same level as he. What might account for what he calls his "enhanced package" (which includes a Lexus and trips to Miami and Reno)? The other day I chanced upon my husband in a café at the zoo. He was with a woman who spoke in a strong Eastern European accent. Do you think this is relevant?

Name and address withheld

Dear Withheld,

You ought to know that since the Cold War ended F.B.I. personnel are employed exclusively to spy on each other. Naturally, a bureau wife is not going to divulge the size of her husband's package since it will fluctuate wildly depending on whom he may be fingering at the time. You could be barking up the wrong tree.

Your husband's mysterious rendezvous at the zoo could point to a far more worrying possibility. He may well be embroiled in some form of smuggling racket involving

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IN BOOKSTORES E[illegible]



exotic parrots and/or rhinoceros horns. The cafés at most zoological gardens are notorious for illicit budgerigar laundering and are well known as drop points for Eastern European aphrodisiac runners.

Casually ask your family doctor if your husband has recently had shots for psittacosis? If he's been sampling the rhino, I only hope you'll be the first to know.

Incidentally, what were you doing at the zoo?

Dear Dame Edna,

My husband, Basil, has taken up golf, which is surprising since he has always spoken ill of the game. Now he travels all over the state to play in tournaments with his business buddies. I don't have to tell you, Dame Edna, that this may be a cover for other activities. Can you suggest a forensic test to see if his clubs have been used? They still look brand-new to me.

Suspicious of Tampa, Florida

Dear Suspicious of Tampa,

Don't worry, my little Suspicious of Tampa. Having recently been to Florida, I can tell you there is little else to do there but play golf. Indeed, I would be suspicious if your husband didn't play golf (or pretend to—which is why you're seeking my advice, now that I come to think of it!).

Forget the clubs: I think the balls are more telling. After he comes home from an alleged day's teeing off, find an opportunity to lick them (perhaps while he's asleep), and if you don't get a violent reaction from the powerful chemicals they spray on the grass, then you've certainly got grounds for concern. In fact, that is sure proof that his balls haven't touched the ground.

Dear Dame Edna,

I make a reasonable living as a nail technician, and even though I say it myself, I'm a good-looking woman with all the right measurements in all the right places. I am in love with a man named Todd who jokes that I am the most ignorant person he's ever met. Well, that's not true. But Todd, who works in security and has a lot of time to read, says he wants me to have cultural depth. He mentioned that I needed a personal "hinterland." Can you recommend a list of books which will give me cultural depth?

Donna-Mae Gorsky
Rising Sun Beauty Parlor
Oak Ridge, Vermont

P.S. Anytime you want a free manicure, you be sure to call me.

Dear Donna-Mae,

Why is it that every glamour-puss would prefer to be a bookworm?

A few years ago I was at a Hollywood dinner party with gorgeous Sharon Stone, who, bless her heart, presented me with an unsolicited list of books she happened to be reading at the time. It was a very sweet gesture, but no doubt she had forgotten that I am Australia's leading female intellectual with a "hinterland" bigger than the Outback. I thanked her graciously, of course, yet between you and me, most of the thought-provoking volumes in her selection were by Third World authors and were the literary equivalent of that tinkly music they play in my aromatherapy clinic. Frankly, Sharon's recommendations made The Bridges of Madison County *read like* War and Peace.

If you must have the great works of literature at your acrylic fingertips, Donna-Mae, then try Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edna Dickinson (Emily's tragically neglected half-sister), Edna O'Brien, or Edna Ferber, for reasons I need not elaborate.

If your Todd continues to expect you to be a cross between Susan Sontag and Camille Paglia, try reading aloud to him in bed from the Yale edition of The Works of Gertrude Stein, *interspersed with Dionne Warwick's* Guide to the Other Side. *Pretty soon he will be putty in your beautifully groomed hands. Instead of pushing back the frontiers of your literacy, he will beg you to resume pushing back cuticles.*

Dear Dame Edna,

My husband's snoring is wrecking our marriage. What can I do?

Sleepless in Seattle

Dear Sleepless,

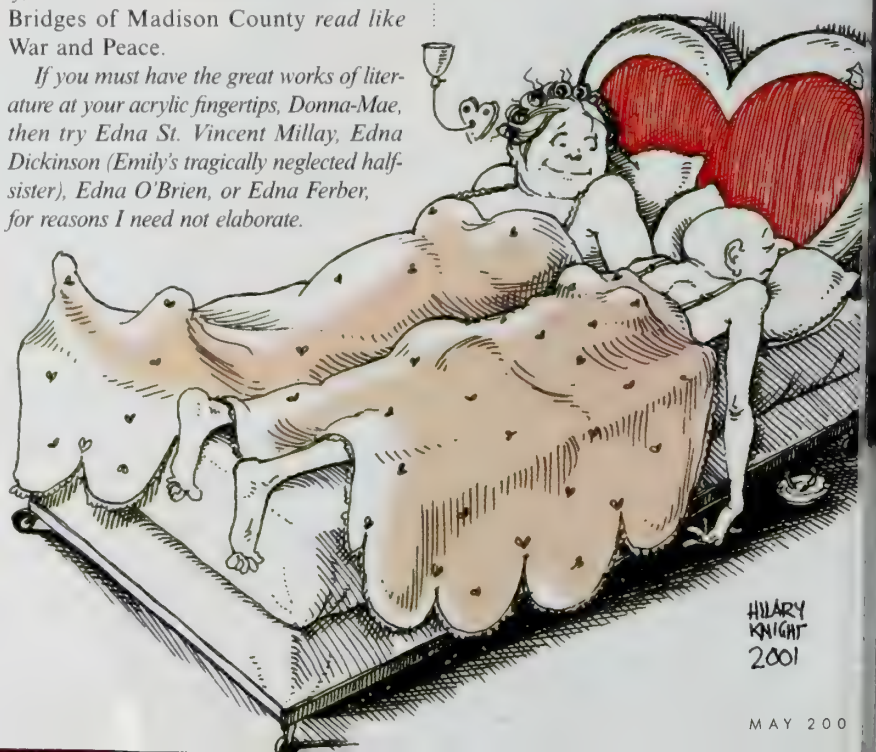
Because our menfolk snore only when they sleep on their backs, try my infallible Snore Corset (patent pending).

Buy a spotless brassiere from your local thrift shop with extra-large cups into which you should place two old tennis balls that the dog has finished with. Slip it onto your stertorous spouse at bedtime, but back to front so that the cups are just below his shoulder blades. Fasten securely and with any luck you'll sleep like a baby.

You can be sure he won't roll over onto his back wearing his Snore Corset. CAUTION: If your man has to get out of bed in the morning to answer the front door, remind him not to accidentally turn his back on the milkman or FedEx courier. Tongues might wag.

Dame Edna's Final Thought: Life is a melody—you'll only hum the tune.

Letters to Dame Edna Everage should be sent c/o Vanity Fair, 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036, or E-mailed to DameEdna@vf.com.





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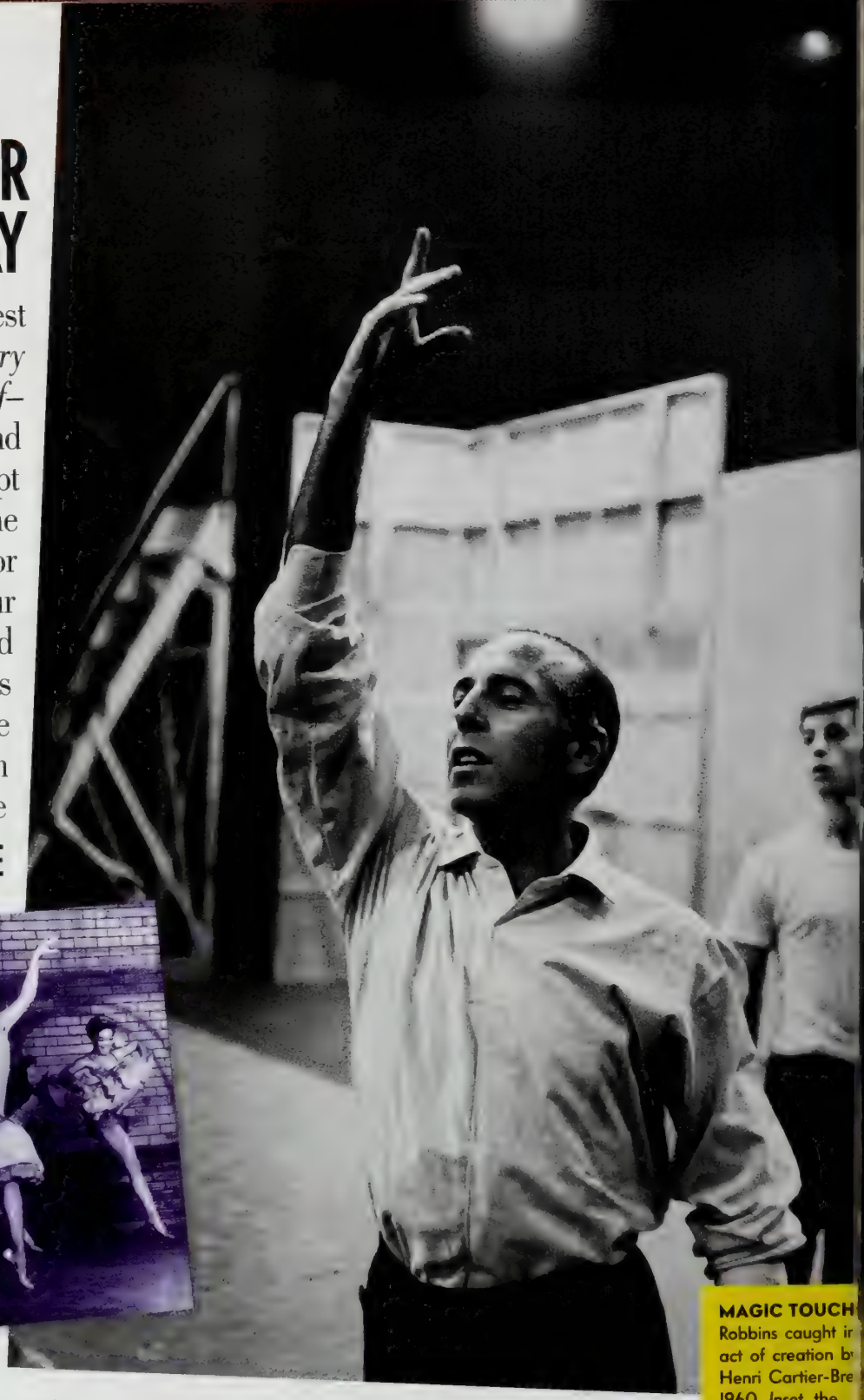
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BALLETS OVER BROADWAY

Jerome Robbins's greatest hits–*West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof*–were driven by passion and cruelty. In this excerpt from a new biography, the choreographer-director clashes with Arthur Laurents, Zero Mostel, and others in the wake of his 1953 testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee

BY GREG LAWRENCE





MAGIC TOUCH Robbins caught ir act of creation b Henri Cartier-Bre 1960. *Inset*, the "America" numbe from *West Side S* with Chita Rivera the foreground, l

In the spring of 1950, Jerome Robbins should have been on top of the world. At 31, he was already a commanding creative force. He had choreographed five Broadway musicals, including the groundbreaking *On the Town,* and his work with Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet had established him as an artist of astonishing diversity. But suddenly Robbins felt it all slipping away. His reputation as an up-and-coming star had won him an invitation from Ed Sullivan to appear on his television show that Easter Sunday, but Sullivan had abruptly canceled him. In the Senate, Joseph McCarthy held sway, and Sullivan's sponsor, the Ford Motor Company, had instructed him to clear all of his guests with a right-wing publication called *Counterattack: Facts to Combat Communism.* And *Counterattack* had named Robbins as a suspected Communist.

Robbins's terror was further compounded by his certainty that Sullivan was only the beginning. He was sure to be called before the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC)—which was the driving force behind the Red scare in America, and which was pressuring thousands of reputed Communists to reveal others who had been party members—and he didn't know what he would say.

Robbins finally appeared before HUAC

Excerpted from *Dance with Demons: The Life of Jerome Robbins,* by Greg Lawrence, to be published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons; © 2001 by the author.

They put the songs in our hearts.



From Here to Eternity: Sunday, May 27



Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop ing and Love the Bomb: Sunday, May 6

the words in our mouths.



White Heat: Sunday, May 20



In the Heat of the Night: Sunday, May 13

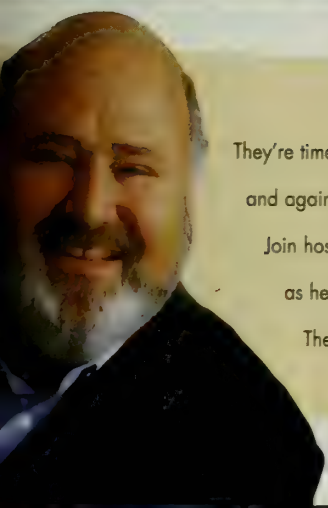
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on May 5, 1953, in Manhattan's Federal Courthouse. He was one of nine witnesses who appeared that day, but he was the only one who had chosen to cooperate with the committee. The courtroom was crowded with reporters, but this was not the sort of publicity Robbins had ever imagined. *The King and I,* his most recent triumph, was still selling out on Broadway, and his much-anticipated ballet, *Afternoon of a Faun,* was scheduled to premiere with the New York City Ballet the following week.

During the brief hearing, Congressman Clyde Doyle of California asked him, "What is it in your conscience, or what was it in your experience, that makes you, certainly one of the top men in your profession, one who has reached the pinnacle in your art, willing to come here, in spite of the fact that you knew some other people, who claim to be artists or authors or musicians, would put you down as a stool pigeon, and voluntarily testify as you have today?"

Robbins replied, "I've examined myself. I think I made a great mistake before in entering the Communist Party, and I feel that I am doing the right thing as an American." According to Walter Bernstein, who later wrote the movie *The Front,* which starred Woody Allen, "In Jerry's case, the Committee led him all the way. And he gave them what they wanted to hear."

After thanking Robbins for performing his patriotic duty, Congressman Gordon Scherer of Ohio commented, "I am going to see *The King and I* tonight, and I will appreciate it much more."

In addition to the playwrights Jerome and Edward Chodorov, Robbins named actress Madeline Lee (who was married to actor Jack Gilford), filmmaker Lionel Berman, dance critic Edna Ocko, actors Elliot Sullivan and Lloyd Gough, and a secretary-stenographer, Lettie Stever, who worked for his former agent Jane Deacy, as Communists.

Madeline Lee and her husband were later subpoenaed to testify before the committee, and neither of them would name names. According to Jerome Chodorov, his brother, Edward, after learning that he had been named by Robbins, said, "Stabbed by the wicked fairy." Despite the hardships Elliot Sullivan endured, his wife, Norma, says, "I must say that of all the informers, the only one . . . that I felt sorry for in a way was Jerry Robbins. That was because what they threatened him with was to tell his mother that he was homosexual."

The playwright Arthur Laurents recalls that Robbins "never mentioned homosexuality when he told me he had informed. And he never mentioned informing again. He knew where I stood and didn't care." Laurents believes that Robbins, like Elia Kazan, became an informant because he was ambitious and wanted to further his career. "I suppose I won't know for years whether I did the right thing," Robbins confided to his friend. "Oh, I can tell you right now," said Laurents. "You were a shit."

Many of Robbins's relationships in the theater were strained with the fallout from HUAC. Leonard Bernstein, for instance, disapproved but, like many, was conciliatory toward Robbins for the sake of future collaborations. Todd Bolender, who had shared a dressing room with Robbins during the early years at City Ballet, believed that Robbins's personality was deeply affected by HUAC. "From 1953 on, working with him was always very difficult," says Bolender. "Jerry started changing pretty drastically. He developed a sort of a shell and a hardness that you couldn't break through at times."

All this would be painfully evident in the creation of Robbins's two greatest popular successes, *West Side Story* and *Fiddler on the Roof.*

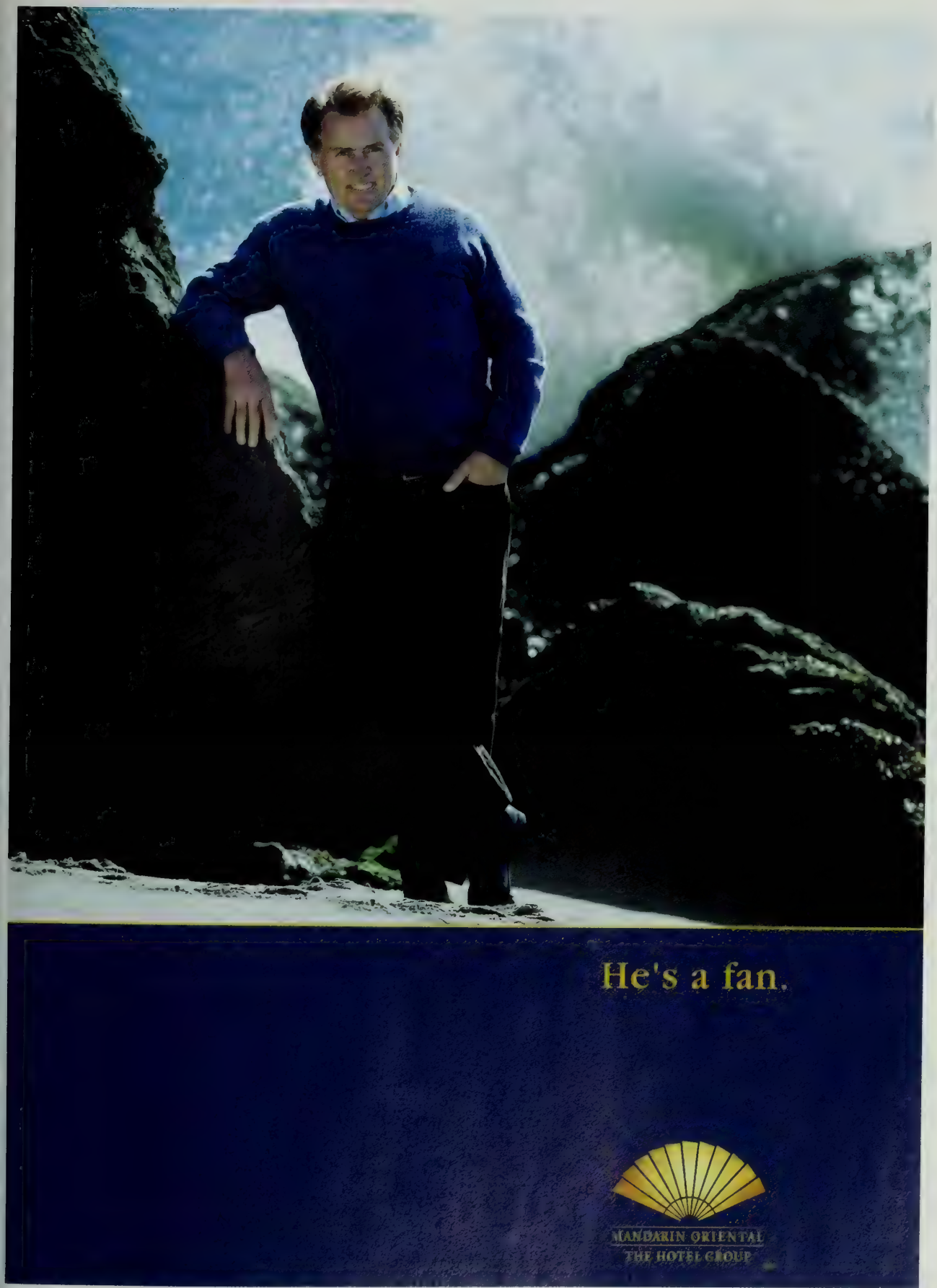
Leonard Bernstein, who had done *On the Town* with Robbins in 1944, published a log of *West Side Story*'s gestation in *Playbill* just before the show opened. He dated the inception of the project as January 6, 1949, when Robbins was rehearsing his ballet *The Guests* for the New York City Ballet. Bernstein wrote, "Jerry R. called today with a noble idea: a modern version of *Romeo and Juliet* set in the slums at the coincidence of Easter-Passover celebrations. Feelings run high between Jews and Catholics. . . . Jerry suggests Arthur Laurents for the book. I don't know him, but I do know [his play] *Home of the Brave,* at which I cried like a baby. He sounds just right."

The early collaboration of Robbins, Bernstein, and Laurents led to a Catholic-Jewish scenario called *East Side Story,* which languished for six years because of Bernstein's schedule and Laurents's initial lack of enthusiasm. The playwright had no desire to be credited for the libretto of what he feared would turn into a Bernstein opera. Laurents recalls that the collaboration "fell apart" because "Lenny was constantly on the road and I thought the idea was *Abie's Irish Rose* set to music." The project was revived in August 1955, when Laurents and Bernstein chanced to run into each other at the pool of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Bern-

Robbins said, "Before you go onstage tonight, I want you to think of something to hate."



GANGWAY! The dance at the high-school gym in *West Side Story* is the modern substitute for the Capulets' ball in *Romeo and Juliet.*



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stein was conducting at the Hollywood Bowl, and Laurents was writing a new version of the 1934 movie *The Painted Veil*. Laurents recalls, "Juvenile gangs had come into existence, and the morning's headlines were Chicano gang warfare. Lenny liked the idea of being able to use Latin rhythms, but since I knew little about LA, I suggested New York, Spanish Harlem etc., instead. Jerry loved the idea."

Bernstein dated Robbins's endorsement of "our gang idea" as September 6, 1955, and wrote, "A second solemn pact has been sworn. Here we go, God bless us!" The initial producers were Group Theatre alumna Cheryl Crawford, one of the founders of the Actors Studio, and her partner, Roger Stevens (*A Man for All Seasons, Tea and Sympathy*). The idea of a tragic musical comedy with such topical subject matter was not easy to sell, however. Broadway was still tied in many ways to the old leggs-and-laffs tradition, in which story lines served merely as a pretext for musical numbers.

NAMING NAMES
Called before HUAC in May 1953, Robbins identified eight alleged Communist Party members.



According to Robbins, the motivating creative challenge of the *West Side Story* collaboration was to bring highbrow artistry into the commercial theater. "The aim in the mid-50s," he said, "was to see if all of us—Lenny who wrote 'long-hair' music, Arthur who wrote serious plays, myself who did serious ballets, Oliver Smith who was a serious painter—could bring our acts together and do a work on the popular stage." Under the driving, authoritarian force of Robbins's direction, all the elements of book, score, choreography, and design would be woven seamlessly to support what he defined as the show's central theme: "the futility of intolerance."

"Stabbed by the wicked fairy," said playwright Edward Chodorov after he was named by Robbins.

As the script and score were being written, there were frequent exchanges and clashes among Robbins, Laurents, and Bernstein, and later Oscar Hammerstein protégé Stephen Sondheim, who came on as the team's junior member. Laurents recalled an early discussion of the balcony scene with Robbins and Bernstein, during which the three envisioned "a gossamer fire escape; the language lifted above modern street level until it soared into song at the moment the lovers first kissed. And at that moment the surrounding buildings would disappear, leaving the lovers in space, in their own world." The image of the tenement fire escape was retained in the libretto, as Shakespeare's Verona was transformed into an urban underworld of switchblades, zip guns, and seething ethnic hostilities.

Where *Romeo and Juliet* explores the amorous passion of the star-crossed lovers and their feuding families, Laurents's script shifts the focus to its warring gangs, the white Jets and Puerto Rican Sharks, with Tony and Maria as demotic counterparts for Shakespeare's hero and heroine. Like Juliet, Maria has a nurse-like confidante, Anita, and a Paris-like suitor, Chino. Like Romeo, Tony has his Mercutio-like best friend, Riff, and a Friar Laurence–like ally, Doc, with the apothecary turned into a drugstore. The Capulets' ball becomes the high-school gym dance. In general, Laurents's book sticks to Shakespeare's plot. After Tybalt kills Mercutio, Romeo takes revenge by killing Tybalt; in the same way, Bernardo kills Riff in the first-act rumble scene, and a vengeful Tony in turn kills Bernardo, Maria's brother.

The two story lines differ crucially in their endings: Juliet dies, but Maria lives. She picks up the gun lying beside Tony's body and challenges the two gangs with the lines "*We all killed him;* and my brother and Riff. I, too. *I can kill now because I hate now.*" After breaking down into tears, she hurls the gun away and draws the two gangs into a secular ritual reminiscent of Shakespeare's "glooming peace."

Working with Bernstein on the lyrics, Sondheim sought "to bring the language down to the level of real simplicity." According to Bernstein, the key to his edgy, feverish music was the tritone interval, as is apparent in the melody of "Maria" and throughout the score, "in that the three notes pervade the whole piece, inverted, done backwards. I didn't do all this on purpose. It seemed to come out in 'Cool' and as the gang whistle [in 'Prologue']. The same three notes." Bernstein suggested that, while he and Sondheim were working on music and lyrics, "we raped Arthur's play-writing. I've never seen anyone so encouraging, let alone generous, urging us, 'Yes, take it, take it, make it a song.'" This was certainly the case with Tony's first-act song, "Something's Coming," which lifted its title from Laurents's scenario and incorporated his lines "It may be around the corner, whistling down the river, twitching at the dance—who knows?"

Throughout their collaboration, Robbins was determined to realize his singular vision of the show and to retain primary authorship. He would ultimately insist on being credited for the conception, the direction, and the choreography, with a contractual clause guaranteeing that his billing would appear highlighted in a special "box." While respecting Robbins's artistry, Sondheim explains his heavy-handed tactics in getting his way: "I think the reason for Jerry's success at intimidation with everyone was that he had a knack for spotting essential weaknesses in people almost instantly on meeting them, and he would file the knowledge away in his memory for future use. One of his most effective ploys, which worked with Lenny as well as me, was public humiliation—that is to say, brazen criticism in front of one's own colleagues. . . . Jerry's artistic ruthlessness was combined with real sadism. Also, he always felt intimidated by anybody educated, so people like Lenny were prime targets."

Bernstein repeatedly acquiesced to Robbins's demands, avoiding confrontation, on one occasion retreating to a bar and downing several scotches after Robbins changed the orchestration for "Somewhere." Bernstein wrote to his wife, Felicia, "Jerry continues to be—well, Jerry: moody, demanding, hurting. But vastly talented." According to Bernstein's longtime friend Sid Ramin, Robbins announced at an early cast meeting, "I know I'm difficult. I know I'm going to hurt your feelings. But that's the way I am."

During his ongoing exchange with Bern-



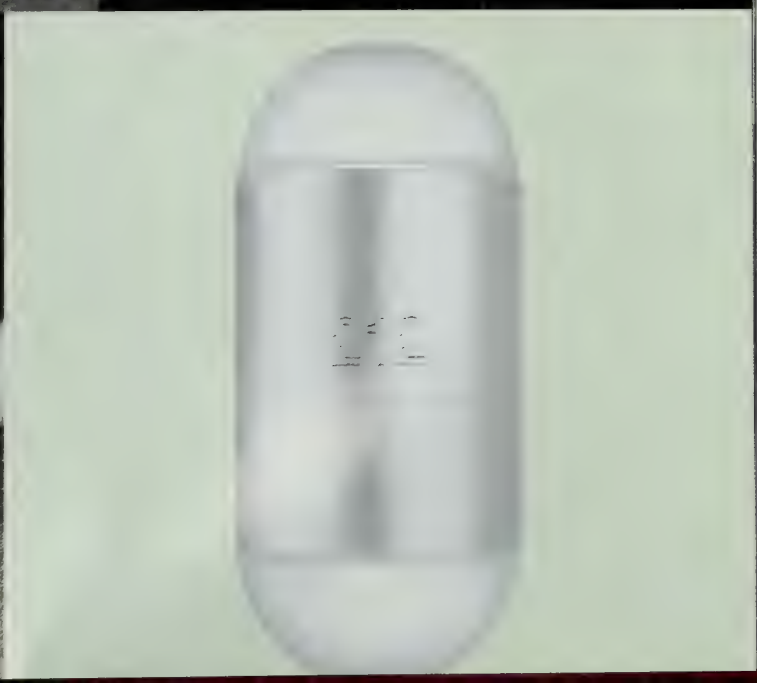


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CAROLINA HERRERA

NEW YORK





stein, however, there were many moments of creative breakthrough and shared exhilaration. Bernstein said, "I remember all of my collaborations with Jerry in terms of one tactile bodily feeling: composing with his hands on my shoulders.... I can feel him standing behind me saying, 'Four more beats there,' or 'No, that's too many,' or 'Yeah, that's it!'"

Despite the high-minded ambitions and high-profile names of those involved, *West Side Story* nearly foundered in the spring of 1957 (when it was facetiously titled *Gangway!*). Robbins was already casting the show, but the financing was not yet in place. Many producers, including George Abbott (*Pal Joey, Wonderful Town*), Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein (*The King and I, The Sound of Music*), and Leland Hayward (*Mister Roberts, South Pacific*), had passed on the project. A backers' audition was arranged by Cheryl Crawford, but not a penny was raised.

On the morning of April 22, Crawford called the team into her office and announced that she was pulling out. Suddenly the show had only one producer, Roger Stevens. The collaborators were crestfallen, but, thanks to an appeal from Sondheim, Harold "Hal" Prince and Robert Griffith, who had coproduced *Damn Yankees* and *The Pajama Game,* agreed to come on board, although they had earlier declined. They quickly raised $300,000. Even with the money secured, there were further delays when Robbins ordered Oliver Smith to re-design the sets.

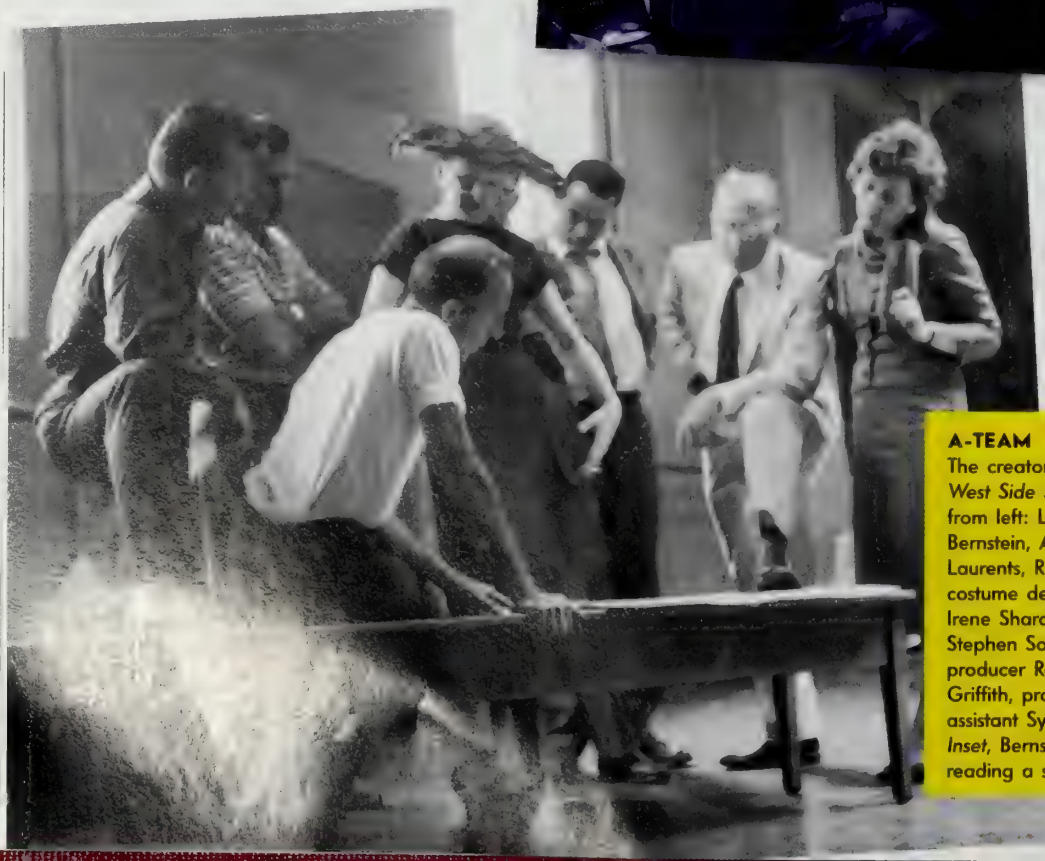
No one denied that *West Side Story* was a risky show with limited commercial prospects. Gerald Freedman, Robbins's assistant director, surmises, "My understanding of it from everybody, from Steve, Arthur, from Jerry, and Bobby Griffith and Hal ... I don't know what was in the back of their minds. These guys were so career-driven, but nobody thought it was going to be a hit.... They knew this was some strange animal, so that they could pour themselves into it, and it was only about excellence." There was undoubtedly some healthy idealism at work on this show, and it was surely something unusual for Broadway, though at one point Bernstein complained to his wife, "They're all so scared and commercial success means so much to them. To me too, I suppose—but I still insist it can be achieved with pride."

"Jerry continues to be—well, Jerry: moody, demanding, hurting. But vastly talented," Bernstein wrote his wife.

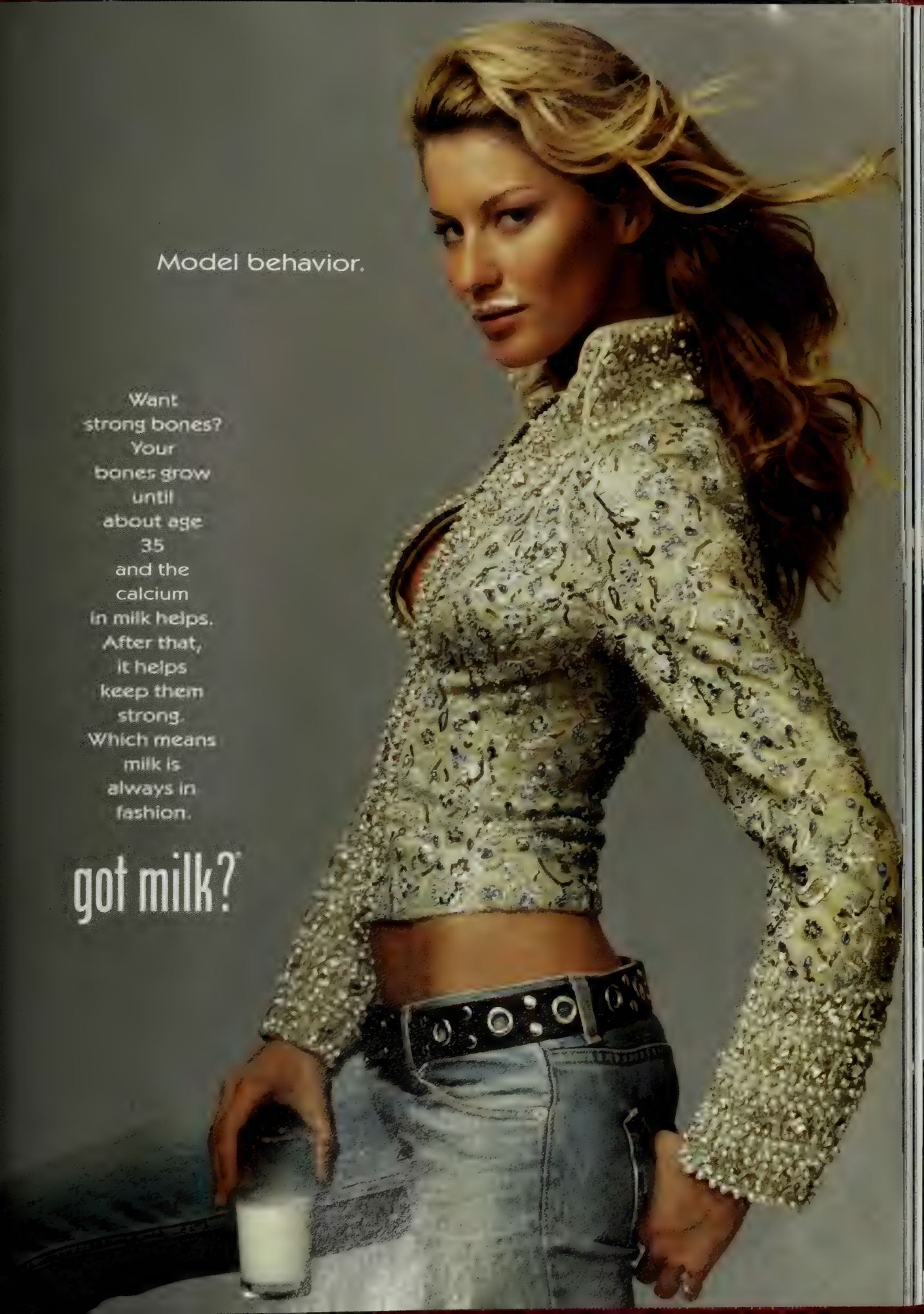


To his biographer Meryle Secrest, Sondheim recalled the emergency negotiations that took place when Robbins tried to withdraw as choreographer: "About a week before rehearsals—they'd already got the capitalization and posted bonds, they had spent money, and a week before rehearsals Jerry called a meeting in Hal's office and announced to us that it was too much work for him to choreograph and direct as well. He just wanted to direct. He wanted his good friend Herbert Ross to do the choreography. And there was a shocked silence around the room. I didn't know about this; Lenny didn't know about this; it was just announced.

"Hal Prince, then thirty years old, who had just had a not-successful show open and already, I am sure, had put in many thousands of dollars, said, 'I'll tell you what, Jerry. One of the reasons Bobby and I wanted to do this show, if not the main reason, was because of your genius as a choreographer, and if you don't want to do the choreography I'm not sure we want to do the show. Let's all think about it, and come back here tomorrow.' And Jerry was turning bright red. A meeting took place the next day and it was wonderful. Jerry sat in Hal's seat at the desk and Hal had to stand, and Jerry was in a rage. But there was nothing he could do about it. And so he said, 'All right! I'll do the choreography *and* the directing. But I want an assistant choreographer.' Hal said, 'Fine,' and [Jerry] said, 'I want eight weeks' rehearsal.' Now, these were the days when you never had more than four. Eight is doubling the cost. And Hal said, 'I think that will be okay,' and [Jerry] said, 'I want three pianists.' Hal said, 'Why?' 'Well, I want one for the songs and one for the dance, and I just want to have an-



A-TEAM
The creators of *West Side Story,* from left: Leonard Bernstein, Arthur Laurents, Robbins, costume designer Irene Sharaff, Stephen Sondheim, producer Robert Griffith, production assistant Sylvia Drulie. *Inset,* Bernstein reading a score.


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Want strong bones? Your bones grow until about age 35 and the calcium in milk helps. After that, it helps keep them strong. Which means milk is always in fashion.
got milk?

other one around.' And Hal said, 'Well, why not wait and see?' In other words, Hal was that cool."

Sondheim recalled, "[Robbins's assistant choreographer] Peter Gennaro staged 'America,' and what's interesting, a wonderful lesson, is that we went to the rehearsal and it just didn't work. Moment by moment it worked, but something didn't come together. And then Jerry got his hands on it and reshaped it all and—suddenly, the number worked. He's a master artist." The number became the consistent showstopper.

While battling with his collaborators, including costume designer Irene Sharaff and lighting mastermind Jean Rosenthal, Robbins brought Method acting techniques into the auditions and rehearsals. With a cast of young, mostly unknown, raw talents, Robbins had his work cut out for him. Prince recollects, "Of course Jerry had more difficulty communicating with actors than dancers and, of course, he could be cruel and insensitive. Despite all of this, there is no question that the young people in *West Side* worshiped Jerry, and that he did give them an extraordinary foundation.... Jerry believed in exercises that may have emanated at the Actors Studio. I can't be certain, but I do know that the *West Side Story* Sharks and Jets never mixed socially; they never had lunch [together] during the break. There was an antagonistic wall built up between them so that they could commit to the project heart and soul. And they did."

"Over the years, I watched Jerry agonize about choosing between men and women."

The cast nicknamed the 38-year-old Robbins Big Daddy, which communicated a measure of affection as well as fear and respect for his authority. Chita Rivera, who played Anita, recalls, "We were still at an age where we needed a father." Grover Dale performed the role of Snowboy and later became a Robbins protégé. Dale remembers, "We did homework. We had to write who, where, and what our families were like. Who was in trouble? Who was kicked out of the house? ... Our real family was our gang buddies. We created our entire life's background. He wanted us to bring that onto the stage. He knew it would matter."

Dale continues, "He encouraged us to keep the war going offstage as well as on. During a rehearsal lunch break, a couple of the Jets found a large piece of cardboard in the alley by the stage-door entrance. We got an idea. Within 10 minutes, we climbed the ladder to the fly floor above the stage with a giant shark cutout stuffed with newspaper. We knew Jerry was onstage promptly. No one ever dared to be late for a Robbins rehearsal! Sure enough, at two P.M. the stage was occupied by a full contingent of Sharks standing there, like, Aren't we good boys! Jets were nowhere in sight. Jerry paced furiously, demanding an explanation from the stage manager, Ruth Mitchell, for why the Jets weren't onstage. Perfect. Without a word, we tossed the cardboard shark onto the stage. It landed inches from Jerry's feet. *Plop.* He loved it."

Tony Mordente played A-rab, and he had a personal reason to know how the cast responded to Robbins's efforts to foment antagonism. "I started to date Chita [Rivera], and the Jets didn't talk to me for about a week," says Mordente. "That's how serious it was. He created the schism between us because he just felt that it was a necessary way to work. And I'll tell you, it worked.... It brought unity to each gang." Mordente and Rivera married during the run of the show, and she recalls, "I must say Mordente got away with murder. Jerry was mad, mad, mad for Mordente. He'll always have a favorite, and he was crazy for Mordente."

While Mordente may have received special treatment and acknowledges that he was one of Robbins's pets, he points out, "Jerry not only attacked you, he attacked your family, your background, where you lived, how you lived, who you studied with. He never stopped. David Winters [who played Baby John] and I used to sit down together and watch. We knew when Jerry was getting angry, because he'd start kicking cigarette butts and moving the chair around. Once he started kicking cigarette butts, David and I would say, 'It's time to move to the back of the stage.' We would see it coming, and there was Michael [Callan] in the middle taking his lumps."

Michael Callan (who went by Mickey Calin until the summer of 1958) was cast as Riff, and he quickly became one of Robbins's favorite whipping boys. One of the Sharks, Jay Norman, remembers the abuse directed at Callan, but argues that Robbins's harsh methods brought results. "I was so proud that [Callan] didn't come in one day with a gun and kill the man. I just wouldn't have been able to take what he took.... When we started rehearsals, Mickey was not Riff. He was a nice-looking guy, not a bad tap dancer, but he couldn't dance as well as the rest of us as far as the other stuff. Jerry tore him apart ... just totally dissected him. But Jerry put him back together. Perhaps I'm wrong, perhaps Mickey pulled himself back together, but when he came back together, he was Riff, and he was a damned good Riff.... In that sense, it was wonderful, but to watch it happen as a fellow human being was horrible."

Callan credits Robbins with providing the education that later gave him a successful movie and television career. "Jerry was a taskmaster, but he had two sides to him," says Callan. "Even when he yelled at me, I liked the man, because I believed he was doing it for a reason, to make the show the best.... One time he really reamed my ass. He said, 'What do I have to do to get through to you?' He says, 'I expect to see you coming out with a tennis racket, saying, Tennis, anyone? What do I have to do ... take your Thunderbird away from you?'—because he knew I had this little white T-bird, and that hurt. Every time he'd ask me a question, I'd just say, 'Yes, sir. No, sir.'"

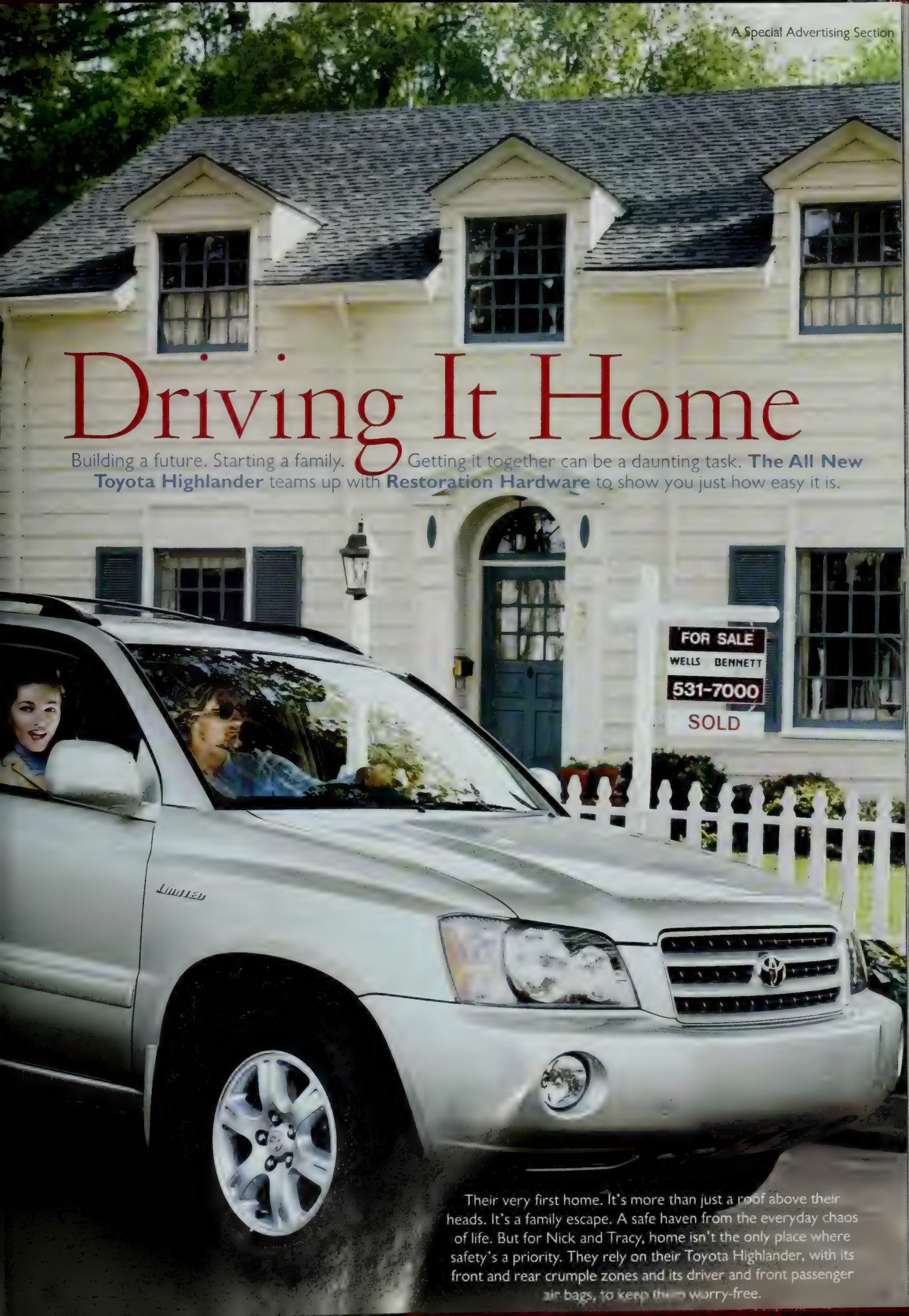
In his unpublished memoir in progress, *Spilling the Beans,* Callan recalls that during this rehearsal session Robbins asked him, "Do you hate me?"

"No, sir" was Callan's reply.

Robbins then suggested, "Well, before you go onstage tonight, I want you to think of something to hate."

Callan remembers, "As the overture began and I was waiting for the curtain to rise, I kept saying to myself over and over, *Jerry Robbins, Jerry Robbins, Jerry Robbins!*"

Robbins was equally demanding of Larry Kert and Carol Lawrence, who played Tony and Maria. "He had me crying much of the time," said Kert. Lawrence remembers, "We rehearsed with the words, without the words, with the music, without the music, improvisational. It was endless. In the killer-killer scene, where Tony comes through the window, I look in his face and I know that it's true, he has killed my brother. And I run at him and pound on his chest, and I say, 'Killer, killer, killer, killer!' And then I dissolve in a heap of tears on the floor. We were working alone, Jerry, Larry, and me, in a room upstairs in the theater. And Jerry took me aside—he always had little things that he would secretly tell the person that you were working with that you never knew—and he CONTINUED ON PAGE 137



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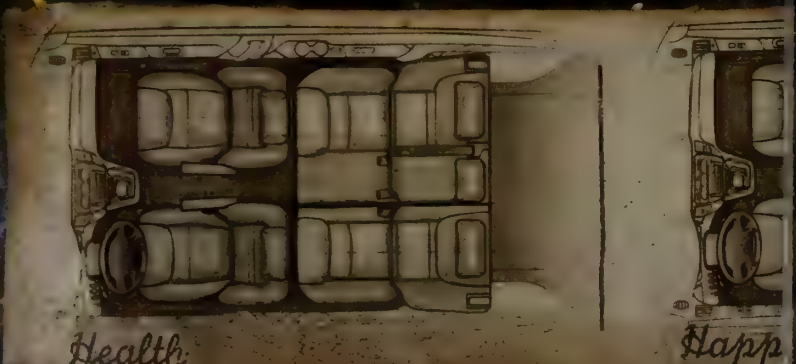
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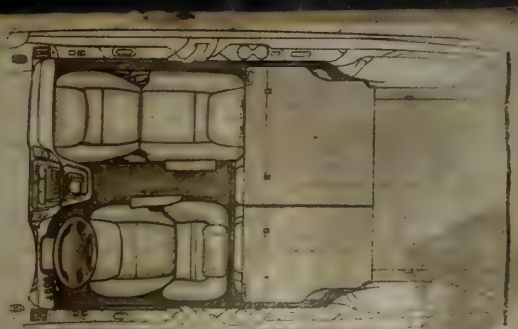
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

would take me aside and he'd say, 'He doesn't feel guilty. Hurt him. Really make him feel guilty. Hit him harder, hit him harder!' Well, we did that for about two and a half hours, and we went to dinner. By the end of it, I was really banging on his chest. We were performing at that time, and Larry came to my dressing room, and he was bare to the waist, but he was all taped, his entire chest, with adhesive. I said, 'What happened?' He said, 'I went to the doctor because I was in so much pain, and he said that you can't hit me anymore, because you're loosening the rib cage from my lungs.'

"I started to cry. I couldn't believe it, because I adored Larry. He said, 'I'm just so afraid to tell Jerry. Will you tell him?' So I went to Jerry, and I said, 'I hurt him, and he's all taped up, and I can't hit him in the chest anymore, Jerry, because I'm loosening his lungs from the rib cage.' And he said, without missing a beat, 'Hit him in the head. You won't hurt anything there.' And that's what I had to do for two weeks—I hit him in the head."

Larry Kert died in 1991. William Weslow, a friend of Kert's, recalls that he had complained that Robbins had undermined his confidence with a verbal assault on opening night. Referring to Robbins's "cruelty" toward Kert in rehearsals, Weslow claims, "Larry told me that Robbins called him 'an untalented faggot.'" Arthur Laurents recollected in his memoir that during a rehearsal of the rumble scene Robbins used that epithet repeatedly, out of frustration, to taunt Kert into giving a more emphatically masculine performance. Kert was openly gay, and Robbins may have resorted to such disparagement to try to get what he wanted from the performer.

Grover Dale says, "During the rumble, I was the person who held on to Tony. That was my job in the rumble.... And I do not recall ever hearing Jerry use the word 'faggot.' That would have been stupid for him to do because it would have undermined everything he was trying to create offstage as well as onstage. Jerry always protected the protocol of the gangs." In another recent exchange, Michael Callan suggests, "Jerry was tough but never used 'faggot' or any obscenities to my knowledge.... If anyone was a whipping boy, it was me, not Larry!" While unable to recall the incident in question, one of Robbins's assistants expresses skepticism, but acknowledges that Robbins could have gone to such an extreme as a rehearsal tactic during an improvisation.

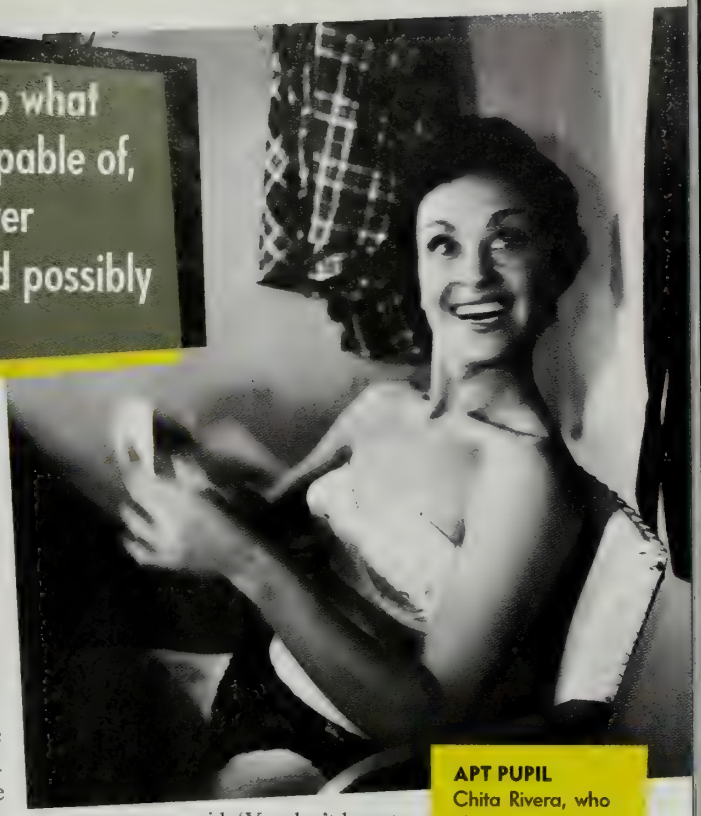
Chita Rivera became one of Robbins's staunchest defenders. She says, "I've always felt—and they can call me Pollyanna all they want—but if he hadn't been the way he was, none of those people would have danced the way they did. None of them would have had the careers they had.... Dancing isn't easy. And he knew it, and he made you do what you were really capable of doing, something you never even dreamed you could possibly do, he made you do.... I have no patience with those that down-talk him."

Gerald Freedman, who would later direct the landmark rock musical *Hair*, thinks that some of Robbins's methods may have been unnecessary. "It was a bit phony. I know you hear all these stories and they're very colorful. And it worked—he had these kids angry at each other. What Jerry didn't realize was that they were operating out of love, not hate, out of mutual respect for the project."

Marilyn D'Honau (Clarice) feels the tactics were excessive because of the horseplay they inspired among the young men in the cast. "A lot of the guys were playing their parts offstage. So I was a little scared they were going to grab you." She adds, "Jerry could be very nasty to us. He said, 'You know why? I let it out on you because you're the closest to me—the dancers.' And I think that's true, because he was a dancer. But it's like he got a pleasure out of being vicious."

D'Honau's friend Carole D'Andrea (Velma) sees Robbins as a "shy little child" and recalls, "That was his big downfall, that he would terrorize people. But he came up to me at the end of the first week—it was a brutal day at the end of a brutal week, and it was scary because it was my first Broadway show—he just came over and leaned down and said, 'Carole, I promise I will never put you down.' I turned around and I said, 'You don't have to take care of me. I can take care of myself.' I think that just sealed us forever. He loved that."

"Jerry made you do what you were really capable of, something you never dreamed you could possibly do," says Rivera.



APT PUPIL Chita Rivera, who played Anita in *West Side Story*, went on to become a superstar.

Jay Norman describes Robbins succinctly as "a workaholic burning the candle at both ends." The little time Robbins had for any amorous social life during production was split between actress Lee Becker, who performed the role of Anybodys, and Tommy Abbott, who played Gee-Tar. The relationship with Becker was brief, and ended shortly after she began entertaining the notion of marriage. The romantic affair with Abbott went on intermittently for some years. One dancer suggests that the relationship was one-sided, that Abbott "serviced" the director at his convenience, placing himself on call in a sense and often to his chagrin. Still, Robbins remained loyal to his friend and later brought him into City Ballet as a ballet master. Looking back, Grover Dale ponders the complexity of Jerry's relationships. "Over the years, I watched him agonize about choosing between men and women a number of times. The man I knew as a friend was a loving one. For reasons of his own, he didn't seem willing to make a lasting commitment with anyone."

The eight weeks of rehearsal in New York culminated on August 10 with a "gypsy run through" at the Broadway Theatre. In his memoir in progress, Gene Gavin (Anxious) describes the scene: "It was basically a friendly audience, a

notice of invitation being posted backstage at all the current shows. The run through was done in practice clothes with chairs and benches being placed around the stage as sets and work lights only; the bare minimum.... At the end, the audience sat there stunned. The word was out, we were something to be reckoned with, great, the best, innovative."

The show moved to Washington, D.C., on August 13 for a three-week tryout at the National Theatre, and at that point the title was changed from *Gangway!* to *West Side Story.* Before the opening, Bernstein wrote to his wife, "Everyone's coming, my dear, even Nixon and 35 admirals. Senators abounding, and big Washington-hostessy type party afterwards.... We have a 75 thou. advance, and the town is buzzing." He added, "I tell you this show may yet be worth all the agony."

"Jerry's artistic ruthlessness was combined with real sadism," says Sondheim.

The gala premiere took place on the evening of August 19, with Robbins insisting on a full "tech" rehearsal that afternoon. The performers made it through on pure adrenaline that night, with President Eisenhower's chief of staff, Sherman Adams, in the audience, along with Ethel Kennedy, a number of congressmen, and the cream of Washington high society. Bernstein reported that he ran into Justice Felix Frankfurter in tears in the lobby during the intermission.

The company partied until five in the morning. The reviews were raves. *The Washington Post* called the show "a uniquely cohesive comment on life." Flushed with success, the creators and cast traveled on for another, two-week tryout in Philadelphia and enjoyed a similar reception.

The show premiered at the Winter Garden Theatre on September 26, 1957. According to Ronnie Lee (Nibbles), "The opening night in New York, you felt like you were part of Cinderella's entourage." Robbins was mobbed by fans. Bernstein later read the reviews aloud to a chic crowd at Sardi's. Brooks Atkinson praised the show in *The New York Times* as "profoundly moving ... as ugly as the city jungles and also pathetic, tender and forgiving." He added, "This is one of those occasions when theater people, engrossed in an original project, are all in top form."

The show initially ran for almost two years (734 performances), toured for nearly a year, and then returned to Broadway in 1960, lasting another 253 performances. The show lost out on a Tony Award that first year to *The Music Man,* but Robbins won as best choreographer. Columbia released the original-cast album, and a successful run in London's West End was launched in December 1958, with Robbins in charge.

There would be endless revivals, which Robbins delegated to trusted assistants such as Alan Johnson, who started out as a Shark understudy. According to Johnson, "Somehow that group became stronger as a family than any other show I've been connected to. The *West Side Story* people have gone on to become writers, directors, producers, teachers, choreographers. I call it the University of *West Side Story.*"

Ballerina Muriel Bentley was later sadly miscast in the Chita Rivera role. Tony Mordente says, "I remember even though Jerry hired [Muriel] because of how close she was to him ... he'd come to rehearsal and in Jerry's fashion ... just tear her apart.... And the funniest thing was one night she said to me—she was really angry—she said, 'That sonofabitch! I was his first fuck.... How can he do this to me?' I laughed hysterically. Later we talked about that very thing with Jerry, and Jerry got that real giggle on his face. And she says, 'Oh, yeah, you remember on the train. I broke you in, baby.' It was hysterical to see her talk to Jerry outside of rehearsal like that. During rehearsal she would never say anything to Jerry, because she knew Jerry as well as anybody else did."

In spite of the show's ultimate success, there was a fallout of bad blood among its creators, although all of them would work together again in the years to come. Robbins's self-aggrandizing credit—especially the "conceived by" part—was one source of conflict. Freedman defends him, saying, "Jerry's vision was very, very clear. I'm not leaving out the fact of his wild energy and ferocious appetite to look the best, but somehow within that he knew where he was heading. And I think 'conceived, choreographed, and directed by' is absolutely apt."

Arthur Laurents disagrees: "When it was written, my agent called to tell me Jerry asked for the credit 'conceived by.' I felt the conception of a contemporary *Romeo* was Jerry's, and so I agreed. When we opened in Washington, two things happened. Steve Sondheim was ignored in the glowing reviews. The lyric credit was shared by him and Lenny. Lenny had only met Steve on the show but felt the credit was far more important for Steve and therefore removed his name—one of the most magnanimous gestures anyone has ever made in the theater. The second event happened on television. Lenny, Jerry, and I—Steve was excluded—were given the keys to the city because of what the show did for juvenile delinquency. 'This was your conception, wasn't it, Mr. Robbins?' the presenter asked and Jerry said Yes. You don't make a scene on television but after it I asked Jerry—my friend for over a decade—to remove the 'conceived by' credit because it obviously was taken to mean the use of juvenile delinquency and juvenile gangs which were *not* his idea. He asked to think it over, did so and said I was right but the credit was too important to him. Which is one reason I say he wasn't evil because he informed, he informed because he was evil."

The HUAC legacy was a source of continuing strife for Robbins, although for the most part it remained buried. It was not something that was discussed by the creators or cast of *West Side Story.* As it happened, the actor who played Doc, Art Smith, had been one of those named by Elia Kazan. In fact, Robbins would cast quite a few blacklisted performers in future shows, and one of them would soon become the bane of his existence.

As for *West Side Story,* it would fuel Robbins's creativity for the rest of his life. In 1960 he was hired to co-direct the film, starring Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer, with Robert Wise. Robbins's perfectionism led to his being fired before the picture was finished, but he won 2 Oscars, for choreography and direction, and the movie won 10 Academy Awards in all.

For *Jerome Robbins' Broadway* in 1989, Robbins used half a dozen dances from *West Side Story,* along with pieces from his other big shows—*On the Town, High Button Shoes, The King and I, Peter Pan, Call Me Madam, Gypsy, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* and *Fiddler on the Roof.* In 1995, three years before he died, Robbins created *West Side Story Suite* for the New York City Ballet. Anna Kisselgoff's review in *The New York Times* was headed "A Classic Distilled to a Pure Essence."

On the night of April 9, 1962, Robbins collected his two Oscars for *West Side Story* in Los Angeles and then left immediately for Washington, D.C., at the request of Hal Prince, who had a new show opening for tryouts on April 11 under the direction of George Abbott. Prince recalls, "When *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* was in Washington, D.C., playing to no audiences,


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having received the worst reviews (headline in *The Washington Post:* MR. ABBOTT: CLOSE IT!), it became obvious that we needed Jerry to inspire a new opening number and stage it and perhaps tidge up other small moments in the show.... I contacted him by phone and he agreed to come right after the awards."

Robbins had earlier agreed to direct *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Larry Gelbart and Burt Shevelove. But while in Europe the year before with *Ballets: U.S.A.,* Robbins had decided to withdraw from the project. Sondheim recalled, "A letter arrived in the mail. As best I can remember, the letter was saying, 'I'm sorry, I just can't do it.' It was torn in four or eight pieces, and then he'd put it in an envelope. That was to show how tortured he was for having let everybody down." Incensed that Robbins had abandoned the musical, co-author Larry Gelbart sent him a telegram that stated in part, "Your cowardly withdrawal is consistent with your well-earned reputation for immorality."

Gelbart was well aware of Robbins's HUAC testimony. Now Robbins was being invited back to doctor the show, and there were others involved in the production who felt the same way Gelbart did. Tom Stone, the stage manager, remembers Robbins's reaction when he saw the first Washington performance. "So we're sitting there [in the National Theatre] and Jerry says, 'Sophomoric.' He's getting blacker and blacker and blacker. He says, 'Stay here. I'll go talk to Hal.' So he comes back ... [and] we watch the second act. He's now just as black as his suit.... It turned out that was the night that he agreed to doctor the show. I don't think he really liked the show, or he didn't want to get into it, because of Zero [Mostel]. But, of course, he adored George Abbott, and so he took it on and walked into that buzz saw there with Zero."

Zero Mostel, the rotund and irrepressible comic actor, became the star of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* after Phil Silvers rejected an early offer and Milton Berle later backed out. During the McCarthy years Mostel had been blacklisted, and he was a close friend of Jack Gilford, who was also in the show and whose wife, Madeline Lee, had been named by Robbins. Prince recalls, "As Jerry had 'named names,' I felt I could not invite him to come to Washington without Zero Mostel's permission, as Zero had been named before the Senate Committee. I approached Zero and told him that I thought that Jerry was perhaps the key to putting the show over the top. Zero took a long pause, and then looking me in the eye said, 'Well, you haven't asked me to have lunch with him, have you?'"

Mostel offered Prince a bottom-line rationalization for staying with the show and working with Robbins. According to an account published by his wife, Kate Mostel, the actor explained, "Listen, Hal, I'm a professional and Jerry's a professional, and if he can help the show, get him. Besides, we of the left do not blacklist." Jack Gilford also had misgivings about working with Robbins and initially considered leaving the show. But his wife insisted that he stay on and "not blacklist himself." She told him, "Don't be a schmuck—wouldn't you work for Warner Bros.?" The film studio had been one of those enforcing the blacklist in Hollywood, and Jack Gilford's career had unquestionably been damaged during the previous decade when he had been dropped from Fred Allen's TV show. Like many on the left, Mostel and Lee were not willing to forgive those who had informed.

"I told Jerry, 'I can't hit him in the chest anymore, because I'm loosening his lungs from the rib cage.'"



LEADER OF THE PACK
Male-chorus drill for *West Side Story:* from left, Jay Norman, Ronnie Lee, Tommy Abbott, Howard Jeffrey, Robbins, Grover Dale.

Madeline Lee had already had an opportunity to remind Robbins of what she saw as his perfidy before HUAC. At a party at the home of Hal and Judy Prince, she confronted Robbins. "I finally told him off," says Lee. "I was egged on by [director] Gene Saks, [*Fiddler on the Roof* writer] Joe Stein, and [playwright] Herb Gardner. Hal and Judy had a house then on 81st Street.... It was New Year's Eve. Hal's parties were very lavish, and I had a darling little white ermine coat—my sister ran a thrift shop. You know that Russian ermine wasn't allowed anymore. Carl Fischer, who was Hal's general manager and George Abbott's nephew ... was teasing me about my ermine coat. He said, 'How come you have a Russian

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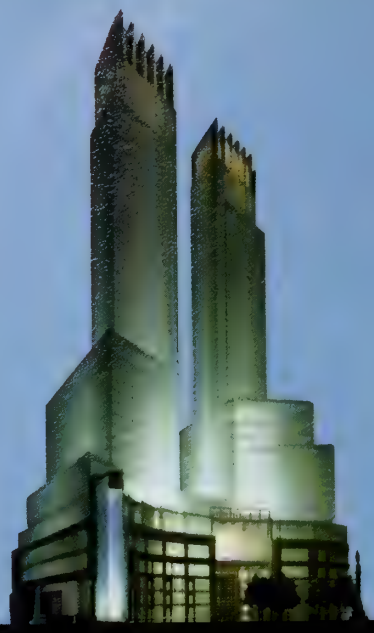
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130 ermine. Madeline? You have your Party card in your pocket?' I was drinking and had my coat on.... It was very late, and we were the last people at the party.... I said to Herb, Gene, and Joe, 'I am sick of ... having to run into [Jerry] and having to avoid him.' And then I told them the toast I wanted to give, and they said, 'Do it, do it!'

"So I go up the staircase and I waited very discreetly.... Just the bartender was in the corner [of the library]. He had already put out the lights, and he was putting away the bottles and the glasses. Jerry Robbins was in there and seemed to be alone. So I went over to him and I said, 'Jerry?' He said, 'Yes.' I said, 'I'm Madeline Lee.' He said, 'I know.' I said, 'Well, I have a New Year's toast for us.' I said, 'Nineteen fifty-three can kiss my ass!' And he went absolutely purple. I said, 'It was '53, wasn't it?' He said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'Well, one of us better remember.' And I turned on my heel."

Madeline Lee recalls one rehearsal: "'Everybody Ought to Have a Maid' was going in, which was very hard to learn. They were all hoarse. Zero smoked, and Jerry Robbins said something about smoking. Zero said, 'Mind your own fucking business—we're just working together. Don't get social. We have nothing to do [with each other] socially.' So that was the relationship."

The atmosphere was often tense, but the work at hand usually took precedence over politics and personal grudges. Some of the tension may have been dispelled at their first meeting on the set. Designer Tony Walton recalls Robbins's being introduced to the cast. "Jerry came in and we were all lined up on the stage. He very quietly and shyly and charmingly said hello to all of us ... and [there was] endless tension as he got down towards Zero. When Jerry came over to him, Zero said, 'Hiya, Loose-lips!' Everybody, even Jerry, cracked up."

Sondheim recounted Robbins's critical assessment of the show in Washington. According to the composer, Robbins had told him, "The opening number is killing the show. You open with a charming number ['Love Is in the Air'] and the audience does not know what they're in for, that it's a real farce. You've got to write an opening number that says baggy pants." The result was "Comedy Tonight." Sondheim writes, "[Jerry] certainly deserves the credit for 'saving the show' with 'Comedy Tonight.'"

Forum opened at the Alvin Theatre on May 8, 1962. Robbins was not mentioned in the reviews, which were for the most part raves that lauded Mostel's performance in particular. An instant hit, the show ran more than two years. Mostel, George Abbott, and Harold Prince won Tony Awards, as did the writers, Gelbart and Shevelove.

Robbins's next venture with Mostel turned out to be the greatest and most personal success of his career. Based on stories by Yiddish author Sholom Aleichem, *Fiddler on the Roof* afforded Robbins the opportunity to come to terms artistically with his Jewish heritage. To some extent, this show would also facilitate a reconciliation with his father, who had strongly objected to his son's career choice. Harry Robbins, who had owned a kosher delicatessen and later became a corset manufacturer in New Jersey, was invited by his son to participate in researching the show, and there was a coincidental irony to be savored in the fact that Sholom Aleichem's real name was Rabinowitz, Harry's own original name. The Russian-born writer had died in New York in 1916, two years before the birth of Jerome Rabinowitz. Set in the Russian town of Anatevka circa 1905, the show centered on the plight of Tevye the milkman and his family. The musical adaptation began as a collaboration of playwright Joseph Stein, composer Jerry Bock, and lyricist Sheldon Harnick. Stein recalls that a number of producers, believing that the ethnic subject matter would limit the show's commercial potential, turned down the project before Robbins tentatively agreed to direct. Even after the show opened, the flamboyant producer David Merrick declared, "It's a Jewish show.... No one will go."

Harold Prince had been asked to direct *Fiddler on the Roof* before Robbins became involved. Prince remembers, "I told them I did not feel comfortable with the shtetl community, that it did not reflect my background and that I felt a bit at a loss to direct those characters. I recommended that they get Jerome Robbins as the only person who *could* give it a universal language. Jerry was not available at the time. Later, he became available and agreed to direct it for Fred Coe, its producer. But then [Jerry] insisted that I produce it with Fred."

The show was to star Zero Mostel as Tevye, the devout father of five daughters, one of whom confronts him with the dilemma of her marrying out of the faith. This family crisis takes place at the same time that czarist pogroms threaten the shtetl, ultimately leading to the eviction of all the Jewish peasants from their homes. Tevye's wife, Golde, was played by Maria Karnilova, who remembers the depth of Robbins's personal investment in the show. "It was a very emotional show for Jerry," she says. "As far as Jerry was concerned, this was *his* family back in Russia."

Robbins said, "The real reason I wanted to do the show was to get that concept of tradition onto the stage. Sholom Aleichem may not spell it out line by line but that is the real meaning of his work, the notion that without tradition life can be as shaky as a fiddler on the roof. At first, I was unhappy about the script. I had to discover how the show was going to be different from something called, say 'The Rise of the Goldbergs.' The difference was that fiddler, sawing away on the roof. In a very real sense, that fiddler is my own."

Zero Mostel had been blacklisted, and he was a close friend of Jack Gilford, whose wife had been named by Robbins.

Once again Robbins faced the disconcerting challenge of working with Mostel, who had been his first choice for the role. According to Sheldon Harnick, "Before Robbins became involved, Joe Stein and Jerry Bock and I all thought that we wanted Howard Da Silva. We had seen Howard do *The World of Sholom Aleichem* ... Off Broadway, [but] Robbins felt that he wanted somebody who was larger than life in the main role, so he wanted Zero. And all of us knew that there'd been political friction between them. But during rehearsal, at any rate, what I saw was that Zero knew that Robbins was the right person, and I think he felt that Robbins was stronger than he was, so that he gave in generally to Robbins."

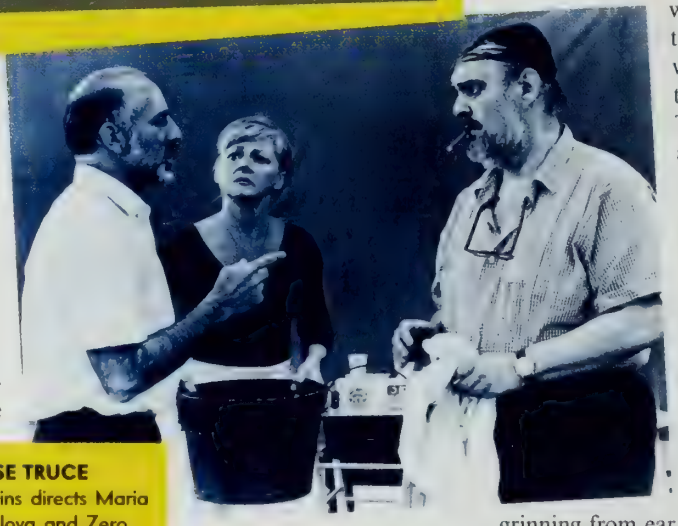
Others recall that Mostel was mercilessly obstreperous with Robbins. Joseph Stein says, "Zero was tough on Jerry. Zero spoke of him occasionally with contempt, and it was uncomfortable. He even talked about his direction very negatively."

Opera singer and actress Julia Migenes performed the part of Tevye's daughter Hodel. Of the Mostel-Robbins feud, she says, "They were killing each other. There was the political stuff and also the professional. I'm sitting with Zero, who's sweating like crazy. He was like a father to me. And he was saying, 'Tell that Jewish fag,'

talking about Jerry. He called him 'the Jewish fag.' They had a fight to the finish.... Jerry had this thing about trying to be Method, and Zero was this bigger-than-life wild guy."

Dancer Chuck Rule recounts, "Zero once screamed at him, 'If you want that kind of performance, why don't you get Red Buttons!' and stormed off the stage. Jerry screamed after him, 'If I'd wanted Red Buttons, I would have hired Red Buttons!' So then Jerry dismissed us all and said, 'Go home, come back tomorrow.' I understand that he went in and talked to Zero.... I always loved Zero, we got along very well. But he had a slightly sadistic streak."

"When Jerry came over, Zero said, 'Hiya, Loose-lips!' Even Jerry cracked up."



TENSE TRUCE Robbins directs Maria Karnilova and Zero Mostel in *Fiddler on the Roof*, 1964.

Robbins later told the press, "Mostel likes to test you when you work together. There was a certain amount of squaring off at each other, but I think we both felt some good healthy respect beneath it all." While Mostel bedeviled Robbins during rehearsals and out-of-town tryouts in Detroit and Washington, D.C., the beleaguered director vented some of his frustrations on the rest of the cast. Beatrice Arthur, who would later star in the TV series *The Golden Girls*, played the role of the matchmaker, Yente. According to several accounts, Robbins was particularly demeaning to her. "He did not want Bea for the part originally," says Joseph Stein. "We auditioned many people. And we auditioned Bea. I know that I liked her and I think that Jerry Bock and Sheldon liked her. [Robbins] was very hesitant, kept looking for other people to do the part.... Of course, [Bea] was wonderful in the part, I thought. Jerry took her reluctantly because he never came across anybody that did it as well in auditions. I think he took it out on her in a way. Also, he kept asking me to cut her part down.... He drove her crazy."

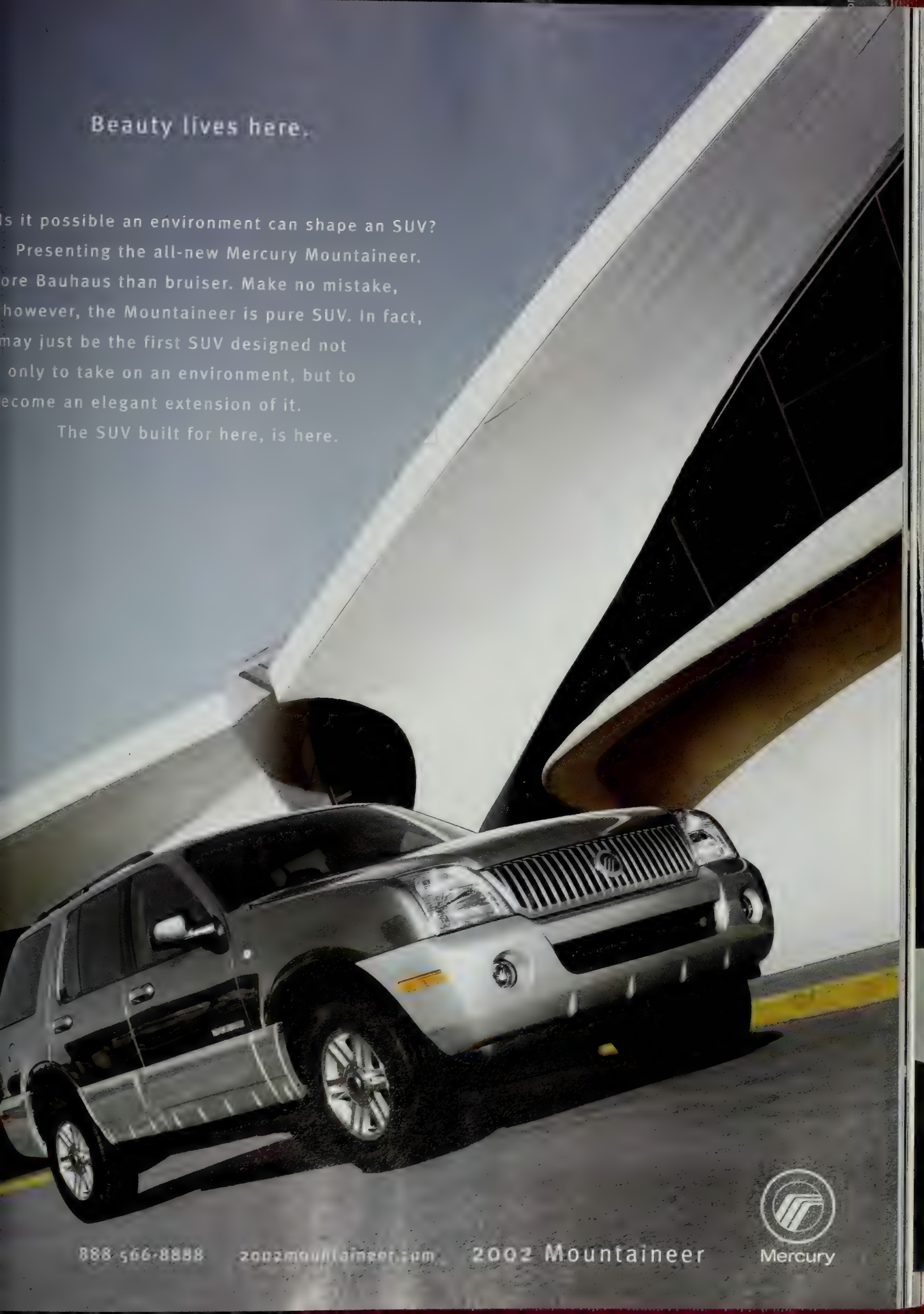
Chuck Rule remembers that Jerry's unyielding demands drove Bea Arthur to despair. "We had a terrible time with *Fiddler*. As a matter of fact, Bea Arthur was ready to quit. Bea was brilliant in the part, but Jerry wanted the focus on Tevye and his wife, Golde. So he kept cutting [Bea's role] down. There was no way to keep her from being brilliant, because she was just fabulous in the show, little Miss Bea. We did have bad times with Jerry. In Detroit, the blackness on the stage was so thick you could cut it with a knife. It was horrible. You remember that cartoon by Al Capp, with the guy who walked around with the thundercloud over his head—that was Jerry there. I was so angry in Washington, D.C.—we were playing the National—and I stormed out of the theater.... There's a long alley by the side of the theater at the National. Bea was sitting there smoking a cigarette. I came out and I said, 'Bea, I'm going to rip his cock and balls off and shove 'em down his throat.' And Bea looked at me, she took a puff of her cigarette, and she said, 'What cock? What balls?' And then took another puff. I never forgot that—the timing was superb, naturally."

Collaboration among the principals—Robbins, Bock, Harnick, Stein, Boris Aronson, who created the scenery, and Patricia Zipprodt, who designed the costumes—was contentious, though without the degree of heated, wounding hostilities that had erupted on *West Side Story*. For his part, Sheldon Harnick received some wise advice on how to work with Robbins. "Before we went into rehearsal," the lyricist recalls, "I spoke to Sondra Lee, who was a very close friend of Jerry's and was a very close friend of mine. She said, 'Jerry can be difficult, especially as it gets toward opening. But,' she said, 'when he seems unreachable, try humor, because if he's reachable, that will do it.' And I found that to be true. Luckily, on occasion I could make him laugh, break the tension. Except that about two weeks, three weeks, before we opened, then I couldn't reach him that way, either. Whatever his demons were, they had just taken charge. Nevertheless, I really loved him."

At the outset, Harnick received a friendly warning about Robbins: "Steve Sondheim had alerted me to the fact that Robbins was the kind of person who would change your work. If he thought that it should be changed, he would do it, and he wouldn't always ask you. We were in Detroit on the road with *Fiddler*, and I came into a matinee, and I heard the song 'Matchmaker.' I think Robbins had spoken to Steve Sondheim about it. I think that's what had happened. Steve certainly didn't want Robbins to change my work without asking me, but that's what he did. He changed a line or two. I was appalled, and I thought, How do I deal with this? So I went to the girl who was playing Tzeitel.... I went to Joanna Merlin and I said, 'This evening, would you change two lines in the song?' I gave her two awful lines. She looked at me and she said, 'You want me to sing *this*?' I said, 'Please.' She said, 'O.K.' So she sang it that night. And after the performance, Robbins came up to me and he was grinning from ear to ear. He said, 'O.K., next time I'll ask.'"

Fiddler on the Roof opened September 22, 1964, at the Imperial Theatre. In the *Daily News* the following morning, John Chapman hailed it as "one of the great works of the American musical theatre. It is darling, touching, beautiful, warm, funny and inspiring. It is a work of art." The show ran almost eight years—a staggering 3,242 performances—and received the Tony Award for best musical in 1965. Robbins won for best director and best choreographer. In their respective categories, Tonys also went to Harold Prince, Joseph Stein, Sheldon Harnick, Jerry Bock, Patricia Zipprodt, Zero Mostel, and Maria Karnilova.

Once again Robbins, against all odds, had performed a miracle. He died 34 years later, on July 29, 1998, at the age of 79. One of the most successful and versatile artists in history—he worked on more than 15 Broadway shows and created some 60 ballets—he left an estate valued at more than $30 million. An unsparing perfectionist all his life, Robbins won, in addition to his two Oscars, five Tony Awards, a Kennedy Center Honor, and the National Medal of Arts, and he was inducted into the French Legion of Honor. □


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VANITIES



Jake Gyllenhaal

OCCUPATION: Actor. **AGE:** 20. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **ON THE BUBBLE OF STARDOM:** After causing a sensation at Sundance in *Donnie Darko*, this summer Gyllenhaal (pronounced "Jill-in-hall") stars in *Bubble Boy*, and he just finished shooting *The Good Girl*, directed by Miguel Arteta and starring Jennifer Aniston. Currently he's filming *Baby's in Black*, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan Sarandon, loosely based on the 1989 murder of actress Rebecca Schaeffer. **YOU GREW UP IN L.A. AND ATTENDED HARVARD-WESTLAKE SCHOOL —A TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD UPBRINGING:** "My father directed a lot of movies and my mom wrote and produced. Get us at a table and all we do is talk about 'the artist's way' like we're fuckin' Uta Hagen and her family." **WERE YOU PREPARED FOR THE TRIALS OF A LEADING MAN IN *OCTOBER SKY*?** "I always thought it was going to be like when I went to my parents' sets, which was like hanging out in the trailer, getting free food. I was in every scene, so I really had to work. It was a lot less romantic than I had envisioned."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORENZO AGIUS



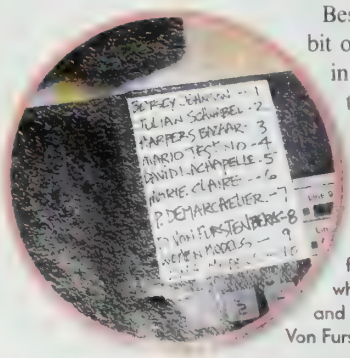
Yael and **Esther Tavor,** the Parisian émigrés behind New York's Frenchway travel agency, know *tout le monde de la mode*—and, moreover, how to get them from one runway to the next in the seamless style that fashionables, with their bipolar communications skills, demand. Bubbling over with nonchalant, Gallic *laisser-aller* (further accented by years of Gauloises), the Tavor sisters have the best-traveled names in fashion at their fingertips: **Patrick Demarchelier, Betsey Johnson, David LaChapelle, Diane Von Furstenberg, Mario Testino.** They've helped create some of today's chic-est travel spots—Vieques, off the coast of Puerto Rico; Cuba; Goa, India; and Ouarzazate, Morocco, to name a few—by dispatching their clients there, only to have photographers and their large crews follow.

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With an all-female squadron of 14 agents—think *Ab Fab* meets *Goldfinger*—Frenchway specializes in the fashion emergency, one of which was in full swing, like clockwork, when a reporter dropped by. Told that this year's model, **Carmen Kass,** was stuck at New York's J.F.K. airport, Yael flew into a fury worthy of **Naomi Campbell,** raging, "Call the president of British Airways!"

But then, such situations are Frenchway's daily baguette. "That's why we do all the fashion people," Yael says. "We like that these people are spontaneous." They also appreciate their clients' famed snobbishness, which often gives them a fun challenge, instead of the usual "Where's my limo?" headache. "An actor or actress is just as demanding," sighs Yael, "but they don't necessarily have the taste."

Besides, she adds, fashion's high theatrics put a bit of glamour back into jet travel—no small feat in a day when, to quote **Miss Piggy,** "you have to be going to a pretty awful place if getting there is half the fun." —DAVID COLMAN



FRENCH FORWARD

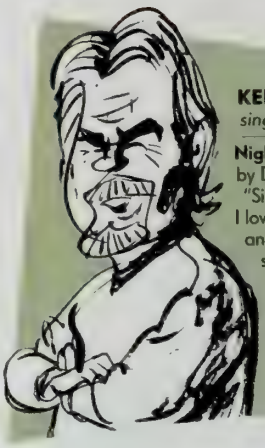
Top left, Frenchway Travel's Yael and Esther Tavor, tour operators to New York's impossible but stylish fashion-industry crowd. *Left,* the Frenchway speed dial, which includes photographers David LaChapelle and Patrick Demarchelier, and designers such as Diane Von Furstenberg and Betsey Johnson.

NIGHT TABLE READING



BRENDA BLETHYN
actress, Anne Frank

English Passengers,
by Matthew Kneale (Doubleday).
"Set in the mid-1800s, it is a witty, adventurous, and sometimes disturbing tale of a cleric who sets sail from the Isle of Man in order to find the Garde of Eden—literally—which he believes to be in Tasmania. A real page-turner."



KENNY ROGERS
singer, songwriter

Night Chills,
by Dean Koontz (Berkley).
"Since I am always on the road, I love a quick and exciting read, and this is one of my favorites. His sense of the macabre, combined with his knowledge of the dark side of human nature, takes the reader on a mind-blowing journey. It will keep you up at night if you're not careful."



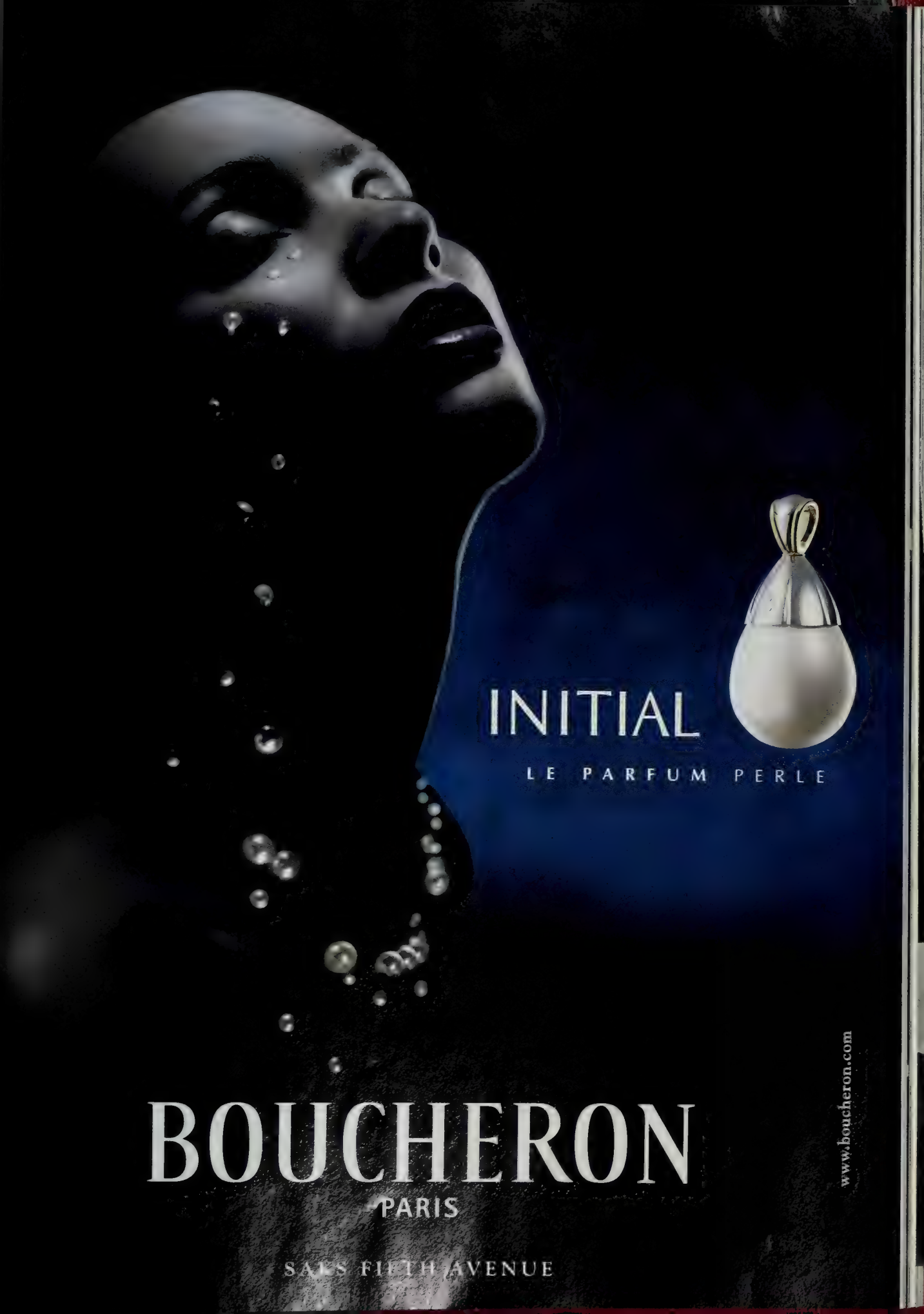
JANE CLAYSON
co-anchor, The Early Show

The Four Agreements: A Practical Guide to Personal Freedom,
by Don Miguel Ruiz (Amber-Allen).
"I'm on my third reading. It's a gentle guide to simple goals that bring life into perspective and help you remember what's really important. It's spiritually centering."



SOPHIE B. HAWKINS
singer, songwriter

My Ántonia,
by Willa Cather (Houghton Mifflin).
"I'm rereading it. There has never been a purer thing written. And Willa Cather's connection to the land, the heart of humanity, and our eternal soul's limitation . . . She makes me weep."


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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

The Rock and a hard place

As the W.W.F.'s most famous "heel," or bad guy, Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson has taken moves like the Rock Bottom and lines such as "Why don't you drink a big, tall glass of shut-up juice!" to a worldwide audience. (Don't tell anyone he's married to a Merrill Lynch banker.) The makers of 2002's *The Scorpion King,* in which his character from this month's *The Mummy Returns* is further developed, think they can smell what the Rock is cooking—his salary was $5.5 million, one of the highest sums ever paid an actor for his first starring role.

George Wayne: *For* The Mummy Returns *and* The Scorpion King, *how many times did the Rock have to read and reread the script, to learn his lines?*

The Rock: It wasn't too bad. There is a ton of sword fighting in both movies.

G.W. *Do you have any love scenes?*

T.R. I do, absolutely.

G.W. *And she'll be sitting on the Rock.*

T.R. She's gonna have to smell what the Rock's cooking.

G.W. *It seems that you are being groomed to be the next Hollywood action hero.*

T.R. I never anticipated the success I've had. It was just five years ago that I was sleeping on a stained mattress and living on tuna fish and spaghetti.

G.W. *You have said, "I could be the next Arnold, only better-looking."*

T.R. I was saying that before all this arrived. But Arnold is cool. He's been extremely supportive.

G.W. *You've called yourself "the most electrifying man in sports entertainment."*

T.R. Let me clarify here—others call me "the greatest sports entertainer the world has ever seen." The Rock, the character, is over-the-top in terms of ego, and yet is very vulnerable.

G.W. *Your trademark raised eyebrow—when did you develop that?*

T.R. In high school.

G.W. *And you've created this Rockspeak. What do you mean by "jabroni"?*

T.R. Jabroni is kinda like a derogatory term.

G.W. *What about "Hit stick and [illegible]"?*

T.R. That was something we used back at the University of Miami. But from jabroni to "Know your role and shut your mouth"—those have become mantras for a generation.

G.W. *Recently* Flex *magazine named the top five physiques in pro wrestling, and the Rock's name was not on the list.*

T.R. I'm certainly not a bodybuilder, so that's fine.

G.W. *The Rock is getting kinda paunchy.*

T.R. I got ab.

G.W. *What do you consider the sexiest thing about you? And please don't say your personality.*

T.R. I guess being sexy is a vibe.

G.W. *Not your personality! The sexiest things about you are your pretty mocha pecs.*

T.R. What about my ab?

G.W. *What ab! Rumor has it that you have the smallest jockstrap in wrestling.*

T.R. Someone who has given you that information is taking you for a long ride.

G.W. *Not everything about the Rock is abnormally huge.*

T.R. Well, they don't call me the Rock for nothing.

G.W. *Yeah, right. According to sources, the Rock has the smallest member in pro wrestling.*

T.R. That's completely untrue. I can give you a whole bunch of names and you can go ask them, but then I'd get in trouble. But you've got me in trouble enough, you son of a bitch.

G.W. *What's the biggest meal you've ever consumed in one sitting?*

T.R. Two Dabney Colemans at Dan Tana's. They are 16-ounce steaks, some steamed broccoli, and a couple of shrimp cocktails.

G.W. *Has the Rock ever had his prostate massaged—I mean examined?*

T.R. Examined, yes; massaged, I'm not too sure. But then again, it's that fine line. George, man, I really gotta roll. You're crazy, but I dig it.

G.W. *And you are the Rock of ages. Thank you.*



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Jasper Johns, 1962
Photograph by Hans Namuth

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er Johns, *Colored Alphabet*, oil, encaustic and paper collage on panel, [illegible] in. 30.5 by 26.7cm., painted in 1959. Auction estimate: $2,000,000-3,000,000

Nan Darien

Mad about that Laura! The Bush administration has a new secretary of style and her name is Nan



With regard to my dear friend **Laura Bush** . . . I know, *I know*. I feel exactly the same way you do: love, love, love the girl to death, but all those plaids and checks she wears, oh my God, I feel like it's three A.M. and I'm looking at a television test pattern; she's an emergency broadcast in mocha and taupe.

That's why, a little while back, I zipped down to Washington to give her a tiny makeover. (When it comes to issues of taste, I'm practically the Coast Guard.) In cases of extreme need, my style dictum is as follows: Embrace the opposite. (The results are divine, absolutely divine.) So, first, I had a suggestion for the hair. I've always wanted to see Laura with bangs, frankly, with one of those **Louise Brooks**/**Anna Wintour**/*Vagina Monologues*–author cuts. Because once you did that with her, the rest would present itself—a long cigarette holder, kohl-rimmed eyes, slightly soiled fishnet stockings. I'd like to play up an exotic, somewhat seamy quality (message: "I am a complicated German chanteuse currently serving time in prison"), but then add a touch of melodrama ("The lesbian has stolen my cigarettes!").

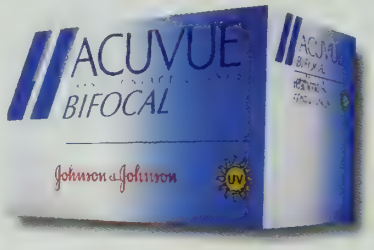
Well. Laura thought I was absolutely off my rocker when I told her. She said, "I'm the First Lady, not **Sally Bowles.**" I said, "Darling, humor me. Do it for one night, and then if you want to get back on the taupe-and-mocha bus, you get right back on it." She wouldn't budge, though. Until I uttered the name **Dolley Madison**. Dolley Madison, you know, had to practically invent First Lady style; she positioned the role as someone who is of the people (she called others "Honey"), yet not of the people (she wore crowns, or turbans bedecked with ostrich feathers). That made Laura see the light; suddenly she saw that you *could* balance "Honey" and ostrich. She agreed to my plan. She worried that her designer, **Michael Faircloth,** who has designed for the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders, might not be able to make a suitable dress; I said, "Darling, if he can do the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders, he can definitely do Weimar."

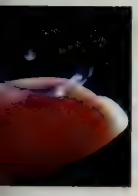
Two months later, the First Lady had her dress in hand. I flew down to Washington again to help oversee the haircut and accessorizing. The evening she'd picked was a White House dinner for some organization related to small farmers—I can't remember just now, and at the time I didn't quite get it; as if drought isn't bad enough for these lovely men in Iowa, I guess their own bodies won't grow, either. When Laura greeted me she looked distraught. She said, "Nan, I can't go through with it. I'm sorry." I said, "Darling, I'm crushed. What happened?" She said, "George and I think it's all a little artistic and what not." ("Artistic and whatnot"?—that sounds like one of those stores that my idle-rich women friends open where they sell 5,000 kinds of gift soap.) I said nothing more; I simply went back to my room at Blair House, where I drank a bottle of gin and re-arranged all the furniture. After all, I'd done my duty; everyone always complains about the First Lady, but no one ever *does* anything about her. Well, I have tried. I did not succeed. That is my story.



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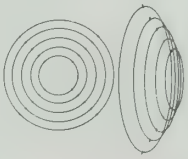
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BECKETT TO THE FUTURE A glittery group of directors, actors, producers, and dignitaries spent a weekend in Dublin celebrating the close of the Beckett on Film project, an unprecedented 18-month effort to film the major works of Samuel Beckett. From left: Michael Lindsay-Hogg, Enda Hughes, Michael Colgan, Neil Jordan, Barry McGovern, Susan Fitzgerald, Patricia Rozema, Alan Moloney, Sam McGovern (foreground), Sir Richard Eyre, Damien O'Donnell (partially obscured), Jim Norton, Anthony Minghella, Conor McPherson, Charles Garrad, John Hurt, Stephen Brennan, and Jeremy Irons.



Andrea and Caroline Corr of the Corrs.

VF CAMERA



Director Anthony Minghella.



Beckett Revisited

All-star directors take on Samuel Beckett

Nineteen texts, 19 directors, 18 months to make, 35 years to write: the plays of **Samuel Beckett,** regarded as the dramatic watershed of the past half-century, made into films by an eclectic group of moviemakers, from Oscar winners **Anthony Minghella** (*The English Patient*) and **Neil Jordan** (*The Crying Game*) to Brit Pack artists (**Damien Hirst** of formaldehyde-cow fame), to **Charles Sturridge,** my co-director on *Brideshead Revisited,* and others of similar heft, such as **David Mamet** (*State and Main*), **Atom Egoyan** (*The Sweet Hereafter*), and **Patricia Rozema** (*Mansfield Park*). An enterprise of extraordinary vision conceived by **Michael Colgan** of Dublin's renowned Gate Theatre and his producing partner, **Alan Moloney,** and featuring actors of great theatrical oomph (among them **Jeremy Irons, Kristin Scott Thomas, John Hurt, Julianne Moore,** and **Harold Pinter**).

The challenge was to follow Beckett's spare maps, minutely detailed and devoid of the irrelevant, to reach an equivalent destination in another medium.

My play was *Waiting for Godot,* shot in an abandoned warehouse on a tight (very) schedule with a sublime group of Irish actors who, in the Irish way, could turn on a dime or metric sixpence from jokes to bereft poignancy. The **Marx Brothers** meet **Kurosawa.**

So what do we have? What have we all made? A series of movies documenting the work of the most courageous, witty in the high sense, comic in the low, bleakly visioned, humane writer any of us have had the privilege and thrill to work with. I speak o Beckett as living because that is what his work is and will always be—vibrant, startling, and eternal. —MICHAEL LINDSAY-HOGG

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER



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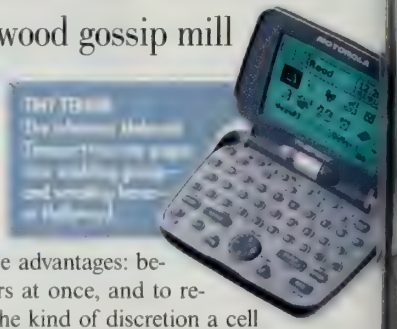
VANITIES





When Pagers Attack

The handheld Hollywood gossip mill



Hollywood has always been attracted to cutting-edge technology and gossip. Lately, the two have collided with a new executive and celebrity obsession: the two-way pager. The devices, which work like mini personal computers, wirelessly transmit and receive E-mail. The advantages: being able to send E-mail to numerous users at once, and to receive and reply anywhere, anytime, with the kind of discretion a cell phone doesn't afford you. It's the ultimate in social antisocial behavior. Movie studios and talent agencies are now encouraging their top executives to use them—theoretically to keep everyone on top of breaking news with the touch of a button. In fact, it's all about scuttlebutt and how fast you can spread it.

Motorola and BlackBerry are the two leading brands on the market. Motorola has long been the favorite of the hip-hop community—where the two-way-pager trend first took hold—while the BlackBerry, nicknamed the "Crackberry" for its addictive quality, is more common in the less groovy techie circles. (**Al Gore** reportedly found out he actually *hadn't* lost the election—yet—via his BlackBerry.) The pagers have been spotted courtside at Lakers games and tableside at Mr. Chow. **Jennifer Lopez, Johnny Knoxville, Matt Damon,** and **Gwyneth Paltrow** are all unabashed users. "Berry" has become the latest noun turned verb in Hollywood; "I'll Berry you" is the "Let's do lunch" of the moment.

Passing notes in the virtual classroom is a risky endeavor, and things do go terribly wrong. One famous funnyman was accidentally forwarded a comment making the rounds regarding the future of his career. If his current film wasn't a hit, it was back to the comedy cellar, the message implied. Another, harmless outgoing message caused unnecessary grief when a multitasking producer hit the wrong key and all kinds of V.I.P. E-mails were leaked to the unworthy world. Similarly, for one famous mogul a social catastrophe was almost caused when an errant keystroke sent his exclusive party invitation to every address he had (more than 2,000 of them).

—KRISTA SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER


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Too much pleasure?



BEST FRIEND

Jennifer Aniston, photographed in Malibu, California, on February 19, 2001. "I don't feel [illegible] all the time [illegible] says. "The major[illegible] [illegible]me I don't."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL THOMPSON • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN

Jennifer Aniston has become Hollywood royalty with her *Friends* TV stardom, her marriage to Brad Pitt, and a flourishing movie career—she'll play Mark Wahlberg's girlfriend in the upcoming *Rock Star.* Now she hopes to demystify that fame for the millions of girls who want to be just like her, with a new on-line chat site. In the cozy hideaway where Aniston and Pitt's romance bloomed, LESLIE BENNETTS gets the full story on their relationship, Aniston's painful break with her mother, and why even an icon has bad-hair days



Deconstructing Jennifer



"Marriage brings up all the things I pushed to the back burner—the fears, the mistrust, the doubts..."

THE NEWLY

Married last July, A
is adjusting to her new
Brad Pitt's wife. "This ha
the hardest year of m
she says, "as well as th
year of m

Up and up and up the ad winds, in a vertiginous climb around irpin turns to the very top, where there no sign of a famous star—or even her ouse. Completely hidden behind an anonnous metal gate, surrounded by rustling mon trees, orange trees, and palms that ield her from the prying eyes of the world xcept for the tabloid paparazzo who once mbed over a neighbor's roof to snap a olen picture of her sunbathing topless), is hideaway in the hills is where Jennifer niston has lived for the last six years, er since she became famous as a televi-on star on the sitcom *Friends.* Although it asts a breathtaking view of Los Angeles at sweeps all the way down to the Pacific cean, with Catalina Island glimmering in e blue distance, the two-bedroom house relatively modest—certainly far less grand an you would expect for one of Hollyood's most glamorous (and highly paid) uples.

But Brad Pitt, who can command $20 llion per picture, and Aniston, who pulls wn $750,000 for every episode of *Friends,* ve been ensconced here since long be-e their wedding last summer. "It was a le love nest," Aniston says. "From the cond date, we just huddled into this little use. We wound up sitting on the couch d ordering in, having steak and mashed tatoes. That's how it all began. It was e of those weird things where you just id of know. You feel like you're hanging t with your buddy. There was something y familiar about it. This was just very ich meant to be."

Although Pitt had only recently broken his engagement to Gwyneth Paltrow, d Aniston had just emerged from a o-year relationship with actor Tate Donan, they made up their minds quickly. wyneth is a lovely person, but I didn't rry about their past relationship; it was er something that was an interference," s Aniston. "Once this began, those vious relationships were done."

Within five months she and Pitt had ten engaged, but they didn't tell anye. "That was so fun, just to have that our own secret," Aniston says with satisfaction. Pitt spent seven months designing her ring, a diamond spiral that curls inward and continues outward. "It's infinity," she explains with a tender smile.

When they finally married at the end of July, they took considerable pains to keep their wedding from turning into a media circus—although a party on a Malibu bluff with 200 guests (ranging from Lisa Kudrow, Courteney Cox Arquette, Matthew Perry, and David Schwimmer to Cameron Diaz and Edward Norton), 50,000 flowers, four bands (including a Greek bouzouki band), and a 40-member gospel choir, climaxing with fireworks exploding over the Pacific, can't exactly be called low-profile.

So now Cinderella is married to Prince Charming, and what is left to do besides live happily ever after?

It hasn't been quite that simple. "This has been the hardest year of my life, as well as the best year of my life. The period after the wedding was extremely intense, for a lot of reasons," Aniston says, her face somber. "This was the year where I took the deepest look inward that I ever had, and asked a lot of questions for the first time. There's been a real internal overhaul—about family, work, everything. Marriage brings up all the things I pushed to the back burner—the fears, the mistrust, the doubts, the insecurities. It's like opening Pandora's box. Every question comes out—it's like, Here's the key, have at it!"

Still getting used to it all, both she and Pitt were stunned the other day at the dentist's office when Jennifer was addressed as "Mrs. Pitt." The child of divorced parents, Aniston has found wedlock to be foreign terrain. "I didn't have a fantasy of what marriage would be like," she muses. "I had no idea. I didn't grow up surrounded by any form of marriage."

Having watched her mother struggle after giving up her career and then being dumped by her husband, leaving her in perilous financial straits, Jennifer was sure of only one thing: "I just knew I wanted it to be based in love—not money, not security," she says firmly. "Just finding somebody who was your best friend, who you could grow with and enjoy the passage of time—and that's what I found. We said, 'This is going to be a grand experiment. We expose ourselves completely'—and that's what we did. I felt, in the first five months, that we knew each other better than either of us had ever been known before. We said to each other, 'We'll just do the best we can, and be as kind as we can, and be as honest with each other as we can.' And that can be so painful, but we have to be. The only reason people should be together is to grow and to learn and to keep discovering and become better humans. And then—god forbid you fall short of those dreams, and you're a failure."

Rather a dark thought for Cinderella—but there's nothing like that journey from the ashes to the castle on the hill to send a girl into culture shock. Before landing the role of Rachel on *Friends,* Aniston was just another penniless young actress who had headed for Hollywood as much to escape her troubled past as to follow her dreams. Her father, veteran soap actor John Aniston, had left her mother when Jennifer was nine, and for years thereafter she saw very little of him. More recently, Jennifer became estranged from her mother; she was devastated when Nancy Aniston tried to cash in on her daughter's fame with an appallingly self-serving book called *From Mother and Daughter to Friends.* Although Jennifer did not invite her mother to her wedding, she feels enormous grief about the gulf between them.

All of which is only one element of the soul-searching she has been doing lately. Aniston was so agitated after the wedding that she even chopped off her famous hair, which had launched a national craze when *Friends* became a hit. "I hate it!" she says fiercely. "I did it mainly to relieve me of the bondage of self. It was the right time to do it—shed the skin—but I couldn't hate it more. It's just not me. I hide behind my hair; it's my shield. I'm taking every horse vitamin there is to make it grow faster—blue-green algae, you name it."

Her post-wedding crisis was aggravated by the groom's absence while Pitt spent three months on location in Budapest and Morocco. "I think I'm just starting to feel I can stop apologizing—to myself, to my family, to my friends, to the world—and live in my body and be O.K. with that," Aniston says in a low voice. Her next movie project is an indie film called *The Good Girl,* and the phrase is much on her mind. "Not to have to be 'the good girl'—it's been a real battle to get there. If I'm so concerned with eliminating shame and low self-esteem and apologies in my own life, there's also the thing about privacy: What do we have to hide? What do we have to be ashamed of? The bottom line is, I don't want to live that way. It takes too much energy. Who cares? There are certain things that are ours, that are private, and then there are certain things that—why not share? Getting married, taking that huge leap, asking yourself all those huge questions you do

before you get married—it was one of the most challenging periods, in terms of the questions coming up in your own mind. But out of that—even more committed, more in love, more sure of the decision you made. It's a trip, a real trip, especially when you make the choice with your partner to live completely honestly together. That's the challenge."

She pauses, looking momentarily exhausted, and lights a Merit cigarette. We are sitting in her cozy living room, with incense burning and wind chimes tinkling gently outside the large windows framing her awe-inspiring view of the kingdom she has conquered. Aniston is sipping a Diet Mountain Dew, which appears to be the house drink. Wearing a skimpy yellow T-shirt and camouflage pants that ride low on her hips, baring her flat, tanned tummy, she has her honey-colored hair scrunched back in a stubby ponytail. Slender and fit, she seems a mere slip of a girl, although she recently turned 32.

In the last week heavy rains have caused flooding that buckled the hardwood floors of her house, and now she and Pitt (and Jennifer's dog, a corgi mix named Norman) must move to his place while repairs are made on hers. "It's a sign," Aniston says resignedly. "This is only a two-bedroom house, and now we're spilling out of it. It's time to downscale and get the lives in one place. We've been looking for a home, but we just can't find it. Do we buy land and build something, or do we move into something right now?"

Pitt's one-bedroom house, which is nestled into a hillside a half-hour's drive away, is even less suitable for their combined households than hers. He gutted and redesigned a former greenhouse in rough-hewn stone and glass and wood, adding sleek high-tech fixtures such as gleaming stainless-steel toilets. "This is my husband's genius," she had said the previous day as she showed me around. "He doesn't have architectural training or anything, but this is his vision. He could go on and on and on. He keeps getting ideas, so he changes something." Sparsely furnished and stripped to the bones, it is certainly striking, although one would hardly call it cozy; lit up in the jasmine-scented twilight, it glows like an illuminated postmodern sculpture. "I think we'll keep this as offices and an art studio," added Aniston, who paints and sculpts.

One way Aniston is dealing with all this upheaval is to reach out to others. Long the subject of adulation as well as sharp criticism about her physical attributes, she feels a particular responsibility to young girls, for whom she is producing and hosting a new Internet chat session called JenXX on Voxxy.com. When she was starting out as an actress, her agent told her she wasn't being cast because she needed to lose weight. She dropped 30 pounds, landed *Friends,* and became a star—only to find herself publicly chastised for being too skinny. Well aware that she is an icon, she is abashed by the unwanted power that conveys.

"I don't feel like a role model—god, no, I'm a mess!" she exclaims. "I mean, I'm not a mess, but we're all just trying to figure it out, to do the best we can."

Communicating with her on-line audience, Aniston feels intense empathy; so many of their issues are the ones she herself has grappled with for so long. "I feel, half the time, like I am one of these teenage girls," she says sheepishly. "Feeling stupid, feeling good enough, feeling adequate, asking, 'What am I doing?'—it doesn't go away. Coming from a divorced family, being pissed off, being overweight . . . "

She rolls her eyes, which are a luminous cobalt blue. "There are young people who really hang on your words; they're trying to live up to those ideals of you that are unreal, and there's something so unfair about that. So when my friend said, 'We're doing this networking thing for young girls,' I thought, Wouldn't it be great if we could just sit around with these girls and just talk about it—to be honest, to tell the truth, and to empower them. I wasn't empowered as a kid; I wasn't encouraged. I was somehow filled with fear and doubt and insecurities. Being a celebrity now, if you can talk to one person and let them know it's all bullshit, just be happy with who you are—"

She pauses, the rueful look on her face hinting at what a long journey she herself has taken to achieve that perspective. Both Aniston and her husband make a real effort to demystify their celebrity, according to friends. "A lot of people who are that famous use it as a weapon to intimidate you, so you're never at ease," says Jason Flemyng, who appeared in *Snatch* with Pitt and will be seen in the upcoming *Rock Star* with Aniston. "Brad and Jen know the effect they have, and they negate it as quickly as they can. They couldn't be more generous; there's no status hierarchy at all. Lots of big American actors pretend to be nice, but at some point you're firmly reminded of who they are and you go, Oh, fuck, here we go. With Jen, it's not like that. She's very proletarian."

"They both are committed to retaining who they are as individuals, and to doing everything they can to fight against the current of what everyone wants them to do," says Kristin Hahn, a writer and documentary filmmaker who has been a close friend of Jennifer's since she arrived in Los Angeles a dozen years ago. "I think every celebrity is asked to be larger than life—beyond human. You have to be perfect in all sorts of ways. What we ask is mythic. We need people to admire, and we don't have a king and queen; we have royal couples, and Brad and Jen are a royal couple. But they are very graceful about it."

With the impressionable young, Aniston—particularly since marrying a superstar who has repeatedly been named "the sexiest man alive"—cannot shed her icon status so easily. "They want to know 'How do you feel about the media?'" she says. "We're victims of the media, too. It's a double-edged sword. You've got to promote and sell your work, and yet the media are so harmful. The beauty magazines particularly are there to feed on women's low self-esteem. The truth is we're all the same; there's nothing greater about celebrities. It's just a job. The media create this wonderful illusion—but the amount of airbrushing that goes into these beauty magazines, the hours of hair and makeup! It's impossible to live up to, because it's not real. But it's a big job, extinguishing the shame we all have."

And Aniston knows how unforgiving the scrutiny can be. "They'll make fun of you if you're too fat and then tear you down if you're too thin," she says. "You just can't win. I am so thankful for this life, and—I try to look a gift horse in the mouth, but I don't feel beautiful all the time. The majority of the time I don't. My mom was a model and an actress, and she knew what was beautiful; she would say, 'Put your face on,' and I would believe her. That's where the seed gets planted."

Bitterness creeps into her voice as she mimics her mother's unwittingly devastating coaching: "Your mother is going, 'Your eyes are too close together, so when you put your eyeliner on you have to draw the line up here, like this, because your eyes are already too small, and your face is too wide and see,' honey, you have your father's mouth, so you're going to have to draw lines around it . . . ' I don't know if I would have known how beautiful she was if I wasn't always pointing out how unbeautiful I was."

Aniston got the message in spades. For years she was unable to show her face to anyone without slathering makeup on beforehand. Today she isn't wearing any at all, a freedom from artifice that represents a significant personal victory.

"Meeting my husband—oddly enough we've had this CONTINUED ON PAGE



GROWN UP. Aniston, now 37 years old, says she's putting a difficult childhood behind her. "As an adult, I can't blame my parents anymore," she says.

"My mother and I don't speak. It's a bummer. I miss her."



Known simply as Davos, for the Alpine village where it is held, the World Economic Fo
leaders, media moguls, scientists, and assorted V.I.P.'s gathered this year. JAMES ATLAS jo
Elie Wiesel, Nobuyuki Idei, and Oprah Winfrey—for a plunge into the "Davos cultu



THEY'LL BE COMING 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN
Benjamin Netanyahu, then prime minister of Israel, arrives in Davos with his wife for the 1997 Forum. Only the biggest of big shots get to fly in by helicopter; garden-variety C.E.O.'s and celebrities get stuck in the annual limo jam snaking up the mountain from Zurich.

DAVOS, INC.

ws an unparalleled mix of the global power elite: some 2,000 C.E.O.'s, political
badge-wearing throng—including Bill Gates, Yasser Arafat, Orrin Hatch, George Soros,
ch is part earnest discussion of the Big Issues and part gold-standard schmoozefest

We were halfway up the winding road to Davos, the village in the Swiss Alps where the World Economic Forum holds its annual meeting, when I noticed a flatbed truck in front of us: it was piled high with sections of wire fence. I asked my driver what they were for. "They are expecting big demonstrations," he replied. "They have brought in troops from all over Europe." Like just about everyone on the Continent nowadays, the driver spoke good English. (Even when addressing waiters, porters, and cabdrivers, no American traveling abroad makes the slightest effort to speak a foreign language anymore.) He was a polite young man, dark-skinned, originally from Ethiopia: Daniel Taklegeorgis. Now a resident of Switzerland, he was studying political science at the State University of New York at Plattsburgh and had come home over the winter vacation to make some extra cash as a chauffeur—a typical citizen of our increasingly borderless world. "They don't know why they demonstrate," my talkative driver said of the radicals who were rumored to be making their way to Davos, along with some 2,000 C.E.O.'s, politicians, media moguls, academic stars, and a 500-strong press corps. "They say they are against globalization, but they don't know what it is, globalization."

I wasn't sure I did, either, though I had lately been immersing myself in the subject, getting up to speed on "Davos"—the town stands in as a metonymic shorthand for the whole complex event—with the wonky intensity of a graduate student preparing for his political-science orals. Founded in 1971 by a Swiss professor of business administration, Klaus Schwab, as a conference for European chief executive officers to sit around discussing international trade issues in a low-pressure Alpine setting (Schwab stumbled upon the locale while on a ski vacation), Davos has grown over the last 30 years into a global institution far beyond anything its founder could have originally imagined. It has served as the stage for encounters of great historical moment: F. W. de Klerk and Nelson Mandela met here in 1992 to work out the details of the transition from apartheid to democracy in South Africa; two years later, Israeli foreign minister Shimon Peres and P.L.O. chairman Yasser Arafat drafted a preliminary agreement on peace in the Middle East. Last year President Clinton arrived with an entourage of hundreds and gave what many in attendance claimed was one of the great speeches of his career, on the dangers of laissez-faire capitalism ("This is a new network, but don't leave the little guys out"). Even if you take into account Schwab's incessant spin and the limitless ambition and near grandiosity with which he promotes the significance of Davos, the conference is today a very big deal—so big that it has become a referent for a contemporary human type. In *The Clash of Civilizations,* his definitive 1996 study of world politics in the post-Communist era, Harvard government professor Samuel Hun-





WE ARE THE WOR

Clockwise from above: **1997 Forum participants enjoy a traditi Schatzalp lunch (pass the potatoes and congealed chee a laser projection encourages the 2001 Forum in the chee nebulous way of official Davos literature; demonstra keep up their end of the dialogue; the village's not-so-picture streets; President Clinton's Black Hawk helico practices landing at the 2000 Fo**

"The presidents of Eston and Latvia are here, b who knows them fro a hole in the wall? Everyo is trying to get Bill Ga to give them mone







tington speaks of "the Davos culture," a newly emergent "universal civilization" made up of what might be called the global economic elite: "Davos people control virtually all international institutions, many of the world's governments, and the bulk of the world's economic and military capabilities." Davos itself is their country club, their spa, their corporate retreat.

Like all elites—indeed, like all groups and species—Davos people gravitate to their own kind. Major stops on the circuit include Herb Allen's yearly session at the Sun Valley Lodge in Idaho, for Wall Street and media "bigs"; Bilderberg, a secret conclave of prime ministers and high-level bankers held at a series of posh hotels in North America and Europe; Bohemian Grove, a sort of summer camp near San Francisco for important Republicans; and Renaissance Weekend down in Hilton Head, South Carolina, where Clinton-era policy geeks and assorted intellectuals convene over New Year's. But with its internationalism and the range of worldly power its participants have amassed, Davos eclipses them all.

This year, as always, the conference took place over six days in late January. The fact that it's a tremendous challenge just to get there no doubt enhances its prestige. There's no airport in Davos, or anywhere near it. The closest you can get by plane—if you happen to have a private jet—is the airstrip at Saint-Moritz. And there's only one road up the mountain. Thus the spectacle described by a correspondent for *The Sunday Telegraph:* a motorcade of "elite investment bankers [who] travel by smoked-glass limousine, bristling with mobile phones, telefax, Internet and TV facilities." World leaders—and Paul Bocuse, the chef and restaurateur, who was held up in Zurich by what he likes to call an "ecologists' manifestation" and had to rush to get to Davos in time to cater the French delegation's cocktail party—arrive by helicopter.

Nor does the privilege of attending the World Economic Forum summit come cheaply. For companies, the fee is $22,400, which includes membership and the right to send one representative to the conference. "Meeting partners," who have more input in sessions, pay $75,500; "strategic partners"—who, in Davos-speak, "commit to a more engaged level of involvement"—pay between $240,000 and $300,000. Celebs and other special guests are invited as "Forum Fellows," and the W.E.F. picks up the tab. World leaders are also comped. Everyone else has to absorb, in addition to the hefty fees, the considerable expense of putting up for a week at Davos, where the hotels are insanely overpriced and a two-minute cab ride from your hotel to the convention hall costs $14.

Whatever the cost, it's no deterrent. Most of the companies who belong to the W.E.F. have revenues of $1 billion or more. The waiting list is long. Among the blizzard of documents pouring in to my office during the "run-up" to Davos was a thick ros-

ter of participants for the 2001 conference. No American president this year: when the invitation list was first put together last fall, it wasn't clear who would be president. (And as it turned out, it would have been asking a lot of George W. Bush to schlepp all the way to Switzerland before he'd even unpacked his bags in the White House.) But the list was pretty imposing all the same: Bill Gates and Arafat, old Davos hands, would be there again; so would the U.N.'s secretary-general, Kofi Annan, and Goldman Sachs analyst Abby Joseph Cohen, Senators Orrin Hatch, Dianne Feinstein, and Christopher Dodd, Governor George Pataki of New York, the presidents of Mexico and Yugoslavia and the prime minister of Japan, finance titans George Soros and David Rockefeller, Michael Dell of Dell Computer, venture capitalist Georgette Mosbacher, designer Ermenegildo Zegna, and Dr. Ian Wilmut (the progenitor of Dolly, the cloned sheep). The random agglomeration of marquee names reminded me of those "Greetings, Friends!" poems that Roger Angell used to publish in *The New Yorker.*

So why do they all come? The official Davos line, put forth in its cheerful promotional material, is that the conference encourages discussions "at the highest level among participants who belong to the same community of top decision-makers, fostering a unique club atmosphere which is very conducive to a forward-looking approach in addressing key issues of global relevance or initiating new business contacts." In other words, it's the networking venue to end all networking venues. As Robert Dilenschneider, a high-profile public-relations executive and Davos veteran, informed me in the course of a pre-Davos tutorial, it's "a cauldron of serious discussion"—though another Davos-ite was heard to mutter, "A lot of people on the make." The 300-plus "sessions," in which large topics and heavy ideas ("Life and the Genome," "The Future of Broadband," "Assessing Risk in the New Economy") get mulled over in various public forums, are regarded by many Davos participants as just an excuse to catch up with business associates who can be counted on to be in the same place at the same time. (Lewis Lapham, in his hilarious account of a week at Davos in 1998, *The Agony of Mammon,* compares the sessions to "golf and tennis games arranged for the guests attending a conference at the Aspen Institute.") The real action takes place behind closed doors. The proposed Vivendi asset swap announced at this year's Forum, in which the French media group would give up its $7.3 billion stake in Rupert Murdoch's British Sky Broadcasting in exchange for other media holdings, wasn't cooked up at a session; Davos was a convenient locale in which to work out the details.

So successful has the World Economic Forum become in the last few years that it's now a player in its own right. Headquartered in a sleek new glass-walled building in Geneva (designed, Schwab says, to reflect the organization's "transparency"), it has 140 employees and an annual operating budget of about $50 million. It generates so much income that investigative journalists have been known to wonder where it all goes. In a series of articles published around the time of the 2000 Forum, *The Wall Street Journal* looked into the finances of the Schwab Foundation, created in 1998 partly to "park" assets from profitable Forum spinoffs. Among the paper's other targets was Schwab's ownership of a Boston-based videoconferencing company in which the Forum had invested; four months later, the CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Paul Bocuse had arrived h



DROP THAT GIANT RAIN-FOREST PUPPET OR I'LL SHOOT
Outside the Congress Centre, where most Forum events are held, a Swiss policeman stands guard against Greens and anarchists. Inside, participants could be debating the future of e-books or playing with blocks.

elicopter, armed with a mountainous hoard of foie gras.





MUSE YOU CAN USE

Spencer's *Self-Portrait with Patricia Preece*, 1936 (oil on canvas, 24 in. by 36 in.; Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England).

Stanley Spencer's Private Eye



The English were so busy building and running empires that they forgot how to paint—or maybe they were never any good at it. Either way, only a dozen English painters of true standing came along during the two centuries after 1750. Judging by the current exhibition at Tate Britain, it is clear that one of these was Stanley Spencer (1891–1959), the odd, visionary son of Cookham, a small village in the Thames Valley. With their simple religious fervor, playfulness, and sometimes autistic detachment, Spencer's canvases are hard to categorize. However, the organizers of all major exhibitions feel the need to provide some revival or revisionist script, and this show of more than 100 paintings and drawings duly attempts to place him in the mainstream of art history, with an ancestry that goes back to Samuel Palmer and a continuum that extends in his own century to Max Beckmann, Otto Dix, and Balthus. Each of these artists had a profoundly personal vision, and in Spencer's case the scrutiny of the world was so obsessive that you sometimes wonder whether he is seeing the subject for the first time. In one of his most famous pictures, *Double Nude Portrait: The Artist and His Second Wife*—a self-portrait with Patricia Preece—he crouches naked beside the reclining nude with his pendulous genitalia rendered as coldly as a bowl of fruit. This objectivity could come only from alienation, where the unwavering focus achieves the same effect as repeating a word over and over until it becomes strange and meaningless.

Stanley Spencer was twice stirred from the exceptionally quiet existence at Cookham, when Britain went to war in 1914 and in 1939. He served in field hospitals for the length of the First World War and became a war artist in the Second. Both periods enlarged his experience and were undoubtedly good for the range and depth of his work. But he remained incorrigibly private. He once wrote, "Cooped up as I am in myself, I gaze out on my own chicken run and feel I could write a chapter in each ridge of mud, or scratched hole or nettle or straw mark. I prefer to have no greater world." And that is wherein his greatness lies. —HENRY PORTER

MINIMUM COOL

The living room of Fabien Baron's SoHo loft, designed by Baron and architect Deborah Berke. The gray felt chair and marble-top coffee table are from Baron's furniture line, which debuts at the Milan International Furniture Exhibition this month. The cane-and-steel recliner (1965) is by the Danish designer Poul Kjaerholm. *Opposite,* the dining area, looking toward a white glass wall which conceals the master bedroom. On the table is a Lucite sculpture by Baron, soon to be available through Cappellini, and on the wall is a stainless-steel bookcase designed by Baron.



BARON BY DESIGN

IN FABIEN BARON'S LATEST QUEST FOR PERFECTION, EVERY EXTRANEOUS ELEMENT IN HIS NEWLY FINISHED 3,600-SQUARE-FOOT SOHO LOFT HAS BEEN HIDDEN—DRAINS, SWITCHES, OUTLETS—EVERY EDGE HONED RAZOR-STRAIGHT. IT'S THIS POWERFULLY SPARE VISION THAT MAKES HIM ONE OF THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER CREATIVE DIRECTOR/GRAPHIC DESIGNERS IN THE WORLD, HIS STAMP ENHANCING THE IMAGES OF *HARPER'S BAZAAR*, CALVIN KLEIN, IAN SCHRAGER, AND MADONNA, AMONG OTHER CLIENTS. AS BARON TURNS TO FRESH CHALLENGES, INCLUDING PHOTOGRAPHY AND A NEW FURNITURE LINE, **MATT TYRNAUER** VISITS THE 41-YEAR-OLD



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FABIEN BARON



A CLEAN, WHITE SPACE
Baron hung scrims in front of the loft windows to create a "light box" effect. The chair is his design. On the table are a teardrop-shaped vintage Kosta Boda, and a 70s vertical block of poured acrylic by Dennis Bing. *Opposite,* Baron with son Matthew, daughter Eva, girlfriend Malin Ericson, and daughter Arielle.

'HE GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF A SWEET BOY WHO IS ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING NAUGHTY," SAYS MADONNA.



When the light is strong in this apartment—*pop!* It ows! But now the light is so *phhooff*—it's too flat," says Fabien aron, peering through the viewfinder of his Linhof camera, nich he has placed on a tripod in a corner of his SoHo loft. aron sets the exposure for two minutes to compensate for the *hooff* light, presses the shutter release, and settles into a low fa, pushing up the sleeves of his blue cashmere V-neck, which, ong with a white shirt and jeans, is his workday uniform. There a twinkle in Baron's brown eyes and a certain Gallic warmth his body language. He is stocky, animated, perpetually unaven. "He gives the impression of a sweet boy who is about to something naughty," says his friend Madonna, with whom aron became acquainted when he designed her controversial ook, *Sex,* the 1992 pop-porn best-seller which was considered some to be a bit *too* naughty, and thus did Madonna's career measure of harm, but served only to enhance the Paris-born aron's blue-chip résumé.

At 41, Fabien—pronounced Fay-be-en—Baron is the most imited and sought-after creative director and graphic designer in the world. Great names in fashion flock to him to bring a certain cool, understated elegance to their public images. Calvin Klein, Giorgio Armani, Burberry, Jil Sander, Michael Kors, Hugo Boss, Valentino, Donna Karan, Issey Miyake, Prada, Carolina Herrera, François Nars, Nicole Farhi, Guerlain, Beauty.com, Banana Republic, and hotelier Ian Schrager have all had their print advertisements, logos, and in some cases TV campaigns and fragrance bottles designed or re-designed or in some way tweaked by Baron, who is the principal of his own design studio, Baron & Baron, Inc., located in Midtown Manhattan. In 1992, Baron was tapped by the late Elizabeth Tilberis to direct the visual overhaul of *Harper's Bazaar,* and that catapulted him to the red-hot center of the fashion world. (Previously he had been art director of *New York Woman, Italian Vogue,* and *Interview.*) The re-designed magazine—which he left in 1999 after Tilberis's death—earned two Ellies, the Oscars of the magazine world, from the American Society of Magazine Editors, and influenced the look of publications worldwide. Suddenly, fashion magazines, which in the 80s and early 90s appeared to be taking design cues from *The National Enquir-*



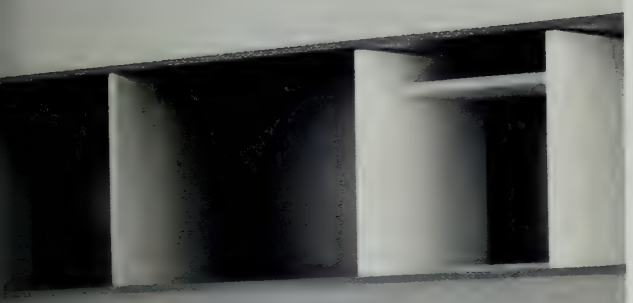




SHARP CONTRAST
A leather daybed (1957) by Poul Kjaerholm, and a gray-and-white-toned area rug designed by Baron. *Opposite, clockwise from top left:* The bathroom sink, carved out of Manhattan schist; a bottle of Calvin Klein Truth, designed by Baron, is on the sink. The half-ton bathtub, also made from Manhattan schist, and a Jean Prouvé chair. The bedroom, dominated by a platform bed designed by Baron; the stitched-leather chair is also his design, and the dresser is vintage George Nelson.

'FOR THE LOFT, I WANTED EXTREMELY SPARE VOLUMES—A VERY CALM ATMOSPHERE," BARON SAYS.


'He has no aversion
to great expanses of white space—
just like his use of white space in
a magazine layout."



WHITE ALBUM
A stainless-steel bookcase is mounted in the entry hall. Baron didn't like the look of books on the shelves, so he replaced them with white scale models of structures used for a desert photography shoot for *Visionaire* magazine. The effect is reminiscent of a Donald Judd sculpture. In the background, two stainless-steel-and-rope chairs designed in 1951 by Poul Kjaerholm, and a chair by Baron.

er, began to adopt the Baron look: abundant white space, enlarged and playfully jumbled fonts, text set in sans serif type—all juxtaposed with austere yet sensual photography. Almost instantaneously, Baron's vision for *Bazaar* brought him the ultimate accolade: comparison to Alexey Brodovitch, the man credited with inventing modern magazine design—also at *Bazaar*—in the 1930s. Currently, Baron is editing and overseeing the design of the British men's fashion magazine *Arena Homme Plus,* which is published biannually, and takes just about 8 percent of his time, he says.

"Fabien is a sort of Diaghilev of design," says Nicholas Callaway, the publisher of Callaway Editions, which produced *Sex* for Warner Books and late next year will release a monograph on Baron's work, which Callaway describes as "Fabien by Fabien—the ultimate art director's book by the ultimate art director." But Callaway, and almost everyone else who speaks about Baron, is careful to point out that the label "art director" does not describe him any better than "basketball player" does Michael Jordan. "Fabien has really been the first to break down the barriers between art direction, industrial/product design, and TV-commercial directing—he does it all," says Callaway. "And now he is branching out into photography, furniture design, and—what's next is anyone's guess. There is no one out there who is doing what he is doing in the way he is doing it. He can design *anything.* There are few people like that. Philippe Starck and Andrée Putman come to mind."

Baron rips a Polaroid from the back of the Linhof and inspects it. "It's nice, no? Simple. I think if you crop it like this it is better—elegant!" he says, folding the Polaroid quickly, expertly cropping the top and bottom.

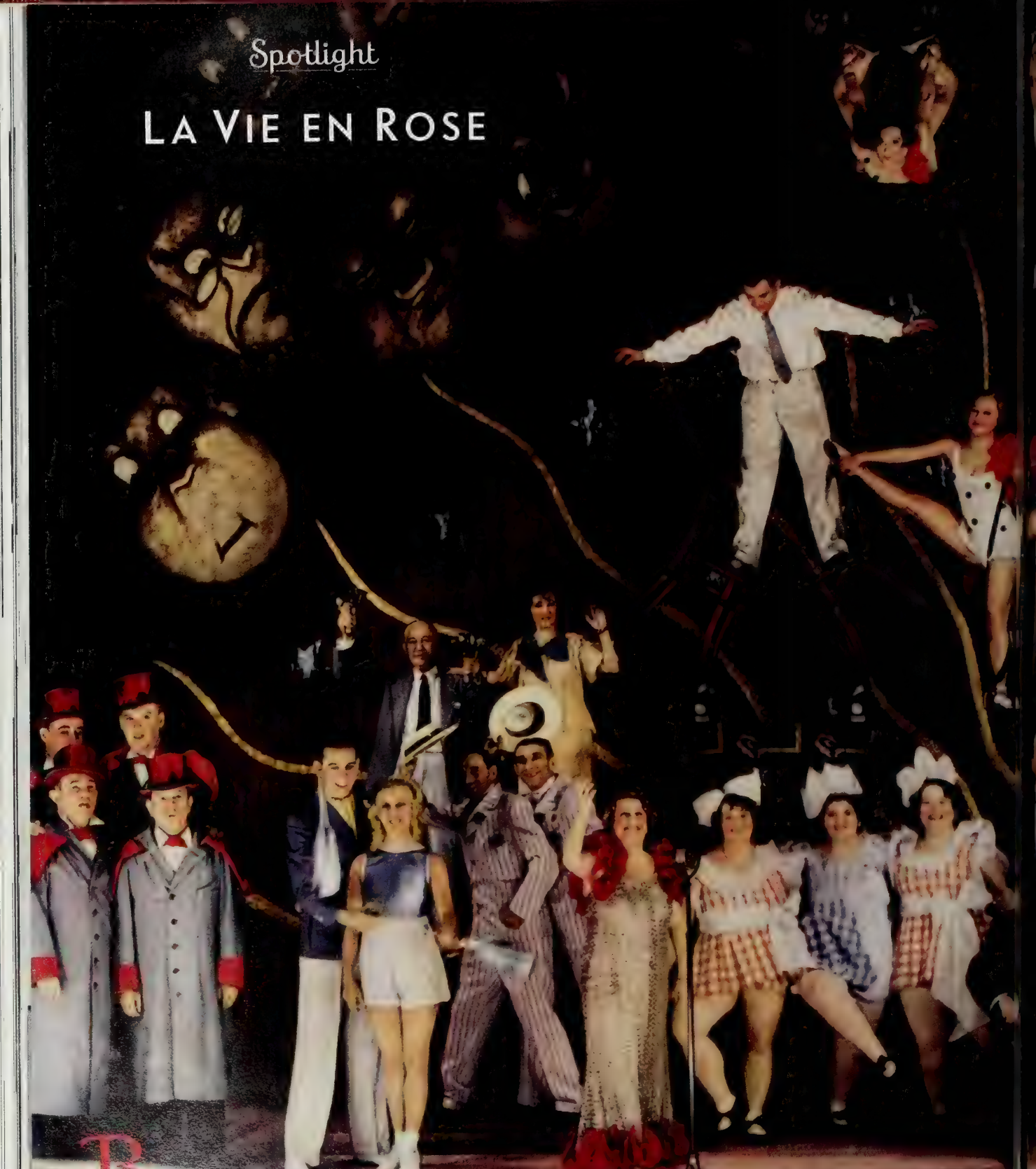
"Today, I am wearing my photographer's hat," he tells me with a smile, all the while scanning the room, preparing for another shot of his recently completed 3,600-square-foot loft—a study in pristine (and extremely expensive) minimalism that took four years to plan and build, a prolonged period during which Baron clearly enjoyed wearing his "architect's hat."

"For me the sad thing is that people get caught doing the same job," Baron explains as he holds a light meter in front of a finely crafted leather chaise he designed for his new furniture line, which debuts at the Milan International Furniture Exhibition this month. "It's not that they can't do more, but it's the way the jobs have been divided. Recently, Calvin Klein came up to me and said, 'God, Fabien, you are doing great fashion photography. Everyone is talking about your pictures in *W.* You are a real Renaissance man!' And I said I didn't think so. I said, 'Look at you, Calvin. What do you do? You are a Renaissance man, too, involved in every aspect of your company—design, marketing, the ads for the products, planning the stores.' I am more and more required by my clients to have a wider mind because I have to help form their world. When you talk about Calvin, now you're not just talking about Calvin the designer; it's the *world* of Calvin. It's the clothes, the sheets, the fragrances. It's the whole lifestyle idea; it's the environment, the architecture. So, today I also do a lot of things, but all I am really doing is working in several mediums. The art direction, the design of the products, the magazines, directing commercials, the photography—in everything I do I am doing exactly the same thing. I apply the same philosophy to many different mediums."

What is the Baron philosophy? I ask.

"Simplicity," he says. "The first thing is definitely simplicity. The strength to me of a design, whether it is an ad, a photograph, a fragrance bottle, a chair, or this CONTINUED ON PAGE 212

La Vie en Rose



Billy Rose, theatrical producer and impresario, is no longer a familiar name, except perhaps in the milieu he towered over like a colossus at the Latin Quarter. Politicos nodded as he passed by, show folk sought his admiration, and leggy chorines viewed this Napoleon [illegible] fortune—and as a well-heeled spouse—much [illegible] Ziegfeld and Earl Carroll. His show business [illegible] Prohibition and lasted four decades, [illegible] taking in 1966 the value of his estate [illegible] nearly $30 million, a considerable amount for one whose peak earning years ha[d] pened when everybody else was broke. The Tiny Titan (he h[ad] more sobriquets than Babe Ruth) was born William Rosenbe[rg] on the Lower East Side. What he lacked in physical stature [was] made up in chutzpah, threefold. After World War I, Rose dec[ided] ed to be a songwriter and co-wrote nearly 400 tunes for Tin P[an] Alley. Among these were several genuine classics, includi[ng] "Me and My Shadow," "It's Only a Paper Moon," and a del[ightful] table novelty called "Barney Google"—with the goo-goo-goo



In 1934, *Vanity Fair* assembled a passel of vaudeville acts then performing at the new Billy Rose's Music Hall (now the Ed Sullivan Theatre, home of the David Letterman show). The resulting photograph, by Anton Bruehl and Fernand Bourges, was rare in its day, not only for capturing such a large group on color film, but also for its sheer motley quotient, featuring a Swiss bell ringer, a Fat Girls chorus line, and Willie the trained seal.

yes. He had an uncanny ability to switch careers seamlessly. He wned nightclubs, opened Billy Rose's Music Hall (where this undry cast of vaudevillians posed for a *Vanity Fair* camera in 934), produced legendary Broadway shows such as 1935's umbo and 1943's *Carmen Jones*, and, for the 1939–40 New York Vorld's Fair, concocted Billy Rose's Aquacade, a flashy, splashy pectacle that made his second wife, Olympic swimmer Eleanor olm, a household name. Billy's last nightclub, the Diamond orseshoe in the Paramount Hotel, with its bevy of "long-stemmed roses" in scarce costume, was a tourist staple in postwar Gotham.

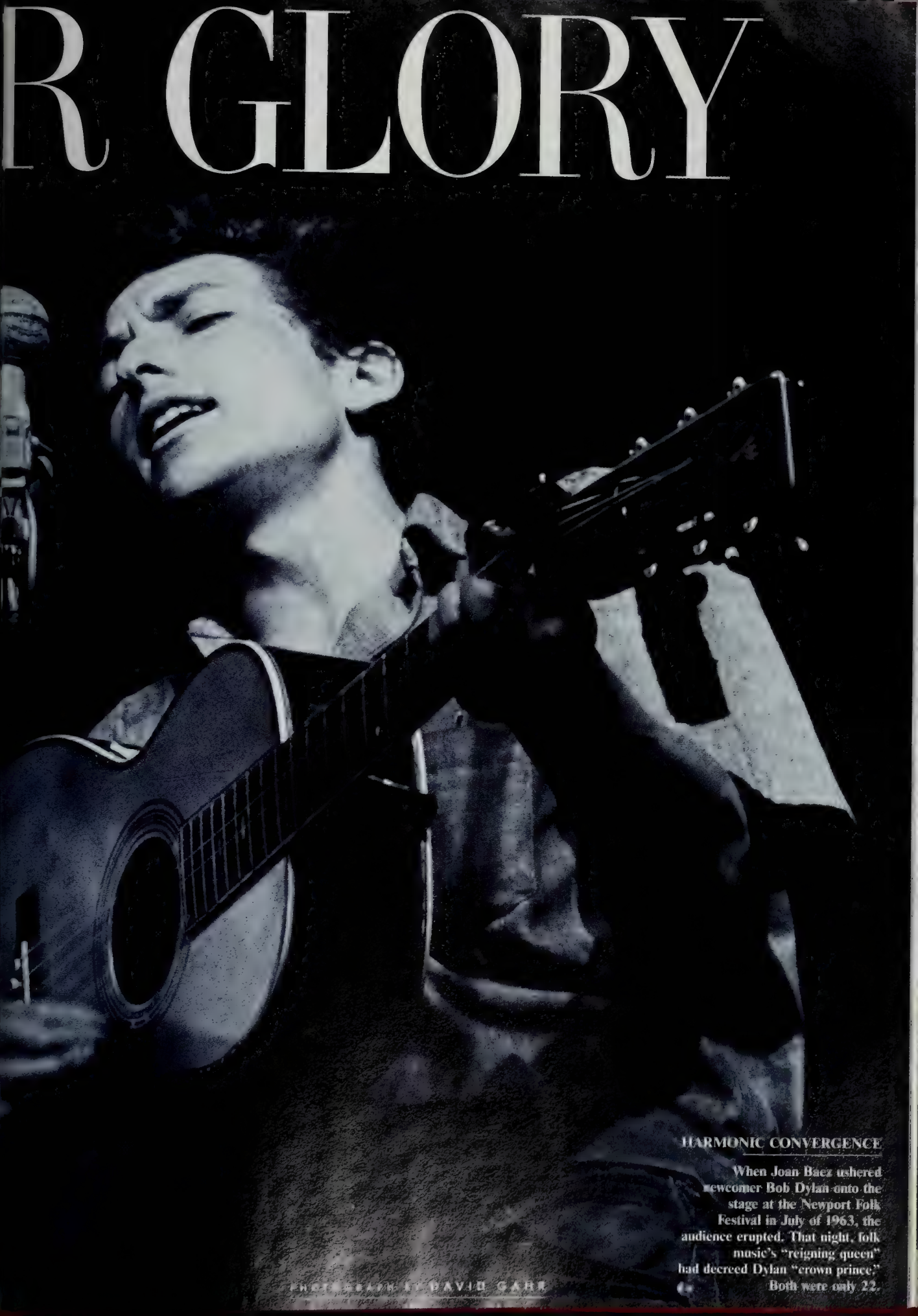
Rose, at one point the largest shareholder of AT&T, was renowned for his philanthropic largesse, lavishing millions upon the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts. This fall, the library's Billy Rose Theatre Collection, possibly the most indispensable archive devoted to the theatrical arts, will settle into its Lincoln Center home, refurbished with élan by architect James Stewart Polshek. And the town—at least in a hushed corridor or two—will again echo with the name of Billy Rose. —RICHARD MERKIN

BOUND FO

By 1961, Joan Baez, the dark-haired waif who had captured the spotlight at the first Newport Folk Festival just two years earlier, was folk music's virginal superstar, leading the coffeehouse culture of a new American generation. And an unknown, unwashed, Woody Guthrie–worshiping kid from the Minnesota suburbs named Bob Dylan had just arrived in Greenwich Village. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, *Positively 4th Street*, DAVID HAJDU recalls the prickly beginnings of the Baez-Dylan relationship, the strange symbiosis between her voice and his music, and the triumphant, magical appearance at Freebody Park that made musical history



R GLORY



HARMONIC CONVERGENCE

When Joan Baez ushered newcomer Bob Dylan onto the stage at the Newport Folk Festival in July of 1963, the audience erupted. That night, folk music's "reigning queen" had decreed Dylan "crown prince." Both were only 22.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

Folk music had begun rumbling across America in the late 1950s. Small festivals devoted to folk were sprouting up on college campuses. Hoping to capitalize on the trend were three savvy entrepreneurs: tobacco magnate Louis Lorillard, would-be folk mogul Albert Grossman, and George Wein, the Boston impresario already successful with the Newport Jazz Festival. The partners put together the Newport Folk Festival, a two-day program of concerts and workshops in July of 1959. The setting was a minor-league ballpark on the Rhode Island seacoast surrounded by the holiday mansions of Gilded Age barons. The performers would include Pete Seeger, the Kingston Trio, bluegrass banjo master Earl Scruggs, the blues duo Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee, and the rousing folksinger Bob Gibson. In turn, Gibson had invited an 18-year-old upstart to come join him onstage for a couple of duets. Her name was Joan Baez.

Newport had acquired a reputation as a venue where musical careers could suddenly catch fire. "Folk was becoming the big thing," George Wein remembered, "and Newport was the place to be." A mostly college-age audience of some 13,000 attended opening day, seemingly undaunted by intermittent rains.

"Joan [Baez] stood right by the stage entrance," said Wein, "and she was in bare feet, and she was there the whole time. She got to see and talk to every folk performer. She stayed there all day and night and danced during the music." It was not yet certain that she would get to do any other performing; although Bob Gibson had invited her to sing with him, he needed to square the plan with Oscar Brand, the festival's master of ceremonies. "Bobby Gibson took me aside," Brand recalled, "and he said, 'Listen, there is this girl. She is very popular in Boston. I would like to let her take part of my time.' And I didn't really think it was a great idea. First of all, it was a terrible rainy day, and we were running over. And when he came over with her, she was drenched. Her hair was wringing wet. She was not wearing shoes, and her feet were covered with mud. Bobby said, 'Listen, I will work with her. I won't leave her alone.' And I said, 'O.K., what the hell,' if he was giving up his own time. It was a very loose program."

Hedging her bet on Gibson, meanwhile, Joan asked several other performers if she could sing with them. Robert J. Lurtsema, a radio journalist for WBCN in Boston, watched backstage as she approached the banjo player Earl Scruggs. "He said no, and she moved on to the next guy who was going to be singing," recalled Lurtsema. "She wasn't leaving anything to chance."

Gibson began his set early on Sunday evening, singing and playing the 12-string guitar. He wore a gray sports jacket and a tie, and he sang exuberantly. The audience cheered him on with obvious delight. The rain had stopped, and a mist wafted through the stage light as he paused to tune his guitar and announced, "Now, I want to sing 'Virgin Mary Had One Son.' There is a young lady from Boston whom I have asked to do it with me." Joan Baez strode out briskly in a long-sleeved red dress. She stood alongside Gibson, her hands dropped to her sides. They sang two verses together, and Gibson backed away from the microphone. Joan stepped forward, straight-backed, and sang full-voice:

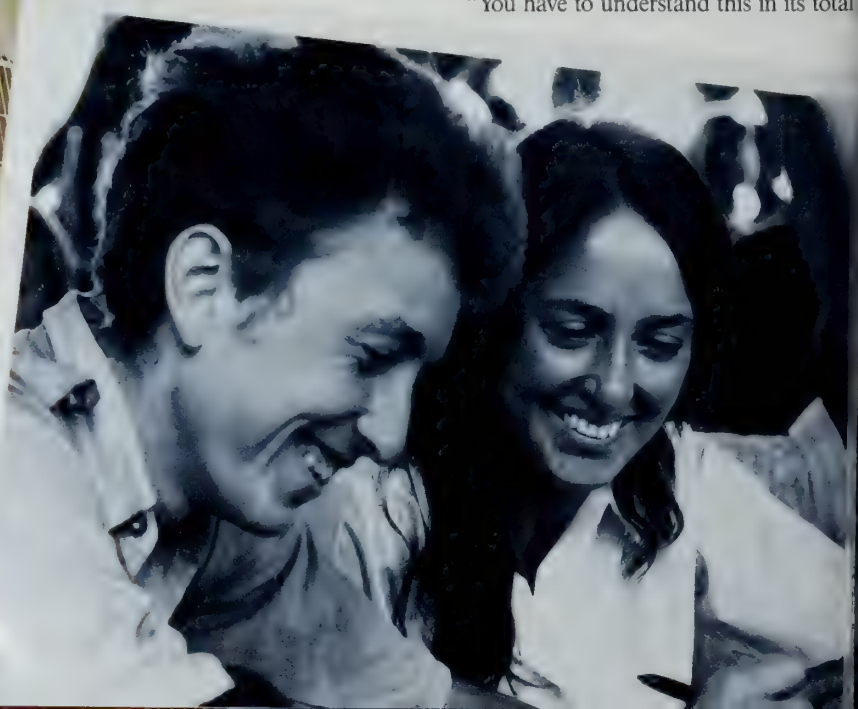
> Some call him David
> Think I'll call him 'Manuel
> Oh, Oh, think I'll call him 'Manuel
> Oh, Oh, I think I'll call him 'Manuel
> Glory be to the newborn king.

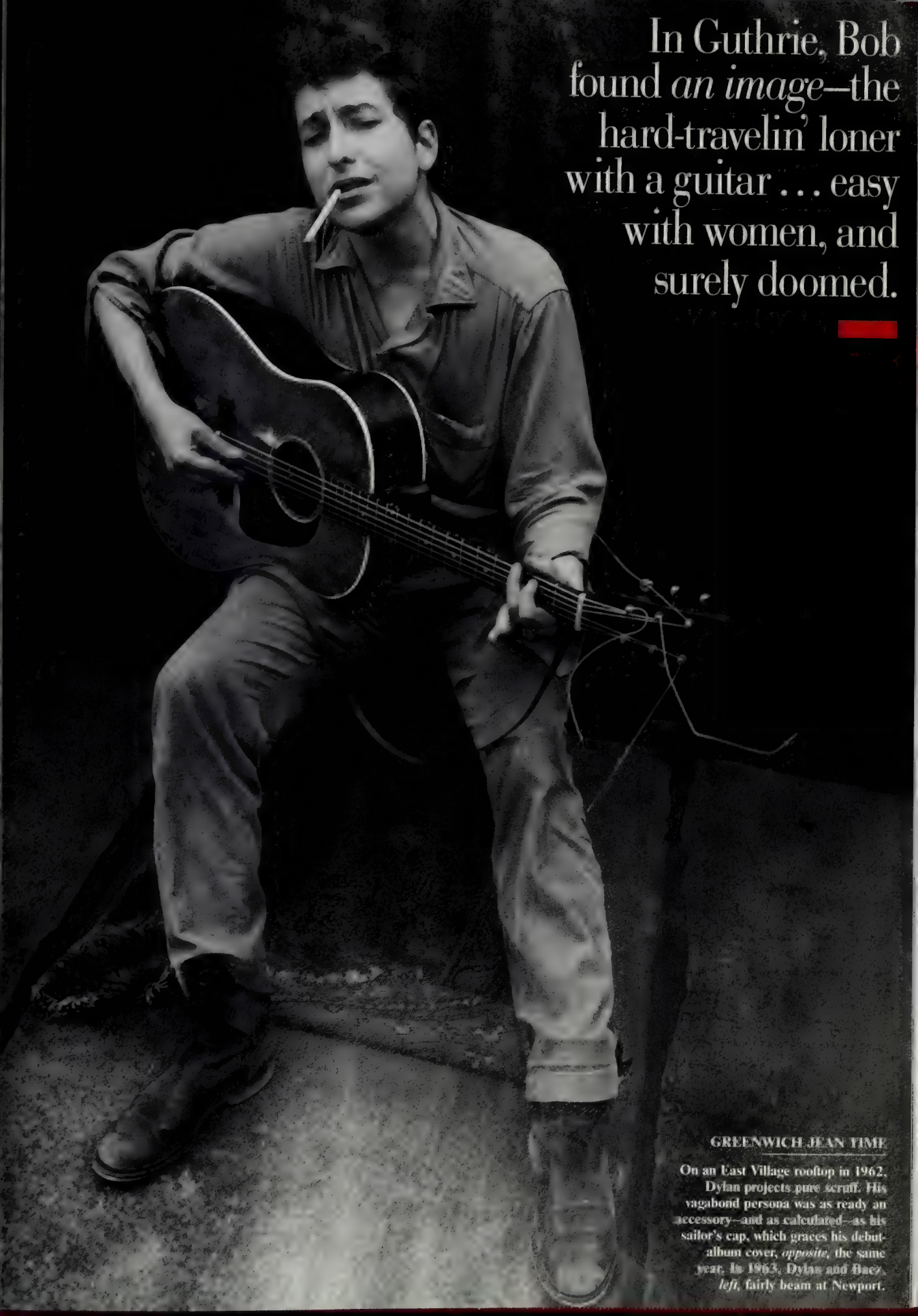
Oscar Brand had brought his two-year-old son, Eric, to the festival and let him sleep on a couple of chairs offstage. "She sang with such a powerful voice that she woke him up," recalled Brand. "She woke everybody up all the way to Boston." As a follow-up, Gibson, seasoned in stagecraft, chose "Jordan River," a rousing, up-tempo gospel number; Joan let loose on the chorus, Odetta-style, and the crowd erupted in exhilaration. "The audience went crazy—mob psychology and great theater in perfect synchronicity," remembered Greenwich Village folksinger Dave Van Ronk. "Newport absolutely exploded." In the performance of two spirituals, Joan Baez made an evangelical debut.

"You have to understand this in its total

Excerpted from *Positively 4th Street*, by David Hajdu, to be published in June by Farrar, Straus and Giroux; ©2001 by the author.







In Guthrie, Bob found *an image*—the hard-travelin' loner with a guitar . . . easy with women, and surely doomed.

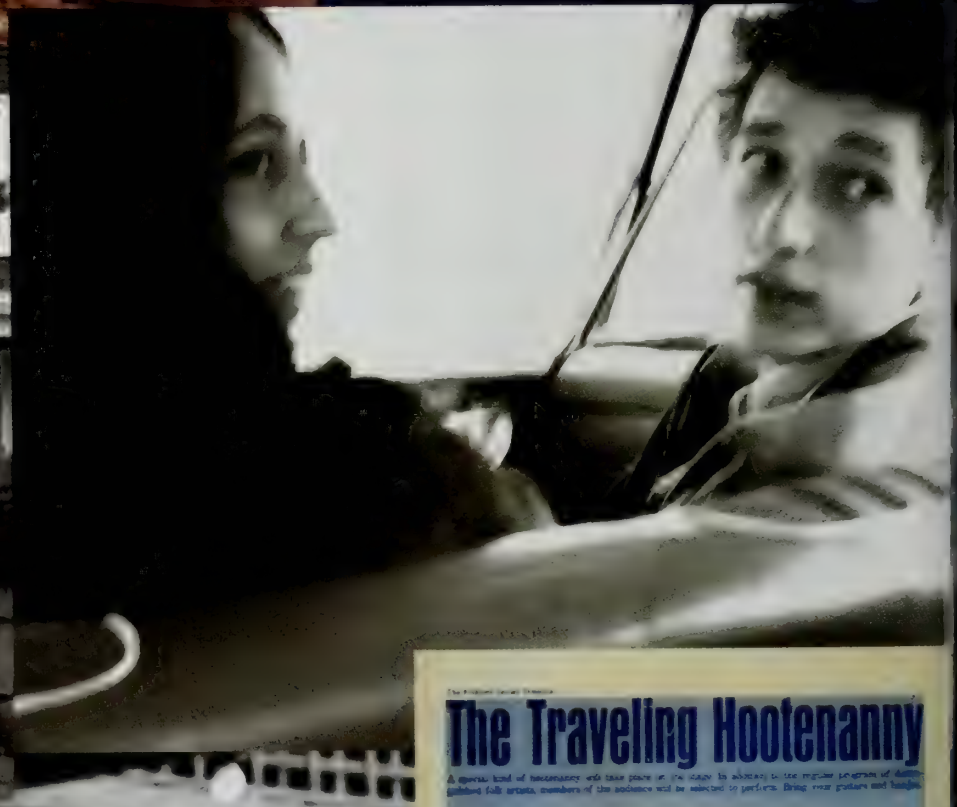
GREENWICH JEAN TIME

On an East Village rooftop in 1962, Dylan projects pure scruff. His vagabond persona was as ready an accessory—and as calculated—as his sailor's cap, which graces his debut-album cover, *opposite*, the same year. In 1963, Dylan and Baez, *left*, fairly beam at Newport.


FOLK CITY
N.Y. CENTER-FOLK MUSIC
FOLK CITY










The Traveling Hootenanny
Bob Dylan
Ian and Sylvia
John Lee Hooker
Judy Collins
Lynn Gold
Sandy Bull
Town Hall Friday October 5 8:30 Tickets 1.75 2.50 & 3.00









TIMES WERE A-CHANGIN'

Clockwise from top left: Village mecca Gerde's Folk City; Ralph Rinsler, Dylan, and John Herald share a Gaslight tune in '62; bashful Bob and shoeless Joan in California the following summer; on his '63 LP, Dylan and soon-to-be-ex squeeze Suze Rotolo stroll down Jones Street; Bob and Joan kick back on tour in '63; hitting the road the same year; a '62 poster; the couple in Newport in 1963; Bob takes a solo dive; Joan and Bob take a spin.

ity," explained Oscar Brand. "It was the whole atmosphere. The audience was surprised to see her—nobody said she was going to be there. It had been raining. Her hair was stringing down her face. And she stood there very, very simply, and the intensity with which she performed in front of that audience of thousands was just tremendous. It was like she had an aura around her."

Gibson, though delighted for Joan, declined to take credit for the effect of her performance. "If I hadn't 'introduced' Joan Baez, someone else would have," he wrote in his memoir, *I Come for to Sing.* "It was like 'discovering' the Grand Canyon.... Do you think that girl was going to stay unknown in Cambridge?"

"There was no question that she had exactly what the young, new audience was looking for," said Jac Holzman, founder of Elektra Records. "When they came together, it was like a match and stick of TNT." After hearing her sing, Holzman went backstage, eager to sign her to his label, but he never saw her; she was lost in a mob of admirers.

Released in October 1960, the debut album *Joan Baez,* on the Vanguard label, found an audience first among responsive critics. Robert Shelton raved in *The New York Times:* "This disk sends one scurrying to the thesaurus for superlatives. It represents one of those beautiful folk performances that one could give to the most conservatory-oriented listener, yet at the same time commands the respect of the most tradition-directed auditor.... At the age of only 20, Miss Baez has truly arrived."

There was some prescience in Shelton's hyperbole: as a recording artist, Joan Baez quickly attracted a national following, increasing the prominence of folk in the process. Her album made the *Billboard* chart and stayed there for 140 weeks. Like all hits, this one was a beneficiary of timing: Joan was an exquisite reflection of her generation's self-image at the cusp of the 1950s and 1960s. How many children of the Cold War sat on the floor next to their record players, listening to Joan Baez murmur of fate, helplessness, and death, thinking, *Yeah—they're all my trials, too?*

"It was a combination of things," explained Sam Charters, the folk historian and musician. "The absolute clarity, the purity, of her ballad singing and also a distinct earthiness. On record, whatever sex appeal she had in person dissipated. That record was utterly devoid of sex appeal. A

few years earlier, no one would have imagined that formula succeeding."

Joan herself was impressed. "Based on everything I had been led to believe about the music business, I could only go so far, because my image was [one] of innocence and purity," she said. "I was not about to change it, because I took that image very seriously, to the point of being obnoxious. I remember thinking, when people compared me and my image to the Virgin Mary, That sounds good to me. Hey—that took her pretty far."

The first hit record by a woman of her generation in the folk idiom—and a best-seller with virtually no advertising, promotion, or "tour support"—*Joan Baez* was the talk of the coffeehouses. For young women, Joan's ascetic grace and brooding musical persona served as an antidote to the era's sexualized, glamorized formula for feminine celebrity. Thin, dark, strong, smart, virtuous, she was the negative image of Marilyn Monroe—and yet, she too was young and attractive to men. "Girls were just knocked out by her, because she had this waif-gypsy image," said folksinger Barbara Dane. "She seemed like somebody who was absolutely free and in charge of herself, even though she was young. With the bare feet and the straight hair, she looked like this creature who could do her own thing. And that sad music—all the girls who were miserable with their lot in life were dying to cry along with her. Young women were absolutely starved for and ready for an example of somebody like themselves who could dominate the stage and be a different kind of woman up there and also have the guys interested."

To some men, at least, Joan's virginal quiescence gave her reverse-psychology sex appeal; like Doris Day, Joan Baez was a vicarious challenge to would-be predators. "Her whole image—and everything she sang in the early days—drove the men crazy," said actor and singer Jack Landron, who, as Jackie Washington, performed extensively in Cambridge. "The songs were never straight-across 'I love you—we're going to get together and fuck our brains out.' It was always 'I never will marry.' And she looked sad, the hair hung down, and the fellows were thinking, I can make it right for you. She loved us collectively. We loved her one by one. She knew it, and that's the way it worked." Indeed, Joan said she enjoyed the sexual gamesmanship. "I was the virgin princess," she explained. "They wanted to sleep with me, and I could sleep with them if I wanted to. So I didn't have to do it with any of them. It's called control."

Within the record industry, Joan Baez established a new standard. "I had to get my own Baez," said Elektra's Jac Holzman. "I'm quite sure every label in town felt that way." At Columbia, Joan's chart success prompted an especially competitive reaction. "The first thing I wanted was [to know] why didn't we get her," said Columbia executive David Kapralik. He ordered his staff, "The message here is that the kids want this kind of music. Someone else [out there] has just as much to offer. Find her, and let's sign her."

As the sound of Joan Baez spread from Cambridge to Newport to Monterey, young folksingers like her played in coffeehouses and clubs all around the country. The epicenter of this folk boom was New York's Greenwich Village.

A fabled bohemia since Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman squabbled in its basement drinking halls, the Village had long been infamously tolerant of cultural adventurism. A tradition of folksinging in Washington Square Park, the eight-block town square of Greenwich Village, began in 1945, when a professional printer named George Margolin started strumming a guitar and singing folk songs near the park fountain; Margolin evidently attracted a following and inspired imitators, whose numbers multiplied exponentially. By 1960 hundreds of young people adorned with various stringed instruments congregated there every weekend.

Julius Zito, a Village baker, said the music carried over four blocks to his shop on Bleecker Street and slowed the rise of his bread on Sundays. An itinerant entrepreneur known as the Pick Man was understood to earn a living selling guitar and banjo picks in the park. "You couldn't turn around without bumping into a guitar," said Lionel Kilberg, a salesman for



'Fariña told him straight, 'All you need to do, man, is start screwing Joan Baez.'"



UP BEATS

Exhilarated after a '64 Lincoln Center concert, Baez sweeps Dylan off his bootheels. Bohemia's favorite son by '65, *far left*, Dylan had made headlines at the Newport Folk Festival two years before. That evening's encore, *left*, was "the apogee of the folk movement," according to Theodore Bikel, when Peter, Paul, and Mary, Baez and Dylan, the Freedom Singers and Odetta [illegible] hands and sang a triumphant "We Shall Overcome."

a Manhattan airfreight company who played washtub bass for a bluegrass group, the Shanty Boys. "In the mid-50s, more and more people from all over the New York area were coming to the park to play. Then more people started coming to hear them play. The next week, the same people who just came to listen would be back, only this time they would have guitars, and they would be playing. More people would be listening to them, and the following week they would have guitars."

Like good capitalists in a tourist economy, Greenwich Village shop owners acted quickly to accommodate the thriving folk trade. The first coffeehouses in the district—two spare rooms called Edgar's Hobby and David's—had opened in the late 1940s for the area's Italian population. Their inheritors—more than a dozen places all around the Village with progressively whimsical names such as the Cafe Figaro, the Rienzi, the Caricature, the Cafe Wha?, the Dragon's Den, the Bizarre, the Why Not, and the Hip Bagel—now offered folksinging to the mobs of weekend visitors, including uptown residents who would stroll around the Village, just minutes from their homes, as if it were a resort.

There were also hootenannies all over town, as well as frequent parties given by folk buffs such as Miki Isaacson, whose apartment at One Sheridan Square was essentially a youth hostel. "There was something going on all the time, if you liked the music," said Bob Yellin, the son of a concert violist, who became the banjo player for the bluegrass group the Greenbriar Boys. "It wasn't just folk music like the Weavers. There was blues and old-time music and bluegrass and mountain music, and everything else, nonstop." Even in private gatherings hosted by nonmusicians, folk was a mark of egalitarian chic. "If there was a party in the Village," Brand recalled, "it was 'You bring the folksinger, I'll bring the Negro.'"

One of the scene's first important social centers was Allan Block's Sandal Shop on West 4th Street, opened in 1950 by a self-taught leatherworker from Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who played country-style fiddle. Passersby would hear Block playing "Sally Ann" or "Cumberland Gap" between sandal jobs and wander in. Just 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, the store had a few pine stools set in front of a shop table with a buffing wheel mounted on the side; on an exposed brick wall, Block had hung some sketches of feet and sandal designs he had made. It was a workspace, rustic and spartan. The smell of leather and glue, the sound of fiddle playing, and the sight of hand tools and pencil drawings worked to attract a public veering away from the regimented commercialism that Midtown Manhattan seemed to represent.

"In the beginning, most people saw sandals as something very European or feminine," said Block. "White men wouldn't buy them at all—only black men. Then, I think, people started relating the idea of exposed feet and natural leather and something handmade with folk music and crafts." By the mid-1950s, Block's shop had become a meeting place for Villagers and tourists interested in folk culture; on Saturdays the store was overrun with musicians jamming, trading songs and stories.

Nearby, the grandly christened Folklore Center became the nexus of the Village folk community almost as soon as it opened in April 1957. "Within about three weeks, it crystallized the scene," said Ralph Lee Smith, a journalist who played the Appalachian dulcimer in jam sessions at the sandal shop. "Izzy Young just walked right into the right place at the right time, and he became an instant crossroads, both in the Village and, quite quickly, nationally. An ebullient anarchist raised in a Jewish ghetto in the Bronx, Israel Young, CONTINUED ON PAGE 216

Spotlight

BECKINSALE'S CALL

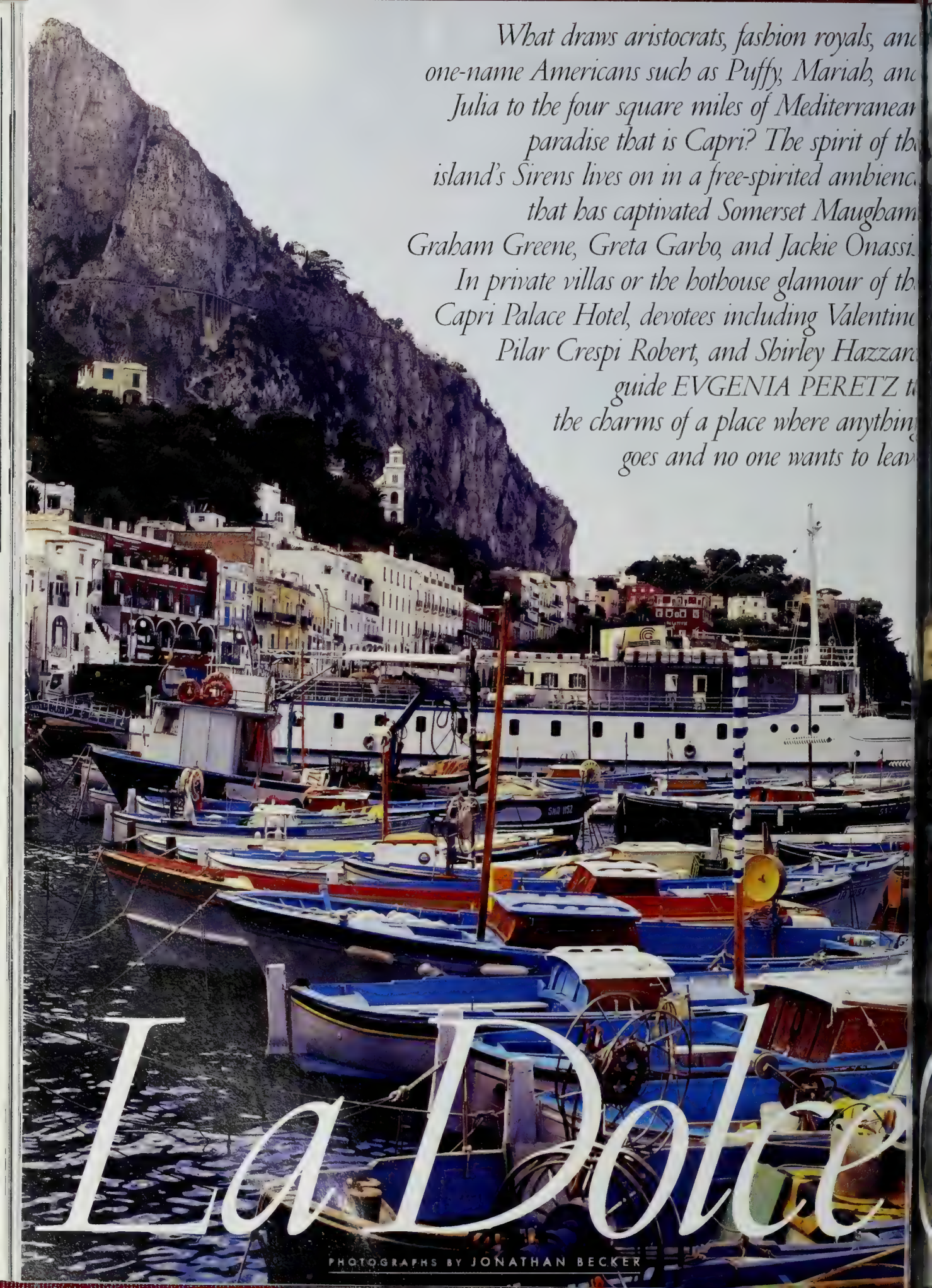
Kate Beckinsale, the outrageously beautiful 27-year-old actress, is possibly the only Brit in the business who spends most of her time playing Americans. She has starred in *Brokedown Palace* with Claire Danes and in *The Last Days of Disco* with Chloë Sevigny. The daughter of British comedian Richard Beckinsale, who died when she was five, and actress Judy Loe, Kate seemed predestined to act, but she studied French and Russian at Oxford before being recruited by Kenneth Branagh to play Hero in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Eight years later she is back in period clothes, in James Ivory and Ismail Merchant's *The Golden Bowl*, adapted from the Henry James novel and out this month from Lions Gate Films. "I was the most glad for the corset that I've ever been, because I had just had a baby," she says. The baby, named Lily, is Beckinsale's with longtime boyfriend and fellow actor Michael Sheen. "Having her has made acting so much more interesting." In *The Golden Bowl*, Beckinsale plays Maggie Verver, an American heiress, in a cast that includes Nick Nolte and Anjelica Huston. "It's about miserable people having a miserable time—very Henry James," she says. This spring she will also appear as an American navy nurse pursued by both Ben Affleck and Josh Hartnett in Michael Bay's *Pearl Harbor*. "It was this fabulous script, and it just suddenly turned into this very big deal. I guess, being English, I don't understand multimillion-dollar budgets." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY FIROOZ ZAHEDI



GREAT BRIT

Kate Beckinsale was photographed in Beverly Hills on June 15, 2000.



What draws aristocrats, fashion royals, and
one-name Americans such as Puffy, Mariah, and
Julia to the four square miles of Mediterranean
paradise that is Capri? The spirit of the
island's Sirens lives on in a free-spirited ambience
that has captivated Somerset Maugham,
Graham Greene, Greta Garbo, and Jackie Onassis.
In private villas or the hothouse glamour of the
Capri Palace Hotel, devotees including Valentino,
Pilar Crespi Robert, and Shirley Hazzard
guide EVGENIA PERETZ to
the charms of a place where anything
goes and no one wants to leave

La Dolce

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER



...ew
...ockwise
...pri-lovers
... Giulia
...ncale in
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...3; Brigitte
...pri, 1963.

Capri

The first thing is, you're saying it wrong. It's CAH-pree, not Cah-PREE. (It's O.K.—Frank Sinatra made the same mistake.) The second thing is that Capri, in its four square miles, has more fabulous people per square foot than anywhere else on earth: Americans who require only one name—Puffy, Mariah, Julia, Tom, Oprah; luxury-fashion designers Valentino, Armani, Ferragamo, and Diego Della Valle of Tod's; and European royalty, whose names alone—Prince Lallo Caravita di Sirignano and Princess Mafalda von Hessen—are enough to remind the rest of us how basically low-rent we really are. Why, you ask? Sure, Capri is beautiful, with bougainvillea roaming over limestone cliffs that rise 1,000 feet from the turquoise Mediterranean, but so is Bermuda. The allure of Capri—which lies 20 miles off Naples and has a population of 12,000—is transcendent and, as such, is nearly impossible to describe. Everyone on the island *knows* what is, and isn't, "Capri," but ask someone what Capri is and you'll usually get meaningless one-word proclamations—"Capri is harmony!" "Capri is the absolute!"—and sometimes, with an Italian wave of dismissal, "Capri is *Capri.*"





For a primer, you might spend a day with Maurizio Siniscalco. The very picture of simplicity, Siniscalco is slim and gray-haired. He wears loose-fitting cotton pants and red espadrilles. His tan is deep and unbroken, the kind he's probably had since age three. Every day at one o'clock he goes out on his boat, a no-frills fisherman's skiff about 15 feet long. And every day he does the same thing on it. He fishes with a handheld line for what must be very small fish. He takes off all his clothes and goes for a swim. He climbs back on board, oblivious to being naked and, in fact, looking great at 56 years old—tall, healthy, and gleaming against the afternoon sun—a gracefully aging Mediterranean demigod.





He drapes himself in a towel, and then he has his humble peasant lunch—bread, mozzarella, prosciutto. He pours some wine into a dirty cup, sits back, and slowly lets himself get lulled into the perfect Capri moment—a moment far away from the rigidity of the real world, a moment untouched by anything ugly, a moment just right, it seems, for gossiping about the von Fürstenbergs. Siniscalco knows the whole gang—

He pours some wine into a dirty cup and slowly lets himself get lulled into the perfect Capri moment.



ERMANENT VACATION

he Hotel Caesar Augustus, 1949. *pposite, from top:* a former *ilian Vogue* editor, Mariella Gardella n Schalkwyk, with her husband, elance art director Peter Van chalkwyk, at their villa; Jackie and istotle Onassis, right, yachting off pri, 1970; writer Edwin Cerio th a student, 1949; Capri's coast, ith sunbathers.



FANTASY ISLAND

Sunbathers on Capri, 1948. *Opposite, from top:* the designer Valentino at home on Capri; our guide to all things Capri, Maurizio Siniscalco, on the sea; English writer Norman Douglas, on the lounge chair, chatting with author Kenneth [illegible], 1948; Joan Haywood [illegible] Prince Aly Khan (in dark shirt), Capri, 1950.







Egon, Diane, Tatiana, Alexandre, and the rest. He tells you which ones he's seen most recently and where. He tells you which ones are brilliant, which ones aren't so brilliant. He could talk about them all day long. They are his friends and they are his people.

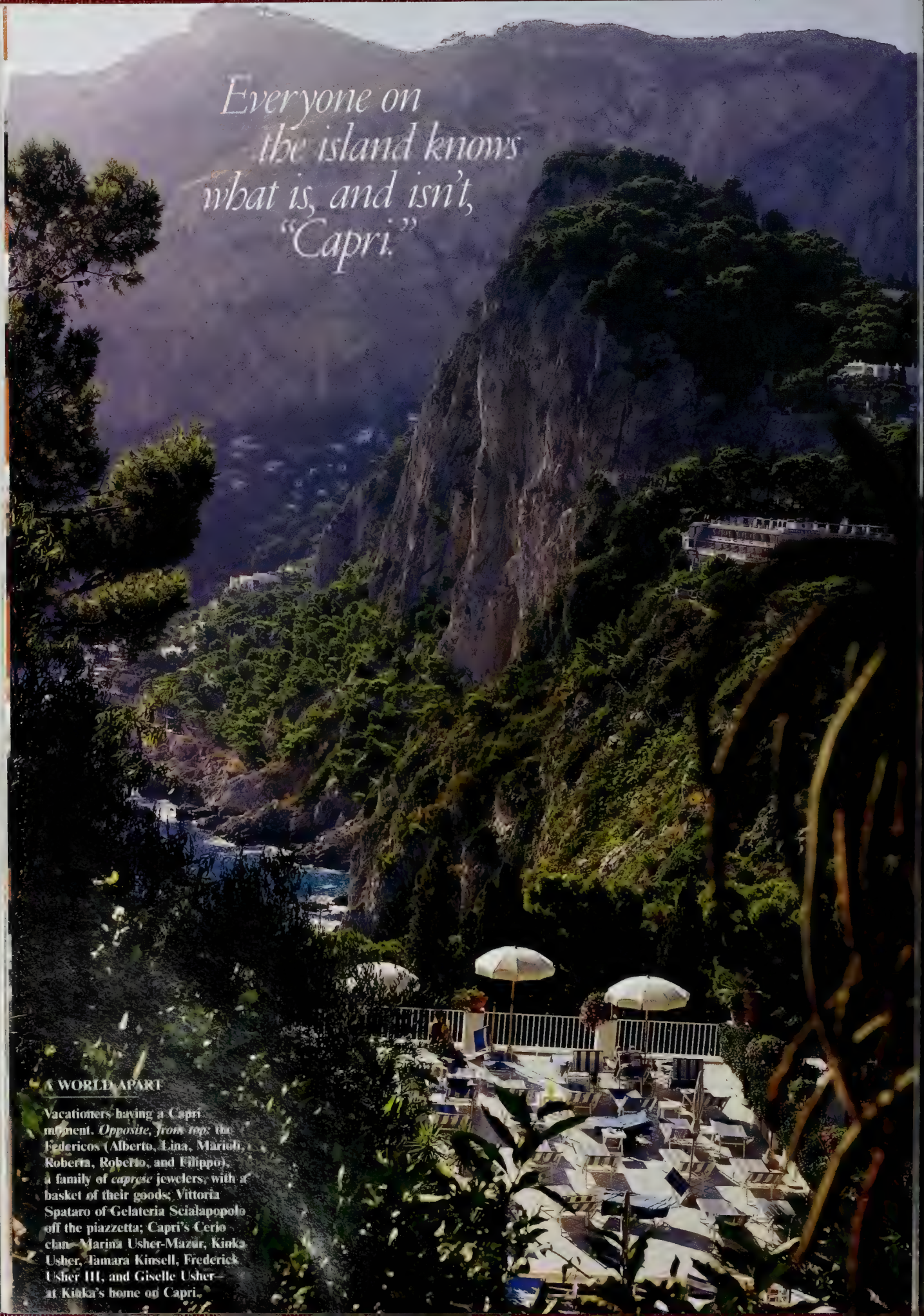
Siniscalco is one of the Neapolitan elite. (Some are under the impression he's a baron.) He divides his time among Naples, Milan, New York, and Capri. But Capri is his center of gravity, and he is Capri's. When not on his boat, he is at his antiques shop on Capri's Via Camerelle, Siniscalco-Gori Antichita, talking on the phone with, say, Alba Clemente, the wife of painter Francesco Clemente, or showing his well-traveled clients everything from 18th-century Chinese ceramics to works by modern Italian artists such as Ernesto Tatafiore, to pictures by the 30-year-old photographer Salvino Campos, who also happens to be Siniscalco's good friend. Or he is seated outside, keeping a keen eye on people's comings and goings, his regal bearing managing to make even mildly sophisticated tourists feel like extras from *Deliverance*.

"He's like the grande dame," says his friend Peter Van Schalkwyk, a British freelance art director who divides his time between Capri and Milan. "He's never opened a door in his life." This isn't an insult, mind you. Siniscalco takes great pride in being a snob. "I like-ah the people nice. I like-ah the people important," he says matter-of-factly.

As he lounges in his boat on the Bay of Naples, Capri drifts by. It is entirely limestone—a rugged, craggy mass of greenish-gray rock that rises to two peaks (Capri, at 1,000 feet, and Anacapri, at about 2,000 feet) and that one imagines emerged from the sea at the command of Poseidon. That Capri brings to mind images from mythology is no accident. The Sirens who tempted Odysseus are said to have lounged about the stalactite-dripping grottoes that dot the island. But when Siniscalco buzzes by the world-famous caves, such as the Blue Grotto, or passes the ruins of the Roman baths, there is no mention of these. To yammer on like a tour guide is *really* not Capri. There is one site, however, that Siniscalco decides deserves noting. He motions up to a grand villa hanging on to the cliffs hundreds of feet above the water, covered in a tangle of trees. "This is house of Fersen," Siniscalco says quietly. "Very important man."

Born in 1879, Jacques Adelswärd-Fersen was a Swedish baron-slash-poet, raised in France, who, after being arrested for "incitement of minors to debauchery," sought refuge on

Everyone on the island knows what is, and isn't, "Capri."



A WORLD APART

Vacationers having a Capri moment. *Opposite, from top:* the Federicos (Alberto, Lina, Mariolì, Roberta, Roberto, and Filippo), a family of *caprese* jewelers, with a basket of their goods; Vittoria Spataro of Gelateria Scialapopolo off the piazzetta; Capri's Cerio clan—Marina Usher-Mazur, Kinka Usher, Tamara Kinsell, Frederick Usher III, and Giselle Usher—at Kinka's home on Capri.

Capri, where he decided to build himself a villa. He chose a plot of land right below the palace of the Roman emperor Tiberius, the island's first A-list resident, who, when he wasn't tossing his betrayers off the side of Salto di Tiberio, was, according to Suetonius, training "small boys whom he called his 'tiddlers' to get between his thighs and play while he was swimming . . . and he even put sturdier, though still unweaned, infants to suck his member like a nipple."

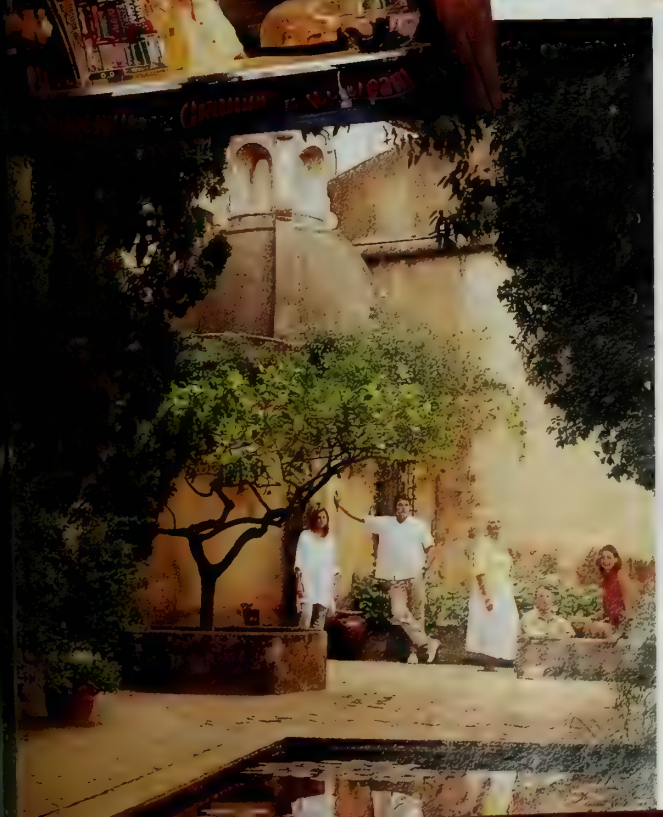
Fersen called his house Villa Lysis and gave it its own tag line, which he inscribed in black marble: AMORI ET DOLORI SACRUM (Sacred to Love and Sorrow). He installed in it a sexy newspaperboy from Rome, named Nino Cesarini, as his "secretary," and kept his stash of opium fresh. Like Tiberius, he was always up for something different, like, say, mock human sacrifices, using Nino as a victim. The fun came to an end one day in 1923 when Fersen put on a great robe of rose-colored silk and overdosed on cocaine.

Fersen was only one of a community of expatriate free spirits and pleasure-seekers who settled on Capri at the end of the 19th century, and it is the spiritual communion with this group that has defined Capri for Siniscalco and his compatriots as much as the grottoes, ruins, sunshine, and sea. Seeking freedom of body and mind, German artists, American lesbians, and Russian revolutionaries, such as Lenin and Maxim Gorky, came pouring in at that time to lose themselves in Capri's jasmine-perfumed air and secret pine forests. So did a parade of male homosexuals, such as Somerset Maugham and Lord Alfred Douglas, Oscar Wilde's young lover, during the years that Wilde was wasting away in Reading Gaol.

For pedophiles, it was heaven. In addition to Fersen, there was Fritz Krupp, the German munitions king, who, when not studying the local marine life or building the Via Krupp, one of Capri's main roads, was enjoying the charms of the island's junior set in the grottoes, like his 18-year-old singing barber, Adolfo Schiano, who proved he could do a lot more than just cut hair. Not long after his activities were announced in the Naples press, Krupp died, some believe by suicide.

And then there was Norman Douglas. A freethinking British writer on just about every topic—nature, history, travel, food, the follies of mankind—he never let the law get in the way of his feelings for boys (and sometimes girls) aged 12 to 14. It was an interest, alas, that led to a life on the run, destitution, and (as with Fersen and Krupp) a murky death—in his case, a suspected overdose of sleeping pills. But it also helped cement his legacy on Capri as a hero.





Mussolini tried to end Capri's libertine ethos, briefly prying the men apart from the boys, but it was too late to destroy what Fersen, Krupp, and Douglas had created. Even Mussolini's daughter, Edda Ciano, couldn't resist Capri's call. Despite her marriage to Mussolini's minister of foreign affairs, she was in love with Pietro Capuano, owner of Capri's venerated jewelry store, Chantecler. When she was hunted by the Allies, Capuano, according to local lore, smuggled her into Capri under vegetables in a truck. Aurelio De Laurentiis, an excitable movie producer (and self-described "champion of box office"), who started his career as a peon on the set of his famous uncle, Dino, remembers postwar Capri as stirring with eccentricity. "When, in '55, I was six years old, you see these rich people dressed in ripped trousers, walking without shoes, jumping on these special animals—*donkeys.*"

By the late 50s and into the 60s, the tiny island was chockablock with the kind of explosive characters you'd expect to find only in a throbbing metropolis like Paris or New York. There were corners of intellectual life, represented by writers such as Jean-Paul Sartre, Graham Greene, and Francis Steegmuller and his Australian wife, Shirley Hazzard, author of the recent *Greene on Capri: A Memoir.* The show-business contingent was out of control, with visitors including Orson Welles, Elizabeth Taylor, Ingrid Bergman, Greta Garbo, Sophia Loren, Tony Curtis, Michael Caine, George Hamilton, Faye Dunaway, and Noël Coward

and Beatrice Lillie, who'd sing until two o'clock in the morning in the "piazzetta," Capri's main square and most popular hangout. There was the fashion set (Marisa Berenson, Penelope Tree with her boyfriend, photographer David Bailey) and assorted millionaires (Philip Niarchos, Aristotle Onassis, Edmond and Lily Safra, Gianni Agnelli, Charles Revson, and the Shah of Persia).

"It was a crazy moment," says the designer Valentino, who in the late 60s bought the Villa Cercola, one of Capri's oldest villas, where he still stays. "All the fashion people, all the models, all the movie stars, it was a sort of *dolce vita*." Indeed, it was on Capri that Jean-Luc Godard shot Brigitte Bardot in *Contempt,* and where Count Rudy Crespi started MareModa Capri, a fashion extravaganza that attracted every designer who mattered and made it cool for men to look like Siegfried and Roy.

"It was the moment," says Valentino, "when all the men were dressed in shirts, very tight, in beautiful material, in lace, and trousers with what you call . . . elephant bottom. So it was very funny." It was also a moment of a nearly deranged enthusiasm for accessories: big metal belts, Stetsons, and the ever present giant medallion hung around the neck. As De Laurentiis puts it, "It was the first time man was approaching the feminine side."



Maybe, but they still prowled the island like pumas on the loose, knocking down barriers of gender, age, and status with the goal of having sex as often as possible. No one got more action than the members of one particular trio. Franco Rapetti, Rodolfo Parisi, and Gigi Rizzi, who was the boyfriend of Brigitte Bardot. "They were the most good-looking, suntanned Italian playboys. They ruled the scene on Capri," says Pilar Crespi Robert, Count Rudy Crespi's daughter, who herself was a fashion trailblazer on Capri streets in the 60s. "They were straight. They always had beautiful American girlfriends. Very glamorous. Leather pants, open shirts with chains." "[We] had to fight against the multimillionaires to conquer," says Rizzi on his personal Web site. "All I had was my face, and that made the challenge even more exciting. . . . We were poisonous."



If not in the piazzetta, you might have found them at th house of Texan Bob Hornstein, the heir to the Puss 'n Boot cat-food fortune, who'd turn the backyard of his villa, on th Via Tragara (Capri's Park Avenue), into a wild, exclusive nigh club. "He was a professional snob," says Semiramis Zorlu, voluptuous, melodramatic sculptress of Ottoman descent wh has lived on Capri part-time since 1963. "He wanted flash names, loved titles, lots of nobility from Rome." Indeed, Hor stein was eager to please, giving out fancy silk scarves a party favors to the likes of Jackie Onassis and Elizabeth Ta lor. He also invited local fishermen and sailors (preferably th really hot ones), and troupes of gay men who, as Zorlu e plains, "made a big noise" on the occasion when Joan Crav ford showed up.

But underneath it all Hornstei was miserable. "He was very mooc because he drank a lot," says Zorl "One day he was charming and th next day he wouldn't say hel-



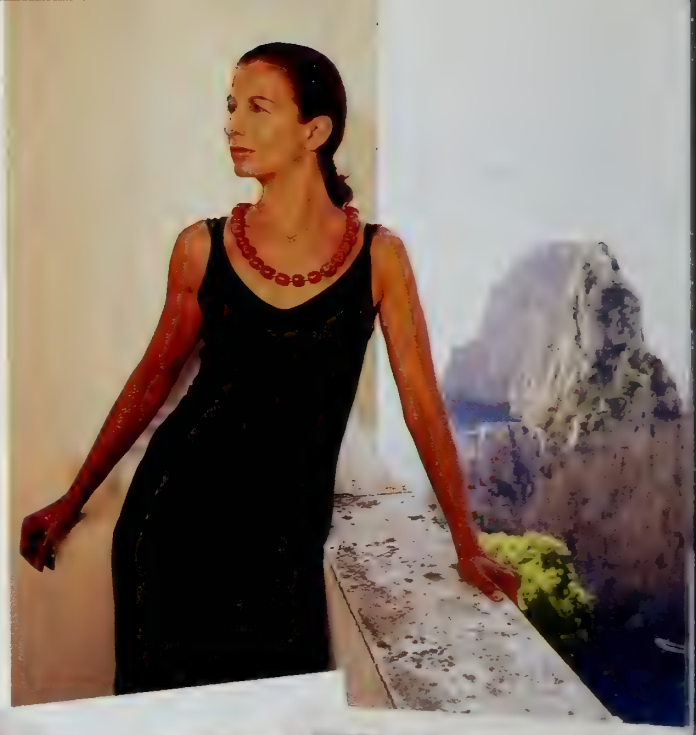
The Sirens who tempted Odysseus are said to have lounged about the grottoes that dot the island.

TYRRHENIAN BEAUTY

Casa Malaparte, a house built circa 1940 for Tuscan writer Curzio Malaparte. *Opposite, from top:* producer Aurelio De Laurentiis on his boat; Brigitte Bardot and Michel Piccoli on the Capri location for Jean-Luc Godard's *Contempt*, 1963; the piazzetta.

lo." As she tells it, he carried out a kind of raging, one-sided feud with Mona Bismarck, the Kentucky beauty who married the gay Count Eddy von Bismarck, and who threw her own parties on the island, which were generally considered one step up from his in the class department. Bismarck always got guests with great titles, and, like Hornstein, she also invited the locals—"the carpenter, the cook, these types of people," says Zorlu, who had been Mona's close friend, "and she danced with them all, we *all* danced with each other." Afterward, says Zorlu, "they loved and respected her even more. They said, 'Ah, I danced with the *contessa!*' Because this is the South, they give a lot of importance to titles." And so, for Mona, the cat-food guy from Texas just didn't cut it.

It all came to an end when Hornstein hurried off the island after being involved in "an injury." During what was probably not his finest hour, Hornstein, it is alleged, bit off a local boy's penis. Then, in exchange for the boy's parents' not going to the police, Hornstein, in true Capri fashion, bought them a villa. He was never heard from again, and it sounds as though he is missed. "A lot of these gays I like very much. They added color," says Zorlu. "Valentino and his crowd—they don't do anything. Now they're always at the Quisisana. Bob Hornstein? Yes, he was nouveau riche, but he was *outstanding.*"







Nostalgia for that Capri is thick in the air. Nothing elicits more sighing and spontaneous storytelling than the names Aristotle Onassis and Jackie Onassis. Each came separately in the early 60s: he with his first wife, Tina Livanos, and then with Maria Callas; she in 1962 with the Fiat mogul Gianni Agnelli. In 1968 they came together. It is virtually impossible to go into a shop or a restaurant and not see their picture—here they are window-shopping, there they are being serenaded by their favorite musician, the mustachioed guitarist Scarola. Everyone, it seems, has an Onassis anecdote, from Valentino—"I went for a drink on his boat the *Christina,* and he said, 'Ah, I have to tell you, you are such a lucky person, to have a house on the island.... Magic, magic, magic'"—to the wealthy *caprese* merchants, such as the members of the Federico family, who run the jewelry store La Campanina.

In his memoir, *Capri: Protagonists of a Golden Age,* the family's patriarch, Alberto Federico, whose favorite color appears to be cruise-director white, devotes an entire chapter to Onassises and makes a valiant effort to point out his family's role in the Onassis union. Lina, his tiny, bejeweled firecracker of a wife, recalls nearly every bauble transaction as if it happened 15 minutes ago. Like the time when Jackie, eating dinner at the restaurant Pina, on a whim phoned Alberto and had him bring a gold chain for her to inspect in the rest room. "She no want nobody to see!" Lina screeches, flashing a gold tooth.

Meanwhile, Marioli, their savvy, go-getter daughter, is noth-



American lesbians and Russian revolutionaries came pouring in to lose themselves in Capri's secret pine forests.

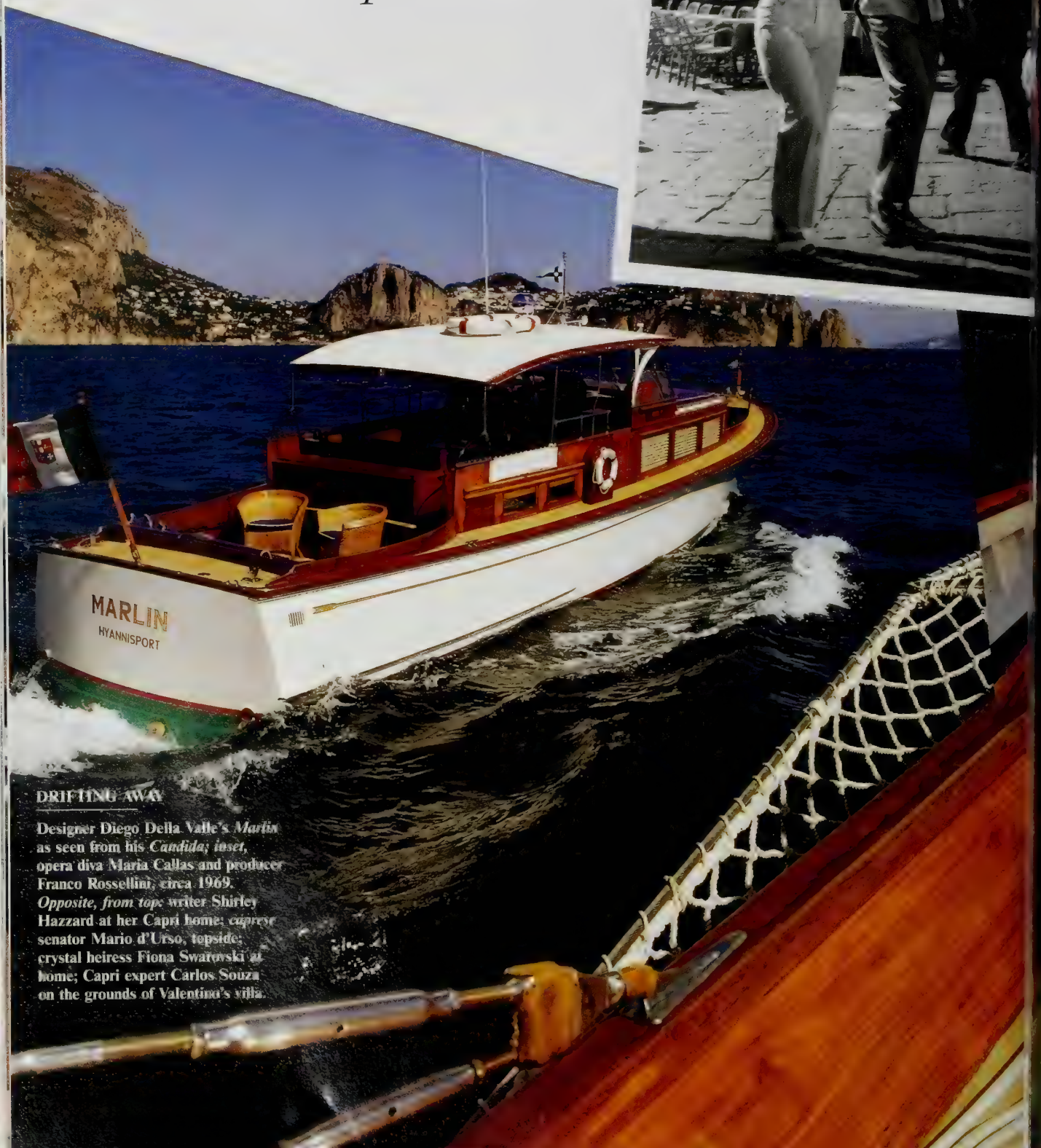


IE FINE ART DOING NOTHING

rgio Cappelli and Fiamma Sanctis float past pri's Faraglioni. *Opposite, n top:* Alba Clemente, wife of nter Francesco Clemente, he Villa Solitaria; *caprese* taxi er; Jackie Onassis on Capri n Valentino, 1970; Tonino ace and his girlfriend, Roberta ia, at his Palace Hotel.

"Your brain go water, staying here too long. Too much paradise."





DRIFTING AWAY

Designer Diego Della Valle's *Marlin* as seen from his *Candida*; *inset*, opera diva Maria Callas and producer Franco Rossellini, circa 1969. *Opposite, from top:* writer Shirley Hazzard at her Capri home; *caprese* senator Mario d'Urso, topside; crystal heiress Fiona Swarovski at home; Capri expert Carlos Souza on the grounds of Valentino's villa.







ing less than a Jackie expert. As her mother flips through La Campanina's prized Capri-clippings scrapbooks, pointing and hollering out names—*Goldie Hawn! Arnold Kopelson! Naomi Campbell!*—Marioli waits patiently for her favorite Jackie picture . . . and then pounces. "*Very* famous picture. She's in the square. And she's wearing a simple T-shirt, and a belt over the T-shirt, with all medallions, in blue enamel and gold. It's the *most* famous picture."

The parade has continued up into the present, complete with 140-foot yachts, luxury hotels, stilettos on the cobblestones, and celebrities for the MTV age, such as Sean "Puffy" Combs, who recently dropped into La Campanina to add to his collection. "We didn't know who it was," says Marioli. "But when he signed the check we find out who he was!" snickers Lina.

Anyone doubting Capri's killer score on today's hot meter should have witnessed the wedding of Antonio "L.A." Reid, the new president of Arista Records, to Erica Holton, a substitute teacher, which took place on the island last summer. The 130 guests included Veronica Webb, Mariah Carey, and such ghetto-fabulous one-namers as Puffy, Usher, Eve, and Babyface. They were instructed to wear white linen, and they all stayed at the Capri Palace Hotel & Spa, a Moroccan-inspired behemoth situated high on Anacapri and owned by Tonino Cacace, who has helped make hot Capri possible.

"Here was full of candles. But when I say full, I'm talking about thousands of small candles," Cacace says. "All red because the idea was white, and the red was the color of the coral. And there was a real piece of coral tied on each napkin. . . . And the ceremony was up on the roof garden with a priest. They built like a church, like an open church, up there, full of flowers, 500,000 roses from Ecuador. And the dress came by private plane from New York."

Evidently something of a details person, Cacace is also a near-perfect specimen of the groomed male. He is wearing a cashmere turtleneck and a beige jacket with flawless suede elbow patches, and he has a supertrim beard. He greets female strangers by kissing them on the hand and making intense eye contact, undeterred by the presence of his girlfriend, Roberta Capua, a former Miss Italy with whom he fell in love after seeing her on television (she hosts a cheerful Martha Stewart–esque show called *In Famiglia*). He is, by all accounts, a ladies' man. But, more than women, it appears that Cacace is in love with the Palace Hotel.

And why not? Just listen to the history: "During the Roman era, Augustus built here a huge palace," says Cacace. "And then again 2,000 years later is *another* palace with columns and arches!"

But between the time of the Emperor Augustus and Tonino Cacace, there was, in fact, at least one interim period: the 60s, when the hotel was owned and run by Cacace's father, who called it Europa Palace. "Europa in the 60s, it was nice," says Cacace with a shrug. "But it was typical of the 60s. . . . The

colors were not bright like this." In addition to changing the name and dunking the hotel in shabby-chic white, Cacace gave it soaring arches and rooms equipped with their own swimming pools and gardens, and threw in an adjoining "Beauty Farm." A state-of-the-art spa, it has dozens of elaborate machines, each of which looks like a different test for NASA astronauts.

What really sets the Palace apart on Capri are its customers. "The clientele of the Palace is younger and of course more trendy," Cacace says matter-of-factly. In addition to Julia Roberts and Elizabeth Hurley, he has recently hosted Harrison Ford and his wife ("They are very simple people. *unbelievable*"), Whitney Houston and Bobby Brown ("She's lovely, I like her very much"), and Mariah Carey, who comes to Capri about six times a year to record at Capri Digital, and holds a special place in Cacace's heart. "We like to spoil her, because she works very hard when she comes to Capri," he says, smiling shyly, increasingly moved the more he thinks about her. "And so I also understand that when she goes into the spa she wants to have the spa *completely* empty, only for her.... But because she's also very nice, very kind, for me, caring for her is ... " He trails off, practically *verklempt.*

For the stars, Cacace explains, staying at the Palace keeps them away from the icky crowds. "They can enjoy the place without being bothered by the paparazzi and people that ask signatures," says Cacace. "Otherwise they would be obliged to cross the square." The Palace is also a proven arena for self-expression, giving important guests the freedom to break the bathroom sinks, for example. ("There are always strange positions," Cacace explains.) And then there was the incident in which Puffy reportedly attacked a fellow Reid-Holton-wedding guest who had hooked up with one of Puffy's ex-girlfriends, an event that Cacace denies. "It didn't happen here."

Some of the Old Guard believe that the new element is not very Capri. Rather, that it's very Sardinia (that's *another* island, 200 miles away). "In Sardinia everybody go, your rich, tacky *people,* vulgar *people,* easy *people,* rich *people,* boring *people,* Italian *people,*" says Aurelio De Laurentiis, furiously marching around his grand Filmauro office in Rome. Unfortunately, he suggests, the same types have started coming to Capri. How do you spot them? It's easy! according to De Laurentiis. They are the ones complaining, "'Oh, there is not the *taxi!* Oh, there is the *line!* Oh, there are too many *people!* These people *touch* me!'" Sardinia-minded people are obsessed, he explains further, with "making a show." "When you make a show ... that means you are a-doing a good show for your business, which is not tacky, not sleazy, it's fine, but you cannot do that in Capri. You must *live* Capri!" he says, pumping his fist.

For those who understand Capri as De Laurentiis does, to "live Capri" means to live in the spirit of its history. Everywhere on Capri, the ghosts of those who defined it as a special haven are looming. When you meet Antonio De Angelis, the shy owner of the popular restaurant La Capannina, he may, if he trusts you, lower his voice and share a secret he holds most dear: "I was very good friend with a boy that used to live with Norman Douglas," he says, referring to someone Douglas wanted "to raise." The son of the chef at the Grand Hotel Quisisana and Trattoria Savoia, one of Capri's first restaurants, De Angelis, as a teenager, was responsible for bringing them wine. "I remember he used to love Orvieto. It's a sweet wine. He used to like a sweet wine."

Indeed, no one has managed to carve as indelible a mark onto Capri as Douglas has. In her vivid and acclaimed memoir, *Greene on Capri,* Shirley Hazzard, who palled around with Graham Greene on the island, describes how Greene, while strangely immune to the charms of Capri's beauty and locals, made one connection—Norman Douglas. "Douglas had supplied a last point of reference in Capri's long expatriate continuity," Hazzard writes, "and Graham had been the last notable figure to profit from it—received, at his arrival, into an easy ambience of liveliness and eccentricity."

Over a spaghetti dinner at Settanni, one of Capri's oldest restaurants, Hazzard, who is now widowed and divides her time among New York, Naples, and Capri, explains why Douglas, a minor writer and a pedophile, after all, managed to capture Capri's imagination. "Graham, in that nice thing he wrote on Douglas, in the preface to Douglas's cookbook, he uses a very good word about Douglas: 'unashamed,'" says Hazzard, who herself combines a kind of rebellious soulfulness with old-world propriety. "When Douglas died, that whole period of Capri fell away."

And yet, that Capri—*Capri* Capri—lives on. The piazzetta is still ripe for major-league people-watching, as evidenced by Alba Clemente and her friend Diego Cortez on one afternoon, post-yachting. ("Oh, look, it's Edward Albee in disguise." "Isn't that the Johnson & Johnson heiress?" Etc.) The island is still fertile ground for unusual romances between foreigner and local. Thomas Mann's daughter Monika was living with a *caprese* fisherman for 35 years, until his death. And there are still young people, such as Fiona Swarovski, the Austrian Swarovski-crystal heiress, breathing fresh life into the ancient idea of Capri as a land for self-invention and personal fantasies.

Swarovski is famous around the island for many things: her incredible body, which is tanned and shown off today to good effect by her Daisy Duke jean shorts and a white man's shirt, unbuttoned to her navel; her three husbands; her one parrot; her six dogs, Tanita, Bingo, Dinga, Pablo, Gypsy, and Napoleona, who respond to her raspy, smoker's coo, "Come to mama," with lots of frenzied panting. And there's her house. It's a Deco mansion, complete with an enormous veranda and garden. It sits above La Canzone del Mare, one of the beach clubs that was hip in the 50s and 60s. It had been previously owned by Gracie Fields, the famous 1930s English pop singer.

But the story of how Swarovski fell in love with the villa, like everything else in her life, has the charmed simplicity that befits a young princess. "With my first husband, I came here for the first time when I was 18 years old, and we actually jumped out of the boat over there," she says, pointing her lit cigarette at the Marina Piccola. "So I walked up, the first time I saw Capri in my life, and said, 'This is the place.'" Cut to 11 years later and husband number two Swarovski returned to Capri and fought over the house with Leonardo Mondadori, the Italian publishing magnate who was in the middle of a divorce. Swarovski and Mondadori ended up cutting a deal. He'd have it for the first five years, and then it was all hers. "Because after five years I really wanted this house desperately, because there was so much love in Capri, and this is, I think, the best spot in Capri."

Apparently her third husband, John Balzarini, thinks so too. A blond, bronzed cut of young, shirtless hunkiness, he is stretched out on a chaise, drinking in the Capri sun and waxing poetic, somewhat incoherently, about the moon. He may also be wondering how he got so lucky. How *did* he get so lucky? "I saw Capri. I saw Fiona," Balzarini says drowsily. "And I told myself she's one of the nice women worldwide. Easy, breezy.

With "seven bambini" between them from previous relationships, Swarovski and Balzarini have created their own Italian Brady Bunch idyll. "I'm in my own paradise," says Swarovski. "I have a lot of friends passing from all over the world. Coming there with their boats and having lunches and dinners here.... Friends from all over the world. I had John-John Kennedy here," she says, adding, "not last summer, the summer before." In addition, in her role as an "organizer" of a film festival called Capri Hollywood, Swarovski has hosted many bold-faced names at the house, including Matthew Modine and Anthony Minghella. And the movies that were shown? "We had *Shin*

we had *Evita*. I don't remember them all."

The few remnants from Fields's home, like a mosaic table that seats 19, are the most beautiful things about the place. In addition to having hung some of her own artwork, Swarovski has decorated the walls with what can only be called impulse purchases. In the living room, for example, hangs a brightly colored, childlike picture of a young lady on a veranda that looks much like Swarovski's own veranda. "I was married to my first husband and there was a thing in Sotheby's in London and I saw this painting," she says, explaining its provenance. "I said, 'I want this painting. I *absolutely* want this painting,' and I went to London and I got this painting. He's a very famous Austrian painter. It's like all the Romantic painters, 1890—actually I think this is a reproduction. I'm not sure about it."

There also remain pockets of old-school eccentricity in Capri, as you learn when you enter the world of Peter Van Schalkwyk and his wife, Mariella Gardella Van Schalkwyk, former editor-at-large for *Italian Vogue*. They live in a pint-size, but glorious, home 40 minutes from town, up a forsaken road busy only with stray dogs and buzzing insects. Van Schalkwyk, while open and kind, is a creature of almost painful nostalgia. He is dark, with black hair slicked back. His paintings of Mariella, which line the walls, have her as a young woman, posing languidly in evening gowns and smoking, like Marlene Dietrich in her prime. His Cole Porter recordings, muffled and staticky, roam the hallway like thick dust, settling in with a collection of old hats and Horst and Norman Parkinson photographs. As Mariella puts it, "Everything for him a déjà vu." By contrast, Mariella describes her general outlook on life like this: "Every moment for me is a new Romanticism!" Indeed, she is a glowing ray of hope and optimism, with flowing gray hair, vibrant blue eyes, and the tendency to grip your hand and whisper dramatically about virtually everything.

While there is something curious about this particular pairing, Peter and Mariella, who call each other by the same name ("Penguin"), have created a separate existence on the island, with its own rules and standards. In it, the simplest things, such as one of Mariella's naïve watercolors, appear beautiful; tacky hors d'oeuvres like tiny hot dogs somehow look elegant; money seems irrelevant; and there's no such thing as a secret. "From the first wedding I had my children, I had a passionate love, but not a real love," Mariella whispers just minutes after making your acquaintance. "Here it's real love, but it doesn't mean we . . . *live together,*" she says, lowering her voice even more and then giggling. "In a certain way, I love him because of his head. Of his intelligence. He loves me in another way. More like a *woman.*" Anyone they bring into their home immediately feels intoxicated, special, and immune to all the bad things that life may have in store. Perhaps that is why they have collected an enormous list of friends, varied with art-lovers like Siniscalco, Zorlu, and Dino Trapetti, the head of the renowned Roman costume house Tirelli (once run by his partner, Umberto Tirelli); intellectuals and professors; European royalty such as Lallo Sirignano and Egon von Fürstenberg; and designers such as Gianfranco Ferré, Claude Montana, and Calvin Klein, who, during one particularly boisterous Peter-and-Mariella dinner party, accidentally set fire to their kitchen.



CAPRI, IN SNAPSHOTS

Clockwise from top left: Prince Maurice of Hesse at Villa Maura, 1954; jewelry-store owner Pietro Capuano seated beside Mussolini's daughter, Countess Edda Ciano, 1958; singer Johnnie Ray (in vertically striped shirt) with friends, 1955; photographers David Bailey (left) and Patrick, Earl of Lichfield, on either side of model Penelope Tree, 1968; Egon von Fürstenberg with his stepfather, Giovanni Neuvoletti, 1968.

And then there is the scene at Valentino's Villa Cercola, which is grand but somewhat neglected and overgrown with vines. A vision in beige, his sweater draped over the shoulders as usual, Valentino is mellow, even subdued, his golden complexion doing little to hide the impression that the light inside him has dimmed. It might all be slightly depressing were it not for the dazzling young pick-me-ups he has hanging around, his favorite being Carlos Souza. Discovered by Valentino at the age of 16 in São Paulo, Souza, a strong but sprightly dreamboat in white Capri pants, spanking-white sneakers, and lime-green sweater (which, like his boss's, is draped over his shoulders), is his Boy Friday, taking care of Mr. Valentino's P.R., and making sure Mr. Valentino has what he wants to drink. He's also there simply to loll around on the grass like an adorable, well-bred puppy, cheerfully gossiping about people in the fashion world and flirting with his boss. "He doesn't like my tattoo," says Souza, mock-sulking. "He says, 'What the hell you did?'"

Lately, history has been creeping up on the present more than ever. In September, everybody on Capri, it seemed, was talking about the recent purchase of Lo Studio, a house on the Via Tragara, which had once belonged to Capri's leading family—the Cerios. The buyer was Kinka Usher, a director of commercials from Santa Barbara, California, whose one film credit is *Mystery Men,* and who is also a descendant of the Cerio family. Large, loud, and Hollywood-pitch friendly, Usher wants to "set the record straight."

From start to finish, the story he wants to set straight is pure Capri. It involves the three Cerio brothers: Arturo, a painter, who was, by all accounts, gay; George, an eye doctor and Usher's grandfather; and Edwin, an engineer and writer who is seen as one of Capri's most devoted citizens and is credited with erecting some of the island's most notable buildings. But, according to Usher, Edwin was "evil" and did nothing less than steal George's property and legacy.

It begins around 1915, when George was living and working in Rome, where he met Mabel Norman, an American painter of wealthy Newport stock. They fell in love and Mabel went with George to Capri, where, using her giant fortune, he "created the most beautiful life for her," says Usher. He built her a huge house, right below the Via Tragara, and a glorious painting studio—Lo Stu-

Capri

dio—where it just so happens Usher is sitting and telling his story now.

At age 65, George wanted an heir, but there were issues. Not only was Mabel over 50 years old, she was, says Usher, "a germ freak and was really into birds." And so George, without telling Mabel, decided to find someone to carry his baby. In true Capri style, he chose a rock carrier from Anacapri named Concetta Viva, who, Usher says, "had a great sense of humor and was really smart. Street-smart because she was a peasant woman." In exchange for her having his baby, he set her up in Rome and gave her $2,000.

Alas, Concetta did not have a boy, as George had hoped, but gave birth to a girl, Tamara, Usher's mother. Growing up, Tamara was told that she had been adopted by George and Mabel. Meanwhile, Concetta, now set up in Rome, would occasionally return to Capri and "sit up on the stoop and watch Tamara, my mother, go back and forth, knowing that she could never speak to her." The real problem arising from Tamara's birth, Usher explains, was that Edwin's hopes of handing the family's newly acquired Norman fortune to his own daughter, Laetitia, were dashed. (As it stood, the only other child in the Cerio family was Arturo's illegitimate son, Matteo, who, according to Usher, wasn't a threat. He "had a very horrible deformity where he didn't grow beyond four six. He had a large hump on his back, but he was a wonderful guy.")

"All of a sudden my mom comes on the scene and it's over for Edwin and Laetitia," Usher says, "because now my mom's going to inherit everything!" But not all worked out as planned. Right before the war, George, Mabel, and Tamara left for the United States, and during the war George died. Then, when it came time for Mabel, who was helpless in matters of money and estates, to write her will, Edwin offered to pitch in. In fact, he did the job himself and made the most of her limited Italian. "Edwin appointed himself sole heir," says Usher. "He basically, during the war, took thousands of pounds of silver, melted it into bullion. . . . And then started to rewrite the record books, claiming he built everything, tried to erase his brother, wipe him off the map."

When Tamara returned to Capri at age 17, she found that everything she'd grown up with had been appropriated by her uncle Edwin. She also found herself on the receiving end of her cousin Laetitia's hostility. At age 18, Tamara received a letter from Concetta, telling her the truth about her birth. But even after everything was revealed, Laetitia "would always say, 'This is my aunt's adopted daughter,'" recalls Tamara Kinsell, a bubbly, free-spirited dancer who, like her son, lives in Santa Barbara. "She could never recognize me as a Cerio. She wanted to be the only Cerio on the island." Even years later, when Kinsell's daughter Giselle started painting and signing her works "Cerio," Laetitia, who was also a painter, wigged.

A few years ago, Usher heard that the painting studio was on the market. As Tamara recalls, "He said, 'I would never, ever have an opportunity to buy a house built by my grandfather ever again in my life.'" In September, the reaction of the neighbors seemed chilly. Here was this brash director of commercials, bulldozing into town out of nowhere, desperate to knock one of the island's heroes, Edwin Cerio, off of his pedestal. None of it seemed very Capri. But a month later, after the whole family came to stay, the people of Capri did a 180-degree turn, proving that, while they can hold a grudge, they also want to be loving.

"They just said, 'Oh, you're back. You have a house!'" says Kinsell. "It's wonderful! It's just terrific."

The wonderfulness of it all is only part of the Capri story. The film *Contempt*, while often overwrought, does get to the destructive overtones of Capri's Siren call. The film focuses on the marriage of an ex-typist (Brigitte Bardot) and a screenwriter (Michel Piccoli). For the first two-thirds of the film we watch their relationship crumbling. Then, partly in an effort to save their marriage, they decide to go to Capri. But the luxury, decadence, and relentless beauty of the island prove too much to handle. They follow their urges as far as they will take them, and end up breaking up for good, which leads to the film's tragic ending. A sense of doom hangs over Capri in real life, too. Likely, it is the looming memory of the cast of characters who sought out pleasure—Fersen, Krupp, Douglas, and Hornstein—and came to pathetic ends. Standing on her white roof, Mariella Gardella Van Schalkwyk points out the breathtaking views: there is Vesuvius, there's Ischia, over there is Sorrento. And to the left are trees that were planted by Norman Douglas, and up there is where Fersen lived and died. Suddenly she turns as melancholy as her husband and reveals, in her unique English, what few on Capri are willing to say. "Your brain go water, staying here too long," she says. "Too much paradise."

Fabien Baron

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181 apartment we are in, is a mixture of things—that is, first, simplicity, then elegance and newness, and of course all this needs to be done with great care and quality. I think my work has impact because of the great effort of working the quality to the bone."

"There is a very impressive rigor in Fabien's work," says Giulio Cappellini, the Milan-based furniture designer, whose company, Cappellini S.p.A., is manufacturing Baron's sofas, tables, chairs, beds, and desks—all sculptural, highly geometrical, and exquisitely made. "The spirit of Fabien is to try to arrive at something that is perfect," Cappellini says. "He will invest a lot of time, and stop and start again to make sure that it is right. When I think of an advertisement done by Fabien and of a perfume bottle done by Fabien and I look at his apartment, I see the same aesthetic idea—you could sum it all up very nicely by quoting Mies van der Rohe, who is important to both of us as a designer, and who said, 'God is in the details.'"

"It does become a little bit excessive and obsessive, the compulsion to make things perfect," Baron admits to me, standing in his stark, stone-clad kitchen, which was inspired by Mies's kitchen for the landmark Farnsworth House (1946). "I come home and think, This should be smaller. This should be wider. The light today is no good. It would be better like this. Right now I am looking at the little three-inch handle that they put on the door of the dishwasher—it's too big. I'll tell them they will have to make it even smaller. I wanted no handles on anything, but that one couldn't be helped. And before that it was the kitchen sink. I wanted it to be perfectly square. First it came with rounded corners. Then there were grooves on the bottom for drainage. I kept saying, 'Square, square, square! It must be square!' Finally they got it right."

One cannot help but imagine that the process of designing a perfume bottle—the cone-shaped L'Eau d'Issey bottle, the CK One flask, and Armani's curvy Mania bottle are among Baron's most famous—is somewhat akin to the process of designing the sink.

"For the loft, I wanted extremely spare volumes—a very calm atmosphere," Baron says. "It's quite sleek, but with soft lighting so even though the angles are hard, we studied the light and made sure that we created something that is meditative, very Zen." Baron's furniture is similar in its lines—strictly geometrical, but not rigid or severe. "It's no Shabby Chic," he says. "The proportions are perfect—very beautiful, with big atten

Fabien Baron

ion to details and materials," says Cappelni. "I think there is a strong influence by Mies, who also had the greatest respect for naterials and quality."

The same care is taken with the application of the materials used throughout the oft. There are only six: walnut, oak, whitecolored glass, plaster, stainless steel, and Manhattan schist, a dark, garnet-flecked tone. "The more we did, the more we took off, took off, took off—to simplify," Baron ays. For example, "we wanted all f the electrical outlets hidden, so ney are under oak planks in ne floor, which lift up and have otches in them for the cords. We masked the loft windows nd hung white scrims in front f them to make a kind of floor-o-ceiling light box. It's a little ke a Robert Irwin sculpture, and glows. All of the light switches re almost invisible—just little netallic slivers. And we got rid f the columns. There were these orrible columns everywhere, so e hid them in the walls. We ared everything down."

The "we" includes Baron's architect, Deborah Berke, who, long with her associate, Maitnd Jones, collaborated with him n the apartment.

"Fabien would come into my ffice with those little notebooks ney give you on the Concorde, nd you could tell he had been rawing the entire flight," says erke, whose practice is known r its elegant modernist houses nd spare interiors, including the ndustria Superstudio in Greenwich Village, ne Baron & Baron offices, and apartments r William Wegman and J. Crew chairan Emily Woods. Currently she and Jones e working on a glass-and-concrete couny house for Baron in Amagansett, Long land. "We would show him our drawings," erke continues, "and he would modify em, and we'd sit around a table together r hours and do more drawings. It's a rocess of taking Fabien's sensory desires nd translating them into architecture," she ys. "He might say, 'I want a big room that totally *boom!*'" says Jones. "That basically eans, I need a loft and a few bedrooms." ther times he was exacting, "especially in s determination—unlike every other New rker—to hide all of the columns in his ft," says Jones. Among the other refineents Baron requested: the elimination of l round drain holes—especially in the ctangular Manhattan-schist sinks. Water instead flows out through a hidden slit in the side of the basin. He also ordered the oak floor planks rift-sawed to ensure a straight grain rather than a swirly one. Even the toilets are customized, to eliminate visible tanks, and flushing controls are reduced to simple stainless-steel rectangles embedded in the lavatory walls.

Both Berke and Jones note that the forms Baron requested for the apartment reflect graphic techniques he applies in his print design work. "He has no aversion to great expanses of white space—just like his use of white space in a magazine layout," says Jones. "He is willing to build a massive white wall just to set up a little architectural move, like a stack of thick walnut bookshelves suspended at the end of a 20-foot-long white wall. He also liked our plan to repeat a line or object numerous times—for example, all of the windows and doors run floor to ceiling; all of the fixtures are identical and standardized. This reflects the way he uses parallel lines and repetition on the printed page."



HEALTHY GLOW

Swedish Friberg pottery and an African dance mask sit on solid walnut shelves in the living room. A 1946 plywood chair by Charles and Ray Eames stands in the entry to the study and music room.

"Somewhere I am a frustrated architect, so Deborah allows me to play," says Baron, who dropped out of the École des Arts Appliqués in Paris after one year and then apprenticed with his father, who was art director of the newspaper *Libération* in the 1970s. "It's a perfect marriage, because we always agree on everything. And there are very few people I agree with on everything, except for Malin." Malin is Malin Ericson, Baron's girlfriend and a designer at Baron & Baron, with whom he shares the apartment, along with their one-year-old daughter, Eva, and Baron's two children from previous marriages, Arielle and Matthew. An unanticipated advantage of the loft's minimalist plan is that it allows the Barons to play family games of indoor soccer. The 15-foot wall of white glass that separates the master bedroom from the entry hall is used as the goal. "But we are *very* careful," Baron hastens to add, pointing to a multicolored Nerf ball resting near the leg of a Barcelona chair.

"Fabien is very childlike," says Ericson, "but I do not mean that in a negative way. He is very intuitive. He knows what he wants. And this is a key to his design work. He doesn't follow rules.... When we are kids we all have wild imaginations and we're allowed to run free with them. We don't take into account what other people think. Luckily we both like the same things—spare surroundings are very attractive to us."

As always with minimalism, certain sacrifices must be made when it comes to comfort and convenience. "It is considerably harder to make things look simple," says Berke. "And the need for zero tolerance means that things need to be made more than once." For example, each plaster corner and joint in the apartment required finishing and refinishing to achieve a knifelike sharpness, because, as Baron says, "everything in the [place] is so precise that if a corner or an edge wobbles it doesn't work."

The best example of Baron's perfectionism is the half-ton Manhattan-schist bathtub he conceived. It was quarried, hand-carved, and polished in western Massachusetts, then shipped to New York City and lifted into place with a crane. "Then," says Baron, "I took it out, because I didn't like the way the corners were done." A second one was made, and two months later another crane was requisitioned to lift it into place. "When I had them take the original one away I told them to save it," he says, leaning on the tub's edge. "We're going to have a lid made for it with a cross. I told them, 'I can use it later.'" □

Jennifer Aniston

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166 healing process with each other, of deconstructing these ideals of ourselves, to get rid of that piece-of-shit feeling we carry in ourselves," she says. "Getting the success—you feel, Why me? I went through a period of guilt about my family: 'Why are they struggling, and why did it work for me? I don't deserve this! When are they going to find me out and call me on my bluff?' And yet all that kid stuff has given me a career. I've channeled it into something positive—being able to make people laugh."

A deft comedienne, Aniston had already discovered that talent by the time she reached high school. By then her older half-brother had moved out, and she was living alone with her mother on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Aniston (whose family name was originally Anastassakis, reflecting her father's Greek heritage) attended LaGuardia high school, which achieved renown as the setting for *Fame*. But her father, who played the villainous Victor on *Days of Our Lives*, advised her against going into show business. She suspects that this was a major reason she did so. "Because he said no," she says wryly. "Part of me felt that he didn't believe in me, so there was a little bit of 'I'll prove it to you!' He also didn't know how much I loved it."

Despite the years when she scarcely saw her father, they are now on reasonably good terms. "He held himself accountable and said, 'I apologize,'" Jennifer reports. "As an adult, how do you not forgive somebody who says he's sorry?" But the scars remain. Recently her father, who lives not far off in Topanga Canyon, complained that he doesn't see enough of her. "Now all of a sudden you want to show up?" Jennifer says humorously. "This was your doing; you made your bed—you should lay in it!"

The deeper source of grief these days is her mother. Although their estrangement began five years ago when Nancy Aniston gossiped about her on a tabloid television show, the merest mention of their relationship still makes Jennifer's eyes well up. "I can't believe I got married and my mother has never met this person I married," she says tearfully. "I never would have believed it, when I was 17, if you had told me that would happen." Afraid that their unfinished business would cast a pall over her wedding, she finally chose not to invite her mother. But she says, "It was a torturous decision."

Trying to get some perspective on her childhood, she adds, "I really do think my mother was doing the best she could. Knowing the childhood she had, knowing the family she wanted to have—it just breaks my heart. But my mother didn't know where she ended and I began. This separation needed to happen for both of us to find out. To feel that someone is so trying to live through me—"

A sob catches in her throat. "It's a tough one. That's the irony—my father and I are friends, and my mother and I don't speak. It's a bummer. I miss her. You want to just share it. But I think this is just a necessary break we need to take. Let it heal." She wipes her eyes, looking vulnerable as a child. "This is my last chunk of disease—dis-ease—in my life—my mom," she adds. "I'm still trying to understand those years of my life, and figure out what's real. As an adult, I can't blame my parents anymore. At this point we are accountable for our actions. We can change things."

And besides, there are other questions to ponder. "Success has changed her for the better," says Mandy Ingber, an actress and indoor-cycling instructor who has been a close friend for a dozen years. "I think she has become more connected to her internal self. All the hype that's put out there has forced her to go inward, to look at herself and say, 'What do I want?'—not just, 'What do all these other people think I am?' It always comes down to 'Who am I?'—without this career, without this man. Once you get everything you've dreamed of having, you're once again left with yourself, and it's like an identity thing. Having what you want is almost as much of a question-raiser as not getting what you want. Jennifer's journey is bigger than just being an actress."

"I can't imagine not acting, but I've been asking these crazy questions," Aniston admits. "I've had dreams of owning an antiques store or owning a restaurant. I fell into acting because it was all I thought I could do. You're funny as a kid, you're the goofball, the class clown—but now you've kind of done it, and you realize, Was this what I really wanted to do? Part of me would love to be on the more creative side. I love dissecting a script, figuring out how to make it better, and even—dare I say it—directing. I think next year I might take a crack at it on *Friends*. David Schwimmer has done a bunch of them, and it was really inspiring. There's no reason I couldn't try that."

Not that she's about to stop performing: "Acting is so much fun I don't think I could ever give it up completely. There are so many things that I haven't explored yet as an actor, things that scare me, that I have to tackle."

And there's also her movie career to consider. Next up is *Rock Star*, in which Aniston co-stars with Mark Wahlberg as a rock star's girlfriend. "What I wanted for this character was somebody who, no matter what the outside influences would be, they'd end up doing the right thing," says Stephen Herek, the director. "With Jennifer you feel like you know her."

"She is the girl next door—the idealized version," says Laurence Mark, the producer of *The Object of My Affection*. "She's really pretty, but somehow you can believe she might live next door, if you were lucky. With Jen you feel this immediate connection."

Aniston and her television colleagues already know that their forays into the movie world are fraught with risk. "People are just sharpening their knives, waiting to see how the 'friends' do," she says dryly.

"There was this backlash after our second year on the show," explains Lisa Kudrow. "We were overexposed. We weren't used to being actors who had choices. We did a Diet Coke commercial, as a group, because the studio wanted us to do it, and Jennifer was the lone voice saying, 'I don't think we should do that.' She has good instincts, because after that there was nothing but negative press, pitting us against each other, in terms of who was getting what movies and so on. We all got slammed, but we talk about everything, especially us girls, and we work through those things."

Directors seem to love working with Aniston. "Her first instinct may be to put a very skilled, polished, funny twist on a line—and, believe me, she can make anything funny," says Nicholas Hytner, who directed her as a social worker who wants to raise her child with her gay roommate in *The Object of My Affection*. "But she can equally, after a moment's thought, find a much more interesting, more truthful, much more touching way of playing a scene. She has access to those basic large emotional subcurrents that people are looking for when they watch a movie. She really reveals herself."

Her colleagues foresee a bright future for Aniston when *Friends* comes to an end, as it probably will when the cast's current contracts expire in 2002. "On the show, week after week, her job is to keep funny material constantly airborne. But when she spends more of her time with material that requires her to exercise other muscles, her really considerable gift as an actress will be more widely recognized," predicts Hytner, who also directed *The Madness of King George*.

"It's just a matter of how hungry she is," adds Herek, who directed *Mr. Hollanda's Opus* and *101 Dalmatians*, among other films. "I think she'll go as far as she wants to go. She could be the female romantic lead in just about anything."

At the moment, however, Aniston is more interested in playing the female romantic lead in her own life. "I've come to the realization that I want to work to live; I don't want to live to work," she says. "I feel like

there's so much to do in life, but I don't know what it is. You can dream as big as you want. I guess you don't know how far you can go until you try. But no job is as important to me as my love. There will always be another job—and if there's not, there will be something else."

Also on the horizon is having a baby, although Aniston is in no hurry. She and Pitt still have to negotiate the size of their prospective family. "I always thought two or three children, but Brad's definitely seven," she says with a grin. "He loves the idea of having a huge family. But you just never know. Whatever will be, will be."

In the meantime, they are enjoying being newlyweds. After spending the afternoon with Aniston on Valentine's Day, I asked what she and Brad were doing that night. "Ordering in a pizza—he's a Taco Bell, Domino's Pizza type of guy, that's why I love him," she said. "Tonight I'm getting Mexican food and he's getting pizza, and we're going to watch a great movie."

She laughs. "It's funny, people have this idea of a life that's so glamorous, but it couldn't be more boring and normal—sitting at home, ordering takeout. It's fun to be home. I'm such a nester, and we're ridiculous homebodies."

In many ways Aniston's life has been altered remarkably little by fame and fortune. "My first impressions of her were the ones I have now," says Kathy Najimy, a good friend. "She's always been very supportive of me and my activism. Whether it's AIDS things or choice issues, you name it, she's done it. Now she's Queen of the World, but there's no big change."

Aniston has long considered the cast of *Friends* among her intimates. "We've been through a lot together—marriages, babies, fame, losing parents, drug addiction—it's been an intense experience," she says.

Only a few days later, Matthew Perry—who was first treated for prescription-drug dependency in 1997—entered rehab again. Their other co-stars have no doubt that Aniston will always be supportive, whatever the problems at hand. "She's one of the most loving, caring people I know," says Courteney Cox Arquette. "No matter what's going on with me, I know I can talk to her, and she would never judge."

Aside from Aniston's co-stars, adds Kristin Hahn, "she doesn't have famous friends. She pals around with people she's known forever, because they love her for who she is. It really is like a family. We have stuck together, and there's a continuity that is very comforting. We're not the same characters as the ones on *Friends,* but there is that intense fraternity, and a deep love."

When Aniston first introduced her gang to Pitt, they knew immediately that he was the one. "You go through a lot of different relationships with friends, but never was I absolutely positive like I was with Brad," says Najimy. "I saw how much he loved her. I went home and I was weepy about it. She was 100 percent herself with him, and that's all I really wish for my friends."

Pitt's friends felt the same way. "They just made each other really happy, and it was completely obvious," says Catherine Keener, who—along with her husband, Dermot Mulroney—has been a close friend of Pitt's for the last decade.

Aniston and Pitt spend a lot of time with their friends, but it is resolutely unpretentious. "We don't even really go out," says Keener. "We like to stay home. We just switch houses and order out. We hang out and play silly games—dominoes, running charades, Ping-Pong. And we don't take these games lightly. It gets pretty competitive!"

Pitt may prefer pizza and Ping-Pong to foie gras and black-tie, but never underestimate Prince Charming's ability to make his lady swoon. When Jennifer arrived at her dressing room at the Warner studios on Valentine's Day, she found it filled to bursting with roses. There were petals strewn an inch deep all over the floor, even floating in the toilet; there were so many long-stemmed roses piled so high on every surface that there was no place to put down a coffee cup, let alone to sit. On the wall, in huge letters, Pitt had spelled out I LOVE MY WIFE in rose petals.

So far Aniston isn't taking any of her good fortune for granted. "She finds joy and beauty in small things," says Kristin Hahn. "She gets excited by a flower in her backyard. Most people let the gardener take care of that stuff. She is so grateful for what she's experiencing; that's why none of her friends resents her success. It's so easy to get lazy when you have everything at your fingertips, but I think that's why she and Brad hooked up. Each will make sure the other doesn't get lazy when it comes to the important things that will matter when you're 80 and no one gives a crap. They challenge each other to have real intimacy, as opposed to getting away with what the world allows them to get away with."

The world certainly allows such golden couples to get away with a lot, but Aniston is determined to discourage people's illusions. "What they're seeing is the fairy tale, and that's what leads people to believe things that are not true," she says. "Not that it's not a fairy tale; this is an amazingly beautiful life. But I look at life like rock climbing. You get through the first tier, you rest for a minute, you look back at how far you've come—and then you look up, and you've got another tier to climb." □



MR. AND MRS. HOTTIE

Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston at the premiere of *The Mexican,* February 23, 2001, in Westwood, California. "Meeting my husband—oddly enough, we've had this healing process . . . to get rid of that piece-of-shit feeling we carry in ourselves," says Aniston.

Dylan and Baez

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194 29, established the Folklore Center at 110 MacDougal Street, one and a half blocks from Washington Square. The store was essentially an excuse for Young to indulge his own passions—books, folk music, and gossip (he was an obsessive diarist). Young's hangout was a narrow shop with new and used instruments hanging on the walls, and racks for records and publications.

"The first place everybody with the slightest interest in folk immediately went was Izzy Young's Folklore Center," said Oscar Brand. "That was where you caught up on the latest news, speculation, and misinformation. If you stayed more than a minute, someone you knew came in. It was a social center, like an old Eastern European town square, and just as profitable. Izzy was the worst businessman in the world. He sold everything at a discount, if he didn't give it away. If you wanted to sing in a coffeehouse, and you needed a guitar, Izzy would give you one and say you could pay him later. Of course, no one did."

Within the store's cramped quarters, Young held concerts, many of which were the formal debuts of young singers new to the city. "I was a real schmuck," said Young. "I didn't know that I was doing everything wrong. But everybody else was schmuckier than me, because they came in and asked me for my opinion."

In its first years, the Greenwich Village folk scene, much like the one in Cambridge that had nurtured Joan Baez, adhered to the labor theory of value. Pete Seeger had reason to be proud: most musicians sang and played for free in Washington Square and passed a basket for change in the coffeehouses (or "basket houses"). The principal measure of success for the majority of folksingers was peer approval. It was a system virtually untainted by professionalism, until nightclubs such as the Village Gate and the Blue Angel began booking folksingers as well as comedians and bebop combos.

From his crow's nest at the Folklore Center, Izzy Young saw the spread of folk into the terrain of jazz and cocktails in Manhattan nightlife as proof of the music's commercial potential—and an opportunity to expand his own enterprise. "Nightclub owners," said Young, "were giving people folk music and booze and a place to meet other people so they could get laid, instead of sitting there in the afternoon sipping espresso. But they weren't doing it right, because they didn't give a shit about the music. I said, 'Hey, I can do that better than them.'"

Working in partnership with Tom Prendergast, a sharp-dressing ad executive with an interest in folk, Young made a deal with Mike Porco, the owner of a bar and pasta house two blocks east of Washington Square, and set up the first folk-only nightclub in Greenwich Village. Porco was an irrepressible man with a *calabrese* accent that he thickened and thinned like marinara to suit his needs. With handshakes, the pair agreed that Young and Prendergast would book and pay for the acts, handle all advertising and promotion, and take home what they collected at the door ($1.50 per head, no charge on Mondays); Porco would keep all he made from the sale of drinks and food. "It was a good deal—for me," Porco recalled with a grin.

Izzy Young called the room the Fifth Peg, a banjo reference, although most everyone continued to use the restaurant's old name, Gerde's. It was a cozy place. The walls were covered in a maroon flock-paper design, and the tables had red checked covers. The air was a soup of cigarette smoke, beer, and garlic. Gerde's exuded ascetic integrity. A three-foot-high oak-beam partition separated the bar area, on the left, from the restaurant and performance space, on the right; it was a cultural divide between Porco's old regulars, most of them Italian laborers, and the young Village folkies. The musical link between them—the performers on the right were singing about the working people on the left—seemed lost on both sides. "They tended to tolerate each other with benign amusement, complete ignorance, and fear," said Dave Van Ronk.

In the back by the end of the bar, a narrow door led to a basement, a musty windowless area with two benches where waiters and waitresses changed clothes and musicians warmed up or gathered to play informally. The downstairs, recalled John Herald, the Greenbriar Boys' guitarist and singer, "was unbelievably damp. There was a mysterious gray area all the way in the back that was real dark and dank. You'd be playing the guitar and you'd hear sounds from back there some people were smoking dope or fucking—and you'd keep playing."

It was at Gerde's, in September of 1961, that folksinger Bob Dylan got his first big break.

Born Robert Allen Zimmerman on May 24, 1941, Bob Dylan was just about four months younger than Joan Baez. Raised in Hibbing, Minnesota—a Mesabi Valley mining town drained of the iron ore that had been its lifeblood—Bob grew up in comfort. His father, Abraham Zimmerman, ran a family business, Micka Electric Co., with his two brothers, while Bob's mother, Beatrice (Beatty) Stone Zimmerman, held a clerical job at Feldman's Department Store. They lived in a two-story, tan stucco house on a corner of a middle-class block; there was a terrace on the second floor and a recroom in the basement.

Bob and his brother, David, five years younger, were part of a big, close Jewish family. (Defensive about his family's relative prosperity, Dylan would later insist, inaccurately, "Where I lived, there aren't any suburbs. There aren't any suburbs, and there's no poor section, and there's no rich section. . . . There's no wrong side of the tracks and right side of the tracks. As far as I knew, where I lived, nobody had anything that anybody else didn't have, really, and that is the truth.")

Considered a creative and solitary boy, Bob wrote poems, he drew (mainly pencil sketches of cowboys and horses), and he liked music. He listened to hillbilly radio and what rhythm and blues he could find in local record stores, and he taught himself how to play elementary chords on the family's Gulbransen spinet piano. In his teens Bob was not rebellious so much as absorbed with the idea of rebellion. He went to the Lybba theater (built by Bob's maternal great-grandfather and named for his wife) to watch *Rebel Without a Cause* at least four times, according to Bill Marinac one of his friends from Central High. Bob cut out magazine pictures of its tortured young star, James Dean, framed them, and hung them in his bedroom, and he bought a red leather motorcycle jacket like the one Dean wears in the movie. When Bob was 16, his parents bought him a used Harley-Davidson Model 45. He liked to ride his Harley up and down the Hibbing strip, Howard Street, glowering at the road. He was not a strong rider, his friends said; he looked uneasy on the bike and got thrown off once while he was trying a stunt near a passing train.

Bob had started crooning along with the radio at the age of 10 or 11; his childhood idol was Hank Williams. When rock 'n' roll emerged, connected to motorcycles and red leather as a symbol of teen insurrection, Bob became obsessed with the music. He learned how to bang out three-chord songs on the piano well enough to front a string of garage bands: the Shadow Blasters, formed when he was 15 ("We were just the loudest band around," Bob said); the Golden Chords; the Satin Tones. Bob wore a pink shirt and a bow tie. For the Rock Boppers, which Bob organized in the summer of 1958, he adopted a stage name, Elston Gunn. (Elston is an echo of Elvis, obviously; *Peter Gunn,* a television drama about a hipster detective, first aired that year and had a driving, jazzy theme song that became the source for two hit singles.

On a 1958 home recording made by his

buddy John Bucklen, Bob can be heard playing, singing, and raving about rhythm and blues in adolescent rapture. Asked what kind of music is the best, he blurts, "Rhythm and blues! Rhythm and blues is something that you can't quite explain—see? When you hear a good rhythm-and-blues song, chills go up your spine. You wanna cry when you hear one of those songs." His piano work was a functional approximation of the Little Richard style of blocking major chords, and his voice was sweet and buoyant—something like Buddy Holly's.

A big Holly fan, Bob went to see him perform at the Duluth Armory on January 31, 1959; when Holly died at 22 in a small-plane crash three days later, he joined Hank Williams (who had died en route to an engagement when he was 29) and James Dean (killed at 24) as the third of Bob's heroes to be immortalized by a premature death while on the road. Bob had "a preoccupation with death, out of Hank Williams," his brother said; when Dean died, "Bobby's whole world crashed in," and after Holly's death, "Bobby just went into mourning."

By September 1959, when Robert Zimmerman, then 18, entered the University of Minnesota and joined Sigma Alpha Mu, the Jewish fraternity, rock 'n' roll had done nothing to keep up with its maturing fans. Indeed, during the four years since the first major rock hit, "(We're Gonna) Rock Around the Clock," the music had not merely stagnated but regressed, neutered by record companies to suit the 13½-year-old girls they had identified as their most profitable market. Many of the genre's charismatically threatening founders were gone—Elvis Presley drafted, Jerry Lee Lewis and Chuck Berry banished because of sex scandals, Little Richard retired from music (temporarily) to become a minister—and replaced by nice pretty-boys such as Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon, and Bobby Rydell. For college students in Minneapolis, just as in Cambridge or New York, rock 'n' roll was a happy memory you left at home with your skates. The music of preference at the U. of M., especially in the artsy off-campus area called Dinkytown, was folk.

When Bob started performing publicly in Dinkytown his freshman year, he was strumming a flattop Gibson acoustic. "Elvis" had gone the way of Elvis, Jerry Lee, and the other figures of his teenage dreams. He replaced his motorcycle jacket with a dirty gray tweed sport coat from the Salvation Army and let his hair dangle, uncombed. Bob was a folksinger now. His small but fast-growing repertoire—rural blues and rhythmic, gospel-tinged material he picked up from Odetta records, as well as folk standards—hinted at his past musical identity while he began to craft a new one.

By his second semester, Bob had moved out of the frat house to live with a shifting assortment of fellow artists and bohemians above Gray's Drugstore in Dinkytown, and he was appearing regularly at the local coffeehouse, the Ten O'Clock Scholar. The Scholar was a dark, narrow storefront with walls painted flat black and a plate-glass window that faced the street. Sometimes



IF NOT FOR YOU

When it came to Bob, Joan was that someone who opened each and every door, always magnanimous with her folk-circuit stage time. Dylan, as if in thanks, plucked some buds for her during a tour break. Photographed by Daniel Kramer in Newark in November 1964.

the owner, David Lee, taped a sign on the glass that read, BOB DILLON. Like Gunn, Bob's latest alias was the name of a TV character: Matt Dillon, the stolid marshal of Dodge City portrayed by James Arness on *Gunsmoke* (the most popular show that year); he had shifted the dramatic milieu from the modern city to the Old West, befitting the young musician's transition from "Buzz Buzz Buzz" to "Muleskinner Blues."

"He listened to everybody, and he had an incredible ability to take things in and absorb them and put them right back out there like they had always been a part of him," said "Spider" John Koerner, a blues guitarist and singer who showed Bob dozens of songs in Koerner's Dinkytown apartment. Beginning in February 1960, the duo of Spider and Dillon appeared often at the Scholar. They sang, among other songs, Lerner and Loewe's "They Call the Wind Maria," from Broadway's *Paint Your Wagon.*

It was early autumn 1960 when Bob, now spelling his name Dylan ("because it looked better"), began to present a full-on musical persona, although that persona was not his own. An acquaintance had lent him Woody Guthrie's 1943 memoir, *Bound for Glory*—an epiphany. Bob appeared instantly and wholly consumed by idol worship; he had the book in hand for several weeks, poring over it, again and again. While he had already known about Guthrie and been performing a handful of his songs, including "This Land Is Your Land," Guthrie's music evidently had never struck Bob as deeply as his picaresque tales of life on the road. In Guthrie, Bob found more than a genre of music, a body of work, or a performance style: he found *an image*—the hard-travelin' loner with a guitar and a way with words, the outsider the insiders envied, easy with women, and surely doomed. An amalgam of his heroes, Dylan's Guthrie was Hank Williams, James Dean, *and* Buddy Holly—a literate folksinger with a rock 'n' roll attitude.

"He's the greatest holiest godliest one in the world," Bob said of Guthrie—a "genius genius genius genius."

Examining his Guthrie fixation several years later, Dylan explained, "Woody turned me on romantically. As far as digging his talent and what he could do, in all honesty, I would just have to laugh at it [now].... I'm not putting him down. I'm not copping out on my attraction to him and his influence on me. What drew me to [him] was that, hearing his voice, I could tell he was very lonesome, very alone, and very lost out in his time. That's why I dug him. Like a suicidal case or something. It was like an adolescent thing—when you need somebody to latch onto, you reach out and latch onto them."

Guthrie's footprints provided Dylan with a path. He dropped out of school and decided to take to the road. In December 1960, Bob told friends he had telephoned his ailing hero at Greystone Park Psychiatric Hospital in northeastern New Jersey and had arranged to visit him there. He headed east by bus. In Madison, Wis-

Dylan and Baez

consin, he met a young political activist, Fred Underhill, who was about to drive to New York; Bob went with him. They arrived in Manhattan on January 24, 1961. The weather was as cold as the North Country—14 degrees with nine inches of snow in the streets. Undeterred, Bob and Underhill trudged to the coffeehouses. At the Cafe Wha?, each was allowed to sing a few songs.

After that, Dylan rarely left the Village. "It was like Dylan was in all the places all the time," said John Herald. "You couldn't escape him." He played somewhere—the back of the Folklore Center, the Gaslight, the Commons, the Lion's Head, Mills Tavern—virtually every night for basket change or $10 or $20 from a generous manager, sleeping on couches and floors provided by hospitable folk buffs, as Guthrie had during his years on the road. (Eventually he found a one-bedroom railroad flat at 161 West 4th Street for $80 a month.)

Dylan's appearance and manner, onstage and off, were vintage Guthrie. Dylan paid regular visits to his idol, who was often hospital-bound. "Man, I could whip anybody—I was at the high point of my life from seein' Woody," he crowed, and the more time Dylan spent with Guthrie, the more the acolyte seemed to resemble the debilitated master. "I was visiting Woody at that time also," said John Cohen, of the New Lost City Ramblers. "I had known Woody maybe eight years by then, and you could see all that jerky stuff starting to happen in his body. And then when Bob stood up to the microphone and started jerking around, tilting his head this way, and making these moves—I'd never seen anything like that except in Woody. When I first saw him, I said, 'Oh, my God, he's mimicking Woody's disease.'"

Dylan was 19 now and becoming known around the Village. But his first major work of imagination—his own persona—took shape slowly. "You could not ask him personal questions," said John Herald. "He'd always joke, or he'd tell you something like he used to be a miner—something like that. If you'd ask about his parents, he'd say he had none, or he'd change the subject, or he'd put you on." ("I shucked everybody when I came to New York," he later admitted. "I played cute.")

For those privileged few to whom he opened up, Dylan mustered a parade of colorful fantasies: he was an orphan, born in Chicago or raised in a New Mexico orphanage or in various foster homes; his Semitic features were the mark of Sioux blood in the family; one of his uncles was a gambler, another a thief; he had lived in Oklahoma, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota, Kansas, and on the Mississippi River; he had joined a carnival at age 13 and traveled with it around the Southwest; he had played the piano on Elvis Presley's early records. If an acquaintance said something that touched upon Bob's childhood or background—"Did you ever have to sing in church?"—he would snap back, "Dig yourself."

Entertainers have always changed their names and adopted professional images. Indeed, transformation has always been part of the American idea: in the New World, anyone can become a new person. The irony of Robert Zimmerman's metamorphosis lies in the application of so much artifice in the name of truth and authenticity. The folk movement propagated an aesthetic of veracity. It ostensibly celebrated the rural and the natural, the untrained, the unspoiled—the pure. Popular and easy to learn, folk music happened to attract an ambitious, middle-class college kid from the suburbs. It would accommodate him and his ambitions, no matter who he really was, as long as he could create the illusion of artlessness, and Bob did so giftedly. As the cowboy singer and sculptor Harry Jackson told folksinger Gil Turner when he saw the young Dylan perform, "He's so goddamned real, it's unbelievable."

He performed in work clothes—frayed blue denim pants, overworn tan boots, and stained khaki shirts, sometimes dressed up with a brown suede vest or a gray wool scarf—although his body appeared to have endured little hard labor. Pallid and soft, he seemed childlike, almost feminine. What conferred the impression of a life lived hard was his filth. "He looked like he could really use some help around the house," said Terri Thal, an artists' manager. "He looked totally helpless." Bob gave the appearance of being just about the shyest, quietest folkie performing in the Village. He lowered his head and watched his right hand strum as he sang, and when he did look out at the audience, he had a lost look in his eyes. This was largely because he didn't wear his glasses when he played and could see only a few feet without them.

The effect was magnetic. "He in a sense was not a communicator," said Theodore Bikel, the Vienna-born actor and folksinger. "You had to come to him all the way. He didn't say, 'It's nice to be here.' He didn't reach out to touch you. You had to come to where he was." Nearly half his usual set was comprised of tunes either written by Guthrie or indebted to him, including some of the first songs Dylan wrote himself—a handful of Guthrie-style "talking blues" numbers and the poignant ballad "Song to Woody." Bob murmured the words in a raw Dust Bowl twang. Between songs, he fidgeted with a funny corduroy seaman's cap he wore everywhere; a few times a night he would pull it off, look at it or lay it on a knee for a moment, then tug it back on. He often started telling a story, somehow connected to a song, presumably, only to drift off in the midst of a thought or puff a bit on his harmonica. The audience, uncertain of what he was doing, watched ever more closely to find out.

Offstage he was even more agitated. Recalling Dylan socially—sipping red wine at Gerde's or playing chess at the Kettle of Fish—his Greenwich Village friends recited a litany of nervous tics: he tapped his feet, one knee bobbed, his head darted back and forth, he scratched, he wiggled in his seat. "Dylan was always hopped-up, you know—don't mean high, necessarily, [but] hopped up," said John Herald.

"To put it frankly, he was a nervous wreck," remembered Oscar Brand. "He came on my radio show, and he said nothing but lies about his life. Naturally, he was nervous all the time. He was living with these enormous lies. Here he was, a kid from Minnesota, and he came here to a climate where a number of people were already quite seasoned. He was afraid he couldn't compete and afraid he wasn't good enough, so he lied."

Like many performers in the coffeehouses, Dylan had little difficulty attracting the opposite sex. His public image of unwashed timidity also proved a Freudian advantage. "He was like a hopeless little boy," said Barbara Dane. "All the women wanted to mother him. I think he knew that very well and really worked it." Uncommitted after a couple of flings in New York, he sat with blues singer Mark Spoelstra in a Village nightspot early one morning, talking about romance. "We were pouring our hearts out about girlfriends and how hard it was to find the right one," said Spoelstra. "I told him about the one I dated back in California that I still had a crush on. 'I went out with this girl Joan and she was wild. Man, she was beautiful and real talented.' I told how we went to that dance, and we were slow-dancing, and I was really into it and loving being with her and holding her, and she started to sing at the top of her lungs while I had my arm around her. Joan Baez. He didn't seem to recognize the name, or he didn't show it. He did. I said, 'She could kill with that voice. Man. And she has this little sister. One time I picked them up, and I drove with her little sister on my lap. I wish she'd been a few years older. I guess she is, now.'"

Dylan knew who Baez was; he was just indifferent to her music. "Her voice got through me. She's O.K.," he said, according to the notes of a conversation with Bob that Izzy Young logged in his diary a few weeks later. At the same time, he followed her ca-

eer with interest. "Most of her stuff did ot appeal to him at all," said John Herald. There's no roots in it—no blues, no gospel, o jazz. He was interested in her success—ow she got to be so famous."

They met on April 10, 1961. It was a Monday, "hoot night" at Gerde's, and oan and her kid sister, Mimi, were in New ork with their friend John Stein. He had riven them from Boston in his hearse so ey could be in Washington Square to rotest a measure meant to restrict folksing-g in the park. Most of the Village folk ommunity, energized by the demonstra-ons, gathered at Gerde's Folk City in high pirits. Virtually every singer in town per-rmed two or three songs in competitive illage camaraderie: Doc Watson, Gil Tur-er, Dave Van Ronk, Mark Spoelstra, Bob, nd Joan.

When Dylan sang a couple of Guthrie ngs, Joan was impressed. "He had that lly cap on, and he seemed like such a lit-e boy," she said. "But he was a joy to ex-erience. He was captivating. He made me nile." Joan rose to take the stage at the nd of the night, the finale. As she sang, ylan pulled a chair alongside John Stein. He tugged my sleeve a lot while she was aying," said Stein. "Bobby was very boun-y and twitchy and cute—he was sort of an f and cute, and he seemed younger than e rest of us, although we were all about e same age. He said to me, 'Hey, man, I rote a song, and I want Joanie to hear it.'"

By the time Joan finished, it was nearly o A.M. Stein escorted the Baez sisters out e door, and Bob sprang up to follow em—so quickly that he left his guitar be-nd. On the sidewalk, Bob asked if he ould play a song for Joan. She said "Of ourse" and took her Gibson from its case r him. Bob dropped his left knee onto the ivement and balanced Joan's guitar on s right leg. He seemed certain to tip over hile he was singing, "Hey, hey, Woody uthrie, I wrote you a song . . . " Joan, imi, and Stein looked down attentively. "It as like Bobby's little command perfor-ance," said Stein. "Joanie said she liked it ry much, thank you, and Bobby said, 'Ya n sing it if you wanna.'"

The hour being late and the night being unseasonably chilly and damp, Joan ex-sed the group. Bob turned to Mimi, as e recalled, and said, "Hey, do you want go to a party with me?" Joan answered her, "No—she can't." She was too young, an snapped, and it was already past her dtime. "It was a little weird that he was hit-g on me," said Mimi. "Joanie was very set." As they rode uptown, Joan fumed. don't want you to see him or talk to him r again," she instructed her sister.

The next day Dylan started telling his friends that Joan Baez wanted to record "Song to Woody." But he wasn't going to give her the permission, he said, because Guthrie didn't like her, and Bob wanted to record the song himself.

In the summer of 1961, Albert Grossman, the ever angling music impresario, came to Gerde's for lunch one day, a rare afternoon intrusion upon the neighborhood laborers by one of the night people. Grossman, a nightclub owner from Chicago, had come to New York and quickly made his name as an aggressive manager of folk talent, and had introduced Joan Baez to Maynard Solomon of Vanguard. In negotiations, Grossman exuded a menacing charm; around Greenwich Village, his nickname was "the floating Buddha."

That afternoon, Grossman ordered the most expensive dish on the menu (breaded veal cutlet, $6) and, during the meal, quietly picked up $100 of the bill for the liquor delivery that happened to arrive. Owner Mike Porco would later insist that Grossman's largesse had no bearing on the fact that Porco would promptly book Bob Dylan—soon to be Grossman's client—for a two-week run. ("Nobody had to tell me about Bobby," said Porco. "It was me—I gave him his start.")

Grossman, nonetheless, confided in Porco that he had privileged information: Robert Shelton was interested in giving Dylan "a big write-up" in *The New York Times,* Porco recalled, "and this would be a big thing for me. I told him, 'Good, because I was planning to bring in Bobby for a couple of weeks.'"

It seems possible, though not certain, that Grossman also invested a second hundred to help launch Bob Dylan's career. Porco said he understood that the *Times*'s Shelton—to help defray the cost of coming to see Dylan—had received the same amount as Porco's liquor distributor. Many insiders had heard that Shelton wrote liner notes under pseudonyms to dodge the *Times*'s editorial-ethics guidelines. By the end of September, the coffeehouses were humming with rumors that Grossman, in fact, had become one of Shelton's freelance employers. Then again, all that talk might have been envy.

On the evening of Tuesday, September 26, a clear, brisk autumn night, Bob Dylan began a two-week engagement at Folk City as the opening act for the Greenbriar Boys. Everyone on the bill had heard that Shelton had promised to review the show. Dylan was frenzied. "Oh, it was a big deal to him," said John Herald. "He was a guy at the Gaslight until that. He asked everybody what he should wear that night, what he should sing. He was excited." He decided on a blue dress shirt, properly unpressed and frayed; a tie, an old foulard that had a brown pattern or coffee stains; a charcoal sweater-vest; khakis; and, as always, his little sailor's cap. For his first set, he chose songs darker and more weathered than his outfit, among them a couple of bleak Guthrie tunes, including "Hard Travelin'." The dominant themes were woe and despair: the world can be cruel to its children, particularly to Bob Dylan. While tuning his guitar to an open chord to play the blues lament "This Life Is Killing Me," he announced, "Here's a song suitable to the occasion."

Dylan's performing style, as it had come together over the past months, was of a piece with his appearance and his material: refined asperity. His guitar playing was erratic; the beat slowed and sped, frets buzzed, dead strings thumped. When a simple minor chord, perfectly executed, rang for a moment, it would seem a kind of miracle. He used the harmonica to produce battlefield sound effects—explosions, rebel yells, and death groans tangentially related to the notes of the musical scale. His voice was rawer still, a pinched mountain holler; melodies came out in nasal moans or growls—at a dramatic point, a yelp. If he wanted, though, he could murmur in a fragile voice of startling beauty, and he would relieve the melancholy with bits of Chaplin-esque physical business. Like Joan Baez, only more so, Dylan seemed to embody the rising generation's rejection of prettifying artifice.

Although the Greenbriar Boys were the headliners, Shelton interviewed Dylan, whom he knew only casually, in the club's kitchen between sets. Dylan grabbed "facts" from the air as if they were Gerde's mascot flies: he had been a farmhand; he had run a steam shovel; he had cleaned ponies; he had played piano for Gene Vincent in Nashville; he had learned his songs straight from their creators, Mance Lipscomb, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and somebody named Wigglefoot, in his ramblin' days. Still talking when the Greenbriar Boys came onstage, Dylan and Shelton moved to a table and continued the interview while the trio played.

Robert Shelton's review was published in the *Times* on Friday, September 29, under a three-column headline: BOB DYLAN: A DISTINCTIVE STYLIST. Beneath it there was a photo of the singer in his hat and tie. "A bright new face in folk music is appearing at Gerde's Folk City," Shelton began, adding:

> Although only 20 years old, Bob Dylan is one of the most distinctive stylists to play in a Manhattan cabaret in months. . . . There is no doubt that he is bursting at the seams with talent. . . . If not for every taste, his music-making has the mark of originality and inspiration, all the more noteworthy for his youth. Mr. Dylan is vague about his antecedents and

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birthplace, but it matters less where he has been than where he is going, and that would seem to be straight up.

September 29 was also the day Dylan was supposed to play backup on a new album by Carolyn Hester, the most prominent female folksinger in the Village. The recording session, at Columbia Records' Studio A on Seventh Avenue and 52nd Street, was unofficially coordinated by her husband, Richard Fariña, a writer whose circle of pals included many of Dylan's folkie friends as well as the aspiring novelist Thomas Pynchon.

The session was not going well when Dylan "bounced in," Hester recalled, with a copy of the *Times* rolled up in his back pocket. He had been carrying it around all morning, waving it at storekeepers through their windows and stopping friends on the sidewalk so they could read it while he watched the expressions on their faces change. At one point, Fariña and the album's producer, John Hammond, repaired to the control booth to sort out their differences. And in the course of their discussion, Fariña said, he sang Dylan's praises. Fariña remembered telling Hammond, "He's not just a harmonica player. When this is all over, you ought to listen to Dylan."

That day, Dylan played harmonica breaks on three Hester numbers, then stayed in the studio to confer with Hammond. "He asked me what I do," Dylan recalled. There is some confusion over related details. Dylan subsequently claimed that Hammond—famed for discovering Count Basie, Billie Holiday, and Lionel Hampton—offered him a record contract there and then on the basis of the *Times* piece, without having heard him sing. Hammond later claimed he asked Dylan to audition—more likely, although there is no record of an audition in Columbia's logs. In any case, Dylan was soon telling friends that he was going to be recording for John Hammond. "The following day," Fariña said, "we were sitting at the Gaslight, and Bob said that he had just been offered a Columbia contract, and he came over and hugged me."

Dylan and Fariña frequented Gerde's and the Gaslight that autumn. "They hung around," said Suze Rotolo, Dylan's girlfriend at the time. "They went onstage with a bunch of people and sang a few times. But we didn't think of [Richard] as a musician, even though he did play. I remember them showing each other their writing—to polish, one writer to another. Bobby liked him. They were kindred spirits. He had a lot of respect for him as a writer. Richard came over to the apartment on Fourth Street once with a story he had written, and Bob loved it. He said, 'This is great—it's poetry.' Fariña was writing his novel [*Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up to Me*, published to acclaim five years later], and Bobby was starting to write songs seriously. They helped each other."

Fred Neil, who hung out at the Gaslight with Dylan and Fariña around this time, recalled Richard suggesting a unique career idea to Bob. "Fariña gave Bob this lecture," said Neil. "'If you want to be a songwriter, man, you'd better find yourself a singer.' You see, Bob and me, we were both writing, but I knew how to sing. Fariña told him straight, 'Man, what you need to do, man, is hook up with Joan Baez. She is so square, she isn't in this century. She needs you to bring her into the 20th century, and you need somebody like her to do your songs. She's your ticket, man. All you need to do, man, is start screwing Joan Baez.'"

According to Neil, Dylan jokingly agreed, saying, "That's a good idea—I think I'll do that. But I don't want her singing none of my songs."

Though they crossed paths at Gerde's a couple of times over the next two years, Dylan and Baez wouldn't have their first extended conversation until April 21, 1963, when both attended the weekly hootenanny at Club 47, in Cambridge. At a party after the hoot, Dylan plopped his guitar down on the floor, then caught Joan's eye as he leaned back in a chair. "Hey, how ya doin'?" he said. "Is your sister here?"

Joan said "No" flatly and finished the sentence with a glare that expressed, in essence, *and fuck you for asking.* (By then, Dylan's friend Richard Fariña had moved to Paris, where he had met, and then married, 17-year-old Mimi Baez, over Joan's objections. Four months later Richard and Mimi would repeat the nuptials in California, with Thomas Pynchon as best man.)

Bob abruptly asked, "Wanna hear a song I wrote?"

Dylan nestled his guitar on his lap and began strumming a C chord in three-quarter time. He repeated it until the small room hushed, then he slid into the opening of "With God on Our Side." By the end of the song's nine verses, Joan Baez was no longer indifferent to Bob Dylan or irked by his crush on Mimi. She was startled by the music she heard and fascinated with the fact that that enigma in the filthy jeans had created it. "When I heard him sing 'With God on Our Side,' I took him seriously," said Joan. "I was bowled over. I never thought anything so powerful could come out of that little toad. It was devastating. 'With God on Our Side' is a very mature song. It's a beautiful song. When I heard that, it changed the way I thought of Bob. I realized he was more mature than I had thought. He even looked a little better.

Dylan played a few more of his topic songs, including "The Death of Emme Till," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," an "Masters of War." They astounded Mar Spoelstra, who had not kept up with his ol Village cohort's development as a songwrite and he could see they seemed to overwhel Baez. "Joan was not somebody who wa easily impressed," said Spoelstra, "and sh was not somebody who was ever at a los for words. She just sat there with her mout open."

"You like 'em?" Dylan asked.

Baez just nodded, smiling, while Spoe stra and a few other musicians watched i fascination. "It's fair to say [that] I fell u der that spell of his," said Joan. "Noboc was writing like that. He was writing exac ly what I wanted to hear. It was [as if] h was giving voice to the ideas I wanted t express but didn't know how." Joan had t leave soon; it was after two A.M., and sh had an early-morning flight back to Califo nia. As it happened, Dylan was suppose to play at the Monterey Folk Festival in few weeks, he said. She should come an hear him. She could sing something wit him, if she wanted to. Joan thanked him an said she liked that idea. She now lived ne Monterey. In fact, she said, he was welcom to come to her house and visit while he wa in the area. Bob said sure, that sounded coo and almost smiled.

Having nurtured his charge for tw heady years—through one album, burgeoning songwriting career, and even th occasional acting job—Albert Grossma arranged for Dylan, not yet a househo name, to appear on the same stage Peter, Paul and Mary just as the grou rendition of Dylan's "Blowin' in the Win began airing on the radio. (The 45 wou become the fastest-moving single, up to th time, in Warner Bros. history.) On May 1963, the trio headlined the opening day the Monterey Folk Festival; the followi evening the bill would include, among ot ers, the Weavers, the New Lost City Ra blers, and Bob Dylan—his first appearance California. (Ten days later, *The Freewheel Bob Dylan,* his second album, would h record stores.)

Dylan traveled from Los Angeles to Mo terey with Victor Maymudes, the founder L.A.'s pioneering coffeehouse, the Unico Then 29 and impressively conversant in l eral politics, Eastern thought, Beat literatu and everything else modish, he kept Dyl company and attended to professional d tails under Grossman's auspices. "B [was] a very internal being," Maymudes called. "When we drove, I don't think said much of anything to anybody. He w always *processing.*" Dylan and Maymu

hared the ride with Jac Holzman of Elek-ra and Holzman's colleague Jim Dickson; hey took turns driving Jim's overridden ord Falcon, which kept molting parts on nterstate 5, while Bob quietly fingerpicked is guitar in the backseat. "He was very rivate and withdrawn," Holzman said. "I hink he was writing songs while we were alking. I remember wondering if I was go-ng to hear my own conversation in the ext song of his."

Joan Baez was waiting for Dylan in Mon-erey. Taking him up on his offer to sing omething with him at the festival, she had earned "With God on Our Side." The two eunited backstage and quickly ran through he song. When it came time for Bob's 15 inutes onstage, Barbara Dane, the festi-al's host, introduced Dylan as the man who had written Peter, Paul and Mary's ew single. Scattered mumbles. He shuffled ut and did three of his hardest-hitting pro-est songs: "Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," and Masters of War." Yet the Monterey audi-nce, largely unfamiliar with Dylan's style, esponded poorly, talking loudly as he per-ormed. "The rumbling around was that he idn't go over that well," Dane recalled. People hadn't heard anything quite like hat before. I don't think they understood what he was all about."

Then Joan walked out, with no introduc-on, to murmurs of surprise and eager ap-lause. As Bob began strumming the open-ng chords of "With God on Our Side," he crowd quieted. Baez, standing alongside im, inched closer to his microphone. She anted everybody to know, she said, that his young man had something to say. He as singing about important issues, and he as speaking for her and for everyone who anted a better world.

Dylan began singing, "Oh, my name it is othin' / My age it means less . . . ," and aez joined in, singing harmony. "I had arely finished memorizing [the song], and e [weather] was very hot," Joan recalled. There was perspiration running down the nall of my back and behind my knees. I as nervous, excited, and exhilarated." Their oices seemed mismatched—salt pork and eringue—but the tension between their yles made their presence together all the ore compelling.

They seemed elementally incompatible, an with her ethereal tone and tight vi-ato, Dylan talk-singing in earthy yelps; gether they sounded like Glinda, the ood Witch of the North, and the mayor the Munchkin City. But they functioned ore like a movie couple, Fred Astaire d Ginger Rogers. Joan seemed to soften ob, and he emboldened her; as the Hol-wood fan magazines used to say about staire and Rogers, Baez gave Dylan class, and Bob gave Joan sex appeal. Doing harmony with Baez, Dylan sang more melodically, applying himself to hitting the notes (or coming closer than usual), and he used warm, sweet parts of his voice that he had been keeping secret from audiences since singing Buddy Holly songs in high school.

That night in Monterey, they left the stage with 20,000 people cheering.

The following day, Joan and Bob watched the festival's last performers and talked. They strolled the grounds, gorging on hot dogs and laughing at the amateurs in the "song swap" under the concession tent. Bess Hawes, who sang in the "Gospel Get-Together" that evening, saw the pair huddled together, and assumed they were long-time lovers. Although this was essentially their first date, Baez and Dylan appeared intimately attached, and Joan's prominence, especially there on the West Coast, ensured that everyone noticed.

Bob accepted Joan's invitation to visit her house in the Carmel Highlands. She drove him in her Jaguar XKE, and she cooked a pot of stew. He played and sang his songs. They sat on the wide-plank pine floor in the living room, surrounded by windows that restrained encroaching eucalyptus trees on all sides. Dylan taught her the chords to half a dozen or so of his songs and wrote down the lyrics for her. They tried singing most of them together, experimenting with arrangements and harmonies. "It was very exciting but challenging," Joan recalled, "because he never wanted to do the same thing the same way twice."

After a couple of days together, playing music almost constantly, Joan found herself captivated equally by the power of Dylan's music (especially his protest songs) and the alluring frailty of its composer. "I was falling in love," she said. "When I heard those songs, I melted. They were manna from heaven to me, and he was so shy and fragile. I wanted to mother him, and he seemed to want it and need it. He seemed so helpless."

Dylan's feelings toward Joan were unclear. Back in New York, Bob had begun seeing Suze Rotolo again, although their relationship was cooling. Joan could only assume or hope that Bob had affection for her and that perhaps it was growing quietly. "We didn't need to make love," she said. "The music seemed like enough at the time." Like Scheherazade, Dylan may have called upon the muse to postpone something for which he was not quite ready.

Re-invigorated by their musical collaborations, Joan told Bob she had a concert tour of the Northeast coming up and she wanted him to join her on it. She was now singing to audiences of 10,000; she could introduce him to all those people. Bob said, Hey, yeah, cool—and they had a deal. Joan drove him to Monterey so he could catch his ride back to L.A.

After he left, Joan seemed obsessed with Bob Dylan. She walked to her neighbor Cynthia Williams's house, the town square of the Highlands, and announced to the neighborhood that she had discovered a genius. As for Bob, he sat in the back of Dickson's Ford, softly playing his guitar again, and he never mentioned Joan Baez during the seven-hour ride to Los Angeles. Said Jac Holzman, "We didn't even know he stayed with her. He didn't utter her name. He was exactly the same—quietly working on his music. Whatever he was thinking, he was putting into his songs."

The next month, Joan sent an LP to Mimi, who had just graduated from a high-school correspondence course. It was *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan.* Joan had clipped a note on the sleeve: "My new boyfriend." This seemed to Mimi like a competitive taunt; when they had met Bob at Gerde's, he had flirted with her, not Joan. The record was puzzling, too; if Joan was Bob's girlfriend, who was the cute brunette on the album jacket, walking arm in arm with Dylan through the snow?

If the cover photograph of Dylan and Suze Rotolo on Jones Street the previous winter was out of date, the album fully captured Bob in his most recent incarnation: a socially conscious composer. It included a portfolio of mature original songs (such as "Blowin' in the Wind," "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall," "Masters of War," "Girl from the North Country"), and it proved to be a thoroughly persuasive declaration of Dylan's seriousness of purpose—ambitious, musically varied and nuanced, and literate, a demonstration of Dylan's ability not only to change but also to grow.

The following month, nine weeks after Joan had joined Bob onstage in Monterey, they reconnected at the 1963 Newport Folk Festival. It was "the peak of the folk boom," said George Wein, who had helped loose Baez upon the world four years earlier. An estimated 47,000 paid attendees overflowed the three-day concert. Seventy acts were scheduled to perform.

Baez was returning to the site of her breakthrough, but she was now taking on the role Bob Gibson had played in 1959. "What I wanted to do was help Bobby [Dylan]," Baez said. Dylan was hardly an unknown; Peter, Paul and Mary had been raving about him in concerts around the country. He was all the talk at Newport. Joan, however, was now such an institution that her influence permeated the festival. When Robert J. Lurtsema approached her near one of the Newport stages to request

Dylan and Baez

an interview for WBCN radio, he was told, "I'm sorry, I'm not Joan Baez." He looked closely and realized he was not talking to Joan at all, but to another woman, who had modeled every aspect of her appearance on Baez. Lurtsema glanced around and saw Joan Baezes everywhere.

Bob and Joan opened and closed the festival together. And it would begin a period of collaboration and joint performance that they would reprise a decade later. During those early years, Joan recalled, Bob looked terrified.

"I remember him coming out with his humble attitude," Joan said. "He was really scared, and he couldn't hide it. He would never admit that, but he was scared. So he did his whole shy-little-poet thing."

"She was getting a kick outta having me coming up—baggy elephant me, come up and sing my songs, which nobody had ever heard before," Bob remembered. "And her audience, which are just like pieces of wheat, anyway, man—when they heard my songs, they were just flabbergasted."

"It was exciting for me to bring him out, but it was also a big challenge, because my audience didn't like it," Joan said. "They didn't want this scruffy little guy out there, singing off-key. Some people would heckle him, and I would come out from the wings like a schoolteacher type and scold them—'You're very lucky to be hearing him,' that kind of thing. 'You'll be hearing more of him. You'll be sorry!'"

Yet over those three days and nights at Newport, Baez and Dylan appeared neither stilted nor hesitant, but magical and triumphant. Together, they helped create one of the pivotal moments in American musical history.

On that first evening of the festival, Dylan performed a brief set of his own, sardined in a ludicrously overpacked bill (Bill Monroe and His Bluegrass Boys, Doc Watson, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, Peter, Paul and Mary, and five other acts). Peter Yarrow ended the concert by asking the audience to sing "Blowin' in the Wind" with his trio, and he called a select group of compatriots onstage to join them: Seeger, Theodore Bikel, the Freedom Singers (Rutha Harris, Bernice Johnson, Charles Neblett, and Cordell Hull Reagon), Baez, and Dylan. As an encore, they all locked hands and sang "We Shall Overcome," swaying in time.

The image of this assemblage at Newport would become one of the primary symbols of the 1960s folk revival: the Old Guard joined with the New, the commercial and the Communist, black and white, leading a sea of young people in a sing-along for freedom. "I think of that highlight of the 1963 Newport Folk Festival—that stunning, stirring ringing out of 'We Shall Overcome'—as the apogee of the folk movement," said Theodore Bikel. "There was no point more suffused with hope for the future."

Yet the moment had another dimension. Despite the defiant words the group was singing (a civil-rights anthem adapted from Charles Tindley's early-20th-century spiritual "I'll Overcome Some Day") and the physical posture it adopted (a line of solidarity traditionally employed to resist police), this was as much a crow of triumph as it was a rallying cry. The performers holding hands onstage could well have been singing "We *Have* Overcome." From the Newport stage on July 28, 1963, Pete Seeger and company were essentially proclaiming the triumph of the political folk diaspora. It had overcome the anti-Communist blacklist, the rise of television, the hit parade, Tin Pan Alley, and rock 'n' roll; it had never been so prominent—indeed, no other music in America was as popular as folk.

On Sunday, Joan Baez closed the final concert of the festival. She wore a simple knee-length white dress that clung to her, and she sounded as stunningly unadorned as she looked. At the conclusion of a set peppered with Dylan songs, including a pointed "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," she thanked the audience effusively. "Tonight is one of the most beautiful nights I've seen," Joan said with a broad smile. "I'm all up here with it. I feel sort of like exploding." She bounded offstage and came right back with Bob Dylan in tow. He was wearing a short-sleeved khaki work shirt and grimy blue jeans. They sang "With God on Our Side." It was the last song of the festival at Freebody Park, the final impression made upon the 13,000 listeners, the 68 other musicians, and the press. As Robert Shelton and several others wrote in virtually identical words, "Baez, the reigning queen of folk music, had named Dylan the crown prince." □

Davos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172 foundation sold the company's assets to USWeb Corporation, a California Internet-consulting company, in return for $15 million in USWeb stock. It was also noted that Schwab has a stake in ThinkTools AG, a lucrative Swiss consulting firm that does a lot of business with the World Economic Forum. In the end, despite conflict-of-interest whispers, the *Journal* didn't come up with much, and had to print what amounted to a retraction: SWISS REGULATORS DISCOVER NO PROBLEMS AT VENTURES SET UP BY KLAUS SCHWAB.

Still, according to friends, Schwab was rattled. "The Temple of Rabbi Klaus was defiled," a member of his inner circle remarked to me. In part to deflect this criticism, in part because Schwab is both a capitalist and an idealist, he has launched a campaign to redeem the Forum—"globalism with a human face," he calls it. Davos 2001, the Yale professor Paul Kennedy explained, would be "a kinder, gentler World Economic Forum—the message is 'We're not part of the world capitalist conspiracy, we're part of the solution.'" Its theme, "Sustaining Growth and Bridging the Divides: A Framework for Our Global Future," was intended to grapple with the growing divide between the haves and the have-nots. More environmental groups and political activists—in Davos parlance, nongovernmental organizations, or NGOs—were invited to attend the meeting and present their views. In addition, Schwab told me, the Schwab Foundation had established the "Social Entrepreneurship Awards for the 21st Century," to "encourage and foster entrepreneurs working for the public interest"—two to four prizes of $1 million. "People don't understand why I'm so passionate. The W.E.F. will always be elitist. That's why we need to supplement it with an organization that works from the bottom up."

I had met Schwab in New York a few weeks before Davos, at a luncheon at La Côte Basque sponsored by PriceWaterhouseCoopers, a forum "strategic partner." Following the luncheon, we sat down in the lobby of the Four Seasons Hotel for a talk. Now 63, Schwab is a curious figure, at once assertive and timid, domineering and shy. He favors double-breasted suits that mirror his buttoned-up style—the style of a *bon bourgeois*. His father was the director of a Swiss manufacturing firm. Schwab studied economics and engineering at the University of Geneva and got a fellowship to Harvard's Littauer Center—the precursor of the Kennedy School of Government. In the mid-60s he returned to Europe and joined, at the young age of 29, the managing board of a Swiss company that made paper-processing equipment. "I suddenly had the idea, Why not invite all the European executives to a meeting where they would be exposed to the latest management thinking? I asked the European Commission to sponsor it and established an advisory board. It was going to be a one-shot event." But it was so successful that it generated a surplus, and Schwab decided to create a private entity, the European Management Foundation. This was in 19

Two years later, the oil crisis provoked keen interest in international affairs and the role of business. "We always had a motto: 'Entrepreneurship in the public interest.' We were mission-oriented"—devoted, in the jargon of the W.E.F., to soft issues.

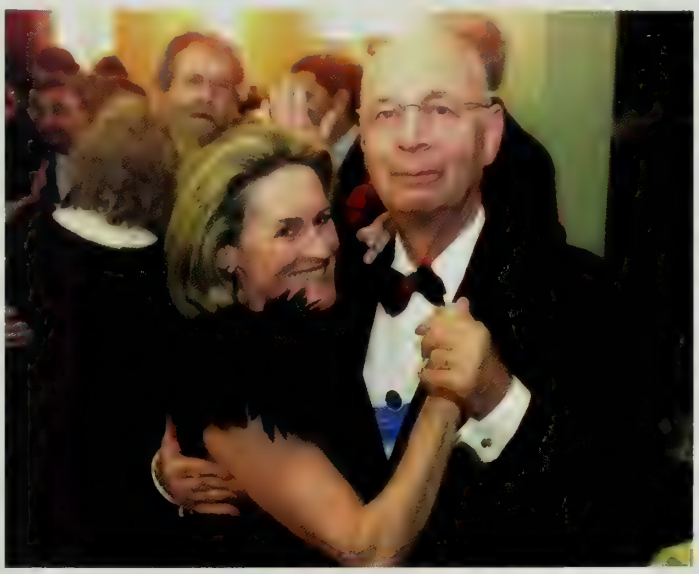
But soft issues, in our connected world, have a way of shading over into hard issues. The thriving economies of Europe and the United States, determined to preserve what Davos people refer to as "sustainable capitalism," can't survive as long as nations are polarized between rich and poor, developed and undeveloped, the prosperous North and the impoverished South. Adept at reinventing himself, Schwab saw how the forum he'd devised could serve as a stage for the mediation of world events. Even now, there are those who dismiss him as an operator, "an obscure professor with a big idea," as one Davos insider described him. Perhaps, but over the last three decades, he's taken that idea very far. "He wants to be a world leader, to change history," says Barbara Erskine, until last year the head of the W.E.F. media department. More than one person said to me, "He wants to win the Nobel Peace Prize."

The threat of demonstrations was real. Protesters had disrupted the December 1999 World Trade Organization conference in Seattle, and last year's World Economic Forum in Davos had been the scene of a violent demonstration. A thousand Greens, Marxists, and all-purpose subversives had trashed a local McDonald's; clouds of tear gas had wafted over the convention center. There was a second, "post-Seattle" confrontation at the World Bank/I.M.F. meeting in Prague last September, and a huge "counter-Davos" was being held in Pôrto Alegre, Brazil, during the week of this year's Forum. "Seattle" had become a code word (so many code words! I practically needed a glossary) for protests against globalization and free-market economics. It was the first concerted effort of organized radicals since the 60s. The "anti-globalization movement" had gone global, too.

On the way to Davos, a few miles after I noticed the truck with fencing, our car was waved to a stop by a policeman with a machine gun slung over his shoulder. A clot of soldiers in berets loitered beside a roadblock. The policeman stuck his head through the window, then motioned us on—"radical profiling," a friend of mine later called it. As we climbed up through the mountains, my driver informed me that the State Department had advised Americans not to visit Davos; he'd read about it that morning in *Le Monde*.

I arrived at my hotel, the Sunstar Park, one of the flimsy plaster-and-glass edifices that seem to have been put up overnight to accommodate the Forum—the town derives 10 percent of its annual revenue from the six-day conference—and headed out into the cold, rainy night.

Davos isn't a quaint Swiss village. Its main drag, the Promenade, consists of boxy hotels, bland restaurants, shops that hawk the principal products of Switzerland—music boxes, Montblanc pens, and Swiss Army knives.



GLOBALISM WITH A HUMAN FACE
Klaus Schwab, founder and president of the World Economic Forum, and his wife, Hilde, at this year's Gala Soirée, billed as "an opportunity to continue to explore the Davos network!" Not pictured: aquatic acrobats, mimes in silver space suits, Elie Wiesel.

There is also a large establishment called the Erotik MegaStore. The one location that holds any literary or historical interest—the Schatzalp, a former sanatorium, now a hotel, which figures in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*—is perched on a mountaintop, invisible that night in the mist. The only sign that 2,000 dignitaries were about to descend on the town was the banners from various corporate sponsors draped over the entrance to the Steigenberger Belvédère, the one elegant hotel in Davos, impossible to get into unless you were the head of a major world power. On the street I ran into a colleague from my days at *The New York Times*. He turned out to be a fount of cynical lore. "The presidents of Estonia and Latvia are here, but who knows them from a hole in the wall? Everyone is trying to get Bill Gates to give them money. It's the world's biggest convention of freeloaders." He was in Davos with a cohort of journalists who had been recruited to produce the *Forum News Daily*, Davos's version of a summer-camp bulletin.

The Congress Centre, where the bulk of events take place, did indeed resemble, as Lapham noted, "a heavily fortified artillery emplacement." You had to go through a metal detector every time you entered the hall. I had been instructed by one of my Davos mentors not to let myself be assigned a yellow badge under any circumstances—that was for newspaper journalists, who were consigned to a bomb shelter in the basement. I stood in line to register and obtain the white badge I would need in order to sign up for the sessions and attend the dinners that were held every night in hotels around town. (It was only on the third day that I learned there was a still-higher category, the silver badge. I remembered being on the "honors" track at Evanston High School, only to discover midyear that there was a "college-level" track.) Along with our badges we were handed a canvas briefcase crammed with information: the "Programme" of sessions, a directory the size of a Pocket Larousse listing the Forum's participants, and a handheld color-screen iPaq computer the size of a Palm pilot. With this amazing gadget you could E-mail other conferees and download video clips of conference sessions—if you could figure out how it worked.

The badges were more than decorative: to get into a session, you had to go to a "kiosk"—they were in all the hotel lobbies and in the various cafés of the Congress Centre—and hold your badge up to a screen to log on. This enabled you to scroll through the menu and find the sessions you wanted to attend. I had already spent long hours poring over the program; it was like a glorified college-course catalogue. In the last few years, the political and economic topics have been supplemented by offerings that sound as if they were straight out of the University of Chicago "Great Books" curriculum, with a dose of self-help: "Teleportation and Other Ways Quantum Physics Might Improve Your Life," "And How Would Aristotle Run Your Organization?" "People do not only have a need for material satisfaction but also an inherent need for inner fulfillment and spirituality," Schwab

Davos

had said to me in New York. A robust mental life is good for the soul—and good for business. Certainly this was Calvin's view.

After a reception at the Kirchner Museum, where participants talking on cell phones roamed among the Egon Schieles and Emil Noldes, I passed through more metal detectors guarded by soldiers, and attended a welcoming dinner at the Steigenberger Belvédère. My tablemates—a not atypical mix—were daunting: Freeman Dyson, the Princeton physicist; Jeremy Warner, the business editor of Britain's *Independent;* a Canadian telecommunications mogul. As at all meals during W.E.F. week, we were enjoined not to chitchat and urged to "kick-start the annual meeting" by "brainstorming" about what we expected from Davos. And lest we shirk our responsibilities, the Forum leader in charge of monitoring the dinner, a nice lady named Macha Levinson, invited several of us to come up to the ubiquitous microphone after dinner and share our thoughts. Weirdly enough, I was one of those singled out, despite my protestations that I was a journalist and was supposed to be covering the proceedings, not participating in them. Never mind. After a French C.E.O. spoke of his hopes and fears—"*La chose essentielle est que j'excite mes neurones*"—I stammered out a few remarks and was succeeded at the lectern by the conductor of the Boston Philharmonic, Benjamin Zander, who gave the first of several electrifying performances I would witness throughout the week, making us sing "Row Your Boat" at four times the normal tempo. "You see how much less lugubrious that sounds," he cried, waving his arms at us as if we were an orchestra. The point—I guess—was: Don't be passive, tap into that collective energy we all know is there. I saw through the tall windows that it had begun to snow outside.

As I trudged back to my hotel, I remembered an axiom Zander had quoted in response to my fretting about whether having a good time would compromise my objectivity: "A cynic is a passionate person who doesn't want to be disappointed again."

The scene inside the Congress Centre was beyond hectic. I had quickly gotten used to the phenomenon of celebrities in snow boots. On the slushy main street I passed Oprah Winfrey, William Safire, and David Rockefeller, coatless. (An epiphany: powerful men never wear coats, because their chauffeured limousines obviate the need.) The ratio of known to unknown faces is larger at Davos than probably anywhere else in the world except courtside at a Knicks game. Still, it was mildly shocking to see George Soros presiding at a table right by the front door, and to glance up while perusing the shelves of the Congress Centre bookstore (stocked entirely with books by participants) and find Bill Gates hurrying past.

From early in the morning until late at night, people rushed from session to session or sat huddled in conference at one of the numerous coffee bars. "See that guy?" the *Washington Post* columnist Richard Cohen said to me as a man in a chalk-striped suit walked by. "He's from Goldman Sachs, and he has appointments scheduled every 15 minutes." "So he's not here to learn about 'Prospects for Reform in Kazakhstan'?" "He's here to drum up business." The information overload was unnerving: data from Reuters and Bloomberg flashed on giant screens; people tapped out E-mails on the kiosk screens while consulting their iPaqs or talking on cell phones. There was no time off. The drill was to sign up for "Sessions over Lunch" and "Sessions over Dinner," followed by "Nightcaps"—you could attend a "Capitol Hill Nightcap" at 10:30 or listen to the film producer Lord David Puttnam discuss "The End of Hollywood?"

The first session I chose was "soft," but the title—"Make That Dream Come True!"—appealed to me. It took place in the IdeasLab, a kind of high-tech romper room in the Congress Centre that had tippy stools arranged around vinyl-covered tables. The moderator was Todd Siler, Ph.D., an excitable, flocculent-haired conceptual artist and the author of a book called *Think Like a Genius.* The program was interactive: the tables were laden with kindergarten art supplies—Styrofoam globes and cones, crayons and Magic Markers, scissors and paste. Our task was to construct a model out of these materials that expressed our dream. At my table were a Pakistani entrepreneur who owned a family-entertainment business, a hedge-fund manager, and a wiry bearded man who turned out to be Dr. Robert Gagosian, the director of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. With Chopin playing in the background, we set to work. I built a wobbly construction of balls attached by toothpicks to a cone—don't ask why—and affixed it firmly to the table with red tape. "You look as if you have security issues," Dr. Gagosian observed kindly. Perhaps, but I was good at sharing: when one of my table partners needed a photograph of a galaxy, I hunted one down, and I passed around the glitter glue. Was it possible that at last I'd earned the evaluation cherished by every five-year-old's mother? Plays well with others . . .

At the end of the hour, Dr. Siler went around the room and called on people to "unpack" their models, describing their intent. The hedge-fund manager spoke of "intellectual capital fortified by economic capital." An architect, who had assembled an elegant Calder-like construction, volunteered, "I push it as far as I can before it falls down." After each person's account, we all applauded. "You can feel the life growing from this," Dr. Siler rhapsodized, drawing the lesson of commonality from our efforts: "None of us is as smart as all of us." At another point, he actually said, "Thanks for sharing."

Feeling slightly foolish, I crammed into the back of another room for an oversubscribed panel on depression, attended predominantly by women—either women are more depressed than men or they're "permitted" more than men to feel depressed—then adjourned to a hotel for a lunch session on the brain. In the afternoon, I sat in on "The Art of Possibility" with the amazing Benjamin Zander, the conductor who had made us sing "Row Your Boat" the night before. Zander told funny stories, played the piano imitating the way a child would play, made us sing "Happy Birthday" over and over to a member of the audience in different cadences, and conducted a cello tutorial with a local student he'd never met before, dancing around the room and shouting instructions as he tried to get the shy cellist to "throw" the music to the last row. It was a bravura performance, mesmerizing to watch. Zander was showing us how to seek our limits, maximize our potential—"to think in the spirit of possibility." (He had confided to me that he was flying off to Miami in the middle of the conference to give a lecture as a substitute for Colin Powell, who had been called to his new post as secretary of state, and was commanding Powell's fee: $70,000. Worth every penny.)

What any of this had to do with globalization was by no means clear. Maybe it was the sessions I was attending, but the World Economic Forum's agenda was still hard to discern. It wasn't until I wandered into an event sponsored by *Wired* magazine that I got a sense of how dynamic Davos could be. It wasn't an official W.E.F. event. I'd gotten an invitation back in New York from Katrina Heron, the magazine's hip editor (who two months later abruptly resigned). I'd known Katrina in one of her previous incarnations—we'd worked together as editors at *The New York Times Magazine*—and was impressed at the way she had retooled herself as a media heavy in the San Francisco Internet world. But could she draw a crowd? On the way over to the Hotel Cresta Sun, the site of the *Wired* event, I wondered who would be there—why would anyone leave the Congress Centre, so vibrant with what Lionel Trilling once called the "hum and buzz of implication," to attend an off-site cocktail party at five o'clock in the afternoon? Not to worry. When I walked into the room, a chic glassed-in space with a bar, the first person I saw was Senator Hatch. Sir Howard Stringer, the chairman of Sony Corporation of Amer

ica, was also in the audience, along with his boss, Nobuyuki Idei. I then spotted the globe-trotting Internet consultant Esther Dyson and her dad, Freeman; Charlie Rose; President Clinton's economic adviser Laura Tyson; N.B.A. commissioner David Stern; Senator Feinstein; and rock star Peter Gabriel.

Katrina ran the session with a brisk discipline: we were there to listen and learn, she made it clear. Lawrence Summers, Clinton's secretary of the Treasury—and soon to be named Harvard's new president—gave a succinct and utterly brilliant mini-lecture on Adam Smith and the prospects for the New Economy. (Not bad, he said, warning: "You can move from irrational exuberance to irrational gloom.") John Heilemann, author of a book on the Microsoft trial, walked us through the wonders of the digital world. Bill Joy, the geniusy co-founder of Sun Microsystems, whose goose-bumps-inducing essay "Why the Future Doesn't Need Us" sparked a $1.6 million book deal in a hotly contested auction last year, gave a spooky riff on the dangers of nanotechnology and genetic engineering. But instead of sinking into a passive funk, the gathering yielded up a scrum of respondents eager to dispute Joy's apocalyptic scenario of robot rule. John Searle, a professor of philosophy at Berkeley, argued that creating artificial life is fun to talk about but hard to do; Freeman Dyson reminded us that we'd been through fears of rampant technology before, citing H. G. Wells's *Mind at the End of Its Tether* and the work of John von Neumann.

There ensued a lively discussion of the dot-com boom-and-bust cycle. Laura Tyson recalled passing up the opportunity to invest in Amazon when the venture-capital wizard John Doerr was touting the company, before anyone had ever heard of it, on the grounds that it had "a low-barrier entry level"—where Amazon pioneered, other companies would soon follow. Ann Winblad, a Silicon Valley venture capitalist, thought the high-tech crash was about played out: "Mezzanine investors are moving upscale." So did Esther Dyson: "Last year you were competing with V.C.'s who had a hundred million to waste. Now we can fund real innovators. The situation is like the air in Davos: crisp and clear and bracing."

This was followed by a candid exchange between Senator Hatch, who had been instrumental in pressing the government's anti-trust suit against Microsoft, and Craig Mundie, a high-level lieutenant of Bill Gates's, who acknowledged that Microsoft had learned from the case. "When I went [to Microsoft] I came to the realization that many of these people, including Bill, were very, very smart, but in fact did not have the opportunity to learn through the experiences of being involved in other companies. Well, the one thing I can tell you about the company is: We are trainable." It was odd to hear a Microsoft titan sounding so contrite.

Saturday dawned sunny—a perfect day for demonstrations. Mindful of the previous year's unrest and freaked out by the anti-globalists said to be streaming toward Davos from every corner of Europe and the Free World, the Swiss government had banned all protests during the Forum, imposing a virtual state of martial law. No one without credentials was being allowed up the mountain. But the police had massed considerable firepower and weren't about to be denied. While I was off at a session on e-books, the pitiful band of demonstrators that had managed to make it past the barricades (some had hiked up the mountain) were dispersed by water cannons that made them very wet and cold. "Two hundred kids throwing snowballs" was how a young reporter from Amsterdam characterized the confrontation as we waded up a side street through fresh snowfall; the Promenade was sealed off. A few hours later, riots broke out down in the valley; in Zurich cars were set afire. "I just saw Klaus," remarked a fellow journalist while buying a ceramic cow at the gift shop in the lobby of my hotel. "He looked pretty peaky."

I, on the other hand, was vibrating like a tuning fork. The e-book luncheon, "Don't Write Off the Book," had been stimulating. It was moderated by Robert Silvers, the distinguished co-editor of *The New York Review of Books,* who—like his friend and *New York Review* co-founder Jason Epstein, another forward-looking giant of that generation—has managed to keep up with the transformation of the industry instead of clutching his head and bemoaning the fate of the printed book. "One of the dramatic facts of our age is that it's possible to digitally print and deliver, to transmit electronically to a computer screen or an e-book, virtually any book ever written," Silvers said in his introduction, sounding rather pleased at the prospect. The old system of warehousing and distributing books will change: "This change is in the air; it's taking place." We are in the midst of a revolution, Silvers declared, "comparable to Gutenberg's invention of movable type."

I had attended Manhattan e-book panels and found them somewhat desultory affairs—the usual media-world suspects trying to sound as if they knew what they were talking about. The panelists Silvers had assembled were in the trenches, creating the world we'll soon inhabit. Jacques Attali, the president of PlaNet Finance, a French NGO dedicated to bringing the Internet to the poorest populations, announced that Cytale, another of his ventures, was unveiling a new e-book device that very week. Unlike most e-book readers, which must be hooked up to computers, Attali's device is capable itself of directly downloading 16,000 pages of text, thus addressing a key issue in the rapidly unfolding e-book domain—the ownership of rights. When books are downloaded with a P.C., it's much harder to encrypt the text—that is, to prevent it from being forwarded via E-mail free of charge. E-book publishing needs a device that's a "dead end," Attali explained, and his product was the answer.

Michael Keller, the chief librarian of the Stanford University Libraries and publisher of the Stanford University Press, also brought news. NetLibrary, Questia, and Ebrary, the three dominant purveyors of e-books, already have contracts with Stanford University Press. And Rich Gold, a researcher for Xerox, breathlessly described the advent of the "hyperbook," an e-book with music and illustrations. Gold conjured up an image of families listening to books together and reading them on-line—"audiographics," he called it. All the elements of human communication would be contained in one device. The key was "convergence"—another Davos buzzword, like "transparency" and "globalization." A line of Mallarmé's came to me: Everything in the world exists to be put in a book. Only, it wouldn't be the kind of book the poet had envisioned. It would be a new kind of book, one that demanded from its readers a new relationship with the text. Like the Chinese, an "epigraphic" culture that reads on walls as well as from books, we would become a culture that reads on the screen. (Perhaps we already are.) As Jacques Attali put it, "There is a link between the history of books and the history of the technology of books."

By late afternoon, the streets were clear of demonstrators—just in time. It was the night of the black-tie Gala Soirée. (Packing for Davos is a major pain: you need a tux for the gala, skiwear for "Sports Day," and a rack of suits for the evening sessions—not to mention snow boots for the daily trudge to and from the hotels.) I stopped in beforehand at a reception that was being widely touted as "hot": the French something-or-other party, at which Paul Bocuse had arrived by helicopter, armed with a mountainous hoard of foie gras and several cases of Château Phélan Ségur—$60 a bottle, according to a highly placed source (my friend David Ignatius, who edits the *International Herald Tribune*). Wolfing down a crêpe aflame with brandy prepared by a chef in a tall white toque, I thought uneasily of the film by the photographer Oliviero Toscani that had been shown at the opening session two days before, an artful collage of starving children all over the world juxtaposed with scenes of high-tech triumphs—robots, spaceships, state-of-the-art computers. Here in the plush lobby of the Steigenberger Belvédère, the digital divide seemed no abstraction.

The party—billed as "an opportunity to continue to explore the Davos network!"—was over-the-top. It was disorienting to wander the halls of the Congress Centre, where only a few hours before Moisés Naím, the

editor of *Foreign Policy,* Pam Woodall, an editor at *The Economist,* and Michael Johnston, an executive with the Capital Group Companies, had been chewing over the prospects of a global economic backlash—"Will You See It Coming?" Apparently not, judging from the lavish spread that had been laid out for the participants. "Buffet with scrumptious desserts" hardly covered the case: the tables were laden with elaborate French pastries, platters of roast duck, caviar, and crab legs on ice. Waiters armed with bottles of Veuve Clicquot and mammoth slabs of meat on lances circulated among the guests. Strolling from room to room, you could listen to the Soundz of Africa Choir or the Goldsingers, groove to a jazz band in the Studio (where, just two days before, I had played with blocks), or dance the tango with the Sembrando Tango Ensemble. Mimes in silver space suits strode the floor like creaky tin men; in the swimming pool, a troupe of aquatic acrobats performed. Babes and bimbos were in short supply, I noticed; spouses are encouraged to attend. (I picked up a distinct no-fooling-around vibe at Davos.) Inured at this point to the spectacle of Elie Wiesel deep in conversation with James Wolfensohn, head of the World Bank, or Oprah making a grand entrance, I left early. Not even a glimpse of Naomi Campbell on the arm of Quincy Jones could detain me now. Enough already with the networking.

Sunday was "Sports Day"—a brief but welcome surcease from global-agenda talk. Participants had a choice of activities: skiing, horse-drawn-sleigh rides, or "snow games" on the "snow beach" of the Schatzalp. I opted for skiing and a "raclette" party at the Panorama Restaurant Weissfluhjoch. Raclette—boiled potatoes dipped in bowls of congealed cheese—is the Swiss national dish. Don't look for it on the menu of the Four Seasons (which ran a daily full-page ad in the *Forum News,* greeting its absent regulars and lamenting its empty banquettes) anytime soon.

By the time I got down from the mountain, it was too late to change, so I went to hear Arafat and Peres in my ski clothes. No one cared; it's one of the charms of Davos that you can show up at most functions in a bomber jacket or a three-piece suit and not feel out of place. To my surprise, Arafat delivered his speech in Arabic—I'd become accustomed to thinking of English as the only language on the planet—but simultaneous translation was provided via earphones. It was a tough speech. He accused the Israelis of waging "a savage and barbaric war," conducting "a Fascist military aggression" against the Palestinians. His people had been subjected to "killing, persecution, assassination." Their economy had been systematically destroyed. "Israel is laying against us total siege."

"I came with the preparation for a wedding, not a divorce," Peres responded gallantly, stressing his people's desire for peace and urging Arafat to "let bygones be bygones." It was a conciliatory speech, but Arafat was the surprise: he was a far more emphatic and persuasive speaker in person than he seems in clips on the evening news. To see him quivering-lipped onstage, framed by two huge movie screens filled with his image, to hear his plaintive accusations—"You used to send me money for job creations"; "I'm suffering day and night to bring our people something to eat"—was to experience the Mideast conflict as something raw, personal, intimate, a struggle among ancient tribes being played out by two charismatic men.

On my last day in Davos, I finally got to hear Bill Gates. He had been a presence the entire week, culminating in the announcement on Saturday evening of a $100 million grant for AIDS research from the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. At the large Congress Hall, he was joined by Sony's Nobuyuki Idei, Richard Li, chairman of Pacific Century CyberWorks, and Thomas Middelhoff, the chairman of Bertelsmann. Gates was expansive, and radiated boyish enthusiasm—the cliché is just right here—about the new gadgets he glimpsed on the horizon. "We've seen some explosive new developments.... You can communicate in real time over the P.C.... People want to do everything on the screen.... We're going to have 3-D graphics on the P.C. Now when you buy a book, you don't see the shelves. We'll have enough resolution so that you'll want to read off the screen—you'll be able to detach a magazine and go off and read it.... Great readability, great 3-D. We're really on the threshold of achieving those things." It was a thrilling litany—apparently, there's a lot of neat stuff in store for the human race. I envied Gates's ebullience, but then, I guess you don't become the richest man in the world by going around with a glum face.

It was hard not to get caught up in Gates's vision, but the upbeat atmosphere in the Congress Hall rapidly dissipated in the next session, "Redefining Corporate Responsibility," chaired by Carleton Fiorina, the chairman of Hewlett-Packard. I returned from a break just in time to hear the Reverend Leon Sullivan, creator of a foundation devoted to promoting self-reliance for the underprivileged, booming in stentorian preacher's tones, "We're asking for a social conscience. Either you will change as captains of industry—you will change or die. YOU WILL CHANGE OR DIE!... The day will come when capitalism will lose everything you have. It's not just profits—or loss. Help the little guy! Stand up for the little guy!" Sullivan, one of the few black Americans in attendance, poured cold water on the mood of self-congratulation suffusing Davos. "I'm a preacher, that's why I talk so loud," he concluded, but this gracious diminuendo failed to blunt the import of his words, which hung doomfully over the half-empty hall. There was feeble applause. "Well, we promised you a lively panel," Fiorina said gamely.

Sullivan's wasn't the only dissenting voice I heard that week. At the opening session, His Highness Sheikh Hamad bin Khalifa Al-Thani, emir of Qatar, had spoken with great eloquence on the need to include the world's vast Islamic population in the process of modernization, "to build an economy with a human face." Benjamin Mkapa, president of Tanzania, had painted a desolate picture of AIDS-riven Africa and called attention to "a gap in the value of life itself." Yashwant Sinha, India's minister of finance, had warned the affluent Northern Hemisphere not to forget the impoverished South. On the one hand, global development couldn't continue at its current pace without catastrophic consequences for the environment: "If the whole world adopts the life of the Suburban, there will be no world to live in." On the other, the North had to realize that it had no right to slow industrialization now that it had prospered: "Don't lecture us about the need to cut back."

The dialogue at Davos reminded me of Deborah Tannen's description, in her book *You Just Don't Understand,* of the way husbands and wives talk past each other. The issues facing the undeveloped world are so at odds with the issues facing the advanced capitalist world that it's as if they're speaking different languages. For a Silicon Valley entrepreneur, "the fight over the broadband bundle" is inevitably more pressing than how to feed a million hungry children. The consequences of globalization are too hard to deal with—it's like trying to solve global warming—so let's not. Despite the strenuous efforts of the W.E.F.'s organizers, the big questions—the looming environmental crisis, the unbridgeable disparity between rich and poor, the rise of religious fundamentalism, the plague of AIDS—were barely touched upon at Davos. The questions that really preoccupied people were, in the words of a financial journalist I had had dinner with in London the week before Davos, "What lies ahead? Are we going down? Is the recession real?" Even this couldn't be known—few at Davos 2000 had predicted the dot-com debacle—but at least it could be debated. As Lawrence Summers summed up at the *Wired* session, "Expansion is healthy in the same way a person is healthy, not immortal. It's going to end, but you don't yet know the reason why—or when."

n Monday night I attended my last session, "Gender Leadership and Risks." ver dinner, a voluble procession of women government recounted their travails and iumphs in the public sphere. The president Latvia, the former prime minister of oland, the former prime minister of Cana-a: none of them seemed the least bit fazed the challenges that women still face in olitics, but they were firm about how much rder it is for women than for men to get to e top. It was a spirited session, marked by e narratives of participants gifted with the ility—a trademark of Davos—to speak ex-mpore for 20 minutes at a time in com-ete and vivid paragraphs. The one man ho spoke, David Gergen, was equally adept thinking on his feet. During the question eriod, someone raised a hand and said, You're Dick Morris. I'm Hillary. What's ur advice?" Gergen retorted, "Don't take y calls." A beat. "And you might want to ve some of the furniture back." Katherine arris of Florida electoral fame stood up nd talked briefly about her recent experi-nce as a media target, noting that she had een repeatedly described in the press as "'a etite brunette.' They never describe a man rotund and balding." When she praised er supportive husband, a Swede who had st become an American citizen, someone outed from the back of the room, "Did ey count his vote?"

Afflicted with overloaded circuits, I resist-d the temptation to look in on the noisy rewell celebration that Accenture, the ega–consulting firm that had handled the gistics for Davos, was throwing for itself in e bar of the Steigenberger Belvédère. As I alked back to my hotel, feet crunching in e snow, a brigade of firemen was coiling the hoses that had been used against the emonstrators.

A week after I got home, weighty docu-ents began arriving from the World Eco-omic Forum: the January-February issue *Worldlink*, the Forum's glossy house or-an, as fat as *The Industry Standard* and ammed with full-page ads, with contribu-ons from Rosabeth Moss Kanter, Timothy arton Ash, and Jeffrey Garten, among any eminent others; a bound packet of mmaries of the 2001 meetings; press re-ases about the hacker who had gotten to a W.E.F. database and ripped off the edit-card information of participants. eanwhile, the organization was gearing up the regional meetings that occur around e globe throughout the year. In Geneva, nning was under way for the 2002 ses-on. "It's too big, too vague, and too Amer-an," a Davos old-timer had said, "but I'll back."

I got on the phone to the Steigenberger lvédère and put my name on the waiting for a room. □

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EDITOR'S NOTE:
On pages 356–57 of the April issue, the production was by Fred Torres for Lucid Shoot, L.A.

Michael Lutin tells Tauruses to chew before they swallow



Søren Kierkegaard

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

One of your greatest assets is your ability to enjoy everything from the best foie gras offered on the finest menu to the cheapest hot dog sold on the street. Anybody who thinks you're a greedy miser sitting like Scrooge McDuck on a pile of gold has it all wrong. While you do love to see those dollars roll in, you care about material resources only insofar as they support your pursuit of pleasure. Saturn's transit of your 2nd house will help you define priorities now, because—let's face it—there has to be a limit to how much you can stuff into your mouth at one time.



Nicole Kidman

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Saturn is finally leaving your 12th house, thank God. Whether you've been dancing through a dream or stumbling through a grisly nightmare, it's time to leave the realm of the sleeping (or the undead), grab a cup of coffee, and prepare to re-enter the real world. Some astrologers dread the transit of Saturn into anyone's 1st house, mainly because it usually places great demands on a person's energy. All the stress and strain notwithstanding, be grateful that at last you will be exercising control over your own life, although you may go completely gray in the process.



Beck

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

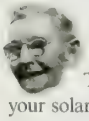
Even if the world is out to get you, you still have to live in it. Just because the ruler of your 7th house is in your 12th doesn't mean you should lock yourself in a closet with a gag over your mouth for the next two years. This is the beginning of a quiet, introspective period of your life. You need space, intimacy, and time away from those who turned you on at first but have since begun to drive you insane. The fact that you have no idea which way to go now indicates all the more strongly that it's not time to manipulate. It's time to pray.



Charlize Theron

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

No matter who presses you for a commitment, you're not in any position right now to make long-range plans or to figure out what you're going to do with the rest of your life. The good news is, you've got your freedom at last. Haven't you envied all those folks who can just take off for a weekend of skiing or a night of bowling with the gang? Now that your midheaven is clear and your 11th house is active again, you can take the crown off your head, place it neatly on the throne, walk courageously away from power and glory, and head for the slopes—or the alley.



Grandma Moses

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

To remain on top in your field now, when Saturn is culminating in your solar 10th house, you will have to grapple with two important challenges. The first is your own ambition. If you want to be a leader, you have to realize that you are not going to be adored by every kid in the schoolyard. That's hard for you, because the last thing you want to relinquish is your angel status. The second is politics. Play fair, no matter how tempted you are to join in the hideous games that are about to begin. Apart from that, everything should proceed swimmingly, so go ahead and turn in your wings.



William Faulkner

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

God bless the 9th-house transit of Saturn. It comes in the nick of time. After months of hand-wringing and teeth-gnashing, you should at last be free to think more clearly and look with cautious optimism toward some sort of brighter future. At least now you know you have one. If you can tear yourself away from all your dark forebodings and put your brain to serious work, you'll arrive at something other than the doom you've been predicting for yourself. Travel abroad is not just in the stars, but vital for the refreshment of whatever is left of your mind.



Condoleezza Rice

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV

Because of your age or life situation, it may sound crazy to yo hear that the 3rd-house planetary ruler in your 8th house marks a new cl ter in the exploration of your sexuality, but the charts predict that the two years will be critical in helping you resolve any gender issues linge from childhood. How well you are able to surrender control will deterr your ability to experience ecstasy (the emotion, not the drug). And here's other giant question: Can you remain sexually excited by and passio about someone you're close to?



Tyra Banks

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

In a perfect world you would be carried through the streets on the shoulders of all the nut jobs you've had to support while you struggle keep yourself from falling apart. In truth, though, you're still alone. W you consider how successfully you've coped with huge personal issues, virtually no outside help, you've got to pat yourself on the back. Now, l ever, it is time for some serious 7th-house action, and that means craw out of the hole of self-absorption and facing your need for a deep, comm relationship. Very, very scary.



King Juan Carlos I

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN

Although it seems that many Capricorns are conditioned in ute work nine to five until the guy with the scythe comes to cart them away box, over the last few years you have done a great job of undoing your brainwashing, to such a degree that you have actually almost learned to e life. As Saturn now enters your 6th house, you have to become a functio member of society once again. At best, that should inspire you to get body together and throw yourself into a job with gusto. At worst, it will you new things to complain and moan about.



Maggie Ordonez

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

When a baby chick pokes its way out of its shell, you can be sure that the little thing faces the bright new world with sweetly naïve but st optimism. With your 12th-house ruler now grazing the cusp of your house, you too are about to embark on a whole new adventure: an adve of the heart. Considering how frail and fragile you feel every other day, may sound like a preposterous prediction, but as the months wear on, come to see the importance of communication in matters of love, and realize just how naïve you have been.



David Boies

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

Poor you. You've been hounded nearly to death by a min regime that won't let you live in peace for five minutes without inva your privacy. You have to see, however, that it is your ambitious wis power and recognition that keeps you coming back for more. Right you need to balance your 10th-house search for professional legitimacy a 4th-house desire for personal fulfillment, and to throw in a little emo al stability for good measure. Don't laugh. Such things are possible a stage of the game, even for you.



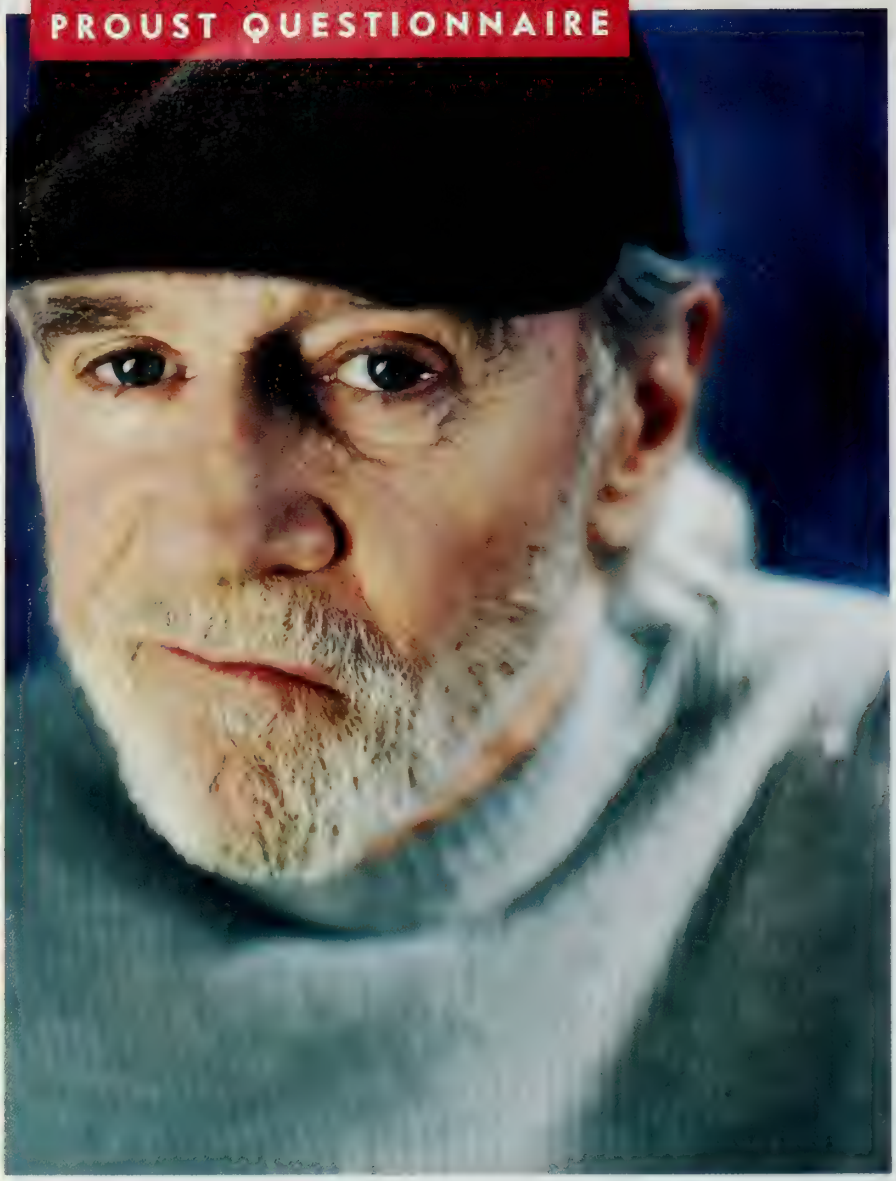
Eudora Welty

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Owing to the lesson in humility (read royal shellacking) you and your dreams of greatness have received from the south node, it's natura healthy for you to be searching for new creative outlets. The effect of Satu your 3rd house could give people the impression that you're fragment you flit back and forth from one identity to another. What they don't kn that your mind and your metabolism are racing along faster than a spe bullet, and more powerfully than two trains headed for the same cro Would you please just slow down long enough to breathe?

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.


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What is your greatest fear?
To lose the power of speech.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
No one so far.

Which living person do you most admire?
I don't spend a lot of time admiring people.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My inability to relax and do nothing.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Courage.

On what occasion do you lie?
To protect people's feelings.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My left arm is 13 inches shorter than my right.

What is your greatest regret?
Having wasted nine perfectly good years in school.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Sally Wade, the Pearl of the Ozarks.

When and where were you happiest?
Home alone after school, before my mother got home from work.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be able to play great boogie-woogie piano.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Sustaining in my field and improving over time.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Positive attitude.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Honesty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Toughness.

GEORGE CARLIN

With three Grammys, a record 12th HBO special in the works, and the respect of his peers (his Comedy Hall of Fame inductee ceremony included Bob Hope, Richard Pryor, and Sid Caesar), George Carlin has been richly rewarded for an act that fuses incisive social commentary with somewhat risqué language. With the publication of his second book, *Napalm and Silly Putty*, Carlin shows that the seven words you still can't say on television are "George Carlin is not a comic genius"

What do you most value in your friends?
Their ability to exchange overcoats while running at full speed.

What is your most treasured possession?
Charlie Parker's autograph. I got it at Birdland when I was 15. And a medal: Best Entertainer, 1949, Camp Notre Dame. I still wear it.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
To be cold, sick, broke, hungry, lonely, forgotten, and dying.

Where would you like to live?
I guess right there at home would be a pretty good place.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
I'm not interested in make-believe people.

Who are your heroes in real life?
No one should have heroes. It is degrading.

What are your favorite names?
Fortescu Dalrymple, Tinky Pringle, and Sympathetic Hah.

What is it that you most dislike?
Organized religion.

How would you like to die?
To just explode spontaneously in someone's living room.

What is your motto?
"Always have a good motto."

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN DANELIAN



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—MAE WEST

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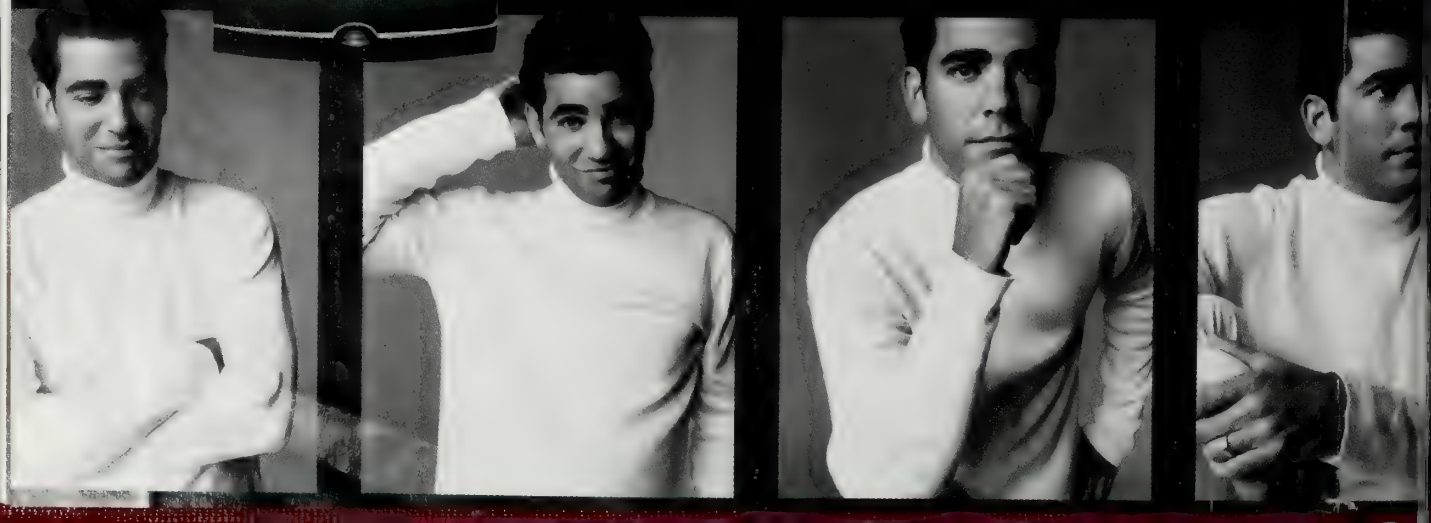
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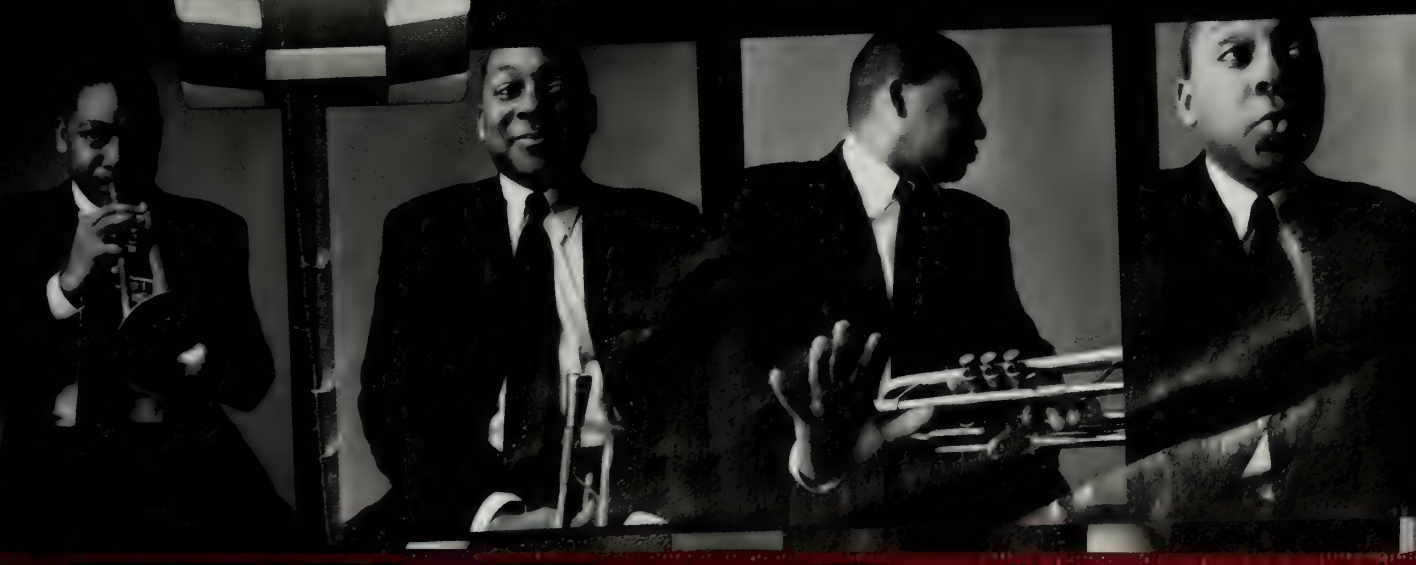


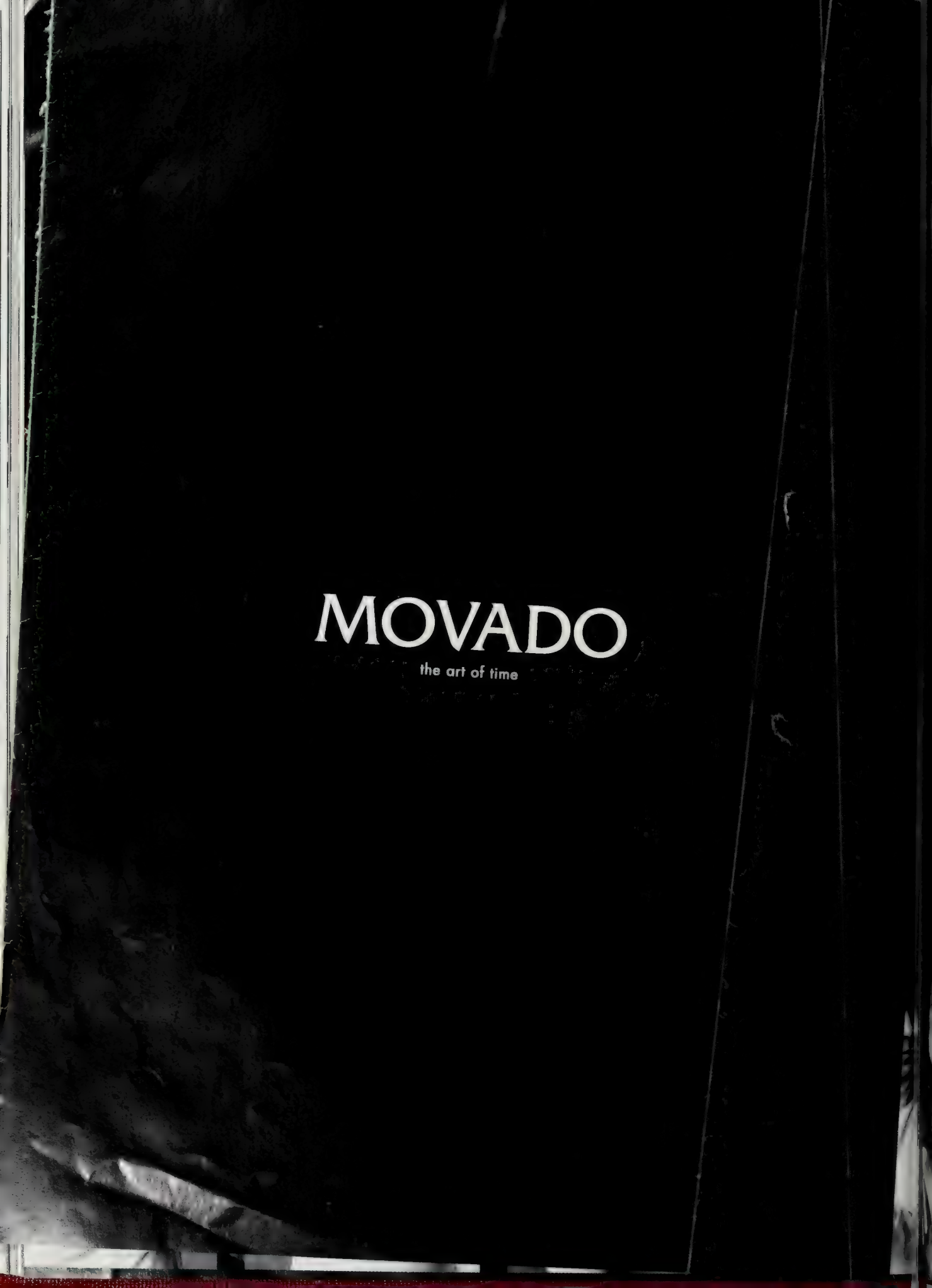
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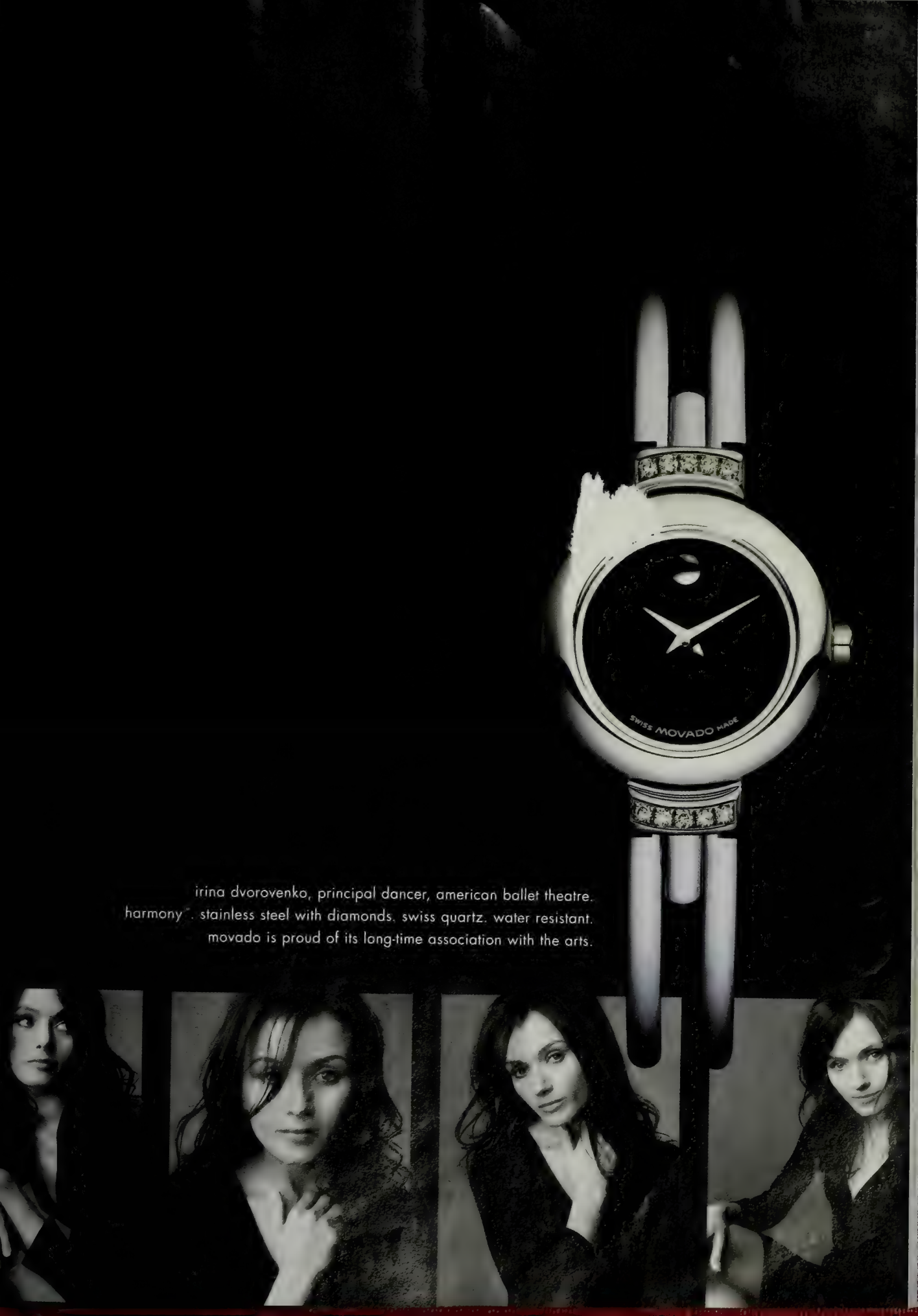
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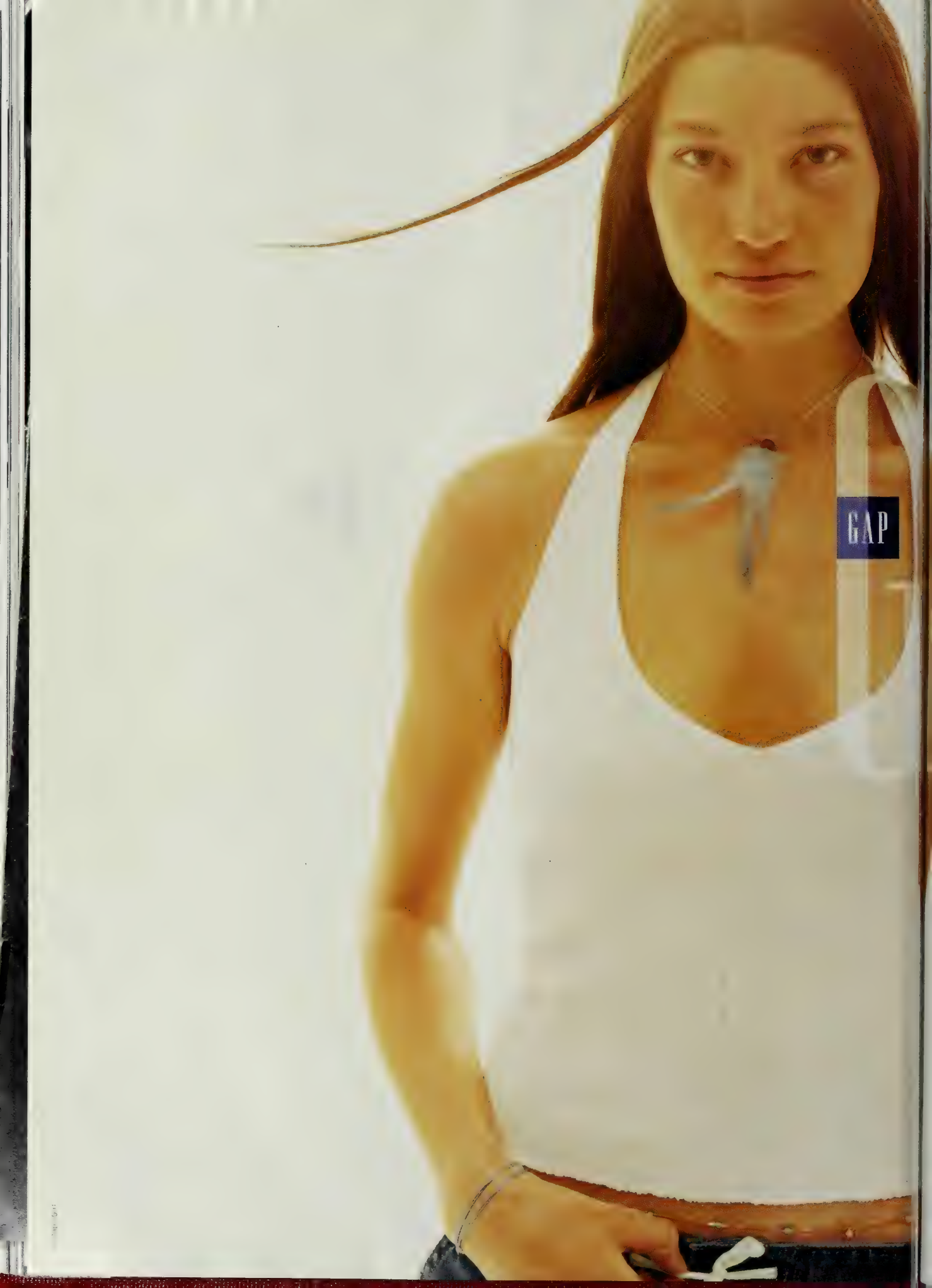
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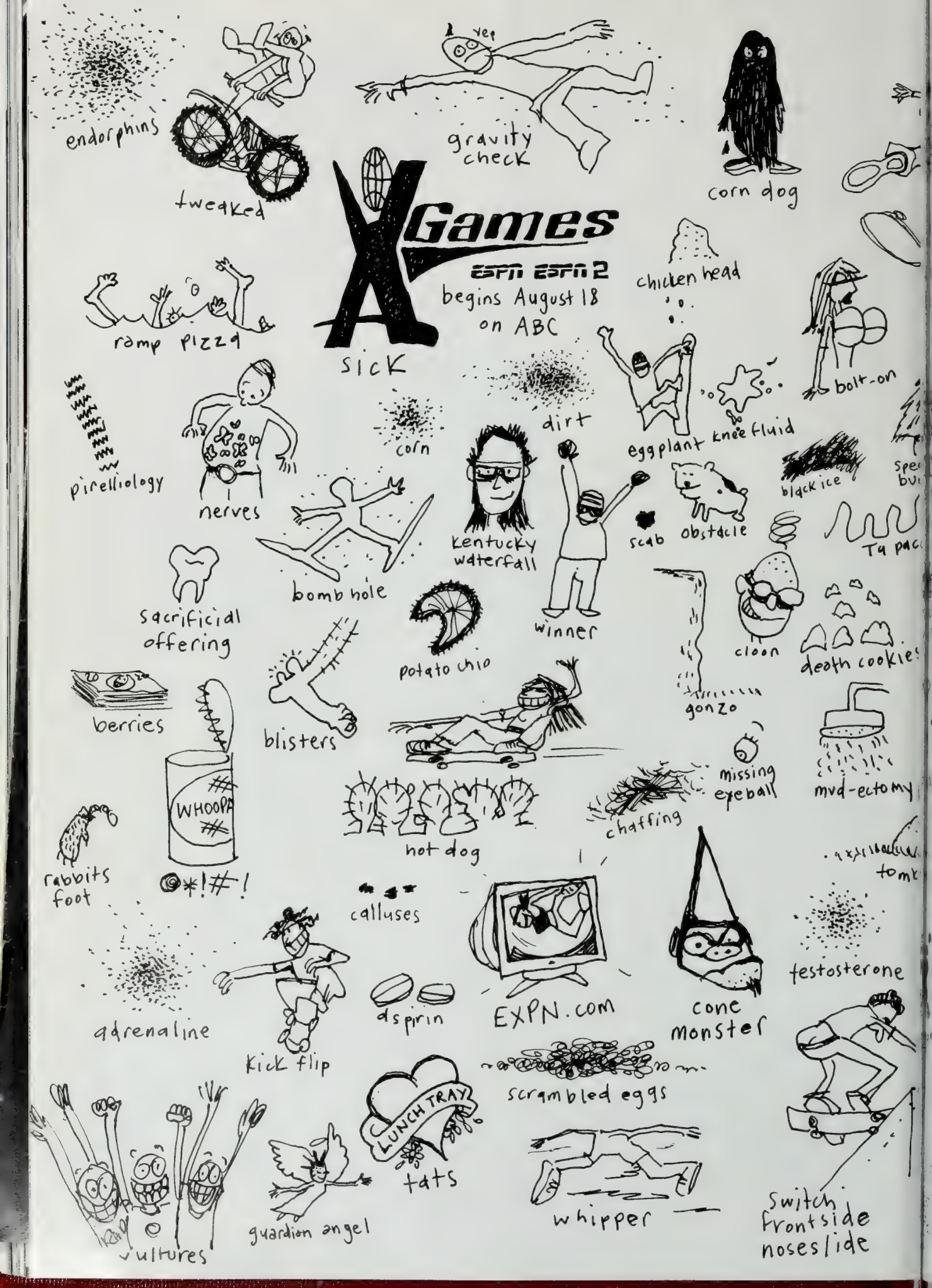
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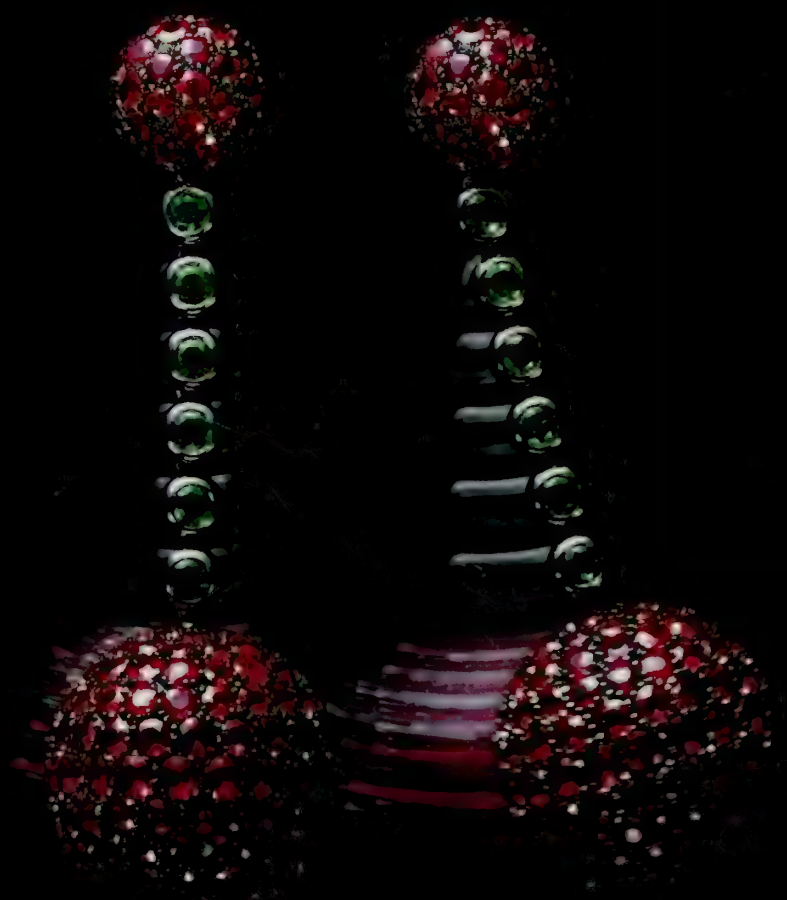



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death wobbles
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June 2001 No. 490



...m There, Dunne
...LUETH HUTTON AND A REPTILIAN FRIEND 142

Features

EVERY MOVE SHE MAKES On Oscar night, the loudest buzz followed Jennifer Lopez's display of . . . Chanel, and her brief encounter with ex-boyfriend Sean "Puffy" Combs at *V.F.*'s party. But with $200 million in recent box-office receipts and 12 million CDs sold, the first Latina superstar is more than a simple tabloid sensation. As her latest film, *Angel Eyes,* hits the screen, Ned Zeman explores the phenomenon of "J.Lo-city" that has driven Iranian fans to jealous fury and reduced L.A. construction workers to tears. Photographs by Herb Ritts 166

BUILDING THE CENTURY Turning 95 with every accolade imaginable under his belt and a raft of current commissions, Philip Johnson is the undisputed dean of American architecture. The master of modernism gets a birthday tribute from one of his most successful protégés, Robert A. M. Stern. Portrait by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders 172

SPECIAL REPORT:
THE CLINTON PARDONS

PART I: THE FACE OF SCANDAL Pardoning fugitive billionaire Marc Rich may have damaged President Clinton's reputation forever; it certainly has wreaked havoc on the life of the woman behind the pardon: Rich's socially ambitious ex-wife, Denise. In interviews with the first Mrs. Rich, with the financier's new wife, Gisela, and with the U.S. marshal who hunted Rich for more than a decade, Maureen Orth gets the inside story on how a family's private tragedy sparked a national scandal. Photographs by Dah Len 174

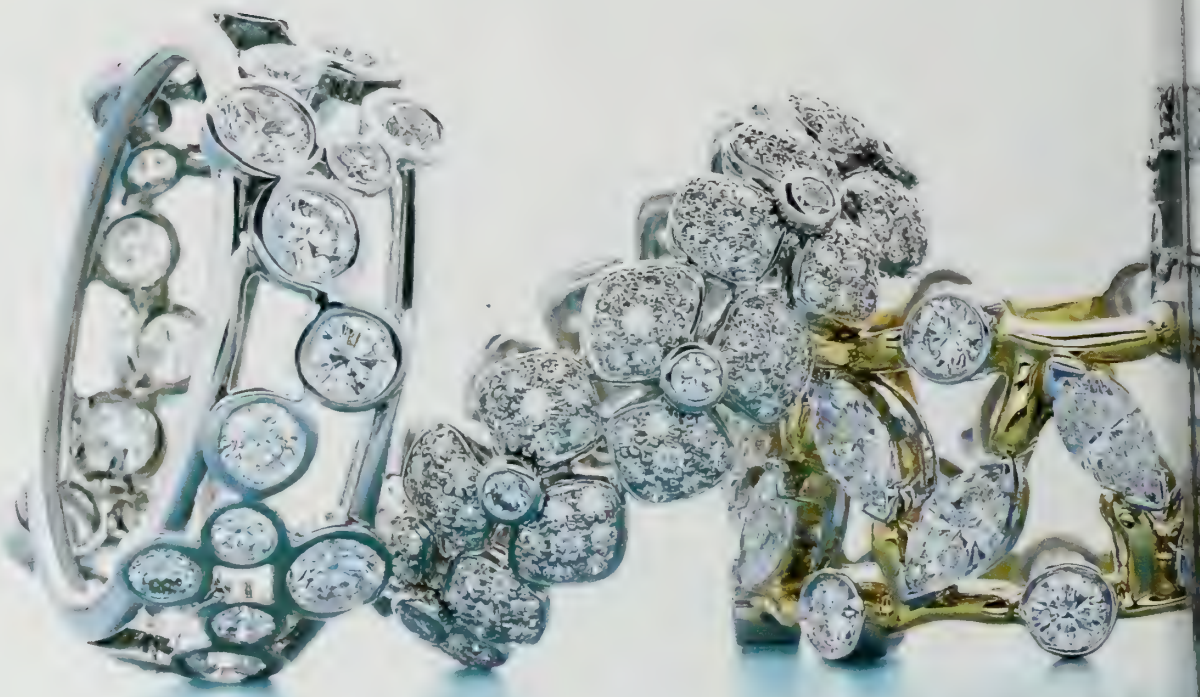
PART II: THE PRICE OF LOYALTY Webster Hubbell arrived in Washington as one of Bill and Hillary Clinton's closest friends. But after Hubbell's conviction for defrauding former partners at Little Rock's Rose Law Firm, the Clintons turned their backs on him. Now, following the painful discovery that he was not on the president's last-minute-pardon list, Hubbell talks exclusively to Marie Brenner about prison, his family's persecution by Kenneth Starr, and the high cost of being an F.O.B. Photographs by Harry Benson 180

WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT? One judge has ruled that Anna Nicole Smith is entitled to $475 million of her late husband's fortune. Another has implied that her brief marriage to Texas oilman J. Howard Marshall II, a man 60 years her senior, was a sham. While the legal battle goes on, David LaChapelle catches the Playmate in various fantastic acts, and Walter Kirn hands down his own verdict 186

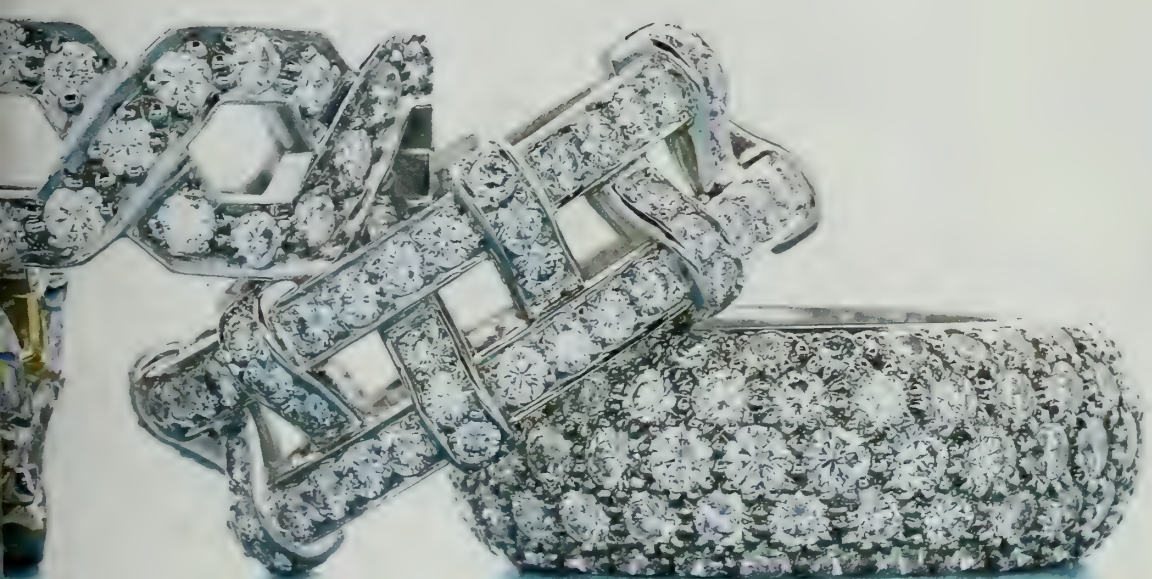
THE FRENCH CONNECTION Hedi Slimane, the designer at the helm of Dior's men's-wear line, has already got fashion insiders hooked on his subtly revolutionary style. And, to the delight of his countrymen, he's actually *French.* On the eve of Slimane's first store collection, Ingrid Sischy has the scoop on how a 32-year-old hipster who once found fashion a bit superficial became one of its shining hopes. Photographs by Todd Eberle 192

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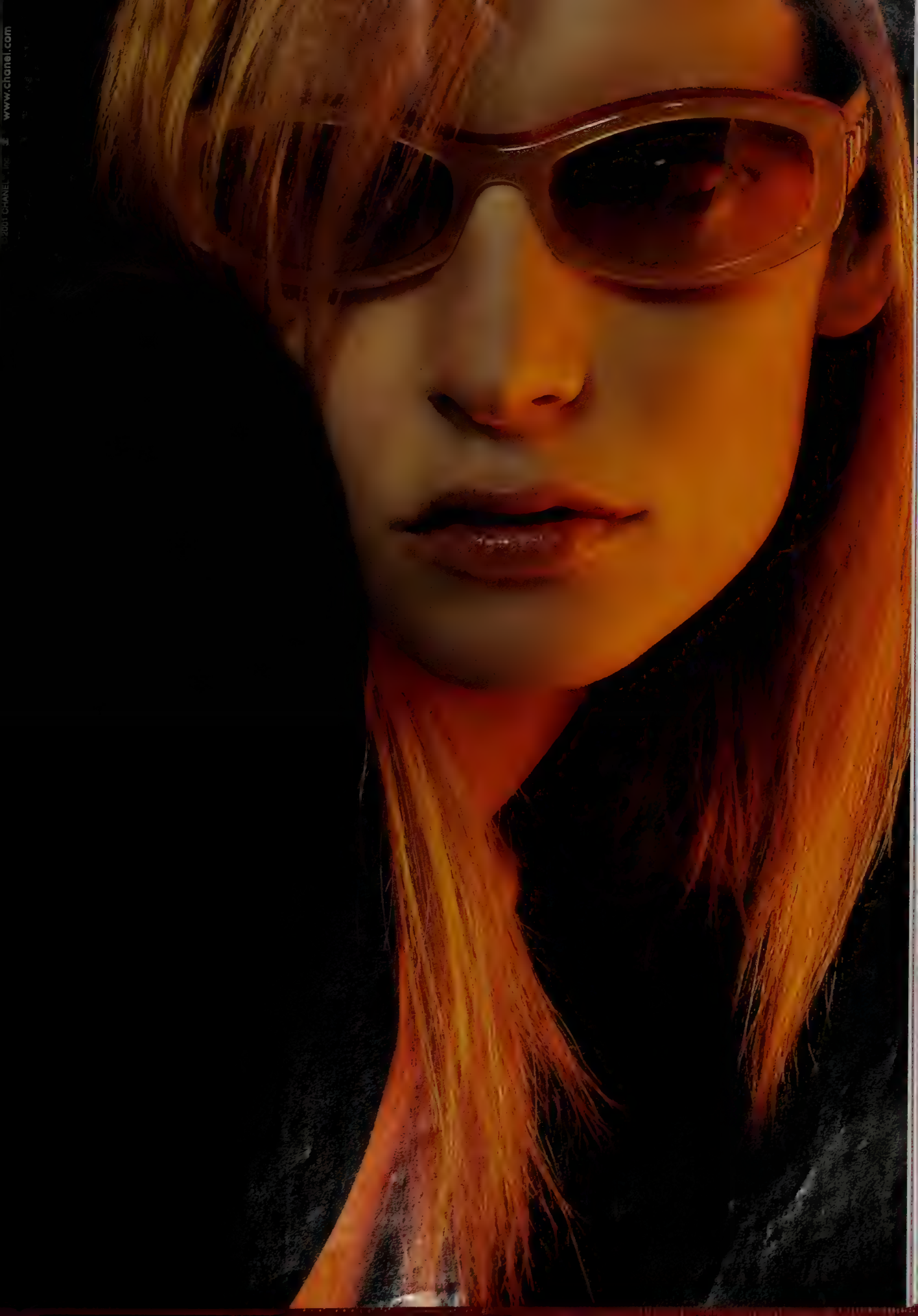
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THE FULL RAMPLING Helmut Newton spotlights one of his favorite subjects, Charlotte Rampling, the cerebrally sexy, ultra-sophisticated British actress, who reprises the famously daring nude scene she played for him 28 years ago . . . 196

GENESIS X Whether they're skysurfing, bungee jumping, or street luging, 30 million Americans have caught the adrenaline bug, and a generation of certified thrill seekers is pushing the bounds of fun (and common sense) as far as they will stretch. Jonas Karlsson immortalizes the inventors of extreme sports, including an 82-year-old ultramarathoner, a man who once surfed a four-story wave, and snowboarding dean Jake Burton Carpenter, as Scott Gummer explores the legacy of their life-threatening passions 198

Fanfair

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Lounge for life—Todd Eberle inside New York's exclusive Bungalow 8. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on the Hong Kong actionfest *Time and Tide* and the documentary *Startup.com;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn decodes *Swordfish.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Lisa Robinson on singer-songwriter Jon Brion; Bruce Handy gets lost with jazz trumpeter Terence Blanchard. A. M. Homes on Chelsea-gallery owner Matthew Marks's European vacation and sculptor Robert Gober. Matt Tyrnauer commemorates architect Mies van der Rohe 71

Columns

DEBT OF HONOR Compensation has been paid to Holocaust victims and interned Japanese-Americans, so why, ask some African-American leaders, shouldn't the descendants of slaves receive financial justice, too? Fair question, says Christopher Hitchens as he eviscerates the arguments in David Horowitz's notorious anti-reparation ads, joining the hot-button debate over an antidote to the most poisonous chapter in U.S. history. Portraits by Taryn Simon 84

FATAL BONDAGE John "J.R." Robinson appeared to be a devoted father, successful entrepreneur, and committed church elder. And for more than a decade, despite a suspicious parole officer, police investigations, and a stint in prison for fraud, this genial mask concealed his sinister alter ego. Following the discovery of five women's bodies in 55-gallon barrels, with the accused Kansan awaiting trial, David McClintick unearths Robinson's hidden world of sadomasochistic sex and serial murder 94

SOME DRAMATIC EVENING Where else but at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party will you find socialite Betsy Bloomingdale chilling with Icelandic songstress Björk? Or Elizabeth Hurley arm in arm with Pamela Anderson? Evgenia Peretz and selected photographers capture the full glamour of that Sunday night at Mortons 122

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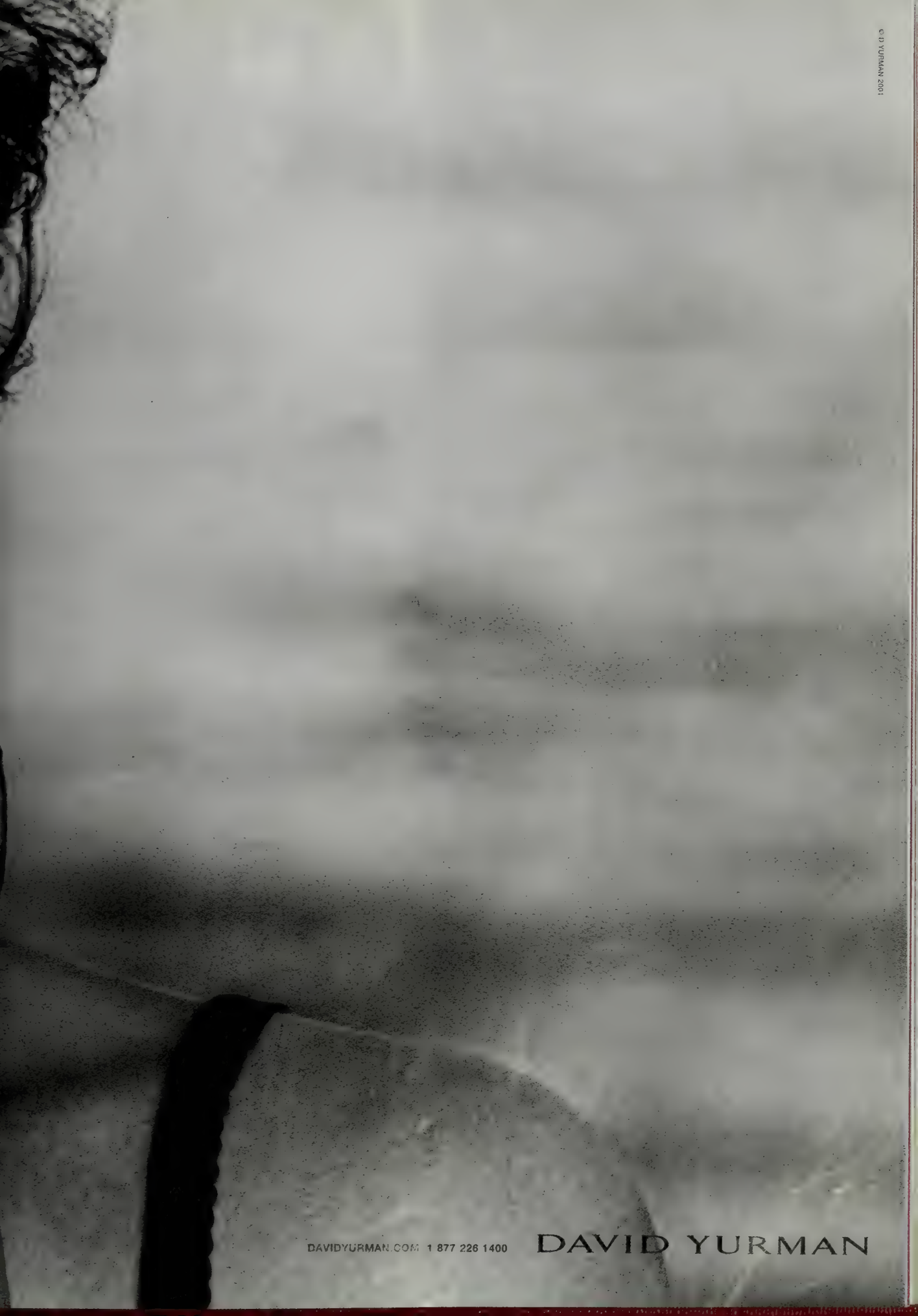
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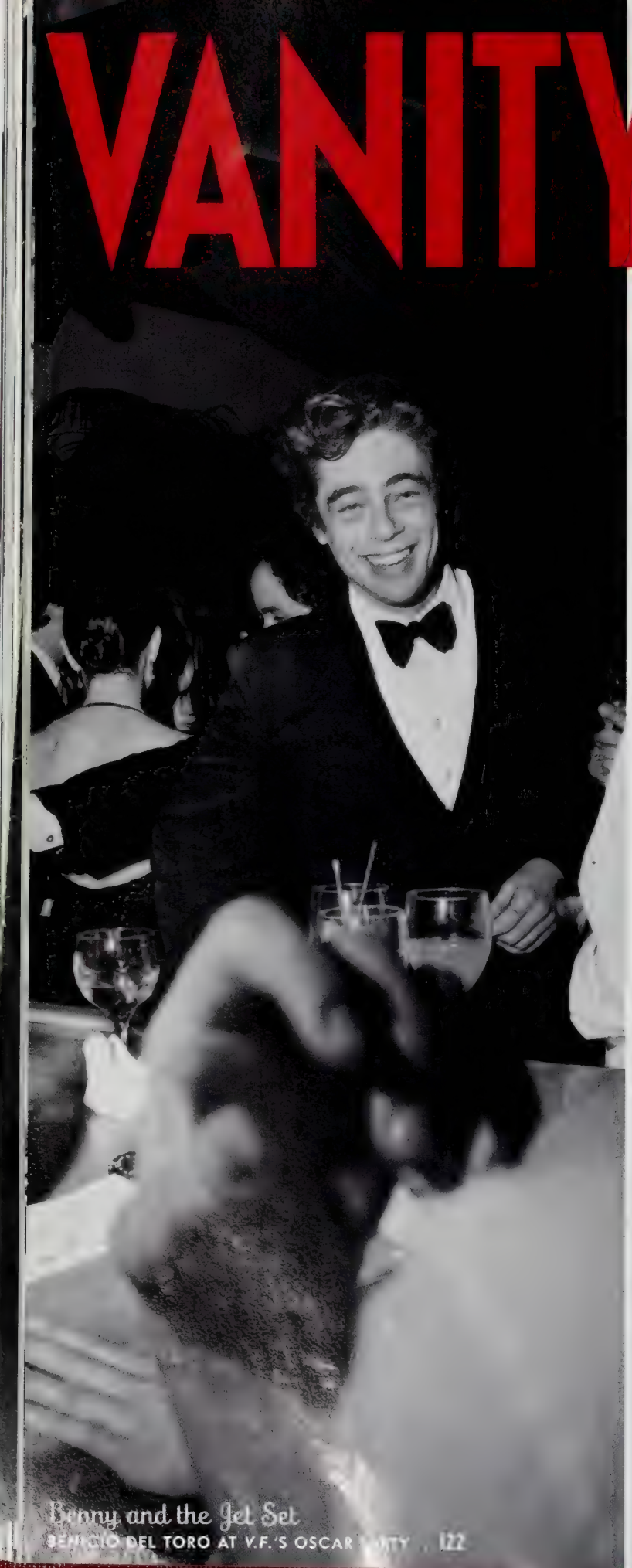
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Benny and the Jet Set
BENICIO DEL TORO AT V.F.'S OSCAR PARTY . 122

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INVITATIONS TO MYSTERY By now, Dominick Dunne's social and professional lives are intertwined, as his diary makes clear. Between Brooke Astor's birthday party, the Oscars, and consultations with fellow prostate-cancer sufferers Rudy Giuliani and Michael Milken, *V.F.*'s investigative eminence snags new leads in the Edmond Safra mystery and tracks the Martha Moxley murder case 130

LAUREN HUTTON'S CRASH LANDING Seven months after a nearly fatal motorcycle accident left her body shattered, and almost four years after discovering a shocking betrayal, Lauren Hutton still makes 57 look fantastic. The original supermodel shares the story of her dramatic recovery with Leslie Bennetts, including details of her relationship with the Svengali she called Bob God, who she says absconded with her fortune. Photographs by Sante D'Orazio 142

Vanities

QUEEN ANNE Ed Coaster turns Benedict Arnold. Eartha Kitt vamps till ready for George Wayne. Intelligence Report: The Summer Hot Spots. Jiminy Glick speed-dials the great talk-show guests past and present. Out & In: Skull & Bones, Linda Tripp's brassiere 155

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Cindy Crawford's Choice



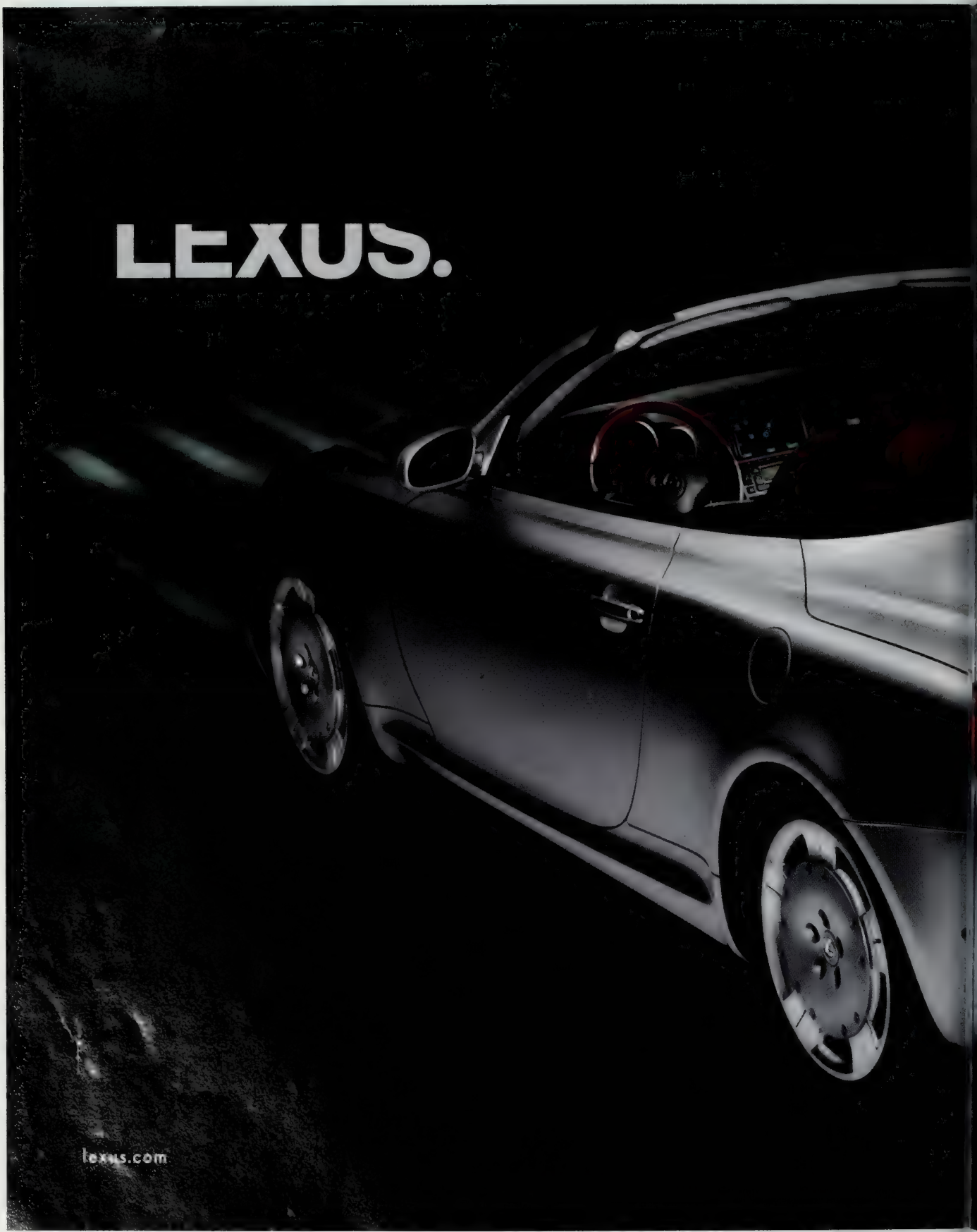
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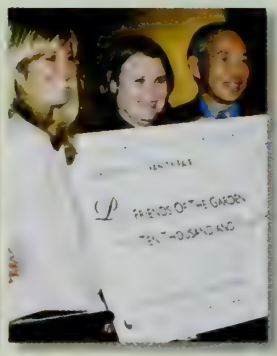
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Mikimoto in Full Bloom

Guests gathered at the Regent Beverly Wilshire on February 15 to celebrate the opening of L.A.'s new Mikimoto boutique. Hosted by Mikimoto and *Vanity Fair*, the event treated attendees such as Debra Messing, Ryan Phillippe, Selma Blair, Reese Witherspoon, Holly Robinson Peete, Amy Smart, and Catherine Oxenberg to a fashion show of Badgley Mischka designs and Mikimoto jewelry. Living statues modeled three Mikimoto necklaces featured in the evening's silent auction, the proceeds of which went to Friends of the Garden, an L.A.-based charity benefiting war veterans. The evening's high point was the presentation of a $10,000 check to the charity, and earlier that morning, Mr. and Mrs. Mikimoto visited the Veterans' Garden, where they donated 100 rosebushes.

Left to right: **Selma Blair; Mr. Mikimoto, Reese Witherspoon, and Mrs. Mikimoto; Andrea Pett-Joseph and Meloyde Kleinman of Friends of the Garden, with Mr. Mikimoto.**







Clockwise from above: **Comedian Dana Carvey; Stephen Stills and Neil Young; Lucky Brand Founders Gene Montesano and Barry Perlman with actress Sela Ward.**

4th Annual Black Tie and Blue Jeans Gala

On November 17, Lucky Brand Dungarees hosted the Lucky Brand Foundation's 4th Annual Black Tie and Blue Jeans Gala, a children's charities fundraising event at the Regent Beverly Wilshire. Celebrities such as Sela Ward, Josie Bissett, Rob Estes, and Henry Simmons enjoyed special performances by comedian Dana Carvey, the Stephen Sills Band, and Warren Zevon. A silent auction raised approximately $700,000, including $12,000 for a Pete Townsend signed guitar and $25,000 for a private lunch with Lucky Brand founders Gene Montesano and Barry Perlman. All proceeds went to benefit the Bridge School, Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, Camp Sundown, and other children's charities.

Rena Lange & *Vanity Fair*

On February 22, *Vanity Fair* and Rena Lange hosted a party to benefit Gen Art, a national non-profit organization showcasing the best emerging talent in fashion, film, and the visual arts. The event was billed as "an evening of fashion and art" and featured a new exhibition by Isack Kousnsky, along with an informal modeling of Rena Lange clothes. Held at the Rena Lange showroom in New York, the crowd included *Temptation Island* participants Matt Heien and Elizabeth See. Guests drank Soomska Vodka martinis and Evian Natural Spring Water.





Left to right: **Matt Heien of *Temptation Island*, Tracy Welch, President of Rena Lange, and Elizabeth See of *Temptation Island*; Artist Isack Kousnsky.**

Nordstrom



The Endless Good-Bye



Propel your mind backward if you will to simpler times, to the days of our dewy youth—to January 20, to be precise, and President William Jefferson Clinton's interminable farewell at Andrews Air Force Base. To the horror of Democrats everywhere, George W. Bush was being sworn into office. And to their equal horror, there was Clinton, wallowing in one last encore: pumping hands, hugging, winking, biting the lip, generally feeling everybody's pain. The act went on. And on. In his final hour, the leader of the Free World seemed a bit like the last drunken party guest who can't take a hint and crashes on your couch, telling you he has nowhere else to turn. As George Kaufman once said, "Forgotten, but not gone."

Clinton, of course, did manage to steal the national thunder, but not in the way he may have wanted. On the same day as that endless good-bye, he announced his now infamous 140 pardons. On the list was fugitive billionaire Marc Rich. Not on the list was Webster Hubbell. It is perhaps no coincidence that Marc Rich's ex-wife has given upwards of $550,000 to Clinton-family campaigns, libraries, and decorating pools, or that Webb Hubbell, nearly broke as a result of his closeness to the Clintons, gave zero dollars to Clinton-family campaigns, libraries, and decorating pools. Sorting out these disparate human dramas are special correspondent Maureen Orth and writer-at-large Marie Brenner, two investigative reporters who've never met a web they didn't want to untangle.



ON THE COVER
Jennifer Lopez wears lingerie by Roberto Cavalli. Hair by Ken Paves. Makeup by Scott Barnes. Manicure by Cathy Carrington. Set design by Thomas Thomson. Styled by L'Wren Scott. Photographed exclusively for *VF* by Herb Ritts at Quixote Studios in West Hollywood, California, on April 19, 2001.

Routinely managing to get to the root of those dark figures who elude the rest of us (serial killer Andrew Cunanan, rogue financier Dana Giacchetto, and Russian president Vladimir Putin), Maureen Orth in "The Face of Scandal," on page 174, brings Denise and Marc Rich into sharp focus. You couldn't have dreamed up a character better suited to float in the Bill Clinton orbit than Denise. A hammy songwriter who believes in angels and past lives, she also possesses the luxury options the ex-president has a hankering for: big wallet, big hair, big everything else. Marc Rich, by contrast, comes without any of his ex-wife's cuddly, if dopey, trappings. As Orth suggests, his life has been guided by a much simpler principle: greed. Having fled to Switzerland in 1983 just before being indicted on 51 counts that included tax fraud and trading arms with the enemy, he renounced his U.S. citizenship and then masterfully manipulated one cash-strapped Third World or Eastern-bloc country after another, buying their commodities and reselling them at exorbitant prices. Interviewing Denise Rich and Marc's current wife, Gisela, as well as the U.S. marshal who spent 14 years on Marc's trail—the latter two sources have never before spoken to a journalist—Orth uncovers the forces behind the extraordinary pardon, a network that spread all the way from former Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak to Spain's King Juan Carlos.

If the pardon proved baffling to the rest of us, imagine how it must have hit Webb Hubbell, who served 15 months in prison for tax evasion and for overbilling clients and defrauding his law partners of about half a million dollars—that last figure a rounding error in Marc Rich's world. In "The Price of Loyalty," Marie Brenner—whose nose for corruption in high places has resulted in some of *V.F.*'s most acclaimed narratives—gets Hubbell talking about his unbelievable ordeal, which began in Little Rock, where he, as the city's mayor, Hillary's law partner, and a Friend of Bill from way back, first shined in the reflected glory of that brilliant and ambitious young couple. Taken along to Washington, D.C., Hubbell was to become President Clinton's man inside the Justice Department. But then the investigations into Whitewater and Hubbell's own financial dealings began, and the lovefest was over. While Hubbell was repeatedly getting torn to shreds by Kenneth Starr and the Office of Independent Counsel, the Clintons pretty much went their merry way. Revealing the depth of his fealty, Hubbell never revealed word one on the real subject of the O.I.C.'s inquiry: Hillary's involvement. In return, the Clintons treated him like a pariah until the very end.

As of today, neither Denise Rich nor Webster Hubbell has received a note or phone call from the Clintons. It tells you something about how friendship measures up to ambition and money in Clintonville, which is to say not very well at all. That politics are corrupt isn't exactly news. But Clinton's farewell one-two punch was delivered without a flicker of shame, as if he had gotten away with so much already that no one would notice this last little thing. Yes, he has managed to stay in the spotlight—gone, but not forgotten. —GRAYDON CARTER


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Telluride Film Festival

The 28th Telluride Film Festival
August 31 - September 3

Roger Ebert calls it "one of the best experiences a film lover can have." The 28th Telluride Film Festival will be held over Labor Day weekend, August 31 – September 3, in the beautiful mountain town of Telluride, Colorado.

Celebrating all aspects of the art of film, including unknown gems of the past right through the cutting-edge cinema of today, the Telluride Film Festival is one of the world's most renowned film festivals. The program is kept secret until Opening Day. Last year, audiences enjoyed either the World or the North American premiere of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, *Quills*, Ken Burns' *Jazz*, *Yi Yi*, and *Shadow of the Vampire*, along with other premieres, retrospectives, special programs, and tributes.

For ticket information, contact the Festival at 603-433-9202 or log on to www.telluridefilmfestival.com. For travel and lodging, call TMVS at 888-871-3646.

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Photographer **David LaChapelle** is known for his outrageous shoots, and with *Playboy* Playmate Anna Nicole Smith, who was recently awarded $475 million from her late oil-tycoon husband's estate, he found a kindred spirit. "She's worth every goddamn nickel!" LaChapelle says. "If she'd been old and homely, nobody would've questioned if she should get her little *stipend*." For LaChapelle, who currently has a retrospective at Villa Impero in Bologna, Italy, all this makes him philosophical. "Let him who is without sin throw the first damn stone is what I say."



When renowned architect **Robert A. M. Stern** was asked to write a tribute to one of his mentors, Philip Johnson, he was happy to oblige. The two met in 1960, while Stern was earning his master's in architecture at Yale University. "In those days, the Glass House was a fantastic crossroads," says Stern, referring to Johnson's famous see-through steel-frame structure in New Canaan, Connecticut. "The other buildings he was adding to the property were endlessly interesting, as was, of course, Philip himself, who always combined great curiosity with incredible intelligence and articulateness." In addition to being the dean of the Yale School of Architecture, Stern has led his own Manhattan-based firm for 32 years.



JONATHAN BECKER

In the midst of the media feeding frenzy surrounding the presidential pardon of fugitive financier Marc Rich, special correspondent **Maureen Orth** (here with Denise Rich at *V.F.*'s Oscar party) logged 14,000 miles to make contact with the key figures of this month's story. She was able to interview many crucial players who had avoided the press, including Denise Rich and her two daughters, Ilona and Daniella; Marc Rich's second wife, Gisela; Denise's divorce lawyer, Aaron Richard Golub; and Ken Hill, the U.S. marshal who hunted Marc Rich for 14 years. "I was driven to understand two things: who these people really were and where Marc Rich's money came from," Orth says. "But this fascinating saga may take years to unravel."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52


BANANA REPUBLIC

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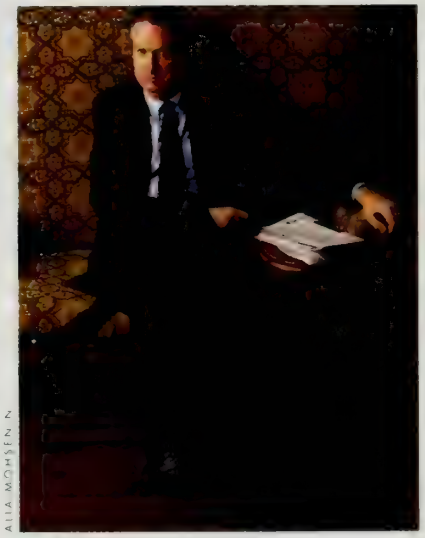
God Bless the Go-Go's in stores May 15th. Featuring the hit song "Unforgiven."

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PAR BALSTRAND

For California-based writer **Scott Gummer** (left) and Swedish photographer **Jonas Karlsson,** working on this month's extreme-sports portfolio was a bonding experience. Not only were they both flabbergasted by the athletes—who, as Gummer puts it, "trample the line between genius and insanity"—they hit the slopes together (as demonstrated here in Vail, Colorado, where they had joined "Snurfer" and snowboard pioneers Sherman Poppen and Jake Burton Carpenter). By the end of the shoot, Gummer, who until then had spoken only broken Swedish, delivered his routine invitation—"*Ska vi dricka en öl?*" ("Shall we drink a beer?")—without a trace of an accent.



ALIA MOHSEN

David McClintick returned to his home state of Kansas to investigate the case of John "J.R." Robinson, a man who is charged with the brutal murders of six women and who contradicts the stereotype of the dysfunctional serial killer. "He's been married to the same woman for 37 years and has four grown kids, all model citizens," McClintick says. "While he was doing these monstrous things, he led a seemingly ideal family life." For McClintick, a contributing editor at *Forbes,* this story marks his first in-depth look at a violent criminal, and that, he says, "raises the emotional intensity of the reporting experience." McClintick is the award-winning author of three books, including the best-selling *Indecent Exposure* and *Swordfish,* about the U.S. government's only successful infiltration of Latin-American drug cartels.

"The story of Webster Hubbell and Bill Clinton is the story of friendship, loyalty, and betrayal on both sides," says writer-at-large **Marie Brenner.** "It is the dark side of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington:* the relationship of two men who have gone through the sound waves together explodes in the partisan frenzy of the Clinton years." For Brenner, the bombshell of the Clinton pardons that included Marc Rich but not Webster Hubbell only confirmed her view of the Clinton era. "We have lived through a time in America in which personalities became the main event in Washington." Brenner's best-selling book *Great Dames: What I Learned from Older Women* (Crown) was recently released in paperback.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

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NEWPORT
international film festival
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june 5-10, 2001

Now in its fourth year, the Newport International Film Festival is a six-day extravaganza of screenings and parties that attracts over 9,000 filmmakers, celebrities, journalists, and distinguished guests from around the world. Less frenzied, less commercial, and more film-friendly, it has quickly distinguished itself as a festival where art ranks before commerce.

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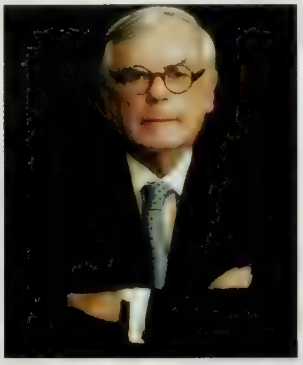
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Every month photography research editor **Jeannie Rhodes** and her team procure thousands of images in an exhaustive search to find the "photos that help bring the story to life." In addition to using photo agencies and photographers, museums and historical societies, the researchers peruse family albums and comb through attics looking for the lost scrapbooks. Last May, their hard work was acknowledged when *Vanity Fair* was awarded a National Magazine Award for photography. But it's the monthly recognition that most pleases Rhodes, who has worked at *V.F.* for seven and a half years. "When people talk about the magazine," she says, "they always mention the incredible photos. That's something I'm very proud of."



TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

In the third installment of his *V.F.* diary, special correspondent **Dominick Dunne** weaves personal notes with an account of his continuing investigation into two unfolding sagas: the murder trial of Ethel Kennedy's nephew Michael Skakel, and the mysterious death of billionaire financier Edmond Safra. "My stories on the Skakel and Safra cases seem to be turning into serials—ongoing dramas with no conclusion in sight," says Dunne, who specializes in exposing intrigue among the very rich and very secretive. Dunne is also at work on his sixth novel, entitled *A Solo Act.*



Contributing editor **Ingrid Sischy** met Hedi Slimane, Christian Dior's men's-wear designer, a few years ago, when he held the same post at Yves Saint Laurent. "It was clear to me immediately that here was an original and contemporary voice in fashion," she says. After spending time with him, Sischy has tapped into what makes Slimane's voice such a refreshing one. "The thing about Hedi is he didn't have formal training, he didn't go to fashion school, and that's allowed him to think so originally and for himself. He doesn't obey the rules of what's supposed to be for a man or a woman, and goes on instinct." Sischy is the editor in chief of *Interview* magazine.



JONATHAN BECKER

If anybody can raise party photography to an art, it's contributing photographer **Larry Fink,** whose black-and-white stills blend documentary realism with painterly composition. So it's only natural that *V.F.* would ask Fink to help record this year's Oscar party. "I'm trying to show people as they manifest their eccentricities in a social context," Fink says. "At the Oscar party, people seemed to feel comfortable letting their hair down." An updated edition of Fink's 1984 book, *Social Graces,* will be published in early fall by Powerhouse Books to coincide with exhibitions in Paris, Los Angeles, and New York.



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3. GENERAL RULES: Sweepstakes open to women who are legal residents of the U.S., and are smokers, 21 years of age or older at time of entry. Employees of Philip Morris Incorporated ("PM USA"), its affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising and promotion agencies, Don Jagoda Associates and the immediate family members of each are not eligible. Void in MA, MI, at retail in VA, and wherever else prohibited by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. All entries become the property of PM USA and will not be returned. PM USA will not be responsible for lost, late, damaged, postage-due, misdirected or mutilated mail. Incomplete or illegible entries, entries without a signature or entries not including a date of birth will be deemed null and void. A random drawing to award all prizes will be held on or about July 31, 2001, from among all eligible entries received by National Judging Institute Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. The approximate odds of winning are based upon the expected number of eligible entries received. The approximate odds of winning are 1 in 102,036. The actual odds of winning depend upon the number of eligible entries received. Potential winners will be required to sign and return an Affidavit of Eligibility/Release of Liability/Publicity Release/Prize Acceptance Form and to submit sufficient proof of age in the form of a legible photocopy of a valid government-issued ID (e.g., a driver's license on which your name, address, date of birth and signature appear) within 14 days of attempted notification. Noncompliance within this time period may result in disqualification and the selection of an alternate winner. Winners will be notified by mail on or about August 10, 2001. Any prize/prize notification returned to PM USA as undeliverable will result in disqualification and an alternate winner will be selected. Traveling companions of travel prizewinners will be required to sign and return a Release of Liability and submit a legible photocopy of a valid government-issued ID prior to departure and must be a woman 21 years of age or older at time of winner's notification. Travelers must possess required travel documents (e.g., valid photo ID, etc.) and must travel on dates specified by PM USA. Limit one prize per person. Winners are responsible for all federal, state and local taxes. No transfer or substitution of prize permitted. PM USA reserves the right to provide a cash alternative at its sole discretion. PM USA will have no liability in connection with the acceptance or use of the prize awarded. Acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use winner's name and likeness for commercial publicity purposes without further notice and compensation, unless prohibited by law.

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LEADING LADIES

Cover judgments; pre-Code-film buffs dust off their favorites; the good, the bad, and the Ovitz; Cinerama drama; thoughts from another Friend of Bette; *Myra* vs. *Dolls;* Jules Feiffer wonders where he is



ID FOR THE ROAD The *V.F.* Hollywood billboard on display near the West Side Highway in New York City

Your April cover is absolutely amazing—even for Annie Leibovitz. The inclusion of the international icons was a stroke of genius. Catherine Deneuve and Sophia Loren simply get more beautiful through the years, and their stellar bodies of work stand up to anybody's.

GINA GOFF
Charlotte, North Carolina

ALTHOUGH I ALWAYS enjoy your Hollywood issue, I was disappointed by the lack of diversity on this year's cover photo. Certainly, there are legendary women of color you could have included. Lena Horne, Angela Bassett, and Whoopi Goldberg come to mind. These women have broken barriers that should never have existed in the first place. Their accomplishments in both film and society have been recognized repeatedly. Although the magazine cannot recognize every "legendary" performer, an effort should be made to ensure that our standards of success (and beauty) are as diverse as our communities.

JULIA BLUHM KATES
Tallahassee, Florida

EVERY MONTH I anxiously wait for your magazine to arrive in Bahrain. But never before has a cover so taken my breath away. Hats off to Annie Leibovitz for perfectly capturing the timeless appeal and gorgeousness of these luminaries—especially in the first shot! I am in serious awe.

DINA FAKHRO
Bahrain, Persian Gulf

YOU OMITTED ONE of the true legendary actresses Hollywood has, an authentic icon who has managed to capture the imagination of the public for decades. She was a child star and then became the most beautiful and talked-about teenager in the world. Later on, she came to be the biggest movie star in Hollywood and the most famous woman in the universe, whose movies, marriages, divorces, illnesses, and tragedies made headlines the world over. Yes, I'm referring to Dame Elizabeth Taylor, a star who has received a myriad of awards, from American and British Academy Awards to France's Legion of Honor, and recognition from dignitaries. Now, that's what I call a legend—somebody controversial and charismatic who has alternately known criticism and

TIMOTHY HOGAN

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Los Angeles, California

HOLLYWOOD UNCENSORED

THANK YOU, James Wolcott, for "Original Sin" [April]. I first discovered what I used to call "old movies" as a kid watching *The Late Late Show*. It used to puzzle me that everything made after 1934 was less interesting. I later learned about the Legion of Decency and the Production Code, and it all made sense—sort of. I still think pre-Code movies are the most honest work ever to come out of Hollywood, as well as being some of the most enjoyable stuff to watch. I was also very happy to see Barbara Stanwyck written about with such enthusiasm. She was a terrific actress, and apparently to work with her was to love her.

If I may, here are a few more pre-Code films worth looking at:

The Miracle Woman (1931, Columbia): Frank Capra directs Barbara Stanwyck as an evangelist. Great cynicism, and wonderful work by her and David Manners. *The Sign of the Cross* (1932, Paramount): Cecil B. DeMille's Christian-versus-Roman romp. Charles Laughton's vocal inflections alone would have been censored a few years later. I have never met a real-life lesbian as silly as the Joyzelle character, but she's tough to forget, and the scenes in the arena give *Gladiator* a run for its money. (Be sure it's the *restored* version on video.) And, finally, *Gold Diggers of 1933* (Warner Bros., 1933): Busby Berkeley's Depression opus. The opening number is joy and optimism, while the number that ends the film is devastating. Again, thanks for a beautiful tribute to a wonderful film genre.

ALICE CONNORTON
New York, New York



SHEARER MADNESS Norma Shearer and Chester Morris in the pre-Code MGM production *The Divorcee* (1930). Shearer won an Academy Award for her performance in the film.



FOR ME, Miss Barbara Stanwyck has always embodied the spirit of pre-Code Hollywood. James Wolcott described her complexities on-screen perfectly! I will always love her in later films such as *The Lady Eve,* in which she makes a comment about Henry Fonda's bachelorhood by saying, "What is your weakness, brother?" Classic Stanwyck.

DOMONIC BOREFFI
San Francisco, California

JAMES WOLCOTT'S perceptive article on pre-Code cinema was gorgeously displayed and should go a long way toward turning people on to the real golden age of American film.

But I differ with Mr. Wolcott on the great issue facing our time—the Norma Shearer question. My enthusiastic assessment of Shearer and other pre-Code heroines is contained in my book, *Complicated Women: Sex and Power in Pre-Code Hollywood.* To that I can only add that here in the San Francisco Bay area there have been several pre-Code-women festivals, and the Shearer films are the ones that invariably play to packed houses. A Shearer festival in 1994 broke box-office records at the Roxie Cinema. The audiences weren't made up of ancient sentimentalists, either. A fair proportion consisted of young women, stumbling onto a good thing. More people should have the chance to have that experience.

MICK LASALLE
San Francisco, California

IN AN OTHERWISE BRILLIANT and highly entertaining issue on things Hollywood, you have bruised the sensibilities of all movie-trivia experts. A caption in James Wolcott's article identifies the man next to Barbara Stanwyck as "a thug."

Sir, that "thug" is every film-trivia buff's all-time favorite muscled-up extra, the great Nat Pendleton. Please rectify this egregious slight in a forthcoming issue . . . or else, see!

DICK JOHNS
Tyler, Texas

OVITZ'S ENCORE

BRAVO, NED ZEMAN, on your brilliant article on Michael Ovitz ["Michael Ovitz, Take Two," April]. Once again Mr. Ovitz has redefined and reshaped the creative and management world in Hollywood. Moreover, he has given his time and his financial support for the new and beautiful U.C.L.A. Medical Center Hospital now rising in Westwood. For that, Mr. Ovitz, we are eternally grateful.

MICHAEL P. RICHARDS
West Hollywood, California

IN YOUR ARTICLE about Michael Ovitz, you quote him as saying, "I gave [money manager Dana Giacchetto] about 200 grand to invest, which in my life—and please don't take this out of context—is meaningless." And what, Mr. Ovitz, would be "in context"? Ovitz obviously was so intent on not admitting he'd been had that he allowed himself to say something truly stupid, even offensive. And this is in an interview. Imagine how he speaks when nobody is taking notes.

MICHELLE ZIERLER
New York, New York

THAT WAS CINERAMA

AS AN AVID FILMGOER and a big fan of all things wide-screen, I found Bruce Handy's article "This Is Cinerama" [April] fascinating. This piece stirred up renewed feelings of sadness and anger over the demise of Minneapolis's great Cinerama-inspired movie house, the Cooper. One



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of the biggest theaters in the country, the Cooper was among the last standing venues specifically built for the Cinerama process. It was torn down in 1990 to make way for an ever expanding interstate and a subway. To this day, I am still trying to figure out how I can watch one of my favorite guilty pleasures, 1963's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* in its true ratio. Milton Berle, Ethel Merman, and Terry-Thomas look so *small* on my 35-inch television.

DAVID NUSSBAUM
Minneapolis, Minnesota

I AM A CINERAMA ADDICT. I have been one since the age of nine, when my mother took my older brother and me to see *This Is Cinerama* at the Broadway Theater in New York City the week after it opened in 1952.

Through the years that followed I saw all seven films, including the Cinemiracle production of *Windjammer* at the famed Roxy Theatre in Midtown Manhattan. I even made side trips to see the wonders of *Scent of Mystery* in Smell-O-Vision and *Behind the Great Wall* in Aroma-Rama. But those stinkers couldn't compare to good old Cinerama.

Bruce Handy got the story completely right. His sense of how we three-eyed worshipers feel is on the mark. Cinerama showed how the world could be brought to you in all its spectacle. Sure, they were corny films, sometimes boring, but they would always catch you by surprise with sequences that would knock your socks off.

I would like to mention that there was one more film that started production using the three-eyed camera. It was originally called *Millie Goes to Budapest.* It featured George Sanders and Buddy Hackett traveling the Danube in search of a stolen statue. After a few days the producer, William Forman, head of Pacific Theaters, shut production down to change over to a cheaper, single-lens 70-mm. format. The picture opened in London in 1965 under the title *The Golden Head.* It lasted about a month and then disappeared, never to be seen again. Tells you something about having exhibitors produce and make decisions on films rather than real filmmakers.

PETER KLINE
Coral Springs, Florida

ALL ABOUT BETTE

I WAS FORTUNATE enough to have known Bette Davis from 1977 until her death. I was an employee some of the time and a friend all of the time. She was a wonderful and rich part of my life. I feel I knew her quite well, as we shared many intimate conversations and spoke often during her many health ordeals; I therefore feel qualified to respond to some parts of William Frye's account of Miss Davis in your recent article ["The Devil in Miss Davis," April].

It is rather hard to believe, given Mr. Frye's account of his "close" relationship with Bette Davis, that he did not learn right off the bat what buttons not to push. As a teenager, I knew after one week what would make her upset. Mr. Frye's remark that caused Miss Davis to hold a knife to his chest was, in my opinion, a manipulation of her explosive temperament. More ridiculous was his final tale, which occurred at the wedding of B.D., where he got up and walked out because champagne was not allowed until after the ceremony. Was Mr. Frye there as a guest and friend or not? How could he get up and leave such an important event in Miss Davis's life over something as petty as having to wait until after the ceremony to drink champagne? He seems surprised that he was ostracized from her life after that incident.

I suppose by writing this letter I wanted to clarify some parts of Miss Davis that are often blurred, exploited for effect, and frequently taken out of context. She certainly was a woman of temperament and will, but at the core of her being she was deeply sensitive and in many ways insecure. Given that she was a brilliant dramatic actress, her outbursts and unpredictable behavior, I believe, must have seemed to her like divine rights. I suspect she enjoyed every one of them. Behind each scream, regardless of how volatile, was a childlike sense of humor. But some moments were so sacred to Bette—her daughter's wedding certainly among the top five—that Mr. Frye should know his "abandonment" was as great an unspoken insult as one could come up with. How he could not have understood this is beyond me. Her sense of injustice, no matter how unreasonable or unfair it may have seemed to people at time, was really a mask for her sense of justice. And even if she made up her own rules, everyone who came into her life knew that came with the territory. I never felt it was too high a price to pay for the opportunity to know such a great woman, artist, and personality. I am grateful to have been cared for by her and was honored to be at the receiving



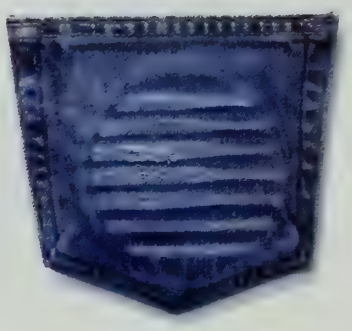
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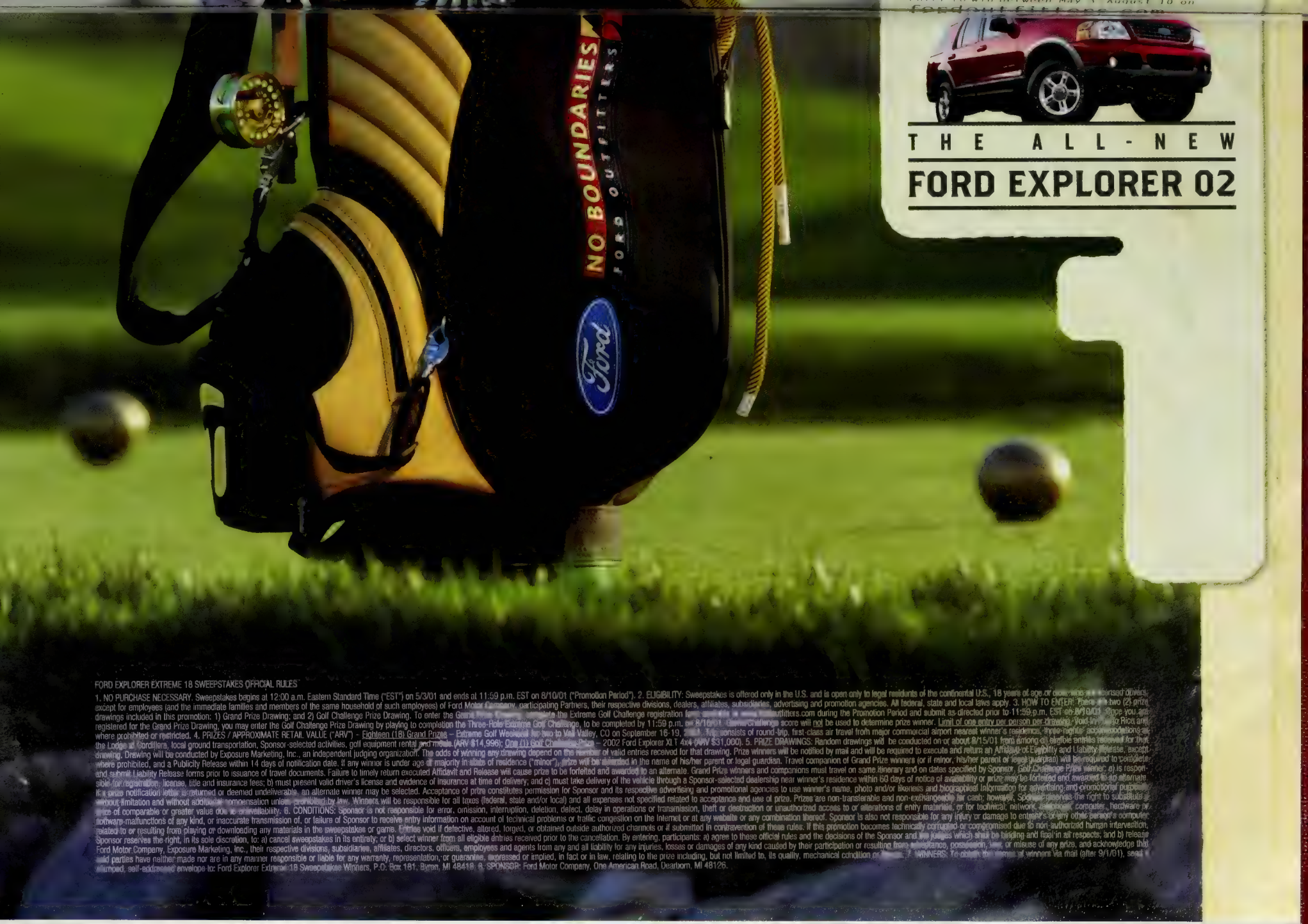
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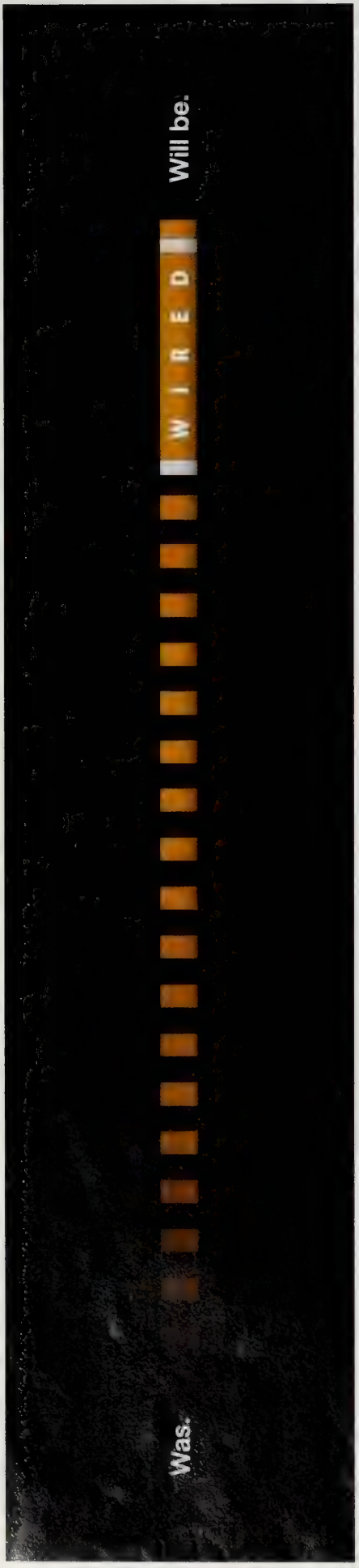


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end of even her wrath. It meant that in her mind I had guts and that I passed the test. She was my best friend.

DOUGLAS TROLAND
New York, New York

A NIGHTMARE TO REMEMBER

ALTHOUGH I LOVED reading Steven Daly's saga of the making of the crapfest *Myra Breckinridge* ["Swinging into Disaster," April], I must take umbrage with his curt dismissal of Russ Meyer's genius *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls.* Daly called it "little more than a ragbag of pseudo-shocking generational clichés, post-Manson violence, and barely coherent plotlines." Meyer's film is far superior to *Myra Breckinridge,* and a hell of a lot more fun. Time has been kind to Meyer's film. It has one of the best party scenes ever filmed, ridiculous dialogue, and the gun-fellatio scene at the end is a classic in cinema violence. And at least *Dolls* has a plot, thanks to Roger Ebert, who wrote the screenplay. Ebert should quit reviewing movies and focus on screenwriting full-time.

GREGORY GARRY
Brooklyn, New York

I VERY MUCH ENJOYED Steven Daly's piece on *Myra Breckinridge.* His article seems to say that a completed director's cut of the film was never released. The version that opened in Los Angeles in 1970 contained the infamous Shirley Temple scene and a few more clips of vintage Fox stars that were removed within weeks due to litigation. I believe that's how the movie ended up shorn of 15 minutes or so.

RANDY HENDERSON
West Hollywood, California

THE JULES IN THE CROWD

I WAS INTERESTED to see your *Carnal Knowledge* spread in the Hollywood portfolio [April] but missed the presence of the screenwriter who supplied the director and cast with the concept, characters, and story line that they so brilliantly interpreted. Wasn't he invited? Or is he sick, maybe dead? Cough.

JULES FEIFFER
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: Although Jules Feiffer was not asked to sit for the cast-and-director group portrait, he was referred to as "stiletto-funny" in the accompanying text.

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THE SWINGING SET
On the set of *Myra Breckinridge,* 1969. Director Michael Sarne is standing at far left, while Mae West watches from the back. The cast also included Raquel Welch, Rex Reed, and John Huston.



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The crowd at Bungalow 8, New York's new by-invitation-only lounge, includes proprietor Amy Sacco (in robe) and friends. Photographed in front of Lucas Michael's mural of the Beverly Hills Hotel pool on April 12, 2001.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE

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HELL ON WHEELS, ROCKWELL ON PARADE, DRACULA ON CAPE COD

SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY



JUNE FILM FESTIVALS

5th: NEWPORT INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL, RHODE ISLAND.
Fourth annual in historic Newport.

6th: NASHVILLE INDEPENDENT FILM FESTIVAL, TENNESSEE.
One of the country's longest-running festivals.

8th: FLORIDA FILM FESTIVAL, ORLANDO.
Prizes include Florida swampland.

10th: FLICKAPALOOZA FILM FESTIVAL, LOS ANGELES.
Brought to you by the people behind Scriptapalooza.

20th: NANTUCKET FILM FESTIVAL, MASSACHUSETTS.
Dedicated to screenwriters.





1

Twentieth Century Fox releases DVDs of Marilyn Monroe's five best films to honor her 75th birthday; gay men declare national holiday.

2

From buppie rags to body bags: Cosby's Phylicia Rashad enters day two of the run of *Blue*, a musical comedy set in a funeral home, at N.Y.C.'s Gramercy Theatre.



3

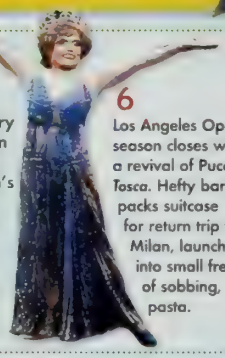
Tony Awards. Nervous thespian casts pall over audience with lengthy speech chronicling his fascinating acting "choices."

4

Poets and authors discuss their work for the second day of "The Brave New Word," at N.Y.C.'s Guggenheim Museum. Look for the "Text Rain" installation; bring umbrella or Wite-Out.

5

Eartha Kitt plays the Fairy Godmother in Rodgers & Hammerstein's *Cinderella* in Costa Mesa, California. Act II: Cinderella is eaten alive.



6

Los Angeles Opera's season closes with a revival of Puccini's *Tosca*. Hefty baritone packs suitcase for return trip to Milan, launches into small frenzy of sobbing, pasta.

7

The creators of N.Y.C.'s Classic Stage Company's *In the Penal Colony* are two exes who "reassert their nonmatrimonial vows to existential theater together." (The theater is located in the East Village.)



8

American Ballet Theatre's production of *Don Quixote*. Sets and costumes by Santo Loquasto, who's worked with the American Don Quixote: Woody Allen.

9

Townspeople of Stockbridge, Mass., parade to the Norman Rockwell Museum dressed as their favorite Rockwell characters. Oh, those loopy Wasps! Too much fun.

10

The Philadelphia Museum of Art unveils exhibition of designs from the Venturi, Scott Brown and Associates architecture firm. Are architects born able to do perfect block lettering, or do they learn it?

11

"Picasso: The Artist's Studio" opened this weekend at Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum Museum of Art. What we think when we think "Picasso's studio": a beret rack and a mattress for sexing.

12

The Metropolitan Museum of Art opens a show of Terry Winters's prints, including linoleum cuts. Linoleum is our favorite kitchen-museum crossover.



13

Ja, ja, hot on ze heels of ze Venice Biennale, dahlink, is being Art Basel, in Basel, Switzerland. I am absolutely ecstatic on this.

14

Start thinking of teddibly witty remarks to make at Lord Snowdon's retrospective at the Yale Center for British Art, which opens this weekend.

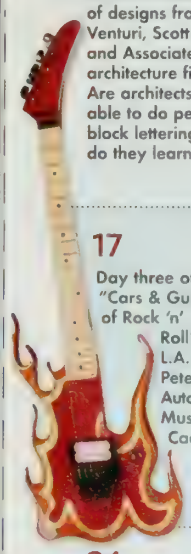
15

Mor, mor, mor: London's Hayward Gallery offers a retrospective of Malcolm Morley's paintings, models, and holograms. (Note, Malcolm Morley did not write *Under the Volcano*. That was Malcolm Lowry.)



16

"Two Golden Ages: Masterpieces of Dutch and Danish Painting" at Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum, a reminder to us Americans that since the Golden Age of television we have had no golden age to call our own.



17

Day three of "Cars & Guitars of Rock 'n' Roll" at L.A.'s Petersen Automotive Museum. Cadzilla!

18

Cape Cod's renowned Cape Playhouse opens its season with *Dracula*: 10:30 A.M.—prop master denudes cranberry bog in preparation for blood-making.

19

Houston's Museum of Fine Arts' "The Cos Cob Art Colony" opened this week and features that other kind of Connecticut impressionism (Childe Hassam, John Twachtman), not the tee-hee many-martoonies kind.

20

"Vermeer and the Delft School" travels from New York to London's National Gallery. *Girl with Pearl Earring* racks up frequent-flier miles.



21

San Francisco's Exploratorium brings you the solar eclipse via the Internet (www.exploratorium.edu/eclipse), and you won't have to make a pinhole on your computer screen.



23

Denver Art Museum: "European Masterpieces: Six Centuries of Paintings from the National Gallery of Victoria, Australia." Throw another El Greco on the barbie, mate.

24

Thirteen/WNET's *Dance in America* looks at modern dance's African-American roots. We applaud any PBS venture that does not feature extreme close-ups of bugs.

Father's Day on the 17th.



26

The VH1 Save the Music photography exhibition and auction held in N.Y.C., with proceeds to help develop music programs at public schools. "Look, Dick. Look, Sally. A slide trombone!"

27

Part IV of the Metropolitan Museum of Art's tribute to 20th-century design chronicles 1975–2000 and opened yesterday. Messrs. Venturi, Starck, Gehry to the podium, please.

28

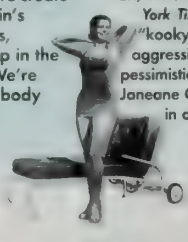
N.Y.C.'s Whitney Museum's retrospective of Wayne Thiebaud, best known for his depictions of cakes and pies: expect the Whitney's food concession to do very, very well during this show.

29

Wait Until Dark at the Long Beach Playhouse in Long Beach, Calif. How will they re-create Alan Arkin's enormous, feline leap in the movie? We're thinking: body harness.

30

Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art opens its retrospective of H. C. Westermann's art, which *The New York Times* called "kooky, often aggressively pessimistic"—it's Janeane Garofalo, in oils.



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The new N80

Nikon



TSE ANYTHING Nicholas Tse in *Time and Tide*. Below, Cathy Chui takes aim at Tse.



Hong Kong Surprise

ACTION LEGEND TSUI HARK'S *TIME AND TIDE*

Working in the U.S., **Tsui Hark** has directed two **Jean-Claude Van Damme** vehicles that almost no one saw. Working in his native Hong Kong, he has produced and/or directed more than 50 pictures, among them such bodies-in-motion masterpieces as *Peking Opera Blues* and *Once upon a Time in China* (plus its four sequels). His new film, *Time and Tide*, marks his return home—not his best work, but it's a fine enough example of Hong Kong's cinema of kinetic excess (and TriStar Pictures is giving it a U.S. release without chopping it up the way studios have done with **Jackie Chan** movies). Freed from even Hollywood's modest demands for coherent narrative, Tsui piles on violent set pieces to the point of near abstraction. For instance, where most American movies would climax with the firefight in the train station, *Time and Tide*—shamelessly, ludicrously—moves the carnage on to a concert arena and then still finds time to answer the question: How do you cut an umbilical cord when the only tool at your disposal is a handgun? Who's fighting whom? *Who cares?* If by this point Tsui hasn't bludgeoned you into giddy, overstimulated laughter, you deserve Jean-Claude Van Damme and his restrained good taste. (**Rating:** ★★★) —BRUCE HANDY

HOT REELS

You've Got Bankruptcy!

CHRONICLING THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A DOT-COM

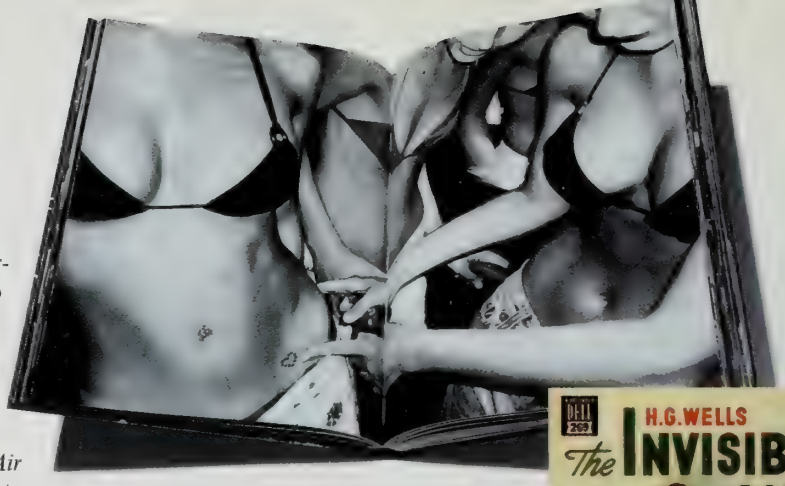
Was it only two years ago that the suckers were the ones on the sidelines? Aside from representing trillions of dollars worth of blown capital, the rise and fall of the dot-com industry serves as a cautionary tale about the way hype and money can poison even a good idea—in other words, this is the quintessential story of our time. And here is a documentary worthy of it: *Startup.com* bird-dogs two childhood friends who in 1999 founded a company called GovWorks.com, the promise of which was that it would allow people to go online and pay parking tickets or take care of other governmental business without having to suffer the disdain of bitter civil servants. Which still sounds like a good idea, but then, so did Pets.com and getting paid in stock options rather than dreary, old-economy cash. The co-directors are **Jehane Noujaim**—this is her first feature—and **Chris Hegedus,** who, with her husband, **D. A. Pennebaker,** previously directed *The War Room,* the 1993 film that lionized **George Stephanopoulos** and **James Carville.** (How long ago *that* seems.) *Startup.com* wisely focuses more on the psychological bottom line than on the financial—after all, betrayal is a far richer subject than burn rate. (**Rating:** ★★★★) —B.H.



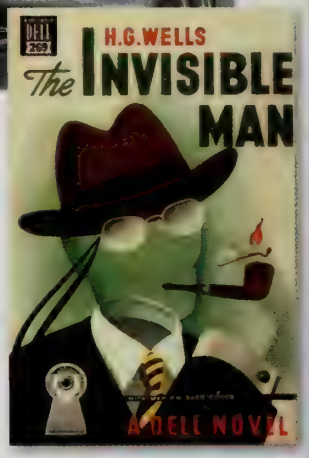
Trailer of the month: *Swordfish.* **Directed by:** Dominic Sena. **Starring:** John Travolta, Hugh Jackman, Halle Berry. **Coming to a theater near you:** June 8. **What you're in for:** Nihilistic gearhead stunt-a-rama as a master spy/aging hipster/jet-set hedonist played by Travolta seeks to steal something (it's unclear what) very, very valuable on behalf of someone (it's unclear who, but probably, alas, a hidden rogue element inside the U.S. government itself) very, very bad. **Major ballistic improbability:** While standing on the front seat of a speeding convertible, facing forward, Travolta simultaneously fires two guns at moving vehicles to his left and right, destroying both. **Hair-and-makeup note:** Longish, graying, center-parted coif and pubescent "soul patch" on doughy chin evoke early-80s bridge-and-tunnel chic and rival Travolta's getup in *Battlefield Earth* for oddly compelling visual anti-magnetism. **Money shot:** Swooping helicopter hoists moving bus high into the air, where it crashes through rooftop sign, then dangles and sways above crowded city street. (**Rating:** ★★★) —WALTER KIRN


Somewhere between tuxedo and
The Passat Wagon. Starting at a well-tailored $22,600.* Drivers wanted.

FANFAIR



June, as pretty and unpredictable as a Georgia debutante loaded on gin. We're so proud of the *Vanity Fair* gang: Our esteemed culture critic, **James Wolcott,** steals the stage with his long-anticipated novel, *The Catsitters* (HarperCollins)—get out your bowls of milk. *Mr. Kirn, please go to a white courtesy phone …* In **Walter Kirn's** novel-for-our-time, *Up in the Air* (Doubleday), a corporate-downsizer-cum-frequent-flier-miles-chasing-desperado's quest for transcendence—a million miles—is thrust into a holding pattern. In *Justice* (Crown) the dashing **Dominick Dunne,** "Boswell of the bluebloods," serves his riveting courtroom writings on the criminal cases of the privileged from von Bülow to Skakel. Do you like to watch? Glamorous shutterbug **Mario Testino's** *Alive* (Bulfinch) is a visual diary of his *très* fashionable life. A jackal in evening dress and one of the pre-eminent essayists of our time, **Gore Vidal** bequeaths his ninth collection, *The Last Empire* (Doubleday), in which he lauds Charles Lindbergh and Dawn Powell and disparages such American icons as J.F.K. and the C.I.A.



HOT TYPE

ALISSA SCHAPPELL

Also this month: **René Pol Nevils** and **Deborah George Hardy's** *Ignatius Rising* (L.S.U.) uncorks the troubled tale of John Kennedy Toole, the unhinged eccentric whose bizarre comic masterpiece, *A Confederacy of Dunces,* was published posthumously and won the Pulitzer Prize. Seasonal images of *Maine* (Knopf) shot by the acclaimed self-taught landscape photographer **Terrell S. Lester** are enhanced by essays from such writers as Ann Beattie and Richard Ford. **David Schickler** waltzes in with *Kissing in Manhattan* (Dial). **Francine du Plessix Gray** recalls how feminist and philosopher *Simone Weil* (Lipper/Viking) was one of modern times' most passionate activists, nimble intellectuals, and compelling mystics. **Richard Klein's** bright-as-baubles novel *Jewelry Talks* (Pantheon) assumes the form of an obsessively retooled thesis-cum-memoir of a baffled aesthete pixilated by the allure of adornments. In **Gerry Spence's** *Half Moon and Empty Stars* (Scribner) a maelstrom erupts between twin brothers when one chooses to stay true to his Native American roots and the other goes the way of the white man and becomes a Wall Street banker. *Dennis Hopper, A Keen Eye: Artist, Photographer, Filmmaker* (NAI) stokes the actor-artist's intense legend. Country singer-songwriter **Steve Earle** steps up with a collection of short stories, *Doghouse Roses* (Houghton Mifflin). If you're the impatient sort who skips to the dirty parts of your racy beach book, **Jack Murnighan** and **Nerve.com's** *The Naughty Bits* (Three Rivers Press) is for you, culling as it does the steamiest and most scandalous sex scenes from the world's greatest books. **Nora Sayre's** *On the Wing* (Counterpoint) revisits her coming-of-age in the 1950s as a vivacious American bon vivant swanning round Europe. **Paulette Bogan's** barkingly funny *Spike in the Kennel* (Putnam) is like a jolly, dog-style *Midnight Express* for children. **Gail Lumet Buckley** tells a story long overdue in *American Patriots* (Random House), a salute to the courage, valor, and patriotism of America's black military, from the Buffalo Soldiers to Desert Storm. Give up a wolfish howl for **Benjamin Darling's** *Vixens of Vinyl* (Chronicle). Oo-la-la—the scanties-loving **Beth Dunlop** trots out a risqué cavalcade of cheeky Victorian *Beach Beauties* (Stewart Tabori & Chang) preserved forever on hand-tinted postcards. **Richard Lupoff** pays tribute to the cover art of *The Great American Paperback* (Collectors Press), featuring cowboys, slumdwellers, and sloe-eyed dames. And, finally, editor **George Plimpton** scores with *Home Run* (Harcourt Brace), a bull pen of the best fiction and nonfiction ever written about home runs, with bat crackers by such boys of summer as Don DeLillo, Roger Angell, and John Updike. Summertime and the reading is easy, fish are jumping, and the critics are high …



Clockwise from bottom left: Andy Warhol, Henry Geldzahler, David Hockney, and Jeff Goodman, photographed by Dennis Hopper, 1963; a vintage postcard from Old Orchard Beach, Maine; a 1963 album cover from *Vixens of Vinyl*; Rio de Janeiro, by Mario Testino; the paperback cover of H. G. Wells's *The Invisible Man*.



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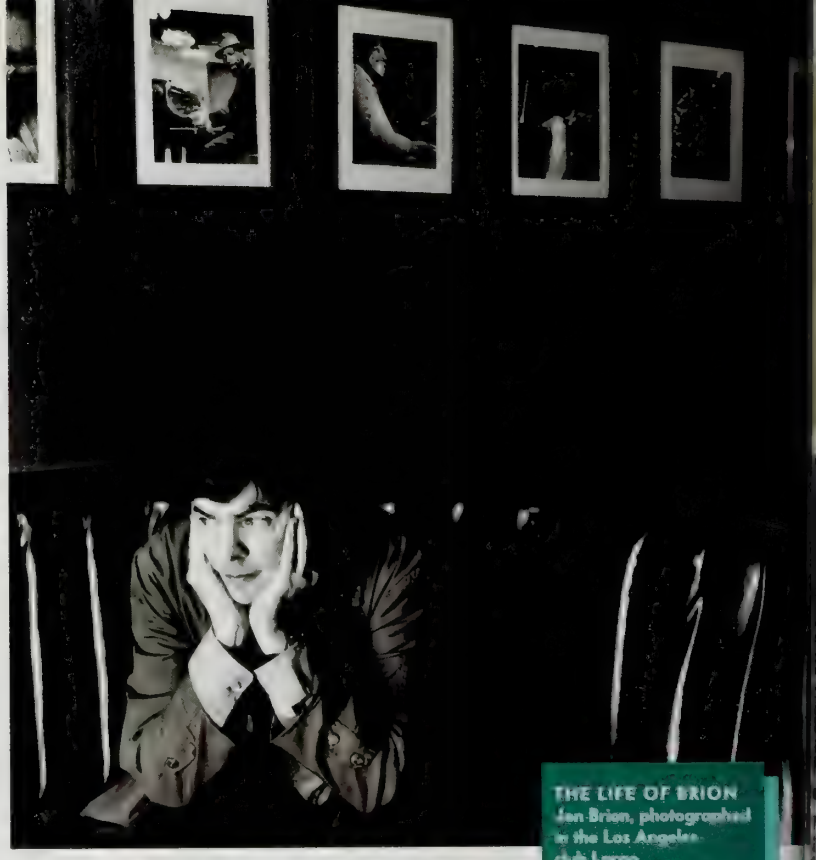


MONACO

Favorite watch of legendary race car driver Jo Siffert, the Monaco Automatic Chronograph was also worn by Steve McQueen when he starred in the 1970 film "Le Mans"

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THE LIFE OF BRION
Jon Brion, photographed in the Los Angeles club Largo.

Brion's Song

SINGER-SONGWRITER JON BRION REINVENTS THE LIVE ACT

"I was sick of going to see artists perform their record exactly the way they made their record," says **Jon Brion.** "It was like listening to the record, loud, with people pressed up against you, talking."

So, every Friday night for the past five years, he has performed two one-man shows at Largo, an L.A. club owned by his friend **Mark Flanagan.** And whether it's a perfectly executed rendition of a **Fats Waller** tune on piano, or a hilarious, oddball version of "Purple Rain" on ukulele, Brion gives the shows he wanted to see. He leads sing-alongs, dazzles the sold-out crowds with witty onstage patter, plays every instrument, makes up songs on the spot, and displays his command of what seems like every song ever written—from **Cole Porter** to **the Clash** or, as he puts it, "from **Gilbert and Sullivan** to **Gilbert O'Sullivan.**"

His original material (from his solo album, *Meaningless,* finally available on-line through www.artistdirect.com) ranges from the romantic to the irritated, with lines like "You don't have the pull that you used to, but you can still ruin my day."

In addition to his own, he's produced albums for **Aimee Mann, Rufus Wainwright,** and **Fiona Apple,** whose *When the Pawn . . .* was nominated this year for two Grammys. He has scored all of **Paul Thomas Anderson's** movies, including *Magnolia* (the soundtrack was also nominated for a Grammy this year). As a studio musician, he's all over records by **Macy Gray, the Wallflowers, Elliott Smith,** and **the Eels,** and one forthcoming from **Perry Farrell.** He's toured with **Apple, Beck,** and, most recently, drum virtuoso **Matt Chamberlain.**

Currently, Brion is scoring Paul Thomas Anderson's next film, working with pal **Grant Lee Phillips,** recording with jazz pianist **Brad Mehldau,** and starring in a documentary shot by *V.F.* photographer **Sam Jones.**

"I'm working really hard to make my life what I want it to be," says Brion, 37, a native of New Haven, Connecticut, who now lives with actress-comedienne **Mary Lynn Rajskub** in Los Angeles. "It's not that people aren't capable of doing a lot of things, it's that other people aren't capable of seeing people as being able to do lots of things." —LISA ROBINSON



JAZZ MESSENGER
Terence Blanchard at New York's Village Vanguard.

Horn Again

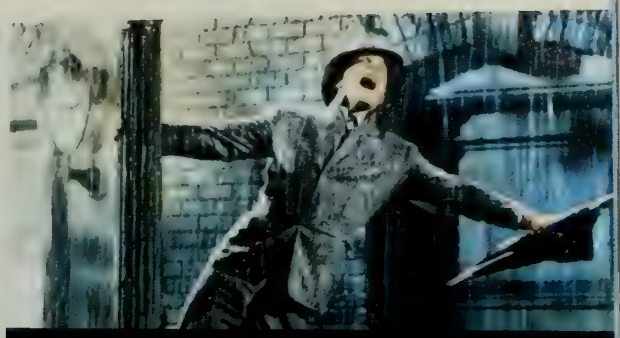
TRUMPETER TERENCE BLANCHARD'S *LET'S GET LOST*

In 1989, **Terence Blanchard** was a 27-year-old trumpet player nestled among the first rank of young jazz stars. But frustrated that his technique couldn't keep pace with his musical ambition—his ears were ahead of his lips—he took a hiatus from touring to change his embouchure (the way one forms one's lips on a mouthpiece). This is a difficult, painstaking process, the equivalent of **Tiger Woods** reworking his swing after winning his first Masters. And it paid off in spades for Blanchard too: today, he plays the most coolly expressive trumpet in jazz, transmuting the instrument's repertoire of smears, growls, peeps, and blasts into an astonishingly fluid language both luxurious and controlled. The trumpet is often said to be the instrument that most closely mimics the human voice; Blanchard's might be **Sarah Vaughan's,** as channeled by **Mel Tormé.**

It's fitting that Blanchard's new CD, *Let's Get Lost,* features the cream of a new generation of female jazz singers: **Diana Krall, Cassandra Wilson, Dianne Reeves,** and **Jane Monheit.** As a feat of booking alone, this is a marvel. The album is a tribute to the songwriter **Jimmy McHugh** (who aside from the title number also wrote "I'm in the Mood for Love" and "On the Sunny Side of the Street"). Blanchard has a second career scoring for television and films—including, most recently, *The Caveman's Valentine*—and his jazz records have an almost cinematic sense of narrative drive. Listening to him weave lines around his singers is like listening to volleys of great dialogue—Blanchard and friends swing the **Joseph Mankiewicz** songbook, if that isn't too overcooked a metaphor. —BRUCE HANDY

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP, BY CHRIS FLOYD. BOTTOM, BY DAVID BARTOLOMI. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

They put the songs in our hearts,



Singin' in the Rain: Sunday, June 10



The Maltese Falcon: Sunday, June 17

the words
in our mouths,



Giant: Sunday, June 3



Inherit the Wind: Sunday, June 24

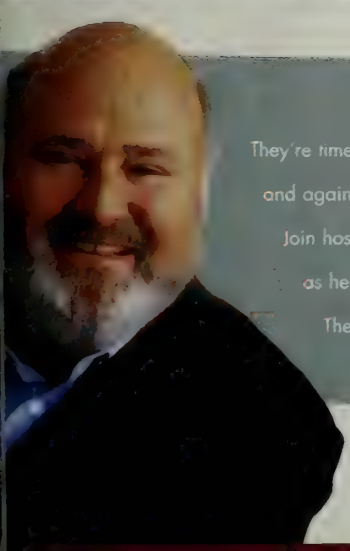
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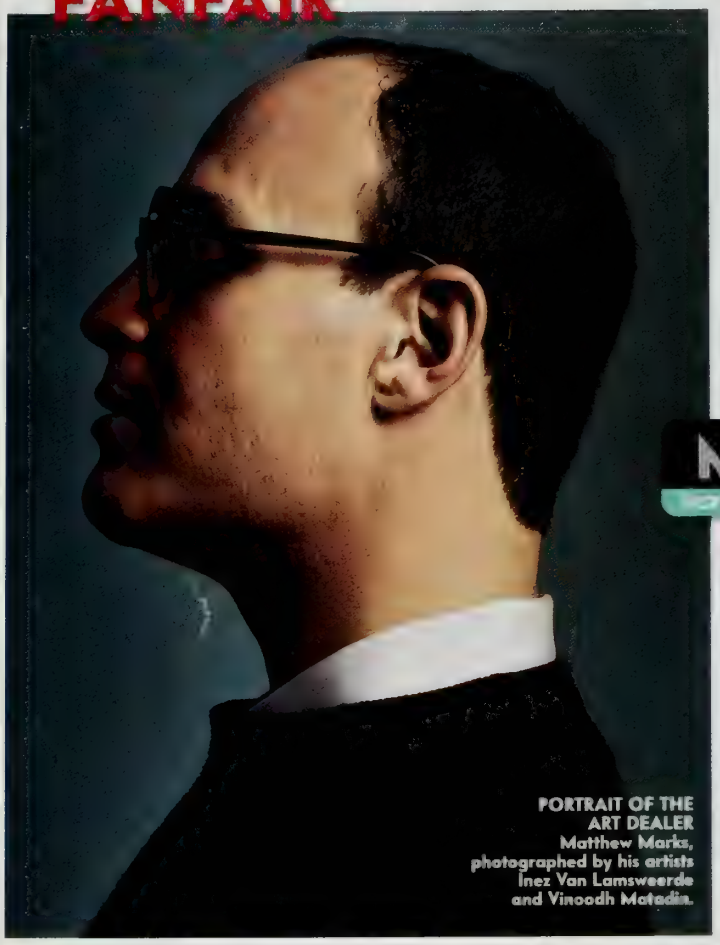
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PORTRAIT OF THE ART DEALER
Matthew Marks, photographed by his artists Inez Van Lamsweerde and Vinoodh Matadin.

MUST SEE

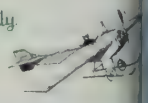
WATCHES FROM THE ART WORLD

Matthew Marks sits at a table piled high with books, slides, plants, artwork, and catalogues, surrounded by information and beautiful objects. At 39, Marks is an art-world visionary; when he's not in one of his two Chelsea galleries, he's likely to be making a studio visit to one of his artists, among them **Brice Marden, Ellsworth Kelly, Terry Winters, Nan Goldin, Sam Taylor-Wood,** and **Andreas Gursky.**

"What am I looking forward to? Everything," Marks says. "It's all about Europe in the summer. Sam Taylor-Wood's exhibition at the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris opens in June. It's a retrospective and she's only 34." As passionate as he is about art, he is even more passionate about artists. "He thinks of the long term," says **Lucian Freud**—Marks handles Freud's graphic works. "He's strangely cultivated. It's highly unusual to be so evolved. To put it mildly, he doesn't follow the common herd in his feeling and judgments about things and yet he's very realistic." While in Paris, Marks will make a side trip to **Le Corbusier's** recently restored apartment—designed by the architect for himself in 1931. "I love looking at early modernist architecture, at the actual scale of things. They tend to be a lot smaller than we're used to." Then he's off to London for the HALI Antique Carpet and Textile Art Fair, "the ultimate for woven arts and beautiful textiles." From there it's on to Venice for the Biennale—Marks is eager to see **Robert Gober's** installation. "He is one of the most precise, careful artists working today. He shows very rarely and this is a site-specific piece, which makes it very interesting." From Venice it's on to Basel for the Art Fair and then Madrid for Andreas Gursky's opening at the Museo Nacional Centro de Arte Reina Sofía in July. "There's always something to see," Marks says. —A. M. HOMES

WORLD BEAT

In **Paris,** Sam 3 spins in the basement of Nicolas and Sally Brochet's new restaurant, Brown (37 Avenue Friedland).... SchoolDisco.com, **London's** hippest dance party (dress code: public-school uniform), recently moved to Po Na Na Hammersmith (230 Shepherds Bush Road)... The team behind **Los Angeles's** Sushi Roku opens Balboa (8462 West Sunset Boulevard) in the Grafton hotel this month.



Depth in Venice

ROBERT GOBER ELEVATES THE EVERYDAY

Robert Gober is an artist's artist, among the most influential of his generation. "One of the great poets of our national psyche," Gober, 47, is the United States representative to the 2001 Venice Biennale. His sculptural installations are enigmatic extractions of objects from the everyday, an idiosyncratic brand of psychological archaeology that removes the familiar from its context, remakes it, and offers it back as a repository for memory and history. "His pieces are always ciphers of memory and loss, mystery and regret, humor and pathos," says **James Rondeau,** associate curator at the Art Institute of Chicago and co-commissioner, with the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden's **Olga Viso,** of the United States Pavilion at the Biennale. The Venice installation will feature a variety of media, including bronze sculptures cast from a piece of Styrofoam the artist found washed up on the shore of Long Island, and an artist's book, *1978–2000*. Water is a recurrent theme in Gober's work, a metaphor for what flows beneath the surface, what washes up. "The show has to do with detritus—I wouldn't say garbage actually, because that connotes fetid stuff, but things that are discarded because they're plastic, so they don't break, disintegrate, or degrade. It's about a kind of indomitable trash," says Robert Gober. At once playful and profoundly serious, Gober's uncanny transformations of the familiar are haunting fragments—dark and deeply optimistic. —A.M.H.



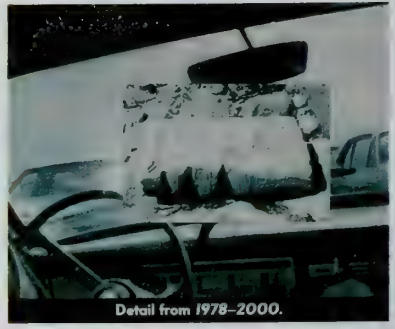
Untitled, 1997.



Untitled, 1990.



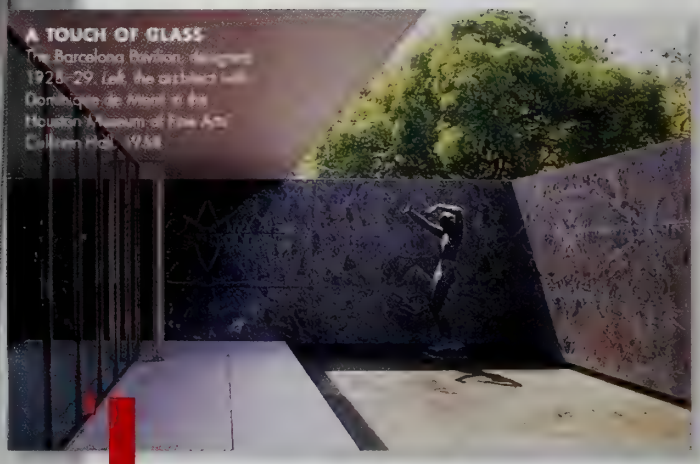
Untitled, 1990.



Detail from *1978–2000.*


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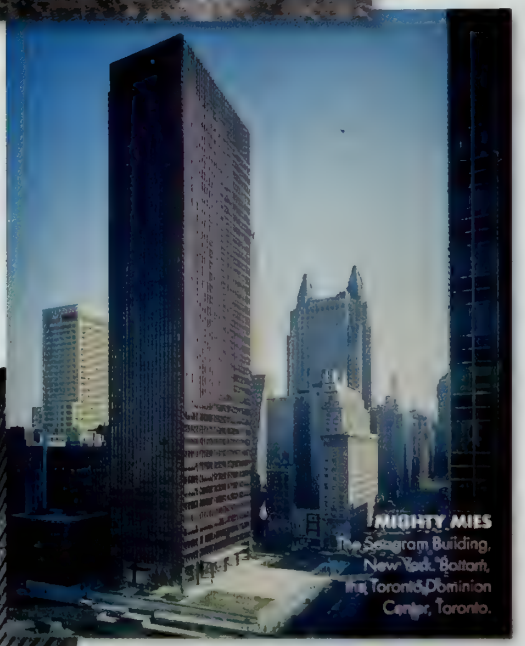




A TOUCH OF GLASS
The Barcelona Pavilion, designed 1928–29. Left: the architect with Dominique de Menil at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts' Cullinan Hall, 1958.

Mies America

MIES VAN DER ROHE TAKES MANHATTAN



MIGHTY MIES
The Seagram Building, New York. Bottom, the Toronto-Dominion Center, Toronto.

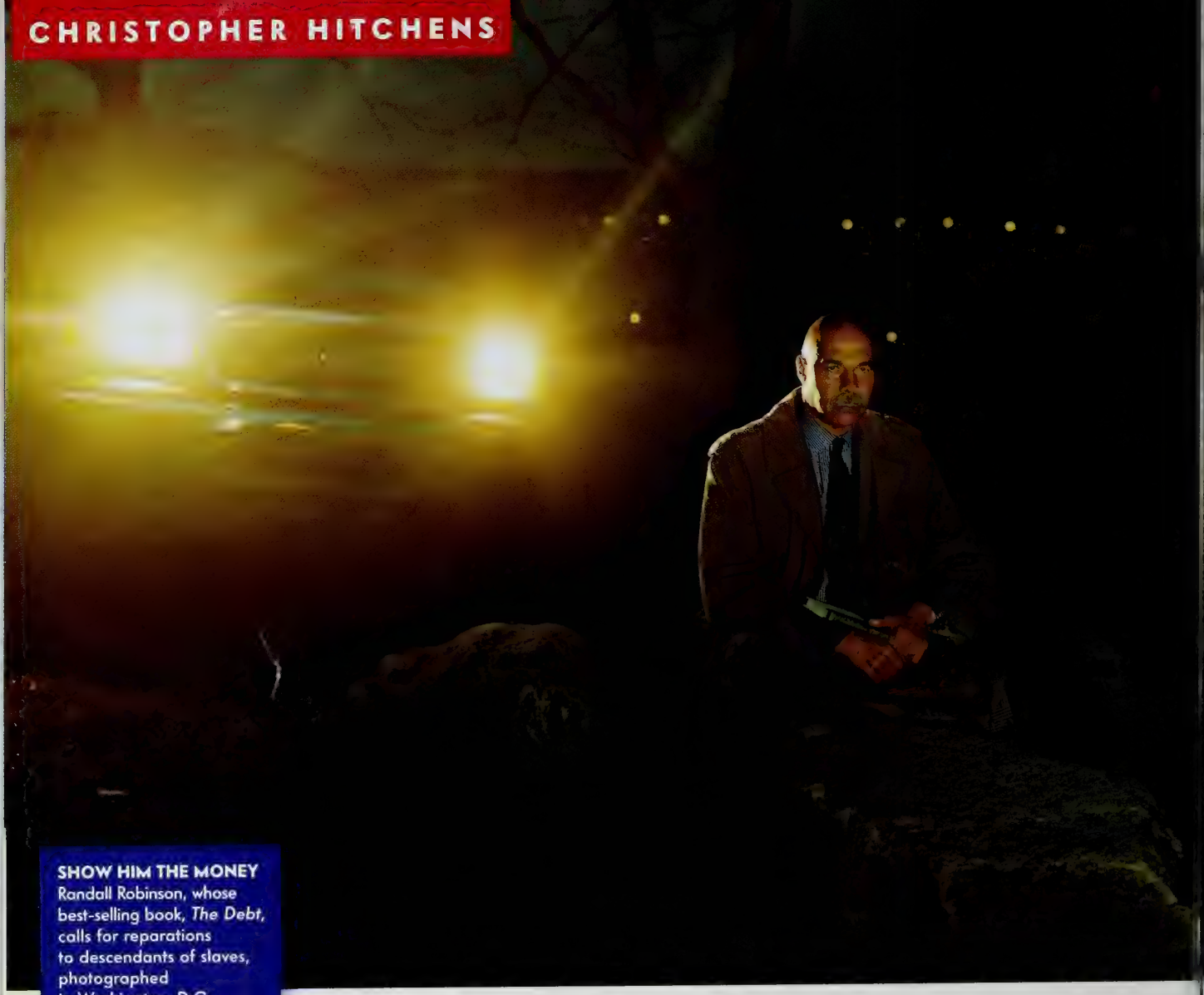


I don't want to be interesting. I want to be good," said **Ludwig Mies van der Rohe,** who, with **Le Corbusier,** is one of the twin gods of 20th-century design. Mies was a poet in glass and steel, the inventor of the clear-span building and designer of the Barcelona Pavilion (and the Barcelona chair), the iconic Farnsworth House, and the elegant Seagram Building. As a leading architect in 1920s Berlin, Mies was the first to envisage the glass skyscraper, creating a series of dreamscape sketches—Utopian visions of crystalline urban centers to come. It was not until after the architect had immigrated to the U.S.—Chicago, to be exact—in the 30s and the war had ended that his glass towers were realized. The first were Chicago's Lake Shore Drive Apartments (1948–51). From his academic perch at the Illinois Institute of Technology, Mies influenced architecture the world over. He was a profound thinker and a visionary who almost single-handedly transformed the landscape of North America. Today, most major cities are dotted with Mies simulacra—crass knockoffs of his mullioned steel-framed towers—horrible Miesunderstandings, if you will, which have done a disservice to his legacy. Postmodernism—now a parade gone by—was a reaction to the coldness of glass-box urbanism, the kind of architecture **Tom Wolfe** swiped at in *From Bauhaus to Our House.* In the 1980s there was what amounted to a "design correction," and one of the by-products of this rebuke was an insidious underappreciation of Mies, who died at 83 in 1969. This state of affairs should change for good on the 21st of this month, when two major Mies exhibitions open in New York: "Mies in Berlin," at the Museum of Modern Art, and "Mies in America," at the Whitney Museum of American Art. The MoMA show is the first in-depth examination of Mies's early work, which was influenced by **Karl Schinkel,** the great 19th-century German neoclassicist, and **Peter Behrens,** Germany's most progressive architect in the early 20th century. (At one point, in 1910, Le Corbusier, **Walter Gropius,** and Mies all worked in Behrens's office.) At the Whitney, Mies's second career, in the U.S., and his ascent to the status of architectural icon is explored in a show curated by **Phyllis Lambert,** the founder of the Canadian Centre for Architecture, whose association with Mies began in 1954, the year she made history by choosing him to design the Seagram Building, financed by her father, **Samuel Bronfman,** then chairman of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons. A common theme of the shows is Mies's evolution over his 60-year career (30 years in Germany, 30 in America) from an important member of the German avant-garde to a bona fide architecture philosopher king. "The conventional version of Mies's career in the United States portrays him as a creative genius sprung fully formed into his new environment," says Lambert. "These exhibitions are entirely new interpretations of Mies.... We emphasize not what he did but how he did it, so that we now are able to see a many-faceted Mies, and to follow the lifelong evolution of his work through periods of intensive trial-and-error and sudden breathtaking leaps of intuition." —MATT TYRNAUER

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM: BY PETER MACCALLUM—ESTATE ATELIER; EVE ARNOLD; SCOTT FRANCES


Tommy Bahama
SURVEYOR OF ISLAND LIFESTYLES

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



SHOW HIM THE MONEY Randall Robinson, whose best-selling book, *The Debt*, calls for reparations to descendants of slaves, photographed in Washington, D.C., April 3, 2001.

DEBT OF HONOR

After the Civil War, freed slaves were supposed to get "40 acres and a mule." Now the price tag on reparations is estimated at $1.4 trillion. With the debate raging, the author takes on the loudest opponent of compensating slavery's descendants to explain why this debt is not easily canceled

A few years ago, I was engaged in writing an introduction to the Modern Library edition of *American Notes:* the most conservative book written by Charles Dickens, and the only boring one. I was having a hard time with it until I came to a heart-freezing passage on slavery. Dickens in 1842 had the inspired idea of quoting directly from the "Lost and Found" classified ads of the press in the Old South, where those whose slaves had run away could advertise the fact, and those who had found stray blacks could announce likewise:

"Ran away, the negro Manuel. Much marked with irons."

"Detained at the police jail, the negro wench, Myra. Has several marks of LASHING, and has irons on her feet."

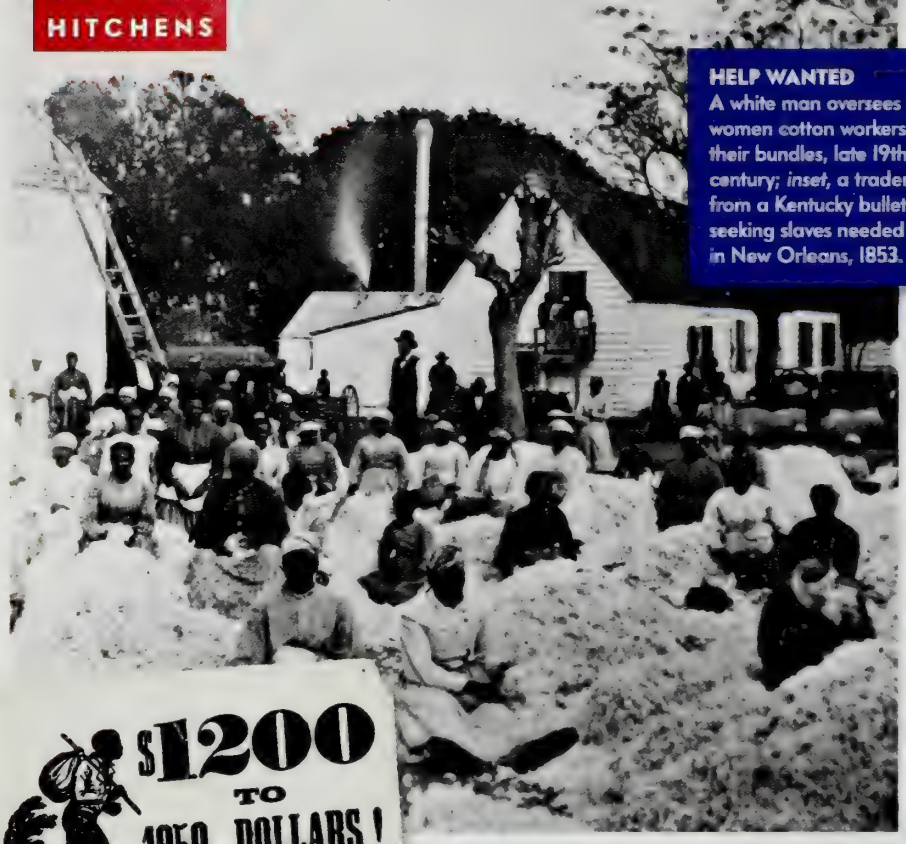
"Ran away, a negro woman and two children. A few days before she went off, I burnt her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face. I tried to make the letter M."

"Ran away, my man Fountain. Has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead, has been shot in the hind parts of his legs, and is marked on the back with the whip."

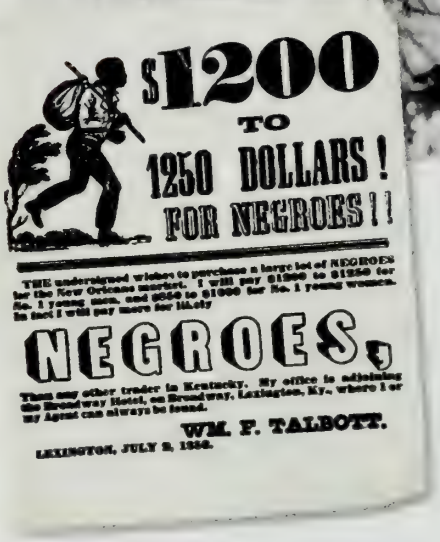
I now know the source from which Dickens plagiarized this chapter. It is a tract from the American Anti-Slavery Society entitled *American Slavery as It Is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses.* Published in New York in 1839, it is one of the most potent and lucid polemics on any subject ever printed; it's all about the moral and physical consequences of people owning other people. That same year the good ship *Amistad,* with its crew of runaway slaves, put in at New London, Connecticut. In the atmosphere of interest that was created by Steven Spielberg's movie of that drama, *The Hartford Courant,* this country's oldest newspaper, early last year published an ex-

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HELP WANTED
A white man oversees black women cotton workers and their bundles, late 19th century; *inset*, a trader's ad from a Kentucky bulletin seeking slaves needed in New Orleans, 1853.



President Andrew Johnson thought that it was the slave*holders* who should receive compensation.

posé of its hometown's leading industry, which is the insurance racket. It turned out that Aetna had been writing policies for slaveholders on the lives of their slaves, and doing so well into the 19th century. Score one for the *Courant*—journalism worthy of the tradition of Mark Twain, who worked on *Huckleberry Finn* in Hartford. But then there were conniptions at the newspaper office. It also turned out that until at least 1823 the venerable sheet had carried lucrative ads not just for the sale of slaves but also for the re-capture of runaways. Last July, it ran a 1,500-word apology and explanation on its front page. "The stories about Connecticut's slave profiteers had a glaring omission," said the editors: "the *Courant* itself." As the story went on to say, "it was accepted practice. Slavery was so woven into the nation's economy and social fabric that such ads were probably less controversial than gun or tobacco marketing would be today."

And that, as Randall Robinson would say, is more or less the point. Sitting in his office at TransAfrica—a hybrid somewhere between a think tank and a lobby—this humorous but highly determined man is launching his latest campaign. He initiated the countrywide boycott of South Africa in the 1980s, and also the moves to isolate the military dictatorships in Nigeria and Haiti. Now his book *The Debt: What America Owes to Blacks* has made the best-seller lists in Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., and in *Essence* magazine—the list to watch for African-American readership. Resolutions to reopen the debate on reparations for slavery have been passed by the city councils of Washington, Detroit, Chicago, and a growing list of other centers of population. Legal scholars such as Professor Charles Ogletree of Harvard, and legal there-must-be-a-word-for-it types like Johnnie Cochran, are getting involved.

"Show Me the Money" may be the slogan of Mr. Robert L. Brock, a veteran reparations activist who tours black audiences, tells them that each of them is owed about $500,000 for what happened to their folks, and then asks a $50 fee for his "claim form." The idea of black Americans getting a windfall from the enslavement and torture of their forebears apparently doesn't strike him as odd, though so far he and his emulators are the only ones to have made any dough from the scheme.

Robinson patiently explains that his own proposal is for a trust, set up by the federal government, from which nobody would get an individual check but by which education and housing and job training would be financed by accumulated back pay. With interest? "With interest," says Robinson. This is, after all, America.

The original proposal to compensate slaves was direct and simple. The victorious General William Tecumseh Sherman, on January 16, 1865, issued Special Field Order No. 15. It resulted in the donation to liberated slaves of "40 acres and a mule." General Rufus Saxton, who believed in the creation of a black freeholding class, supervised the distribution of land in South Carolina, while Congress ratified the order by establishing the Freedmen's Bureau to implement it and other aid to former slaves. It is still, in the collective memory of black America, a lost golden age. It didn't last long. President Andrew Johnson was one of those who thought that it was the slave*holders* who should receive compensation. (That's partly why he was later impeached.) He took the land back, and various forms of disenfranchised sharecropping and peonage became the successor system to slavery until—don't forget—the 1960s. Only two years ago, a class-action suit against the U.S. Department of Agriculture was settled on behalf of 23,000 black farmers for the systematic denial of loans. The federal government had colluded in the writing of "restrictive" racist mortgage rules well into the 1960s.

As a result, the very means that had allowed poor immigrants from Europe to become people of property and inheritance in a generation or two—access to ownership of a plot of land or a house—were forbidden to blacks in recent living memory. And blacks are not the children of immigrants, or at least not of voluntary ones. Ever wonder how to make black Americans become incensed? Tell them to get over it because this was all a long time ago. (The great-grandchildren of the compensated Confederates, on the other hand, get all upset if you tell them that the battle flag of Robert E. Lee doesn't look so hot on the statehouse roof. Bygones be damned.)

Jefferson Davis, first and only president of the Confederacy, was in no doubt about the main issue of the war. Even the limitation of slavery to the South, he replied to Lincoln in 1861 in justifying secession, would render "property in slaves so insecure as to be comparatively worthless . . . thereby annihilating in effect property worth


ABSOLUT CITRON.

thousands of millions of dollars." Lincoln himself in his second inaugural was also very conscious of the property aspect. In a brief and telling speech, he spoke of "all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil," and of the "peculiar and powerful interest" represented by that one-eighth of the population held as chattel.

My friend Adolph Reed, the most caustic and witty of the black voices in print today, has ridiculed the notion of reparations in a recent essay in *The Progressive:*

> On the one hand, this could promote public education about the real history of the United States, although that is a project that does not require the rhetoric of reparations. On the other hand, it fits the Clintonoid tenor of sappy public apologies and maudlin psychobabble about collective pain and healing.... Among some strains of cultural nationalists, this view unabashedly reproduces the old "damage thesis" ... according to which slavery and its aftermath left black Americans without cultural moorings and therefore especially vulnerable to various social pathologies.

Reed's contempt for this self-pity view of history is rivaled by his scorn for the impracticalities. "Who qualifies as a recipient? Would descendants of people who had been enslaved elsewhere (for instance, Brazil or the Caribbean) be eligible? And what of those no longer legally black people with slave ancestors?"

"How much?" some people ask, nervously. Jack White of *Time* magazine, who favors reviving some version of the old Freedmen's Bureau, reckons you have to calculate unpaid wages for 10 million slaves, doubled for pain and suffering, and with interest. That would be in the trillions. The economist Larry Neal, making an inflation-adjusted guess about unpaid net wages before emancipation, arrives at a figure of about $1.4 trillion. In other words, it's not just the principle. It's the money of the thing.

Well, my health-insurance coverage (such as it is) is with Aetna. And I have recently contributed a couple of book reviews to the distinguished literary pages of *The Hartford Courant*. I came to these shores as an immigrant and have no slaveholding ancestors, but I've still benefited from the many facilities in the nation's capital that were built by unpaid labor. If I knew where to send it, or to whom, I would happily kick in a percentage of what the *Courant* paid me, in order to be quit of that debt. And I'd more than gladly change my health-insurance "carrier." However, gestures are futile. I propose the following way of making up your mind about this:

In February, my old friend and enemy David Horowitz began placing anti-reparations ads in campus newspapers on behalf of his very conservative Center for the Study of Popular Culture. In various places—Berkeley, Brown, and Harvard among them—his ads were either rejected or apologized for by the editors who'd printed them. In some university towns, the papers that carried the ad were stolen or destroyed. As a rebuke to this nastiness, I'll give the 10 points of his ad for free and then my own devil's-advocate response.

1. "THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CRIME OF SLAVERY."

As is well known, slaves were originally rounded up and sold by Africans and Arabs. A few thousand southern blacks became slave owners, and many poor whites were indentured. However, the Confederacy openly stated both that it was based on the principle of white supremacy and that "African slavery" was biblically warranted. (Thomas Day, who bought *The Hartford Courant* in 1855, wrote in an editorial, "We believe the Caucasian variety of the human species superior to the Negro variety; and we would breed the best stock.") Moreover, Mathieu Kerekou, president of Benin, has recently made a public apology for the part played by West Africans in enslavement, and there are dynastic fortunes in West Africa that were founded on the trade. Yes, these elements, too, should be included in the bill, if it is ever to be drawn up.

2. "THERE IS NO SINGLE GROUP THAT BENEFITED EXCLUSIVELY FROM SLAVERY."

It is true that black Americans benefit from the overall prosperity of the United States. But nobody is arguing that only white people should pay reparations. The federal government, which helped administer slavery and hunt down its fugitives, also took in much of the revenue. But it would act, if it set up a reparations trust, in a color-blind manner.

3. "ONLY A MINORITY OF WHITE AMERICANS OWNED SLAVES. WHILE OTHERS GAVE THEIR LIVES TO FREE THEM."

Horowitz says that only one white person in five owned slaves in the antebellum South. Actually, J. D. B. DeBow, the superintendent of the census, took care in 1860 to emphasize that the proportion of slaveholders was closer to one-third overall, and more like one-half in rural South Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Furthermore, David Christy, author of the famous 1855 book *Cotton Is King,* made the decisive argument that the wealth of the nonslave states also derived largely from slavery. "As new grazing and grain-growing States are developed, and teem with their surplus productions, the mechanic is benefited, and the planter, relieved from food-raising, can employ his slaves more extensively on cotton. It is thus that our exports are increased; our foreign commerce advanced; the home markets of the mechanic and farmer extended, and the wealth of the nation promoted. It is thus, also, that the Free labor of the country finds remunerating markets for its products—though at the expense of serving as an efficient auxiliary in the extension of Slavery!"

4. "MOST LIVING AMERICANS HAVE NO CONNECTION (DIRECT OR INDIRECT) TO SLAVERY."

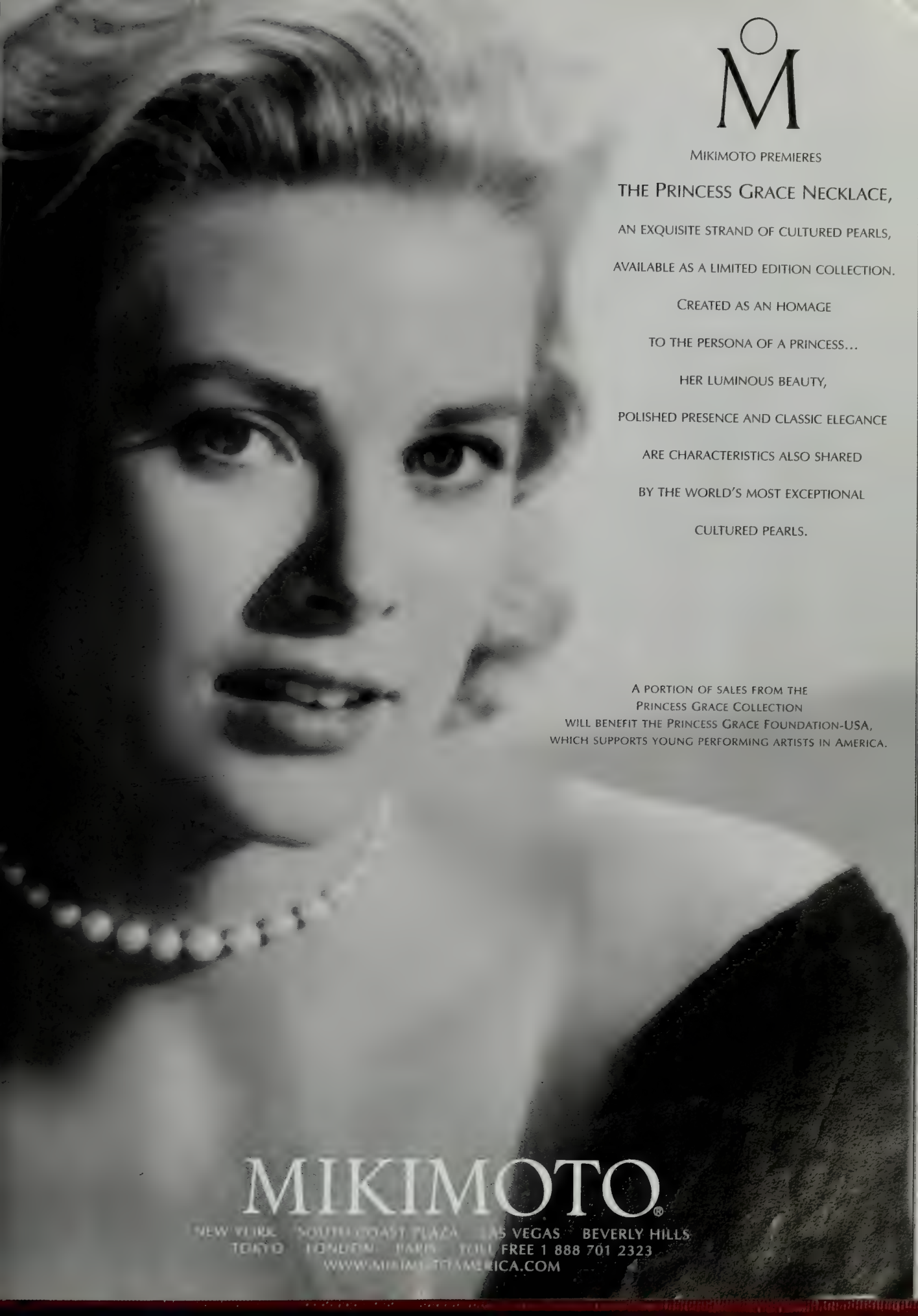
Waves of immigrants, as Horowitz points out, arrived after 1880 and 1960. But even the most impoverished Irish or Hungarians were able straightaway to join the building trades or the police departments, from which American-born blacks were excluded. And legally enforced discrimination against the descendants of slaves persisted into the 1960s. In any case, all citizens of the country have benefited from the unrewarded heavy lifting done by kidnapped non-immigrants. Antebellum northerners, too, used to be fond of saying that they were untainted by slavery—even as they quietly reaped indirect dividends from it.

5. "THE HISTORICAL PRECEDENTS USED TO JUSTIFY THE REPARATIONS CLAIM DO NOT APPLY, AND THE CLAIM ITSELF IS BASED ON RACE NOT INJURY."

This point has not yet been convincingly answered by the supporters of reparations, except to say that slavery was also based on race. As Adolph Reed points out, it's difficult to establish precisely who are the "descendants" of slaves. But why is that? Black Americans are of different "shades" because their maternal ancestors were raped and their paternal ones were sold down the river, and the children forcibly dispersed. Maybe we'd raise more federal and "faith-based" money if this were called reparations for violated family values.

6. "THE REPARATIONS ARGUMENT IS BASED ON THE UNSUBSTANTIATED CLAIM THAT ALL AFRICAN AMERICANS SUFFER FROM THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY AND DISCRIMINATION."

Horowitz here points out that West Indians also suffered from slavery but, in America, achieve average incomes equal to those of whites. "How is it that slavery adversely affected one large group of descendants but not the other?" Slavery was abolished almost a generation earlier in the British Empire,



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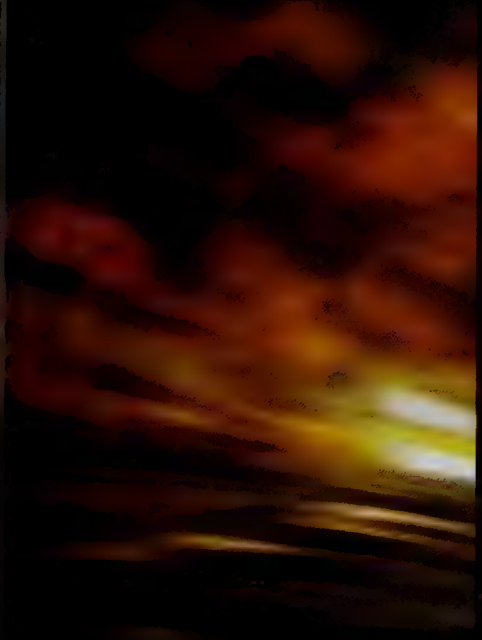
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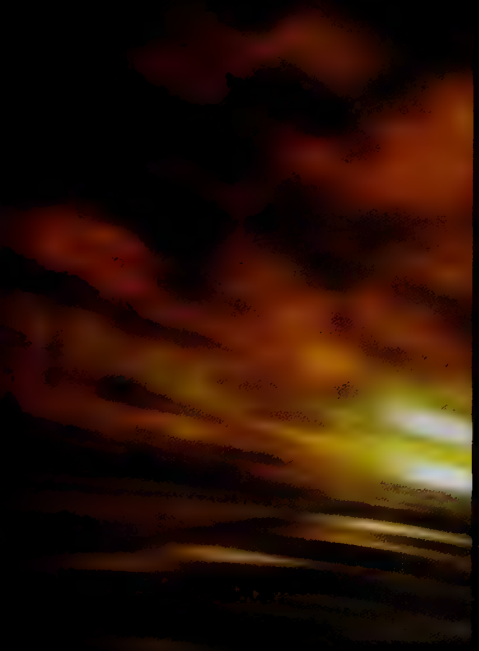




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and West Indians had voting rights and other liberties, with no Jim Crow system, well before black Americans. One might also note that, for a Republican who presumably resents the estate tax, Horowitz is strangely indifferent to the relative inability of American blacks to acquire mortgages or properties that they are able to bequeath. Derrick Jackson in *The Boston Globe* calculated that the average white baby-boomer and the average black baby-boomer can now expect to inherit, respectively, $65,000 and $8,000.

Justice Clarence Thomas, explaining recently to a high-school audience his almost complete silence in Supreme Court deliberations, said that he had been disabled by his native tongue, Gullah, in an English-speaking classroom. Gullah is a compound of West African tongues originally brought to South Carolina and Georgia by people in chains. Either this excuse was true and relevant or it was not. Horowitz might know.

7. "THE REPARATIONS CLAIM IS ONE MORE ATTEMPT TO TURN AFRICAN AMERICANS INTO VICTIMS. IT SENDS A DAMAGING MESSAGE TO THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY AND TO OTHERS."

Undecidable.

8. "REPARATIONS TO AFRICAN AMERICANS HAVE ALREADY BEEN PAID."

Welfare payments, Great Society programs, minority set-asides, and affirmative action are cited here. It's clear that Horowitz doesn't approve of them either. Nor does he approve of the War on Poverty in general, even though the majority of low-income Americans are white. Rural blacks in the South were excluded by law from most of the affirmative action for poor whites that was enacted during the New Deal. They also largely missed out, because of discrimination, on the greatest affirmative-action law ever passed, namely the G.I. Bill.

9. "WHAT ABOUT THE DEBT BLACKS OWE TO AMERICA?"

Smile when you say that, David. "In the thousand years of slavery's existence," he adds, "there never was an anti-slavery movement until white Anglo-Saxon Christians created one.... If not for the sacrifices of white soldiers and a white American president who gave his life to sign the Emancipation Proclamation, blacks in America would *still* be slaves."

It would be just as true to say that Christians didn't turn against slavery for almost two millennia: the first anti-slavery petition in America or anywhere else was drawn up by the Quakers of Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1688. Then there were Thomas Paine (white and Anglo-Saxon but not Christian) and Frederick Douglass (black, probably fathered by his mother's owner, highly critical of Christian hypocrisy). The Wasp abolitionists in general believed that slavery was a curse and a sin that it would take (note this) many generations to erase. This was because of the rape and degradation and deliberate family breakup that it involved. Mr. Lincoln (see above) outlived the Emancipation Proclamation by 15 months and signed it only as a limited war measure.

Many blacks, it goes without saying, are tenaciously proud Americans and fought for the Union and the country even when (as from 1863 to 1949) they were allowed to do so only in segregated units.

10. "THE REPARATIONS CLAIM IS A SEPARATIST IDEA THAT SETS AFRICAN-AMERICANS AGAINST THE NATION THAT GAVE THEM FREEDOM."

Maybe this would have been better as a nine-point statement. But see above.

What is clear is that the argument has now begun. If it is well conducted, it could be an excellent way of revisiting the past and seeing what may be learned from it, as well as what can be salvaged or repaired. This is a generous society as well as a litigious one. The proportions of these qualities will count; the dispute could easily become boring and rancorous, or enlightening and clarifying. Most people, even in liberal Hartford, had until recently no idea how close to the surface the bones lay. Here is what Thomas Jefferson wrote in his *Notes on Virginia,* coolly observing the slaves he owned but never emancipated, and from whom he produced off-the-record and deniable presidential children:

They secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odor.... They are at least as brave, and more adventuresome.... Their griefs are transient.

In Mr. Jefferson's beloved Virginia, until 1967, marriage between blacks and whites was prohibited by law, and sterilization of "inferior" types was practiced by medical men under state warrant until 1979. There is hardly a black American whose grandmother couldn't tell him or her a personal story that would harrow the soul. Some of these griefs are beyond repair, but it would be rash and indeed impolite ever to refer to them as "transient." □



FRIGHT WINGER David Horowitz poses with his "Ten Reasons Why Reparations for Slavery Is a Bad Idea," on the beach near his California home, April 3, 2001.

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By participating, entrants agree to be bound by these Official Rules and Sponsor's and Sweepstakes Administrator's decisions, which shall be final. 2. Eligibility. To enter the Sweepstakes, you must be a legal resident of the continental United States or Hawaii and be 21 years of age or older. Sweepstakes is void in Alaska, Puerto Rico, all U.S. territories and possessions, and where restricted or prohibited by law. The Sweepstakes, and any web site pages and advertisements relating thereto, is intended for viewing only within the United States. Employees of Television Food Network, G.P., E.W. Scripps Company and RPMC, Inc., their affiliated companies, parents, subsidiaries, web site developers and administrators, and advertising and promotion agencies, (collectively "Sweepstakes Entities") and their immediate families and members of their households are not eligible to participate in this Sweepstakes. 3. Drawing and Notification: Winners of the Grand Prize, the First Prizes, and the Second Prizes will be selected from all eligible entries received in a random drawing held on or about July 2, 2001 by RPMC, Inc. ("Sweepstakes Administrator"), an independent judging organization whose decisions are final and binding in all respects. One Daily Prize winner will be chosen for each day of the sweepstakes for a total of 25 Daily Prize winners. Each such Daily Prize winner will be randomly selected from all eligible entries received either on-line or via mail, from the start of the sweepstakes up and until 11:59:59 p.m. ET of the applicable day for which a winner is being selected. Mail-in entries will be deemed entered on the date they are received. Potential winners of the Daily Prizes will be posted on the Food Network Web Site. Odds of winning a prize depend on the number of eligible entries received. Potential winners will be notified by phone, email and/or mail. If a potential winner cannot be reached within seven (7) calendar days from the first notification attempt, then such person shall be disqualified and an alternate winner will be selected. 4. Prizes. One (1) Grand Prize: A trip for 10 days/9 nights for Grand Prize Winner and three (3) guests, consisting of round-trip private jet air transportation from the gateway airport closest to Winner's U.S. residence (or the airport best suited for private jet transportation, as determined by Sponsor) to and between New York City, Napa Valley, California, and Kona-Hawaii. Grand Prize also includes, in each location: airport transfers, ground transportation, pre-selected meals, first-class hotel accommodations (double occupancy), and culinary and cultural activities (determined by Sponsor). Winner also will receive $15,000 spending money. (Approx. Retail Value ("ARV") $76,400). Travel must be completed by December 31, 2001 and taken on dates designated by Sponsor. If Winner is unable to travel on Sponsor-designated dates, Winner will be disqualified and an alternate winner may be selected, if time frame permits. All private jet transportation provided is subject to availability, and Sponsor reserves the right to substitute regularly-scheduled air service if necessary. Four (4) First Prizes. Each First Prize Winner and one guest each will receive one of the following trips, the designation of which shall be made by Sponsor in its sole discretion, which will include a dinner for two at the restaurant listed: (a) Los Angeles, CA ("Spago"), (b) New York, NY ("Babbo") (c) New York, NY ("Mesa Grill"), (d) New Orleans, LA ("Nola"). $500 spending money (winner only) and round-trip coach-class air transportation from the gateway airport closest to winner's U.S. residence, first-class hotel accommodations (double occupancy) for two nights, and transfers between airport and hotel. (ARV $3,550 each, ARV for all First Prizes $14,200). Three Hundred (300) Second Prizes: a "Prize Pack" of Food Network merchandise (ARV $40 each; ARV for all Second Prizes $12,000). Twenty-five (25) Daily Prizes: a "Prize Pack" of Food Network merchandise (ARV $250 each, ARV for all Daily Prizes $6,250). Total ARV for all prizes is $108,850. For all trips, accommodations and air transportation are subject to availability and blackout periods may apply. Travel must be completed by December 31, 2001 and must be arranged with Sponsor 60 days in advance. All expenses not listed as included in the prize are the sole responsibility of winners. Prizes cannot be transferred, substituted or redeemed for cash except at Sponsor's sole discretion. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value if a prize cannot be awarded as described for any reason. All federal, state and local taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the individual winner. Limit of one Grand Prize, First Prize, or Second Prize per person and per household. 5. Prize Conditions. Potential Grand and First Prize winners will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility, a Liability Release and a Publicity Release ("Affidavit/Release"). Travel companion(s) of potential Grand Prize or First Prize winner must sign a Liability and Publicity Release. If a travel companion is deemed a minor in his/her state of residence, then the parent or legal guardian of such minor must also sign any documents required herein and must travel with the minor. Such documents must be returned by the date and or time indicated within such documents. If potential winner fails to return such documents within that time, or if an entrant is found to be ineligible, or if he/she does not comply with the Official Rules, then the potential winner will be disqualified and an alternate winner will be selected. If prizes or prize notifications are returned as undeliverable, this will result in disqualification and an alternate winner will be selected. Except where prohibited by law, the winner's entry and acceptance of the prize constitutes permission for the Sweepstakes Entities to use said winner's and his/her travel companion's name, photograph, likeness, statements, biographical information, voice and city and state address on a worldwide basis, and in all forms of media, in perpetuity, without further compensation. 6. Limitations of Liability: Winner and entrants also agree to release, discharge, indemnify and hold harmless the Sweepstakes Entities, and each of their respective officers, directors, employees, representatives and agents from and against any claims, damages or liability due to any injuries, damages or losses to any person (including death) or property of any kind resulting in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, from acceptance, possession, misuse or use of any prize or participation in any Sweepstakes-related activity or participation in this Sweepstakes. Sweepstakes Entities are not responsible for lost, late, misdirected, undeliverable or incomplete on-line entries due to system errors, failures or any technical malfunctions which may limit an entrant's ability to participate or for any reason this Sweepstakes is not capable of running as planned, including, but not limited to, infection by computer virus, bugs, tampering, unauthorized intervention, fraud or any other causes beyond the reasonable control of Sponsor which corrupt or affect the administration, security, fairness, integrity or proper conduct of the promotion, then Sponsor reserves the right at its sole discretion to cancel, terminate, modify or suspend the Sweepstakes. 7. Winners List/Rules: For a list of major prize winners, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope after July 2, 2001 to: Food Network Taste The Adventure Sweepstakes – Winners List, P.O. Box 9, Florham Park, NJ 07932. Requests received after August 2, 2001 will not be honored. Only major prize winners will be posted on the Food Network Web site. 8. Sponsor: Television Food Network, G.P., 1180 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. 9. Sweepstakes Administrator: RPMC, Inc., 24013 Ventura Boulevard, Calabasas, CA.

If you do not receive Food Network, call your local cable operator or satellite dealer for details.

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John Edward Robinson's June 2000 mug shot. *Bottom,* Robinson's 16-ac property near La Cygne Kansas, where, near the shed, police found barre containing the decayed remains of two women.

FATAL BONDAGE

To his Kansas neighbors, J.R. Robinson was a churchgoing family man. The police knew him as a convicted con artist. But for more than a decade, until his capture last year, no one suspected Robinson might be a sadomasochistic monster who'd used the Internet and other lures to kill at least six women

BY DAVID McCLINTICK



I have a feeling that inside you somewhere, there's something nobody knows about.
—Shadow of a Doubt, Alfred Hitchcock and Thornton Wilder.

John "J.R." Robinson, a fleshy man of 41 with wavy brown hair and a winning smile, left his four-acre estate in the horsey exurbs southwest of Kansas City, Missouri, and drove to an apartment in the city where he kept the woman he called his mistress. The trip from the rolling Kansas prairie across the Missouri border to the gritty, urban precincts of Troost Avenue took barely half an hour. It was still early on this Saturday morning in late May of 1985.

Robinson let himself into the brick apartment building—he had his own keys—and then into the apartment itself, a two-bedroom unit on the third floor. The woman in residence, Theresa Williams, 21, had been asleep but bolted awake when Robinson barged into her bedroom.

J.R. grabbed Theresa by the hair, pulled her over his knee, and started spanking her.

"You've been a real bad girl," he snarled. "You need to learn a lesson."

Theresa, momentarily speechless, started

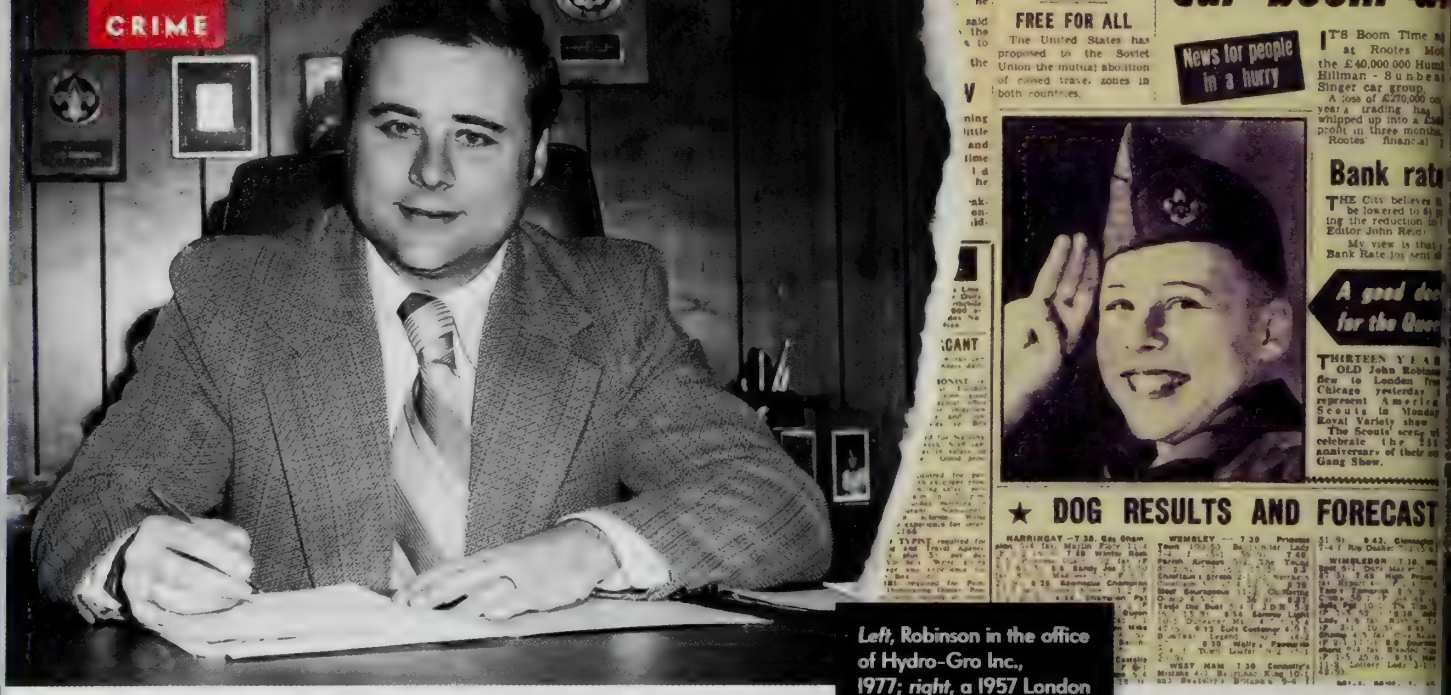
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Left, Robinson in the office of Hydro-Gro Inc., 1977; *right*, a 1957 London *Daily Sketch* photo of Robinson as a 13-year-old Eagle Scout.

screaming. J.R. threw her to the floor and drew a revolver from a shoulder holster.

"If you don't shut up, I'll blow your brains out." He put the gun to her head and pulled the trigger. There was a loud click. The chamber was empty.

Cowering and crying softly now, Theresa stiffened as J.R. slid the gun down her torso and stuck the barrel into her vagina.

"I'll bet you've never had a blowout," he said.

"Don't do that!" she pleaded.

J.R. withdrew the gun from Theresa's body, holstered it, and left the apartment as suddenly as he had entered. The terrified woman, her sobs slowly ebbing, did not summon help. She felt helpless. One did not cross J.R. Robinson.

J.R. drove from Troost Avenue back across the state line to his Kansas home, where he arrived in time to attend his teenage son's regular Saturday soccer game. To all appearances, J.R. Robinson was a doting father and husband. A skilled handyman, he had built a soccer goal in the family's spacious yard so his son could practice at home. He attended his daughter's flute recitals and band concerts, and refereed school volleyball games.

His neighbors knew J.R. as a successful businessman and entrepreneur, always talking of new ventures. He was a neighborhood activist, an officer of the residents' association, and chairman of its rules committee. He was also a founding elder of the nearby Presbyterian Church.

Neither his neighbors nor his children knew that J.R. Robinson led a second life—secret and sordid—dating back nearly two decades. (How much his wife knew was unclear, even years later.) J.R. was a swindler, an embezzler, and a forger. He was a sexual predator, a deviant, and a pimp. And in the mid-80s in Kansas he was becoming something much more sinister—a murderer of women.

Indeed, J.R. Robinson is rare in the annals of American crime: a genial con man and a homicidal monster all in one. Unlike Ted Bundy or John Wayne Gacy, who chose their victims impulsively and killed them with dispatch, Robinson developed relationships with his. Using the Internet and his own considerable charm, he lured them to Kansas with offers of employment and sadomasochistic sex. He exploited them financially, enticing them into giving him their life savings and retirement accounts, cashing their disability checks, and, in one case, selling a victim's baby to his brother and sister-in-law. Then, prosecutors allege, he beat at least five women to death with a blunt object, most likely a large hammer.

J.R. WAS SELECTED TO PERFORM BEFORE THE QUEEN "BECAUSE OF HIS SCHOLASTIC ABILITY, SCOUTING EXPERIENCE, AND... HE ALSO HAS AN ENGAGING SMILE."

"I've dealt with a wide variety of characters, but never anyone like Robinson," says Stephen Haymes, 49, who has been a probation officer for 26 years and who saw through Robinson far sooner than anyone else in law enforcement. "He's just chilling. There are so many sides to him. There is the con man after money. There is the murderer. There is the sexual deviant. There is the cover-up artist—the lies, endless lies."

The real Kansas belies its image. I know because I grew up there, as did my parents and grandparents. Kansas isn't nearly so flat as it appears from 35,000 feet; the Flint Hills of eastern Kansas are craggy and stark. Kansas isn't bland; *Come Back, Little Sheba* and *Picnic*, by William Inge of Independence, Kansas (where my mother was born and her uncle was district attorney), reveal as much elemental human strife in small-town Kansas as in the urban East of Eugene O'Neill and the South of Tennessee Williams.

Kansas isn't peaceful either; murder and mayhem stain its history and stain it today. The cattle centers of Dodge City and Abilene (my father's hometown) were as violent as any other towns west of the Mississippi in the 19th century. In 1892 four members of the Dalton Gang were shot to pieces in Coffeyville, after trying to rob two banks in the same day. Staggering quantities of blood were spilled along the Missouri border in the 1850s when Missouri, a slave state, tried to impose its ways on Kansas. The anti-slavery zealot John Brown and his allies clashed so violently with pro-slavery forces that the region became known all the way to Washington, D.C., as "bleeding Kansas." In the 20th century too, Kansas saw more than its share of violence. The Ma Barker and Pretty Boy Floyd gangs crisscrossed the state in the 1930s. When Perry Smith and Richard Hickock drove to western Kansas in 1959 and slaughtered

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the Clutter family, chronicled in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood,* they left from the town of Olathe (pronounced "Oh-*lay*-thuh"), Hickock's hometown, just a few minutes from where J.R. Robinson lived two decades later.

Still, Kansas retains a know-your-neighbor, help-your-neighbor quality of life that makes it seem different—even from adjacent Missouri—and gives the atrocities of John Robinson a special horror. This story presents the case against Robinson as reflected in a three-month *Vanity Fair* investigation, which includes detailed evidence gathered by Kansas and Missouri prosecutors and law-enforcement officers and set forth in court.

John Edward Robinson was born not in Kansas but in Cicero, Illinois, a blue-collar, Mafia-tinged enclave on the west edge of Chicago, in 1943. He was the middle child of five. His father, Henry, was a machinist for Western Electric and a binge drinker. His mother, Alberta, was the family disciplinarian and turned young John into a teenage star—at least briefly. When he was 13, in the fall of 1957, he enrolled in the Quigley Preparatory Seminary in the heart of downtown Chicago, a five-year academy for Catholic boys. That same fall he made the rank of Eagle Scout and flew to London to lead a group of 120 Boy Scouts onto the stage of the Palladium theater to appear in a command performance of a Scout variety show before Queen Elizabeth II. According to a *Chicago Tribune* article at the time, unearthed much later by *The Kansas City Star,* Robinson was selected for the honor "because of his scholastic ability, scouting experience, and poise.... He also has an engaging smile." Backstage he met Judy Garland. "We Americans gotta stick together," young Robinson told her.

Robinson's smile and choirboy mien were on display in that year's Quigley yearbook. He did not appear in subsequent yearbooks, however, and seemed to disappear for a time, according to investigators who have probed his background. Robinson attended a Cicero junior college in 1961 and studied medical X-ray technology. He did not graduate, and next surfaced three years later in Kansas City, Missouri. He was 21 and had married a woman named Nancy Jo Lynch.

"I'VE DEALT WITH A WIDE VARIETY OF CHARACTERS, BUT NEVER ANYONE LIKE ROBINSON. HE'S JUST CHILLING. THERE ARE SO MANY SIDES TO HIM."

It wasn't long before John Robinson ran afoul of the law. He was employed as a laboratory technician and office manager by a Kansas City physician, Wallace Graham, who had been President Harry Truman's personal doctor. In June 1967, Graham reported to the Kansas City police that Robinson had embezzled about $33,000 from him by manipulating checks and deposits. Robinson was prosecuted and found guilty by a jury of "stealing by means of deceit." He avoided jail, but was placed on probation for three years.

While on probation, Robinson got a job as a manager of a television-rental company. He stole merchandise and was fired but not prosecuted. In 1969 he went to work as a systems analyst for the Mobil Oil Corporation, which wasn't aware that he was on probation.

In choosing not to inform Mobil of Robinson's background, his probation officer said in a memorandum to the Missouri Board of Probation and Parole that Robinson "does not appear to be an individual who is basically inclined towards criminal activities and is motivated towards achieving middle class values." Another officer stated on August 13, 1970, that Robinson was "responding extremely well to probation supervision" and she was "encouraging [him] to advance as far as possible with Mobil Oil."

Precisely two weeks later Mobil Oil discovered that Robinson had stolen 6,200 U.S. postage stamps from the company. He was fired, reported to the police, and charged with theft. The following month, Robinson and his wife moved back to his home city of Chicago, where he got a job with a company called Illinois R. B. Jones. Within a month he was stealing again; he embezzled $5,500 over six months before he was caught and fired. Robinson's father gave him the money to make restitution, so Illinois authorities dismissed criminal charges.

Robinson and his wife moved back to the Kansas City area, where he was arrested for violating the terms of his probation and thrown in jail "to provide a strong motivation for a complete reversal in his behavior," wrote Gordon Morris, a Missouri probation officer. Robinson was released after only a few weeks and his probation was extended five years—to 1976.

Probation authorities still believed that "prognosis in this case is good," as they stated in an April 1973 report. They did not know that Robinson was already stealing again, this time from his next-door neighbor Evalee McKnight, a retired schoolteacher who gave Robinson $30,000 to invest, according to police records I reviewed in Kansas. She never saw the money again.

Oblivious to all of this, Missouri probation authorities discharged Robinson from probation in 1974, two years early.

Around this time Robinson started a company he called Professional Service Association Inc. (P.S.A.), purportedly to provide financial and budget consultation to physicians in the Kansas City area. Two groups of doctors at the University of Kansas medical school hired him to manage their financial affairs. The doctor who interviewed Robinson later told *The Kansas City Star,* "He made a very good impression: well-dressed, nice-looking ... seemed to know a lot, very glib, good speaker." The doctors dismissed Robinson after only a few months, however, because of irregularities in his handling of their finances.

But that didn't stop Robinson, who was sending letters to potential investors in P.S.A., portraying a growing, healthy company. One letter suggested that Marion Laboratories, founded by Ewing M. Kauffman, then owner of the Kansas City Royals baseball team, was negotiating to purchase P.S.A. It wasn't.

Federal authorities got wind of the scheme, and a U.S. grand jury indicted John Robinson on four counts of securities and mail fraud. In June 1976 a federal judge fined him $2,500 and placed him on three years' probation. It was his third such sentence in six years. He had served only a few weeks in jail. And authorities didn't even know of all the crimes committed by Robinson, a pathological thief dodging easily through the system.

In 1977, John Robinson, now 34, moved his growing family—he and Nancy by this time had four children—a few miles across the state line into Kansas. They bought a nine-room house on four acres in a neighborhood called Pleasant Valley Farms, in the southern reaches of Johnson County, which stretched south and west into Kansas from the Missouri border. It was one of the richest counties in the United States, 480 square miles of sleek suburban affluence—some of the towns had Shawnee names, such as Lenexa (for the wife of an Indian chief), and the county seat, Olathe ("beautiful"). The people of Johnson County felt a bit superior to their Missouri neighbors, and once you crossed into Kansas there was a different feeling. The light seemed brighter, the

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landscape less dingy. The Kansans were richer, smarter, nicer, gentler.

Pleasant Valley Farms, with its vistas across rolling hills, stands of elm and maple trees, bridle path, and lake stocked with fish, felt rural and remote, even though it was less than an hour's drive northeast to downtown Kansas City. The Robinsons' new home was a modern asymmetrical structure of wood, brick, and stone on four levels with two big stone fireplaces. It nestled in the middle of the property, with a horse stable and corral at the back, against a tree line along the ridge of a low hill. The Oregon and Santa Fe Trails, along which thousands of settlers had made their way west in the 19th century, coincided in eastern Kansas, and their route traced the back of the Robinsons' property.

"WE HOPE THAT AS YOU READ THIS BOOK YOU WILL FORM AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH JOHN ROBINSON AS A SENSITIVE AND STIMULATING HUMAN BEING."

John Robinson had a new career to go with his new home—hydroponics, a method of growing vegetables in a controlled nutrient-rich indoor environment. He started a company, Hydro-Gro Inc., and produced a 64-page booklet, *Fun with Home Hobby Hydroponics:* "We hope that as you read this book you will form an acquaintance with John Robinson as a sensitive and stimulating human being," the introduction said, portraying Robinson as "one of the nation's pioneers in indoor home hydroponics" and a "sought after lecturer, consultant and author."

Whatever they thought of hydroponics, Robinson's new neighbors found him intelligent and energetic, conversing knowledgeably about international finance and other business matters at local picnics. In addition to helping run the neighborhood association, he was a visible neighbor, working in his yard a lot, installing a rail fence and a pond. His children—John junior, who was 14 years old; Kimberly, 12; and twins Christopher and Christine ("Chris" and "Chrissie"), who were 8—were well behaved and popular. John junior helped his father with work around the property. Chris and Chrissie took care of the dogs and cats of their neighbors Margaret and Jim Adams when the Adamses traveled. Margaret Adams enjoyed having Chrissie come over and pick strawberries in the garden.

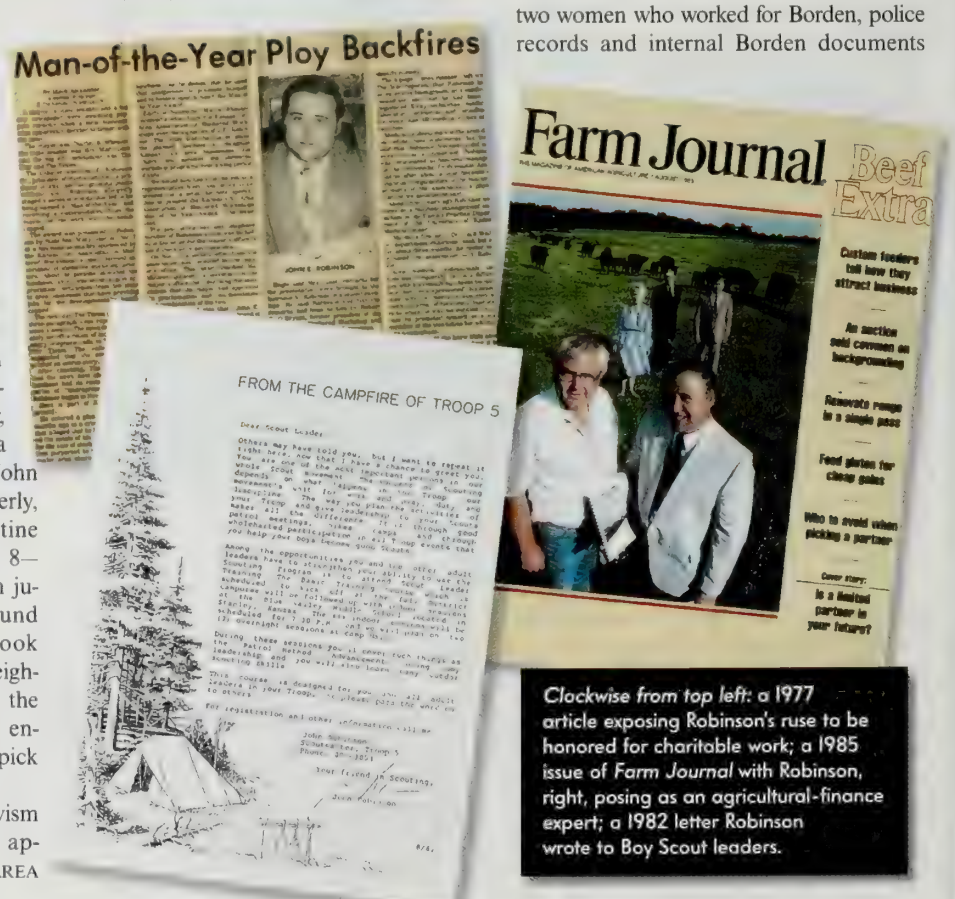
John Robinson's neighborhood activism extended to civic activism, or so it appeared. GROUP FOR DISABLED HONORS AREA MAN, headlined *The Kansas City Times* on December 8, 1977. The article reported that John Robinson, president of Hydro-Gro Inc., had been named "Man of the Year" for his work with the handicapped. He headed the board of a "sheltered workshop," which employed disabled people, the newspaper said. The award, a "proclamation" signed by the mayor of Kansas City, turned out to be one of the more bizarre episodes in Robinson's checkered career. Two weeks after the newspaper report, it was revealed that Robinson had orchestrated the award himself through a complex sequence of fake letters of recommendation he had sent to city hall. *The Kansas City Star,* then the afternoon counterpart of the *Times,* revealed the ruse in a story headlined MAN-OF-THE-YEAR PLOY BACKFIRES ON "HONOREE."

As his neighbors in Pleasant Valley Farms got to know John Robinson better, they noticed that he could be prickly and even mean when upset. Margaret Adams, an avid gardener, recalls that she once asked him to demonstrate his hydroponics system. He gladly complied and was pleasant until she told him that she felt his price for the system was too high. "You've wasted my time—you're small potatoes," he snapped, abruptly terminating the encounter.

Robinson nearly came to blows with another neighbor over a misbehaving dog. And he became disenchanted with the neighborhood association, accusing it in a formal letter of being "invalid" when, in his opinion, it failed to enforce some of its rules. "He was cocky and arrogant," another neighbor told me. "You needed to walk on eggs around him."

Robinson liked to control his surroundings. Neighbors occasionally heard him yelling at his wife and children, ordering them about like a drill sergeant. The children followed his orders and seemed to thrive on the discipline, becoming model citizens who adored their father. Nancy, however, began divorce proceedings, and the marriage survived only after counseling.

In 1980, Robinson, while continuing to run Hydro-Gro, took a job as the director of personnel at a Kansas City subsidiary of Borden Inc., the global food company. Borden did not check Robinson's background. Within a few months the company caught Robinson stealing—again by manipulating checks and bank deposits to divert funds to his financial company, P.S.A. The losses totaled more than $40,000, part of which Robinson spent on an Olathe apartment where he conducted sexual liaisons with two women who worked for Borden, police records and internal Borden documents



Clockwise from top left: a 1977 article exposing Robinson's ruse to be honored for charitable work; a 1985 issue of *Farm Journal* with Robinson, right, posing as an agricultural-finance expert; a 1982 letter Robinson wrote to Boy Scout leaders.

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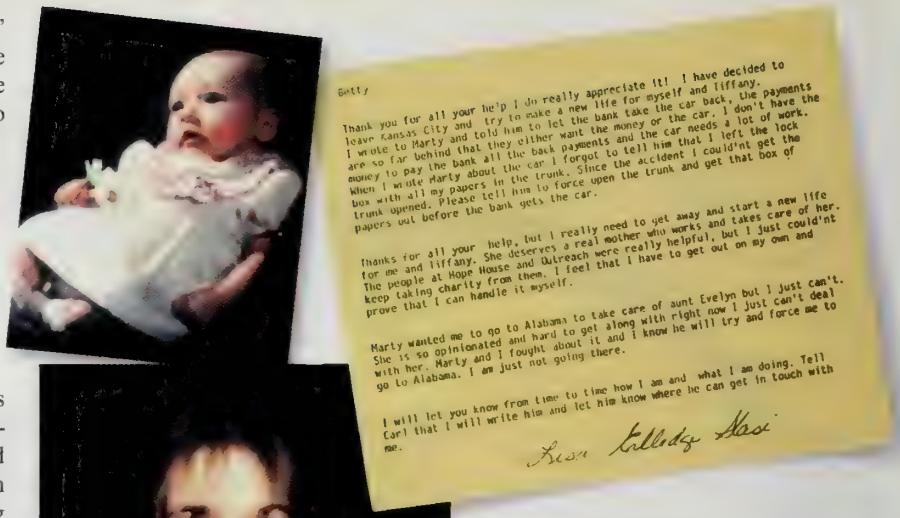
show. "John kind of swept me off my feet," one of the women told a police detective in a formal interrogation. "He treated me like a queen.... He always had money to take me to nice restaurants and hotels."

Fully cognizant of Robinson's criminal record, the Missouri authorities still coddled him. He faced a maximum sentence of seven years, but spent only two months in prison and was again placed on probation, this time for five years.

The Borden scandal caused hardly a ripple in Robinson's neighborhood, where he managed to bluff it through as a misunderstanding over a business matter. He went on running Hydro-Gro and set up another company, Equi-Plus, which purported to offer management-consulting services. One of Equi-Plus's first customers in the early 80s was a company called Back Care Systems, which ran seminars for corporations on treatment of back pain. Back Care hired Equi-Plus to develop a marketing plan. When the company began getting invoices from Equi-Plus that appeared to be inflated or in some cases bogus, it reported Robinson to the Johnson County district attorney's office, which began a criminal investigation. Robinson's lawyer advised him to obtain sworn affidavits attesting to the legitimacy of the invoices. Robinson did so. He faked the affidavits.

Undaunted by the investigation of Equi-Plus, John Robinson created another company, Equi-II, as an umbrella corporation to absorb Equi-Plus and engage in a variety of business and "philanthropic" ventures. He had used his previous companies to perpetrate financial fraud and theft, but his new company would serve an additional, more sinister purpose: luring young women to their deaths.

One of the people he hired to work for him, in 1984, was Paula Godfrey, a pretty, dark-haired young woman who had graduated from high school in Olathe the previous year. Robinson told Godfrey, an honor student and accomplished figure skater, that he would enroll her in a training course in Texas and pay all her expenses. On the day of her scheduled departure, Robinson picked her up at her parents' home in Overland Park, a Johnson County suburb, to go to the airport. After not hearing from her for several days, the Godfreys reported to the police that their daughter was missing. The police checked with Robinson, who disclaimed any knowledge of her whereabouts. Shortly thereafter, the police received a letter purportedly signed by Paula Godfrey stating that she was "O.K.," and that she did not want to see her family. Having no contrary evidence, the police suspended their investigation. It was a decision they would come to regret. Many people now believe that Paula Godfrey was Robinson's first murder victim.



Betty

Thank you for all your help I do really appreciate it! I have decided to leave Kansas City and try to make a new life for myself and Tiffany. I wrote to Marty and told him to let the bank take the car back, the payments are so far behind that they either want the money or the car. I don't have the money to pay the bank all the back payments and the car needs a lot of work. When I wrote Marty about the car I forgot to tell him that I left the lock box with all my papers in the trunk. Since the accident I couldn't get the trunk opened. Please tell him to force open the trunk and get that box of papers out before the bank gets the car.

Thanks for all your help, but I really need to get away and start a new life for me and Tiffany. She deserves a real mother who works and takes care of her. The people at Hope House and Outreach were really helpful, but I just couldn't keep taking charity from them. I feel that I have to get out on my own and prove that I can handle it myself.

Marty wanted me to go to Alabama to take care of aunt Evelyn but I just can't. She is so opinionated and hard to get along with right now I just can't deal with her. Marty and I fought about it and I know he will try and force me to go to Alabama. I am just not going there.

I will let you know from time to time how I am and what I am doing. Tell Carl that I will write him and let him know where he can get in touch with me.

Lisa Lilledy Stasi

From top: Tiffany Stasi at five months; a typed letter with Lisa Stasi's signature (she didn't know how to type, relatives say); Lisa Stasi, aged 19, 1984.

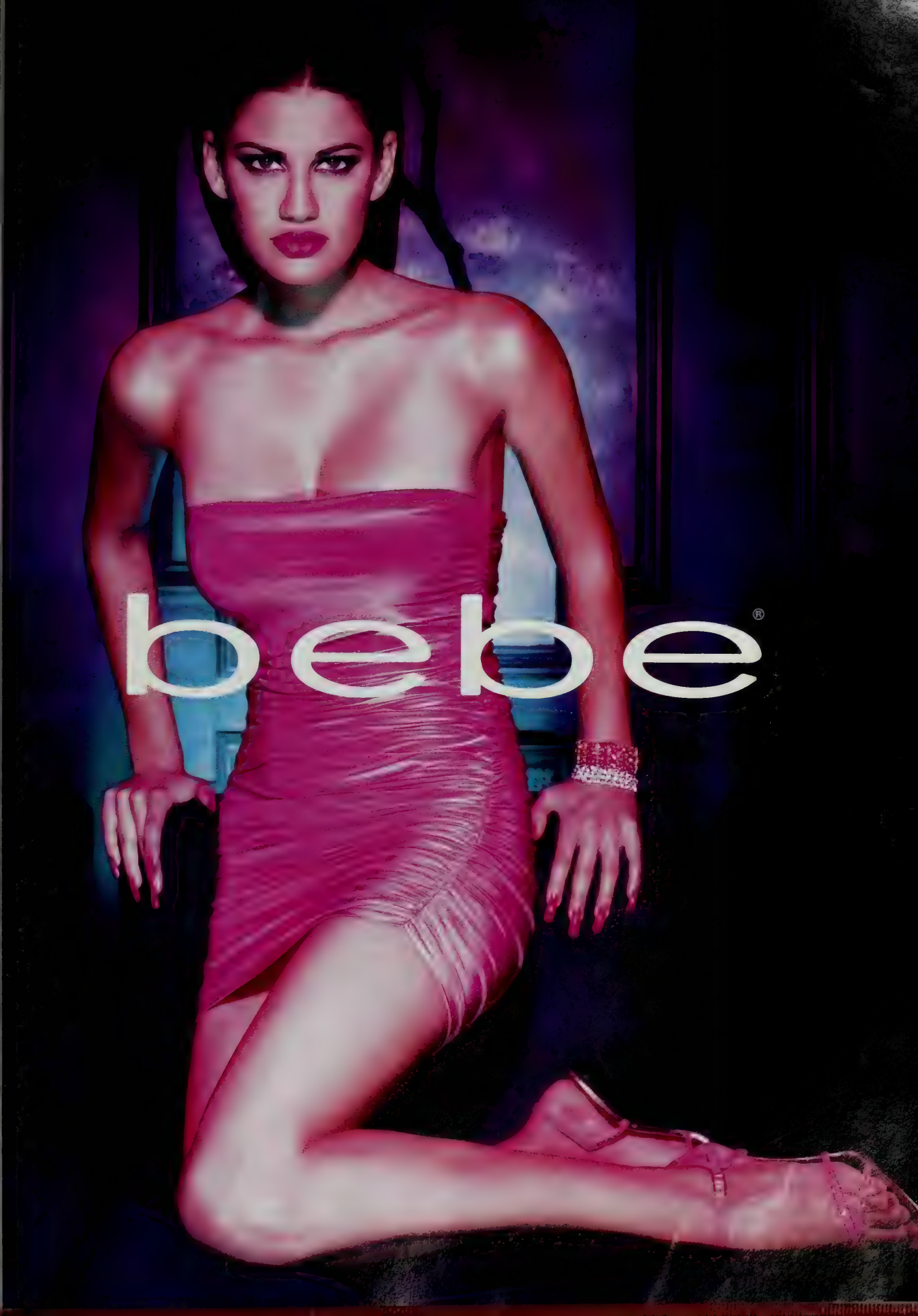
"I WAS *AFRAID* OF HIM," SAID LISA STASI'S SISTER-IN-LAW, KATHY KLINGINSMITH. "I KNEW DEEP DOWN THAT WAS THE LAST TIME I WOULD SEE LISA."

Robinson soon offered help to other young women. In December 1984 he presented himself to social workers at the Truman Medical Center, the leading public hospital in Kansas City, and to an organization called Birthright, which counseled unwed, pregnant young women and aided them after delivery of their babies. Robinson told both groups that he and several other businessmen in Olathe and Overland Park had started an organization called Kansas City Outreach. It provided housing for young unwed mothers and their babies, Robinson said, as well as job training and baby-sitting. Robinson invited Truman Medical Center and Birthright to submit candidates for the services and said the program would likely receive funding from Xerox, IBM, and other major corporations.

In early January 1985, Truman Medical Center put Robinson in touch with a 19-year-old woman named Lisa Stasi, who had just given birth to a daughter, Tiffany. Lisa and her husband, Carl, had separated. Robinson indicated that he would house Lisa and Tiffany at an apartment he had rented on Troost Avenue, an area of small businesses and apartments in south Kansas City. When Robinson spoke to Stasi directly, he told her that his name was John Osborne and that he could help her get a high-school equivalency diploma and job training not only in Kansas City but in Chicago and Denver as well. Instead of putting her up at the Troost Avenue apartment, Robinson installed Lisa and Tiffany at a Rodeway Inn in Overland Park.

On January 8, Robinson told Stasi that he had arranged for her and the baby to travel to Chicago in a day or two. In preparation, Robinson had Stasi sign four blank sheets of stationery and give him the addresses of her relatives. He would notify them of her whereabouts, he said, because she would be too busy in Chicago to write letters.

Stasi spent several hours that day and the next with Kansas City relatives who tried to dissuade her from going to Chicago. How well did she really know John Osborne? they asked. "He is a gentleman," she replied. On the afternoon of January 9, Robinson drove from Overland Park through a heavy snowstorm to pick up Stasi


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at the home of her sister-in-law, Kathy Klinginsmith, in Kansas City. Angry that she had left the Rodeway Inn, he insisted that they leave immediately. Stasi, carrying Tiffany, accompanied Robinson, whom she still knew as John Osborne, to his car, leaving most of her belongings and her own car at her sister-in-law's. As Klinginsmith watched the man take Lisa off into the snow, she would later say in court, "I was *afraid* of him. I knew deep down that was the last time I would see Lisa."

The next morning Klinginsmith telephoned the Rodeway Inn where Stasi had been staying. A clerk said that she had checked out and her bill had been settled by a John Robinson, not John Osborne, with a corporate credit card in the name of Equi-II. Klinginsmith's fear deepened into panic.

There was a festive party that evening at the Robinsons' home in Pleasant Valley Farms. John Robinson's brother and sister-in-law, Don and Helen Robinson, had been trying for years to adopt a baby. John had told them that he had connections in Kansas City who might help. That morning they had flown from Chicago to Kansas City, where John met them at the airport and took them to the offices of Equi-II in Overland Park. Don and Helen signed what looked like official adoption papers and paid John $5,500 in cash. He then drove them to his home, where Nancy awaited them with a healthy female infant in her arms. John had brought the baby home unannounced the previous evening, Nancy recalled later in court. A photograph of the occasion shows the happy extended family celebrating in John and Nancy's living room. At the center of the picture, looking every inch a godfather, is John Robinson with the baby on his lap.

John confided to Don and Helen that the baby had become available for adoption when her mother had committed suicide. The new parents named the baby Heather and the next day, January 11, flew back to Chicago, not knowing that Heather already had a name, Tiffany Stasi.

That same day Kathy Klinginsmith's husband, David, appeared at the offices of Equi-II in Overland Park and confronted Robinson on the whereabouts of Lisa Stasi and Tiffany. Robinson physically ejected David Klinginsmith from the office. Kathy, meanwhile, drove to the Overland Park Police Department and reported her sister-in-law and the baby missing.

Robinson's approach to Birthright had been more problematic, because Ann Smith, the Birthright employee to whom Robinson had first spoken, grew suspicious. Robinson had told her that Kansas City Outreach was supported by the Presbyterian Church he had helped found near his home in Pleasant Valley Farms. He also told her that his program's supporters included an Olathe bank on whose board of directors he sat.

Smith called both the church and the bank. The church acknowledged that Robinson was a member, but said it had no connection to any program to help unwed mothers. The bank said Robinson was not on its board; it had never heard of him.

Smith made more inquiries, which eventually, on December 18, 1984, led her to a district supervisor of the Missouri Board of Probation and Parole, a slim, mustachioed, soft-spoken man named Stephen Haymes, then 32 years old. Missouri-born-and-bred, he had majored in sociology and criminal justice in college. When poor eyesight had barred him from many jobs in law enforcement, he had settled on a career as a probation officer.

Haymes, taking Ann Smith's call in Missouri, had never heard of Robinson, who was supervised by a Kansas probation officer in Olathe. He pulled Robinson's file and perused his lengthy criminal record. After checking with his Kansas counterpart, who reported no problems with Robinson, Haymes sent a letter to Robinson ordering him to report to the Missouri probation office on January 17, 1985. Robinson did not show up. Haymes sent him another letter, registered this time, ordering an appearance on January 24.

Haymes also telephoned a contact in the Kansas City field office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, a supervisor with whom he had worked in the past, to ask if the F.B.I. was investigating Robinson or was aware of any "baby selling rings" operating in the Kansas City area. The answer to both questions was no, though the supervisor said the bureau was "aware" of John Robinson.

Robinson arrived at Haymes's office promptly at one P.M. on January 24. At five feet nine and 200 pounds, Robinson reminded Haymes of the Pillsbury dough boy, though he was more nattily dressed. He was friendly and deferential and had an answer for just about everything. Yes, he had met with Birthright, as part of an effort by several of his "business associates" to "help the community." No, he had not told Birthright that the Presbyterian Church was behind the effort. The Birthright people had misunderstood; they had asked him what church he attended and he had told them. Robinson volunteered that he also had met with social workers from the Truman Medical Center and that they had placed two young women in an apartment he had rented on Troost Avenue. Haymes was welcome to



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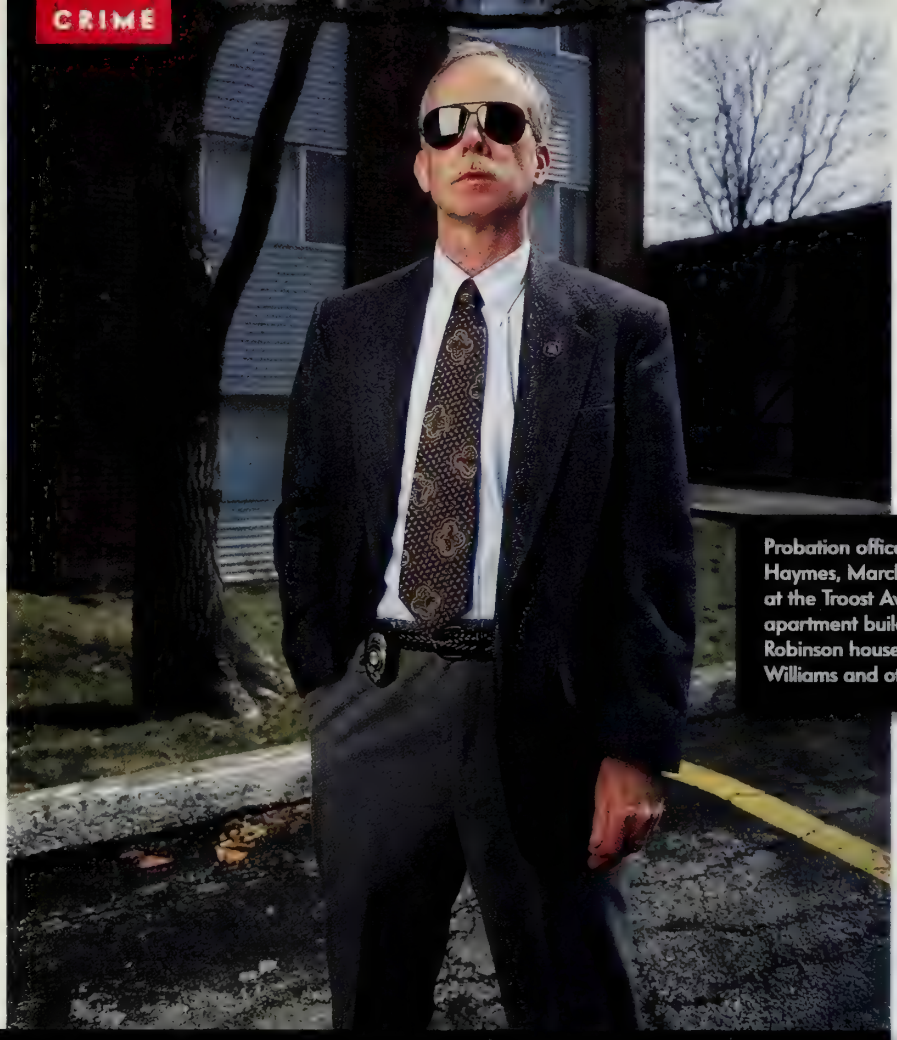
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Probation officer Stephen Haymes, March 2001, at the Troost Avenue apartment building where Robinson housed Theresa Williams and other women.

"I BELIEVE HIM TO BE A CON-MAN OUT OF CONTROL," HAYMES WROTE IN 1991. "HE LEAVES IN HIS WAKE MANY UNANSWERED QUESTIONS AND MISSING PERSONS."

visit the apartment and speak with the residents, Robinson said.

Robinson's mention of Truman Medical Center was the first Haymes had heard that Robinson's efforts had gone beyond Birthright, according to contemporaneous notes Haymes kept and I reviewed. In subsequent days, the probation officer spoke to the Truman Medical social workers and learned that their clients in the Troost Avenue apartment were doing well. However, another young woman, Lisa Stasi, whom Truman had referred to Robinson, seemed to have disappeared, and the Overland Park police were looking for her. Truman Medical was concerned.

Haymes called an Overland Park detective, who said they had found no evidence of wrongdoing in the Stasi case and weren't pursuing it. The detective mentioned, however, that a second young woman who had worked for Robinson, Paula Godfrey, had been reported missing a few months earlier. The detective recounted the letter the police had received, purportedly from Godfrey, saying she was O.K. and didn't want to see her family. The police weren't pursuing that case, either.

Steve Haymes was skeptical. From Stasi's relatives he learned that Robinson had her sign four blank sheets of stationery. Two letters arriving shortly after she disappeared looked suspicious. They didn't sound like Lisa. And they were typed. Lisa didn't know how to type.

Haymes asked Robinson where Stasi was. Robinson claimed she had run off to Colorado with a guy named "Bill."

Haymes was now deeply concerned. It was conceivable that Robinson, already a pathological con man, had metastasized into a killer of vulnerable young women. Haymes called the F.B.I. supervisor again. "You need to take a look at this," Haymes said. "We've got two women and a baby missing. We've got Robinson crossing state lines." The supervisor assigned two agents to begin an inquiry.

Over the next few weeks, Special Agent Thomas Lavin, a veteran of the F.B.I., and his young partner, Special Agent Jeffrey Dancer, who had been an agent less than a year, began pooling their efforts with the now relentless Haymes. They discovered that Robinson was involved in an astonishing variety of ongoing criminal activities in the Kansas City underworld. Robinson and a fellow ex-convict, Irvin "Irv" Blattner, were under investigation by the U.S. Secret Service for forging the signature on and cashing a government check. Haymes and the F.B.I. learned as well of the investigation in Johnson County, Kansas, where the district attorney was building a case that Robinson's company Equi-II had defrauded Back Care Systems.

It was around this time that Robinson developed a strong taste for sadomasochistic sex—generally defined as sexual activity between two people who agree that one will be dominant and the other submissive in seeking enhanced sexual pleasure through bondage and the infliction of pain through such means as spanking and whipping of the submissive by the dominant.

Sadomasochistic sex, or S&M, is also known by the abbreviation BDSM, for "bondage discipline sadomasochism," or simply D&S, "dominance and submission." Some 5 to 10 percent of American adults regularly engage in some form of D&S, according to Gloria and William Brame and Jon Jacobs, the authors of the 1993 book *Different Loving: The World of Sexual Dominance & Submission.*

J.R. Robinson not only engaged in BDSM himself, he saw it as a means to make money. He apparently was organizing a ring of prostitutes for customers interested in S&M, and using a male stripper, nicknamed M&M, to find women for him. In this circle of people, Robinson was known as "J.R."

None of the investigative trails led to Lisa Stasi and her baby, or to Paula Godfrey. Still, it was clear to Haymes and the F.B.I. agents that Robinson was up to no good on several fronts. Haymes ordered Robinson in for another visit.

"Why is everyone making such a big deal when I'm only trying to help people?" Robinson complained, according to Haymes's notes. "By the way," he told Haymes, "Lisa Stasi has been found. She's okay. Tiffany, the baby, everybody's okay."

Robinson claimed he had heard from a local woman for whom Stasi recently had baby-sat. She and Tiffany definitely were in the Kansas City area. That story collapsed, however, when F.B.I. agent Lavin and an

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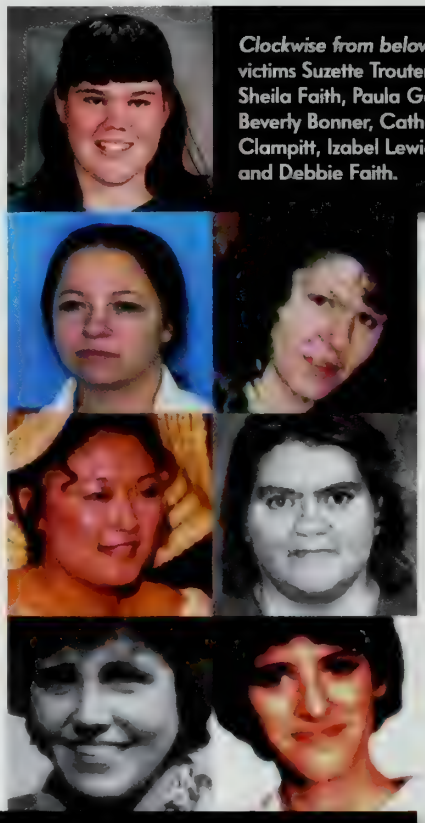
Overland Park detective spoke to the woman in question. After rigorous questioning, she admitted that the story of Stasi babysitting for her was false; Robinson had asked her to tell the lie if the police asked. Her incentive to cooperate: she owed J.R. money, and he had photographed her nude as a prospective prostitute.

The F.B.I. decided to deploy a female agent to contact Robinson and pose as a prostitute looking for work. Wired to secretly record their conversation, the agent met Robinson for lunch in an Overland Park restaurant. He told her that his clients were mainly lawyers, doctors, and judges, and that she could earn $2,000 to $3,000 a weekend traveling to Denver or Dallas to service them, or $1,000 a night in the Kansas City area. As an S&M practitioner, she would have to undergo pain such as having her nipples manipulated with pliers, Robinson said. After hearing the recording of the conversation, the F.B.I. decided against proceeding with the undercover effort for the time being out of fear for the agent's safety.

Irv Blattner, however, agreed to help the authorities make a case against Robinson in exchange for lenient treatment in the government-check-forgery investigation. The F.B.I. advised Truman Medical Center to remove its two young women from Robinson's Troost Avenue apartment, but to give Robinson a plausible excuse.

One of the women whom the male stripper M&M had introduced to Robinson as a candidate for prostitution was Theresa Williams, an attractive 21-year-old itinerant from Boise, Idaho, who had been working odd jobs around Kansas City and looking for the main chance. Robinson took her to an Overland Park hotel room where he photographed her nude and offered her a position as his "mistress," a job that would involve sexual services not only for him but for others as well. He would put her up in an apartment and pay all her expenses, plus prostitution fees. He would supply her with marijuana and amphetamines. Williams took the job.

On the night of April 30, 1985, J.R. gave Williams $1,200 in cash, outfitted her in a fancy, alluring dress, and told her to wait in a park across the street from the Troost Avenue apartment. A limousine picked her up. The driver blindfolded her and took her to a mansion somewhere in the Kansas City area. She was turned over to a distinguished-looking, 60-ish gray-haired man who was called "the judge." He escorted her to the basement, which was outfitted as a "dungeon" for sadomasochistic sex, or "brutality and other unnatural sex acts," as Williams later put it. The man had her disrobe, and then began stretching her on a medieval rack. She screamed in panic and demanded that he allow her to leave. She was blindfolded again and returned to the Troost Avenue apartment, where, a few days later, she was forced to return the $1,200 to an angry John Robinson.



Clockwise from below: victims Suzette Trouten, Sheila Faith, Paula Godfrey, Beverly Bonner, Catherine Clampitt, Izabel Lewicka, and Debbie Faith.

"THE JUDGE" ESCORTED HER TO THE BASEMENT, WHICH WAS OUTFITTED AS A "DUNGEON." HE BEGAN STRETCHING HER ON A MEDIEVAL RACK.

She incurred J.R.'s wrath further when he found out that she had been entertaining a boyfriend—not one of Robinson's customers—at the apartment. It was behavior such as this that prompted his early-morning visit on a Saturday in late May when he allegedly assaulted her with his gun.

They made up, however, and J.R. promised to take her on a trip to the Virgin Islands in mid-June.

On June 7, Lavin and Dancer paid an unannounced call on Williams. At first she told the agents a cover story—that she worked for Equi-II and was being trained in data processing. But after Lavin and Dancer told her that they had reason to believe Robinson had been involved in the disappearance of at least two young women, Williams began to cry, and the agents were able to coax a more believable story from her—how Robinson had assaulted her with his gun, and how he now planned to take her to the Virgin Islands. And one more thing: at J.R.'s insistence, Williams had been fabricating a diary accusing his friend Irv Blattner of committing various crimes and of threatening her life. Robinson seemed to have sensed that the police were going to use Blattner to implicate him in crimes, and he wanted to use the fake diary to discredit his partner. J.R. had written it out, and Williams had copied it as her own.

As Lavin and Dancer were questioning Williams, they heard a key unlocking the front door. Robinson entered the apartment. The F.B.I. agents identified themselves. Lavin held up J.R.'s draft of the diary and asked if it was his handwriting. Robinson acknowledged that it was. The agents frisked him for weapons but found none. Robinson said he was in a hurry and left the apartment. The agents made no move to stop him. After he had gone, however, they insisted on moving Williams to another location to be kept secret from Robinson. They felt her life might be in danger. Like Stasi and Godfrey, Williams had been asked to sign blank sheets of stationery.

Lavin and Dancer summoned Steve Haymes, who helped interrogate Robinson and then filed a formal report with the Missouri court that had jurisdiction over Robinson's probation. Haymes alleged that Robinson had violated the terms of his probation by carrying a gun, supplying drugs to Theresa Williams, and lying to his probation officer. Haymes asked the court to revoke the probation and jail Robinson.

A judge did just that after a hearing, but Robinson was released on bail pending appeal. The F.B.I. kept Williams hidden, gave her money, and finally bought her a one-way plane ticket out of town. The Missouri Court of Appeals later overturned the district judge's ruling on the ironic grounds that Robinson's constitutional rights had been violated: he had not been allowed to adequately confront his accuser, Theresa Williams.

It was amazing to the frustrated Haymes and the F.B.I. agents that J.R. Robinson was free. To the world at large, he was still a thriving Kansas business entrepreneur with a sumptuous office in Overland Park and a four-acre estate in

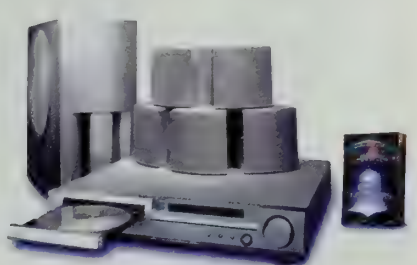
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Pleasant Valley Farms. Just days after the probation-violation hearing, which received no publicity, Robinson was featured on the cover of *Farm Journal*, a nationally circulated, widely read monthly agricultural magazine. He had persuaded the editors that he was an expert on agricultural finance.

In Kansas, however, Robinson finally came a cropper. After a long investigation, the Johnson County district attorney charged him with fraud in bilking Back Care Systems. A jury convicted him in January 1986. He was then convicted of a second fraud, against an Overland Park man in connection with an Arizona real-estate deal. Because of Robinson's extensive prior criminal record, a Johnson County judge sentenced him to serve between 6 and 19 years in prison as a habitual criminal. After appeals, he finally went to prison in Kansas in May 1987.

At about this time, another young woman whom Robinson had employed in the early months of that year was reported missing. Catherine Clampitt, 27, had moved to Kansas from Wichita Falls, Texas, after answering a newspaper ad in which Robinson had promised a "great job, a lot of traveling and a new wardrobe," according to Clampitt's brother, Robert Bales, with whose family she lived in Overland Park. Clampitt, whom Bales described as intelligent with a "wild side," often stayed at local hotels for several nights at a time. In mid-1987, after she inexplicably disappeared for weeks, Bales called the police. There was insufficient evidence to link her disappearance to Robinson, who was on his way to prison in Kansas.

Robinson found that his intelligence and persuasive manner worked as well in prison as out. He was an exemplary inmate. After psychological and mental testing showed his intelligence to be well above average, he was put to work as the coordinator of the prison's maintenance-operations office. There he developed computer programs that would save the Kansas prison system up to $100,000 a year.

Robinson suffered a series of minor strokes while in prison, and during treatment he made an exceptional impression on the prison medical staff. In a nine-page "Report of Clinical and Medical Evaluation," dated November 1, 1990, two ranking doctors, Ky Hoang, M.D., director of medical services, and George M. Penn, M.D., supervising psychiatrist, wrote that John Robinson was a "model inmate who ... has made the best of his incarceration.... He is a non-violent person and does not present a threat to society.... He is a devoted family man who has taught his children a strong value system."

Kansas paroled Robinson in January 1991 after less than four years, but he still faced prison time in Missouri for violating his probation from the Borden fraud a decade earlier. His probation officer was still Steve Haymes, who now stood alone, as the F.B.I. had moved on to other cases. Haymes hadn't forgotten Robinson, nor had he forgotten Paula Godfrey and Lisa and Tiffany Stasi. Though Missouri prison doctors agreed with their Kansas counterparts that Robinson should be freed, Haymes warned against it.

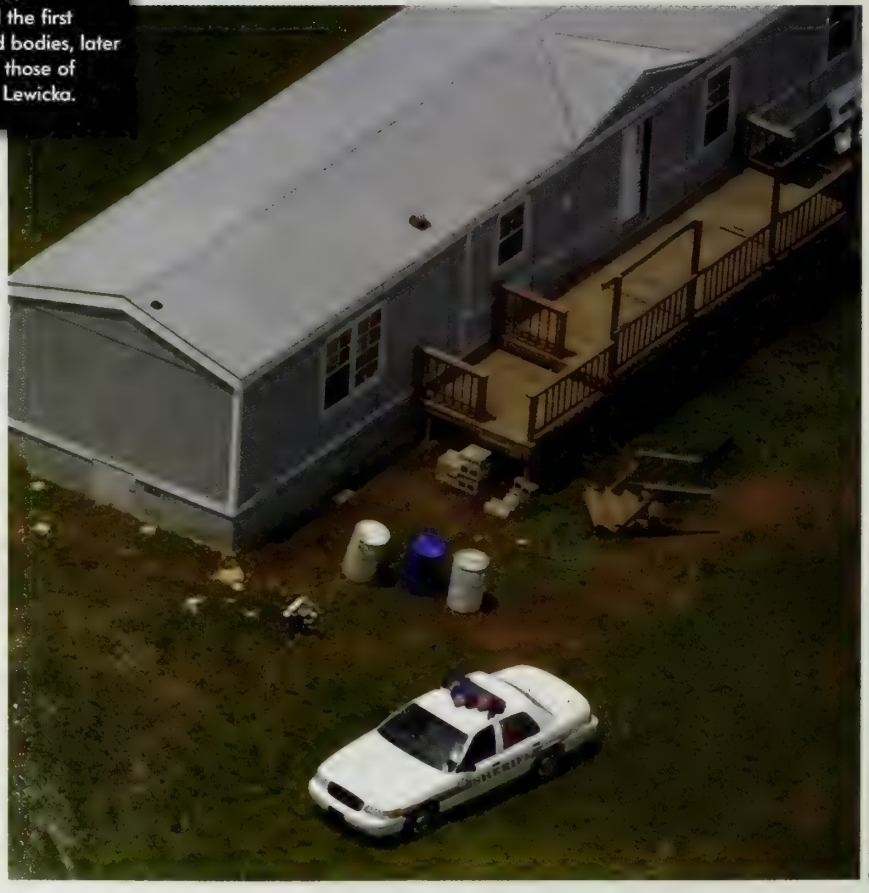
"I believe him to be a con-man out of control," Haymes wrote in an official memorandum to a colleague in 1991. "He leaves in his wake many unanswered questions and missing persons.... I have observed Robinson's sociopathic tendencies, habitual criminal behavior, inability to tell the truth and scheming to cover his own actions at the expense of others.... I was not surprised to see he had a good institutional adjustment in Kansas considering that he is quite bright and a white-collar con-man capable of being quite personable and friendly to those around him."

Haymes predicted that Robinson would use his medical problems "to his advantage." Robinson was imprisoned in Missouri, and sure enough, two of the people he promptly befriended in the penitentiary were the prison doctor, William Bonner, and his 47-year-old wife, Beverly, the prison librarian. She gave Robinson a job in the library.

Missouri kept Robinson in prison for two more years. He was released in the spring of 1993. He was 49 years old. Since his income had stopped during his six years in prison, his wife, Nancy, had been forced to sell their estate in Pleasant Valley Farms. She had taken a job as the manager of a mobile-home development in Belton, Missouri, a suburb south of Kansas City. The development was called Southfork, after the large family home on the *Dallas* television series, popular in the 70s and 80s. All its streets were named for *Dallas* characters: Sue Ellen Avenue, Cliff Barnes Lane, and so forth. J.R. joined her there when he left prison.

It was a real comedown from Pleasant Valley Farms, but the Robinsons soldiered on. Their two older children were grown, and the twins were in college, so J.R. and Nancy could make do with less room. They rented lockers at a nearby storage facility for their overflow belongings.

Despite his model behavior in prison, Robinson soon reverted to his old ways. A few months after his release from the Missouri penitentiary, Beverly Bonner, the prison librarian, left her hus-



Robinson's La Cygne property, where police found the first decomposed bodies, later identified as those of Trouten and Lewicka.

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band, filed for divorce, and in 1994 moved to the Kansas City area and joined forces with Robinson. He gave her the title of president of Hydro-Gro Inc., his hydroponics company, which he had reconstituted. Her mother began getting letters, apparently from Beverly, saying her job with Hydro-Gro was taking her to various cities abroad. She never gave a return address, but directed that all her mail, including her alimony checks, be sent to a post-office box in Olathe. Unbeknownst to William Bonner or any of Beverly's relatives, J.R. Robinson picked up the checks.

No one heard from Beverly Bonner after January of 1994.

Sheila Faith told friends she had met her "dream man" in John Robinson, though she didn't give his last name. Robinson likely found Faith through a personal advertisement in a newspaper. Her husband had died of cancer, leaving her with a teenage daughter, Debbie, who was wheelchair-bound with spina bifida. Sheila and Debbie lived in Pueblo, Colorado, on disability payments from Social Security. Sheila was a "very lonely person—she needed companions," a friend later told *The Kansas City Star.* John "promised her the world. He told her he was going to take her on a cruise, that he would take care of her daughter, that she'd never have to work, that money was no problem," the friend recalled.

The Faiths had planned to travel to Texas in the summer of 1994 and stop in Kansas to see Robinson on the way. But without warning early in the summer he drove to Colorado and picked them up in the middle of the night. They were never seen again. It was later learned that their disability checks were being delivered to a postal box in Olathe, Kansas. As with Beverly Bonner, John Robinson picked up the checks.

Pursuing his interest in S&M, Robinson began placing and monitoring advertisements in the *Pitch Weekly,* a so-called alternative newspaper in Kansas City, whose back pages feature personals columns called "Romance—The Dating Connection" for people seeking conventional relationships, and the "Wildside" for those who prefer the unconventional.

Around September 1, 1995, Robinson spotted an ad which read, "MASTERFUL, SUCCESSFUL, ENTREPRENEURIAL SWM, 35-50, sought by successful, rubenesque beauty."

Robinson left a voice mail and the "rubenesque beauty" called him back. She went only by the name Chloe Elizabeth to conceal her identity as a successful, well-known, college-educated businesswoman in Topeka, Kansas. A driven careerist, never married, accustomed to "dominating" in her business life, she had "decided it was time to seek what [I] truly wanted in [my] personal life—a Dominant with whom I could give up control of the personal side of my life and obey a worthy man who would advance my sexual and personal journey beyond what I was willing to admit wanting on my own."

Chloe Elizabeth tells me her story, referring to notes, in front of a fire in her spacious home on a cold January day in Topeka.

"I was looking for someone who was in business for himself because I believe that provides a dynamic and a personality that I'm seeking—one that I understand, one that I'm like. [J.R.] made me feel he was pretty close to the type of man I like to date. We had many phone conversations before we actually met for the first time."

"THAT WAS THE FIRST DATE. IT WAS SENSATIONAL! HE HAD AN ABILITY TO COMMAND, TO CONTROL, TO CORRAL SOMEONE AS ... SPIRITED AS I AM."

Chloe Elizabeth asked Robinson to send her documents to prove he was who he said he was. "I'm not at all a paranoid person, but in a relationship of D&S, where you're sincere about what you're doing, you really need to know the person you're going to give the control up to is someone who will take good care of you."

J.R. sent Chloe Elizabeth (by now she had told him her real name and address) an array of material designed to portray him in the best possible light—Chicago newspaper accounts of his appearance before the Queen in London as a 13-year-old Eagle Scout; his hydroponics booklet; a Kansas University brochure picturing two of his attractive children; his appearance on the cover of *Farm Journal;* and the "proclamation" naming him "Man of the Year."

Of course, there was no indication of J.R.'s criminal past, no hint that the "Man of the Year" award had been arranged by fakery. Chloe Elizabeth was impressed, and invited J.R. to come to her home at two P.M. on October 25, 1995. By then, nearly two months after their first conversation, she and J.R. had discussed their sexual preferences extensively by phone, and she knew what he, as her "dominant" or "master," expected of her: "I was to meet him at the door wearing only a sheer robe, a black mesh thong pantie, a matching demi-cup bra, thigh-high stockings, and black high heels. My eyes were to be made up dark, and lips red. I was to kneel before him.

He was wearing a dark-navy single-breasted business suit, a starched light-blue shirt with gold cuff links, burgundy striped tie, and polished shoes. Once inside the door, he took a leather studded collar from his jacket and placed it around my neck and attached a long leash to the collar.

"I took him first to the library and a large king chair in front of the fire. Next to it I had put his drink of choice—scotch on the rocks. He drew me to him and we kissed for the first time. After some relaxed small talk, I led him through the rest of the house, ending up in my bedroom on the third floor. There he asked me to remove the few items of clothing I was wearing—one at a time, except for the stockings.

"He then took from his pocket a 'contract for slavery' giving my consent to use me as a sexual toy in any way he wished and to punish me in any way he saw fit.

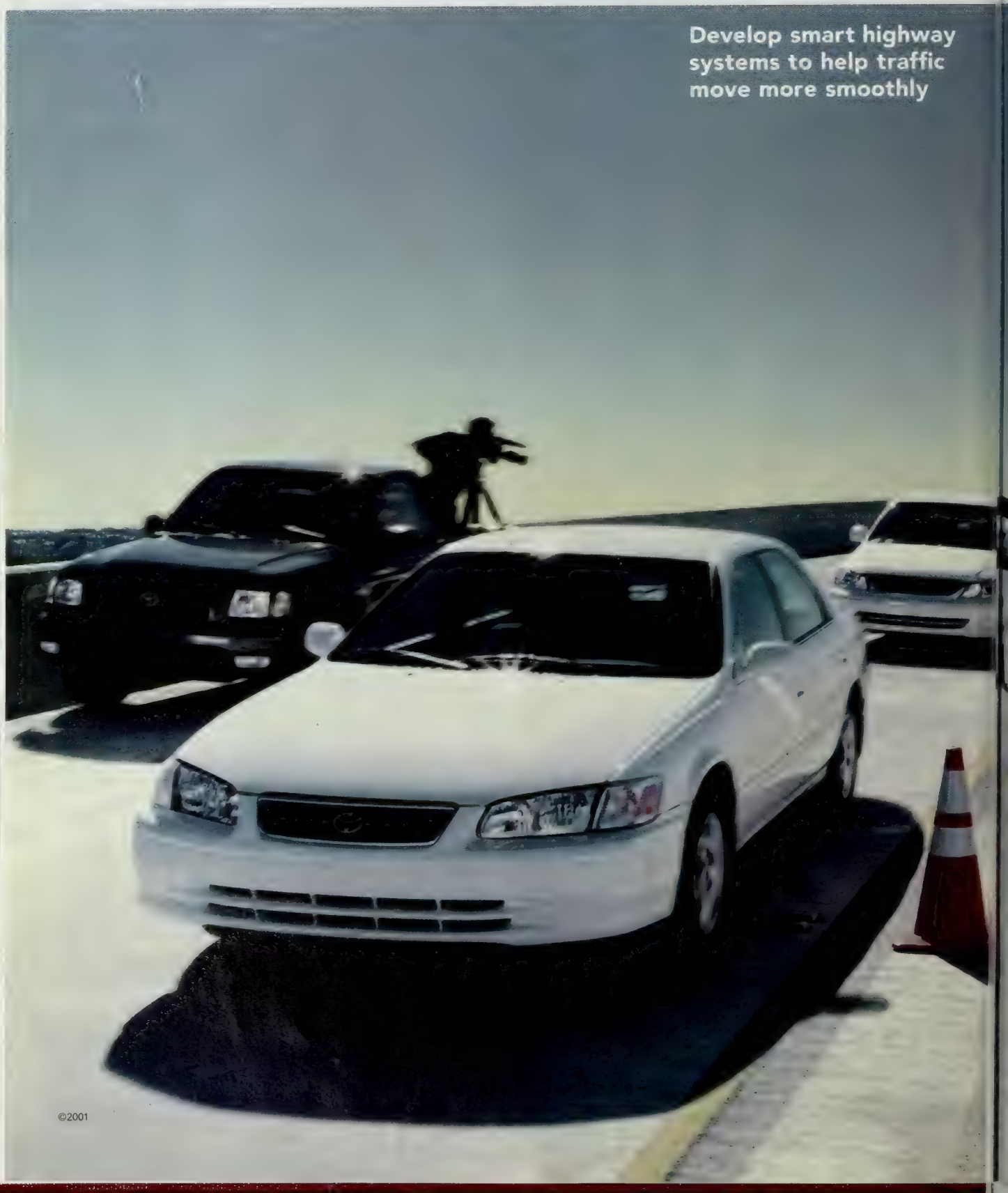
"I read the contract and signed it. He asked if I was sure. I said yes—very sure.

"He put the contract back in his pocket and asked me to remove all of his clothes except his pants. Then he asked me to lie facedown on the bed and spread my arms and legs as wide as I could. Using rope he had brought, he tied my wrists to the head of the bed and my ankles to the foot of the bed.

"Once he had me tied, he asked me to try to move. I couldn't. He then removed his belt and began to whip me across my bottom, slowly and lightly. I could feel excitement flowing across my skin. Then the blows got harder and closer together. It was painful and I cried. He then lay down beside me and cuddled me and comforted me and told me he loved me.

"He untied the ropes around my wrists and ankles and instructed me to kneel on the bed in front of him. My punishment training for the day was not over. He took a spool of smaller rope as he talked about 'training' my large breasts. I wanted to please him. He said that the breasts to be pleasing and well trained must be able to endure pain and to wear marks. He began to wrap the rope tightly around the base of the breast. He wrapped it so tightly that it bulged and turned reddish purple. He crossed the rope in the middle of my chest and began wrapping the other breast. Now both my breasts were like large ripe tomatoes ... red and ready to

TODAY


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burst. The nipples were erect and brown. He took clamps and put one on each nipple. The pain was severe. He thrust the solid leather strap of his belt down upon the top side of my breasts. The pain caused the nipples to expand and become unimaginably restricted by the clamps. Engorged to about three times their normal size, the nipples turned purple and blue. He strapped my breasts again. Only those swats, there would be no more today. To show my gratefulness to his attention, he required one more duty. He stood before the bed and removed his pants. He required that I perform oral sex.

"That was the first date. It was sensational! He had an ability to command, to control, to corral someone as strong and aggressive and spirited as I am."

I asked Chloe Elizabeth if pain is always part of a BDSM relationship.

"It depends on what you consider pain. I wasn't interested in being beaten. I don't love pain. Some women in this lifestyle love pain. For me, there comes a physical state that you're in where what one might consider pain on your body isn't painful. It's exciting."

BEFORE HE LEFT, ROBINSON TOLD CHLOE ELIZABETH SHE HAD BEEN "STUPID" FOR ALLOWING HIM TO DO ALL HE HAD DONE. "I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU," HE SAID.

Before he left, Robinson told Chloe Elizabeth she had been "stupid" for allowing him to do all he had done. "I could have killed you," he said. Though she hadn't told him, Chloe Elizabeth never felt threatened by J.R., even when she was tied defenseless to her bed. That's because she had stationed a male friend in the house to be alert for any sign of excessive behavior. He made a note of J.R.'s license-plate number while Chloe Elizabeth and J.R. were upstairs.

J.R. and Chloe Elizabeth began seeing each other at least twice a week. But she gradually became suspicious of him. Through a contact in state government, she ran his license plates and found that his car was registered in his wife's name as well as his own. He had told her he was divorced. After they had pledged their love for each other repeatedly, J.R. suggested to Chloe Elizabeth that they should exchange lists of all their assets. She balked, suspecting this was a first step by J.R. to get his hands on her money.

In BDSM relationships, dominants sometimes take control of submissives' financial assets. A sample master-slave contract featured on a BDSM Web site stipulates, "All of the slave's possessions . . . belong to the master, including all assets, finances, and material goods."

"It is not unusual for [the relationship] to include financial decisions," says Jes Beard, a Chattanooga, Tennessee, lawyer who has represented four clients in BDSM relationships, including a woman who had a relationship with Robinson. The woman, who met him on the Internet, says she gave him $17,000 from an I.R.A. to invest for her and never saw it again. "The dominant will tell them, Here's where you need to do your banking, here's the insurance you need, here's the whatever," Beard told me.

Another lawyer for BDSM clients, Lloyd E. N. Hall of Atlanta, who practices BDSM himself, says that, while relationships vary widely, total financial dominance is unusual. "It's fairly the exception that a person actually transfers their personal assets or anything like that when they enter into a master-slave relationship."

Chloe Elizabeth was determined to avoid any financial relationship with Robinson. He invited her to travel to Europe with him. After she tentatively agreed, he suggested that she sign several blank sheets of stationery and give him a list of her relatives' addresses so that he could keep them informed of her whereabouts. She balked and never traveled with him.

He told her he would be away in Australia for a while. She discovered that he had not left Kansas. She telephoned his office. Someone answered but said nothing. An hour later her phone rang.

"How dare you check up on me!?"

"J.R., what are you talking about?"

"You're checking up on me. You know I record every phone call that comes in to any of my businesses. I know that was you. I'm really pissed that you would check up on me after all we've gone through."

"I don't have a clue what you're talking about."

"Don't ever check up on me again!"

She finally learned about his criminal record and told him in February 1996 that she wanted to stop seeing him. Their relationship fell off to occasional E-mails.

In 1996, J.R. and Nancy Robinson moved from the Southfork mobile-home development in Missouri to a similar development in Olathe called the Santa Barbara Estates, where all the streets were named for California cities. The Robinsons took up residence at 36 Monterey. They installed wind chimes near the front door and a statue of St. Francis of Assisi in the front yard. Their Christmas decorations were considered the most spectacular at Santa Barbara, where Nancy was the manager, as she had been at Southfork.

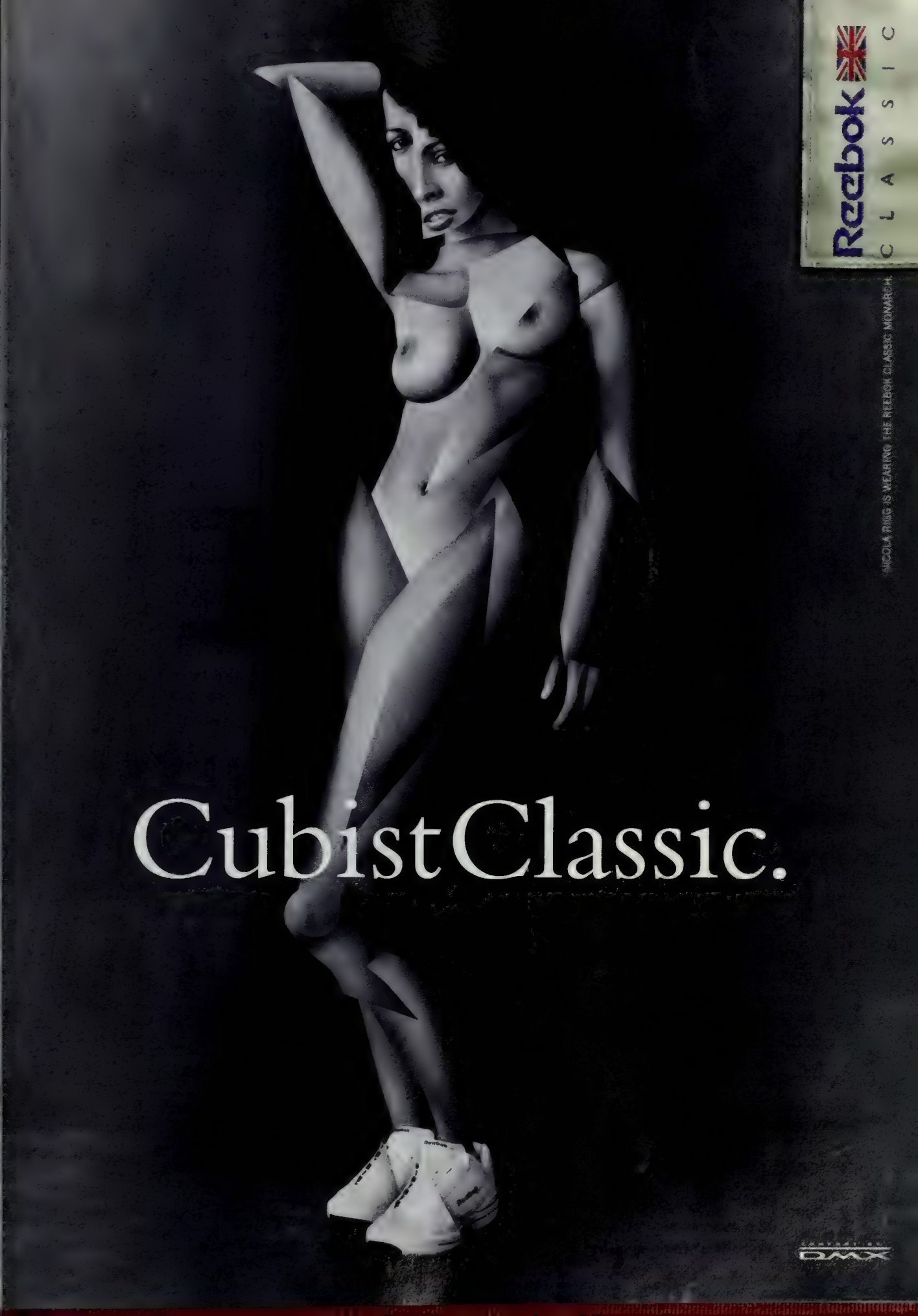
The Robinsons also bought 16 acres of farmland with a fishing pond an hour south of Olathe. They put a mobile home and shed on the property, and he occasionally took friends fishing there.

Thanks to the Internet, J.R.'s sexual horizons expanded dramatically beyond the personal ads of the *Pitch Weekly* and other newspapers. He maintained five computers in his Santa Barbara home, three desktops and two laptops, and trolled the BDSM Web sites for hours. His handle was "Slavemaster."

Robinson met Izabel Lewicka on the Internet in the early months of 1997 while she was a freshman at Purdue University in Indiana. Born in Poland, Lewicka had come to Indiana with her parents when she was about 12. At Purdue she was studying fine arts but also took a great interest in computers and often was at her monitor late into the night.

In the spring of 1997, Lewicka announced to her parents that she had been offered an "internship" by a man in Kansas. She wouldn't give details, except that she would be able to use her artistic training. Though her parents tried to dissuade her from going, she drove to Kansas that June, taking clothing, personal items, and nearly all her paintings. She left an address in Overland Park, Kansas, on Metcalf Avenue, a main north-south artery. Her parents wrote letters to that address but received no reply. In August they drove to Kansas to look for their daughter and found that the address on Metcalf was that of a Mail Boxes Etc., whose manager refused to give them Izabel's address or telephone number. They returned to Indiana without contacting the police.

In fact, Robinson had installed Lewicka in an apartment in south Kansas City where they regularly engaged in BDSM sex and he photographed her nude in bondage, all in accord with a "slave contract" enumerating 115 provisions of his dominance and her submission. He paid her bills, and when they weren't having sex, she led a life of leisure, spending a lot of time reading gothic and vampire novels she purchased at a rare-and-used-book shop in Overland Park. Usually dressed in black, sometimes with a black leather dog collar with metal studs, she told the owners that she was proud


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In January 1999, J.R. moved Lewicka into an apartment in Olathe. He referred to her variously as his adopted daughter, his niece, and a graphic designer who worked for his new company, Specialty Publications, which covered the modular-home industry. The following summer, she introduced Robinson to her bookstore friends and told them he would be buying her books in the future because she was moving away.

Though the Olathe apartment was leased through January 2000, Lewicka suddenly disappeared in August 1999. Robinson told one of his business associates that she had been caught smoking marijuana with her boyfriend and had been deported. When Robinson released the apartment to the managers so they could prepare it for the next tenants, they found it remarkably, immaculately, memorably clean.

Suzette Trouten, a 27-year-old home-care nurse who lived in Monroe, Michigan, near Detroit, amused herself by collecting teapots, playing with her two Pekingese dogs, and engaging in BDSM sex. Trouten was so deeply involved in the BDSM lifestyle that she carried on relationships with four dominants at once. She had pierced her nipples, her navel, and five places in and around her genitalia, piercings which could accommodate rings and other devices used in BDSM rituals. A photograph of Suzette Trouten with nails driven through her breasts had circulated on the Internet.

Trouten and J.R. Robinson met on the Internet in the fall of 1999, just weeks after Izabel Lewicka disappeared. J.R. invited Trouten to Kansas. He might have a job for her, he said, as a companion and nurse to his elderly father, a rich man who liked to travel but needed constant care. (J.R.'s father had actually been dead for 10 years.)

J.R. flew Trouten to Kansas City and had a limousine meet her at the airport. The job interview went well, she told her mother by phone. J.R. and his father, whom she did not meet, had a yacht, and she would be sailing with them in the Pacific off California, possibly going all the way to Hawaii. Suzette and J.R. agreed that he would pay her $60,000 a year and provide her with an apartment in the Kansas City area and a car.

Back in Michigan, preparing to return to Kansas, Suzette told her mother, Carolyn Trouten, that she feared homesickness but hoped the money she would earn from Robinson would enable her to complete her nursing degree. She drove to Kansas in a Ryder truck, paid for by J.R., on February 13 and 14. In the truck were her clothing and books, plus her teapot collection and her two Pekingese dogs, Harry and Peka. She also took along her BDSM equipment—whips, paddles, canes, collars, and the like.

J.R. had registered Trouten at the Guesthouse Suites, Room 216, in Lenexa, a Kansas City suburb just west of Overland Park and north of Olathe. J.R. boarded Trouten's dogs at a local animal shelter. She could take them on the trip to California and on the yacht, he said, but the Guesthouse Suites didn't allow pets. J.R. told his new employee to prepare to leave two weeks hence. He directed her to get a passport. He had her do some computer work at his office. He had her sign a slave contract covering their BDSM relationship. He also had her sign more than 30 blank sheets of stationery and address more than 40 envelopes to her relatives and friends; she would be too busy while they were traveling to worry about correspondence, which he would take care of.

Suzette kept in close touch on the Internet with a BDSM contact, a woman named Lori who lived in Canada and who knew about J.R. Robinson and Suzette's job in Kansas. Suzette also spoke to her mother, Carolyn, every day by phone. Suzette called Carolyn at around one A.M. on Tuesday, February 29.

"Everything's fine," Suzette said. "John is nice. I'm not as lonesome as I thought I'd be." They were leaving for California Wednesday or Thursday. Suzette would call frequently while they were traveling.

WHEN ROBINSON RELEASED LEWICKA'S APARTMENT TO THE MANAGERS, THEY FOUND IT REMARKABLY, IMMACULATELY, MEMORABLY CLEAN.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 1, J.R. Robinson paid Trouten's final bill at the Guesthouse Suites and checked her dogs out of the animal shelter. Neither the hotel clerk nor the animal-shelter attendant had seen Trouten. Later that afternoon, an animal-control officer was dispatched to Santa Barbara Estates, where someone had left two Pekingese dogs without identifying collars in a portable kennel outside the main office.

Carolyn Trouten heard nothing from her daughter in early March. Nor did Suzette's Canadian friend Lori. Both telephoned J.R. Robinson, who toyed with them. He told them that at the last minute Suzette had decided against taking the job he had offered her and had run off with a man named James Turner. Neither Carolyn nor Lori believed the story. Around the middle of March, they began receiving E-mails and letters that were signed "Suzette" but, they knew, were not from Suzette. They didn't sound at all like her.

"I believed this person [Robinson] had done something to Suzette," Lori would testify later.

Suzette's family contacted the Lenexa Police Department and reported her missing. Unlike the neighboring Overland Park department, which had received similar reports of missing women associated with John Robinson in the 80s, and had given them less than full attention, Lenexa detective David Brown immediately began a thorough inquiry into the disappearance of Suzette Trouten. Brown obtained Robinson's rap sheet, got in touch with Overland Park detectives, and saw the possible connections with other cases of missing women. A task force of representatives of several local, state, and federal law-enforcement agencies, including the F.B.I., was urgently organized under the supervision of Johnson County district attorney Paul J. Morrison, an eminent prosecutor in the Kansas City area. A native of Dodge City, Morrison, 45, had been Johnson County's chief law-enforcement officer for 11 years and had convicted several high-profile murderers.

One of the task force's first moves was sending two detectives to Missouri to see Steve Haymes. "You seem to have had this guy pegged from the beginning," one of the detectives remarked after Haymes briefed them on Robinson's criminal history, going back to the 60s. Detective Brown instructed the family of Suzette Trouten to tape their conversations with Robinson and send all E-mails to and from him to the Lenexa police. Brown coached them on inducing Robinson to divulge details that might be clues to Suzette's whereabouts.

In February 2000, as Suzette Trouten had been getting settled in Kansas and preparing, she thought, to leave with Robinson for California, Robinson had begun conversing on the Internet with a woman named Jeanne, a professional from the Southwest. Divorced and 34 years old, Jeanne was looking to establish a BDSM relationship with a man

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who might also be able to employ her professionally. Robinson identified himself to Jeanne as James Turner. After they explored their BDSM likes and dislikes extensively via phone and Internet, Robinson invited Jeanne to come to Kansas. She visited for a long weekend, Thursday, April 6, until Tuesday, April 11. He put her up in a hotel, where they engaged in various kinds of sexual interplay ranging from intercourse to fellatio to flogging.

Toward the end of her stay, they agreed that Jeanne would move to Kansas and work for Robinson's companies Hydro-Gro and Specialty Publications. When she returned to Kansas in mid-May, Robinson installed her in the Guesthouse Suites in Lenexa, where he had kept Suzette Trouten in February. They had sex on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 16, and intermittently thereafter. One day that week he didn't show up. On Friday, May 19, however, Robinson telephoned Jeanne, told her he was on his way, and instructed her that when he arrived she should be nude and kneeling in a corner of the room with her hair pulled back.

When he entered the room he grabbed her by the hair and began flogging her across her breasts and back. He then insisted that she pose for photographs, even though she had told him she didn't want him to take pictures. He was particularly interested in photographing the marks his floggings had left on her body.

Robinson then told Jeanne that he didn't like her attitude and that if she didn't change she would have to move back home. He left the hotel room, saying he would return.

Jeanne became hysterical. She had moved to Kansas to be with this man and work for him. But he seemed interested only in punishing her and pleasing himself. Her body burned from his beatings, and he was threatening to banish her.

Jeanne ran to the front desk of the hotel, sobbing uncontrollably. She insisted on seeing the registration card for her room. She discovered that the man she had been seeing was named John Robinson, not James Turner. She tried to call the police but was too upset to complete the call. The desk attendant did it for her.



Robinson, second from right, listens to testimony, February 5, 2001. He is with attorneys, from left, Ron Evans, Mark Manna, and Alice Craig White.

Within minutes, Detective David Brown arrived at the Guesthouse Suites. Two months into his intensive investigation of John Robinson, Brown knew his subject intimately. After hearing a brief version of Jeanne's story, told through tears, he collected her belongings and moved her to another hotel.

Brown interviewed Jeanne the next day, Saturday, May 20, and on into the following week. She explained how Robinson had beaten her far beyond her desires. She didn't like pain or punishment or marks on her skin. "I'm a submissive, not a masochist," she said.

The long-overdue investigation of J.R. Robinson was reaching its climax. A little more than a week later, on Friday, June 2, a convoy of nine police vehicles entered the grounds of the Santa Barbara Estates in Olathe and surrounded the Robinsons' residence, at 36 Monterey. Police detectives placed a dumbstruck John Robinson under arrest, charged him with sexual assault, and took him in handcuffs to the Johnson County jail. Other detectives began executing a warrant authorizing them to search the house. They seized all five computers. They also found a blank sheet of stationery signed by Lisa Stasi more than 15 years earlier—in January 1985—and receipts from the Rodeway Inn in Overland Park showing that Robinson had checked Stasi out of the hotel on January 10 of that year, the day after she disappeared with him into the snow.

As the search of the Robinson house continued, Lenexa detectives Dan Owsley and Dawn Layman, armed with a second search warrant, were wielding a bolt cutter on a padlock securing Robinson's 10-by-15-foot locker at a nearby storage facility in Olathe. Inside they found a trove of items linking Robinson to Suzette Trouten, now missing two months, and Izabel Lewicka, who had not been seen since the previous August. There were Trouten's birth certificate and Social Security card; sheets of blank stationery signed "Love ya, Suzette"; a two-page slave contract signed by Trouten; and a stun gun. There were Izabel Lewicka's Kansas driver's license; photographs of Lewicka nude in bondage; a six-page slave contract listing 115 rules, sexual and otherwise, she was obliged to obey. And there was a pillowcase and several BDSM sex implements.

The next morning, Saturday, June 3, another convoy of police vehicles made its way an hour south from Olathe to the remote 16-acre plot of land that the Robinsons owned off a country lane near the town of La Cygne.

There, with yet another search warrant, Detective Harold Hughes, a forensic crime-scene investigator for Johnson County, located two yellow 55-gallon metal barrels near a toolshed across from the mobile home. Using a pair of heavy pliers, he pried open one of the barrels. Inside was a female body, nude, with its head down, immersed in about 14 inches of fluid, the result of decomposition.

Hughes opened the second barrel. He first saw a pillow and red-and-green pillowcase. He removed them and found another female body, this one clothed, also soaked in the fluid of its own decay. Hughes photographed and fingerprinted both barrels and resealed them, leaving the contents inside. Using a black Magic Marker, he labeled the barrels "Unknown 1" and "Unknown 2." The Robinson property was sealed and placed under guard.

The investigation was still top secret. However, a detective telephoned Steve Haymes at home that Saturday evening to confide that they had found bodies. He wanted Haymes to know before it hit

THEY HAD FOUND BODIES. HAYMES WAS STUNNED. "IT CONFIRMED WHAT I HAD ALWAYS BELIEVED, BUT THE MOVE FROM THEORY TO REALITY WAS CHILLING."

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the newspapers. Haymes was stunned. "It confirmed what I had always believed," he recalls, "but the move from theory to reality was chilling."

Early Saturday evening, as Detective Hughes was completing his search of the Robinson property, a pager beeped in the home of Mark Tracy, the deputy prosecuting attorney of Cass County, Missouri, a few miles across the state line. It was the county sheriff's communications center asking Tracy to telephone Johnson County D.A. Paul Morrison.

"Morrison himself, not just his office?" Tracy asked.

"Morrison himself."

Tracy felt a bit intimidated. Paul Morrison was a towering figure in Kansas City law-enforcement circles.

Tracy dialed the number and Morrison answered.

"I'm working a case," Morrison said. "It's kind of a big deal. I need your help to get a search warrant to look in a storage locker in your county.... I won't go into details, but you might want to alert your boss."

On Sunday morning Mark Tracy received a delegation from Morrison—his deputy Sara Welch and several detectives—at the Cass County prosecuting attorney's office. The affidavit they gave Tracy was the longest search-warrant affidavit he had ever seen. It indicated, among other things, that John Edward Robinson Sr. was believed to have killed several women; that he had used the Internet to lure them to Kansas for BDSM sex; that he maintained a locker thought to contain evidence at Stor-Mor-for-Less in Raymore, Missouri, a Kansas City suburb; and that he had paid for the locker with a company check so as to conceal it was his.

Back across the state line in Kansas that Sunday, at the medical examiner's office in Topeka, Donald Pojman, M.D., the deputy coroner, a bespectacled man with black hair, mustache, and beard, removed the body from the barrel marked "Unknown 1." Across the face he found a large swatch of cloth secured by a rope around the head, possibly a blindfold. The hair was tied in an 18-inch ponytail. There were several rings on the body—one on a little finger, one on a ring finger, one through piercings in each nipple, and five rings through piercings in and around the genitalia.

Dr. Pojman determined that the woman had received a massive blow, probably with a large hammer, to the left side of the head between the forehead and the temple. The skull was fractured and a circular section of it was actually driven into

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the brain. The woman could have died from any one of three causes: bleeding, damage to the brain tissue, or swelling of the brain following the blow. There was no sign that she had had an opportunity to defend herself. Dr. Pojman estimated that she had been dead anywhere from a few months to a year.

Unknown 2 also had died from a blow to the left side of the head that had fractured her skull. In fact, there appeared to have been two blows, overlapping, forming an oval indentation. The left side of her jaw also had been fractured. Again, there was no sign that she had been able to defend herself.

A CIRCULAR SECTION OF THE SKULL WAS DRIVEN INTO THE BRAIN. THERE WAS NO SIGN THAT SHE HAD HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO DEFEND HERSELF.

It was late Sunday night when Dr. Pojman finished. Forensic odontologists would attempt to identify the bodies with dental records the next day.

Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Mark Tracy of Cass County served the search warrant at Stor-Mor-for-Less in Raymore at eight A.M. Monday. It was much colder than normal for early June, and no one was dressed for it. Tracy led the Kansas task-force detectives to John Robinson's locker, E-2, and opened it. It was 10 by 20 feet, even bigger than the locker in Olathe, and filled with clutter. The shivering detectives began gingerly removing the contents and either inventorying items as potential evidence or putting them aside.

After 40 minutes, Tracy could make out what appeared to be three barrels in the shadows at the back of the locker. He also began to smell the unmistakable odor of rotting flesh.

Tracy halted the search and called his boss, Cass County prosecuting attorney Chris Koster, who was in his car en route to the Kansas City airport to catch a flight to Florida on another case. Tracy had been briefing Koster by phone since Paul Morrison's call on Saturday, but it had not appeared until now that bodies would be found in the Missouri storage locker.

"There are barrels and there are going to be bodies in them," Tracy told Koster. "You've got to come back."

Koster canceled his trip and was at Stor-Mor within the hour. There was an intense discussion of whether Kansas or Missouri authorities would control the investigation from then on. Koster and Tracy determined that the likely presence of bodies on Missouri soil meant the case was no longer just a search for evidence related to Kansas homicides. Missouri would control the crime scene. Koster summoned a team from the Kansas City crime lab's major-case squad. Its leader looked the scene over and said, "Has anybody ordered food? It's going to be a long day."

As it happened, a police van loaded with pizza, soft drinks, and coffee was already there as the investigators resumed their slow work. It was afternoon before they had emptied the locker of everything but the barrels, which were made of metal and had been wrapped in clear plastic. Sealed with gray duct tape, they were sitting on piles of kitty litter, which apparently had been intended to minimize the odor.

A crime-lab technician opened one of the barrels. The first things he saw were a light-brown sheet, a pair of glasses, and a shoe. He removed the sheet and then grasped the shoe, only to find that it was attached to a human leg. It was decided to reseal the barrel and take all three containers to the Kansas City medical examiner's office. One of the barrels was leaking fluid, and it was feared that their bottoms might have corroded and would give way when lifted. A police officer was sent to a nearby Wal-Mart to purchase three plastic children's wading pools. They were slipped under the barrels before they were placed aboard the crime-lab van.

Thomas W. Young, M.D., the chief Kansas City medical examiner, a veteran of 3,800 autopsies, opened the barrels. Chris Koster and Mark Tracy watched from behind two panes of glass. "When they opened those barrels . . . ," Tracy told me later. "I've been around homicide scenes before, and I've smelled pretty old, decayed bodies, but they'd been exposed to the open air. These had been in barrels. And, *man,* it was an extraordinarily strong smell and very uncomfortable."

Each barrel contained the severely decomposed body of a female who had been beaten to death, probably with a large hammer. They obviously had been dead for several years. The first body was fully clothed. On the second body was a T-shirt reading, CALIFORNIA STATE OF MIND. In the mouth was a denture broken in half. The third was the body of a teenager wearing green pants and a silver beret. There were no defensive wounds; none of the victims had been able to defend herself.

Earlier that Monday, a forensic odontologist in Topeka had identified the two bodies found on Robinson's property in Kansas as Suzette Trouten and Izabel Lewicka. Later in the week, a Missouri forensic odontologist identified two of the bodies found in Robinson's storage locker as Beverly Bonner, the former prison librarian, and Sheila Faith. Sheila's wheelchair-bound daughter, Debbie, was identified with a skeletal X-ray.

Johnson County district attorney Paul Morrison and Cass County prosecuting attorney Chris Koster charged John Robinson with the murder of all five, as well as of Lisa Stasi, who has been missing since 1985 and whose body has not been recovered. (Her daughter, Tiffany, now 16 and named Heather, still lives with Don and Helen Robinson. DNA tests recently proved that Carl Stasi is her biological father. She is aware of the current investigation into John Robinson's past.) Both Morrison and Koster will seek the death penalty.

In the face of the evidence against him, Robinson, at a March hearing, "stood silent," and Judge John Anderson III, son of a former Kansas governor, entered a not-guilty plea on his behalf. Asked by *Vanity Fair* for a response to any or all charges against Robinson dating back to the 1960s, his lawyer Ronald F. Evans, chief attorney of the Kansas Death Penalty Defense Unit, said he had no comment.

As for Paula Godfrey and Catherine Clampitt, also missing since the 80s, authorities are still investigating their disappearances and haven't charged Robinson in those cases. He was placed in solitary confinement in the Johnson County jail. No trial date has been set.

A few days after Robinson's arrest, a spokesman for his family issued a written statement defending him: "We have never seen any behavior that would have led us to believe that anything we are now hearing could be possible. . . . While we do not discount the information that has and continues to come to light, we do not know the person whom we have read and heard about on T.V. . . . [John Robinson is a] loving and caring husband and father. . . . We wait with each of you for the cloud of allegations and innuendo to clear, revealing, at last, the facts." □

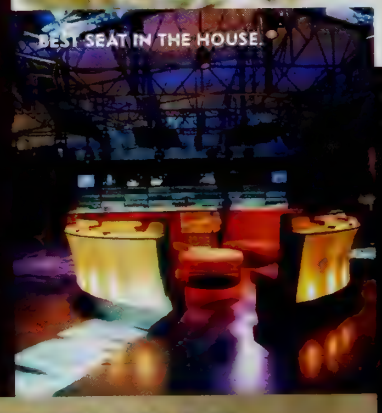

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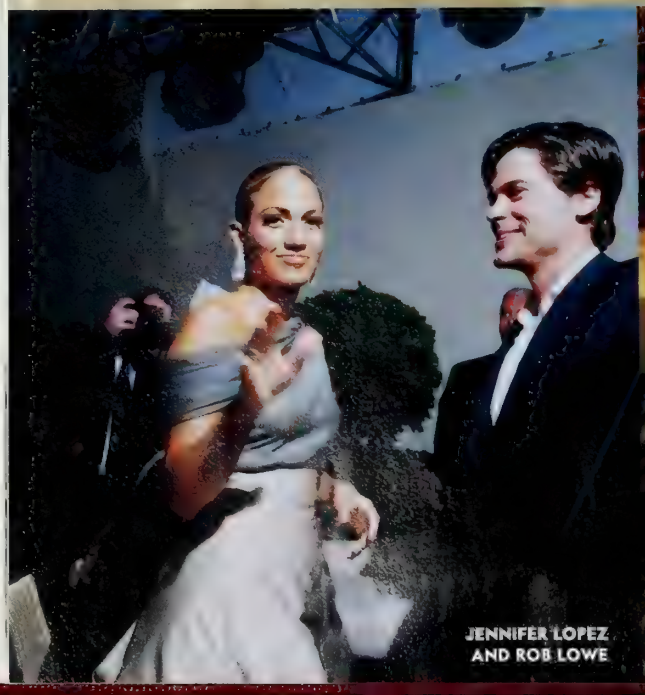
BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE.

SOME DRAMATIC EVENING

After that golden statuette, the most coveted object on Oscar night is an invitation to the *Vanity Fair* party. This year's revels had the usual quota—and unusual mix—of power, glamour, and drama.
Photographed by Jonathan Becker, Alan Berliner, Larry Fink, Patrick McMullan, Herb Ritts, and Richard Young



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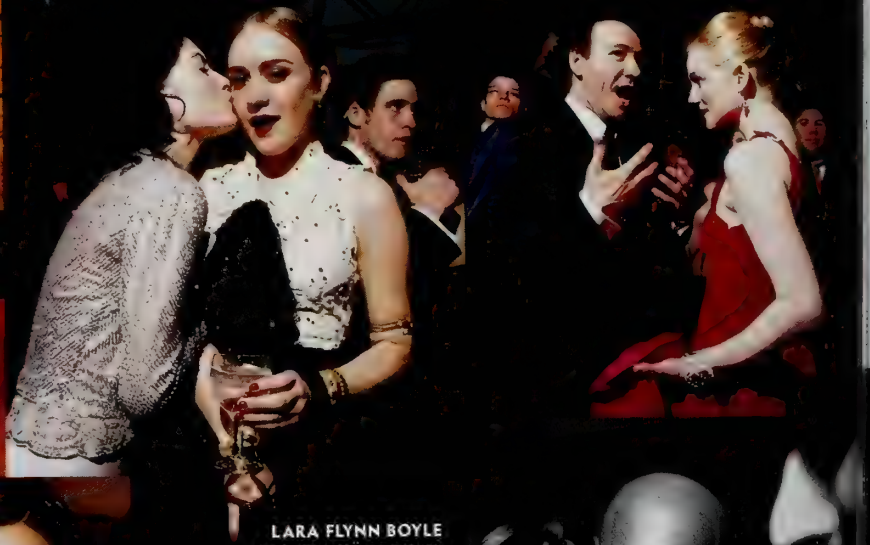
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OSCAR NIGHT



INSIDE THE V.F. TENT.



LARA FLYNN BOYLE AND CHLOË SEVIGNY



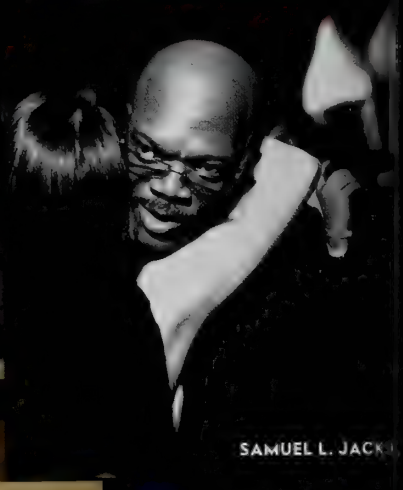
CALISTA FLOCKHART



JOAQUIN PHOENIX



JAMES TRUMAN AND LEE RADZIWILL



SAMUEL L. JACK

For the past few years, the press has hailed the Vanity Fair Hollywood party as the place to be. It's the only party in town! And after eight years they're still true. The evening started early enough with a 150-person seated dinner at Mortons that included the industry's top brass—from Barry Diller, David Geffen, Sumner Redstone, and Jeffrey Katzenberg to Raquel Welch, Anthony Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs Michael Douglas, and Warren Beatty and Annette Bening. By around 10, the rest of Hollywood, ready to create some drama, began streaming into the 7,500-square-foot tent, designed by architect Basil Walter. As usual, the faces were a mixed-up trip in Fabulosity. Where else are you going to find Betsy Bloomingdale chatting with Björk? This year, D.J. Fatboy Slim alternated sets with the Cuban salsa ensemble Roberto Alvarez y Su Son, and while Whitney Houston and Bobby Brown danced, Laura Linney, Penélope Cruz, Marcia Gay Harden, and Angelina Jolie looked busy looking ravishing, thanks in part to the dramatic lighting dreamed up by Randy Woodroffe and Pete Barford. Elsewhere, Benjamin Bratt cleared the men's room for Oscar winner Julia Roberts, proving yet again that he's the hardest-working man in show business. Elizabeth Hurley and Pamela Anderson, arm in arm, flaunted their newfound friendship (and some other things). Oscar winner Benicio Del Toro was spied as the hottest guy since Matt 'n' Ben circa 1997. And in a year of A-list romantic splits, Jennifer Lopez, accompanied by her new boyfriend, dancer Cris Judd, did not disappoint those on Awkward Confrontation Watch when she ran into



JULIAN SCHNABEL



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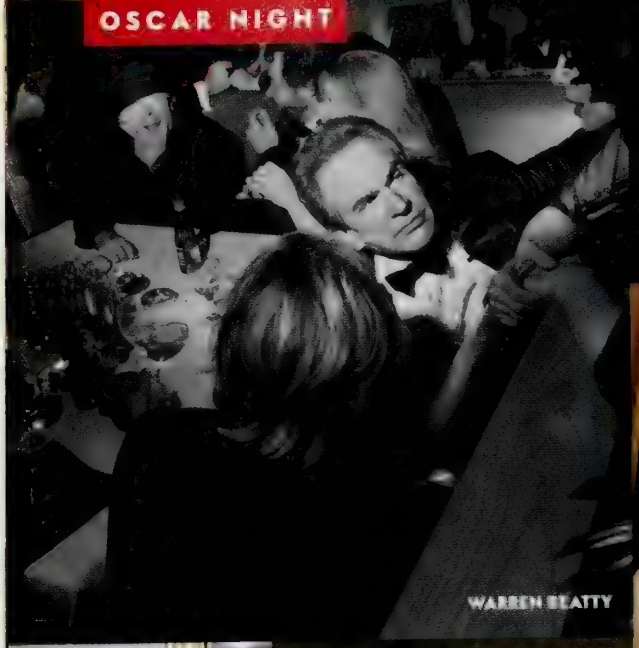
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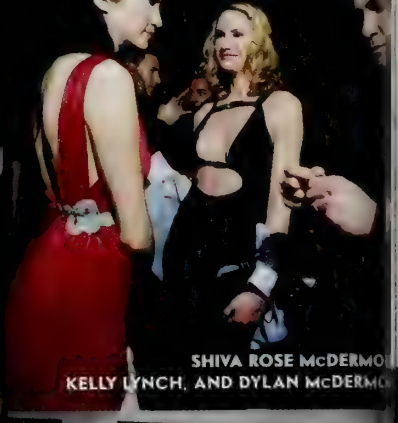
OSCAR NIGHT



WARREN BEATTY



AND EDDIE IZZARD



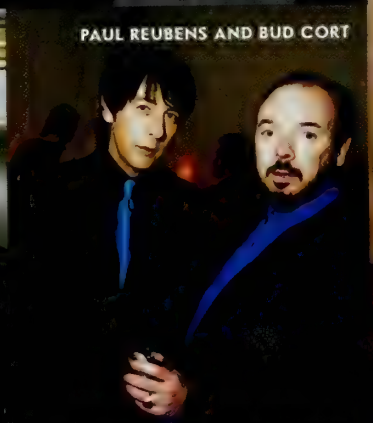
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KELLY LYNCH, AND DYLAN McDERMO



RITA WILSON AND TOM HANKS



ERNEST LEHMAN



PAUL REUBENS AND BUD CORT



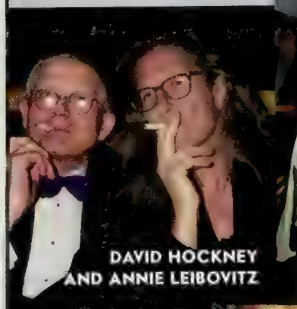
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LAURA LINNEY
AND RENEE ZELLWEGER



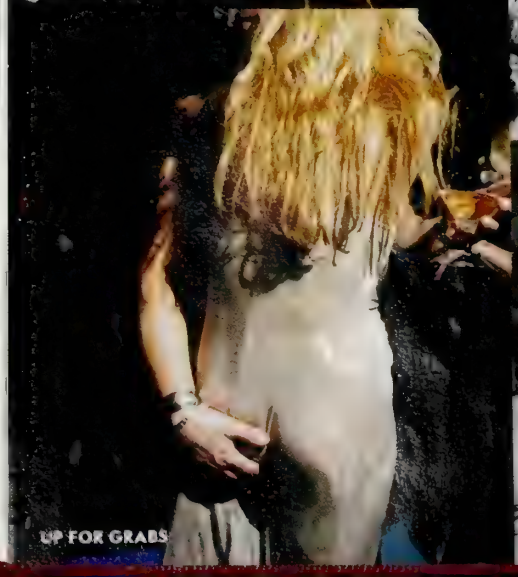
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DAVID HOCKNEY
AND ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



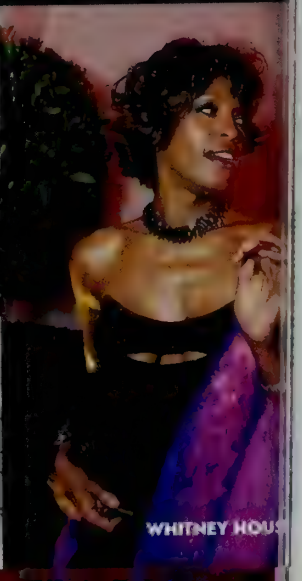
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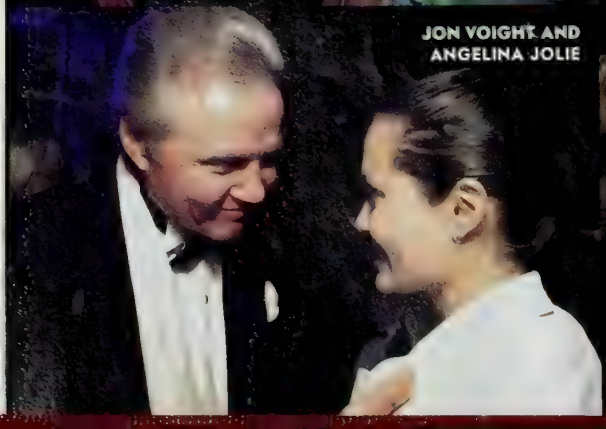
ANTHONY HOPKINS

LUCY LIU

TOM CRUISE



PAUL REUBENS, JOHN WATERS, LISA ROBINSON, BJÖRK, AND HER MOTHER, HILDUR HAUKSDÓTTIR.



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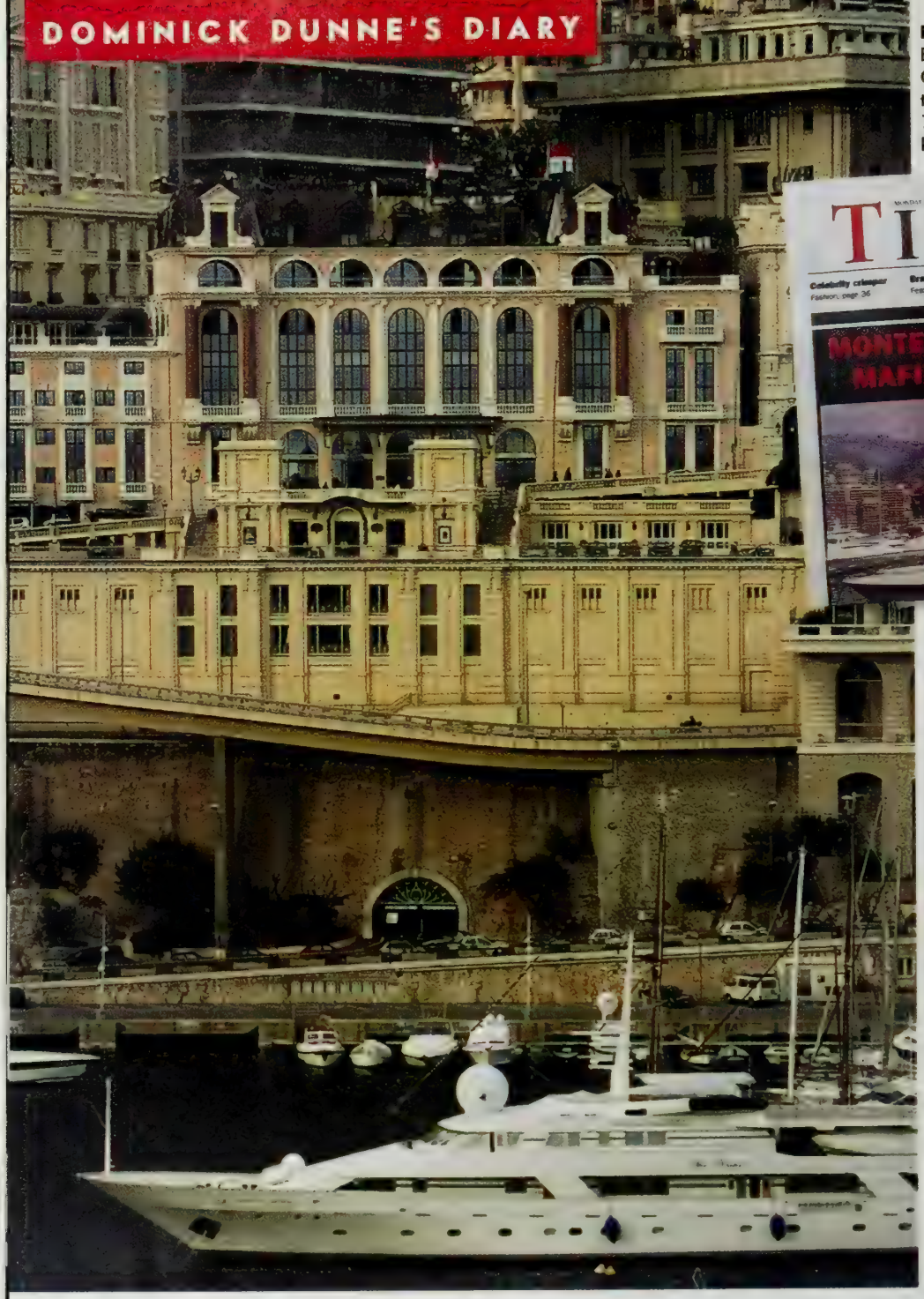


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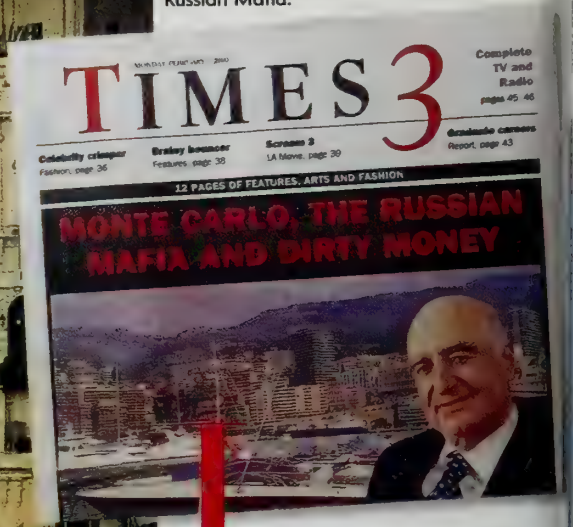
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FIRE INSPECTION
Edmond Safra's burned-out Monte Carlo penthouse the day after his death there in December 1999. *Inset*, a London *Times* article linking Safra to the Russian Mafia.



Invitations to Mystery

Between talking about cancer treatments with Michael Milken and Rudy Giuliani and jetting from Brooke Astor's 99th-birthday party in New York to L.A.'s Oscar whirl (where a surprise guest graced Barry Diller and Diane Von Furstenberg's A-list lunch), the author follows developments in the Safra and Skakel cases

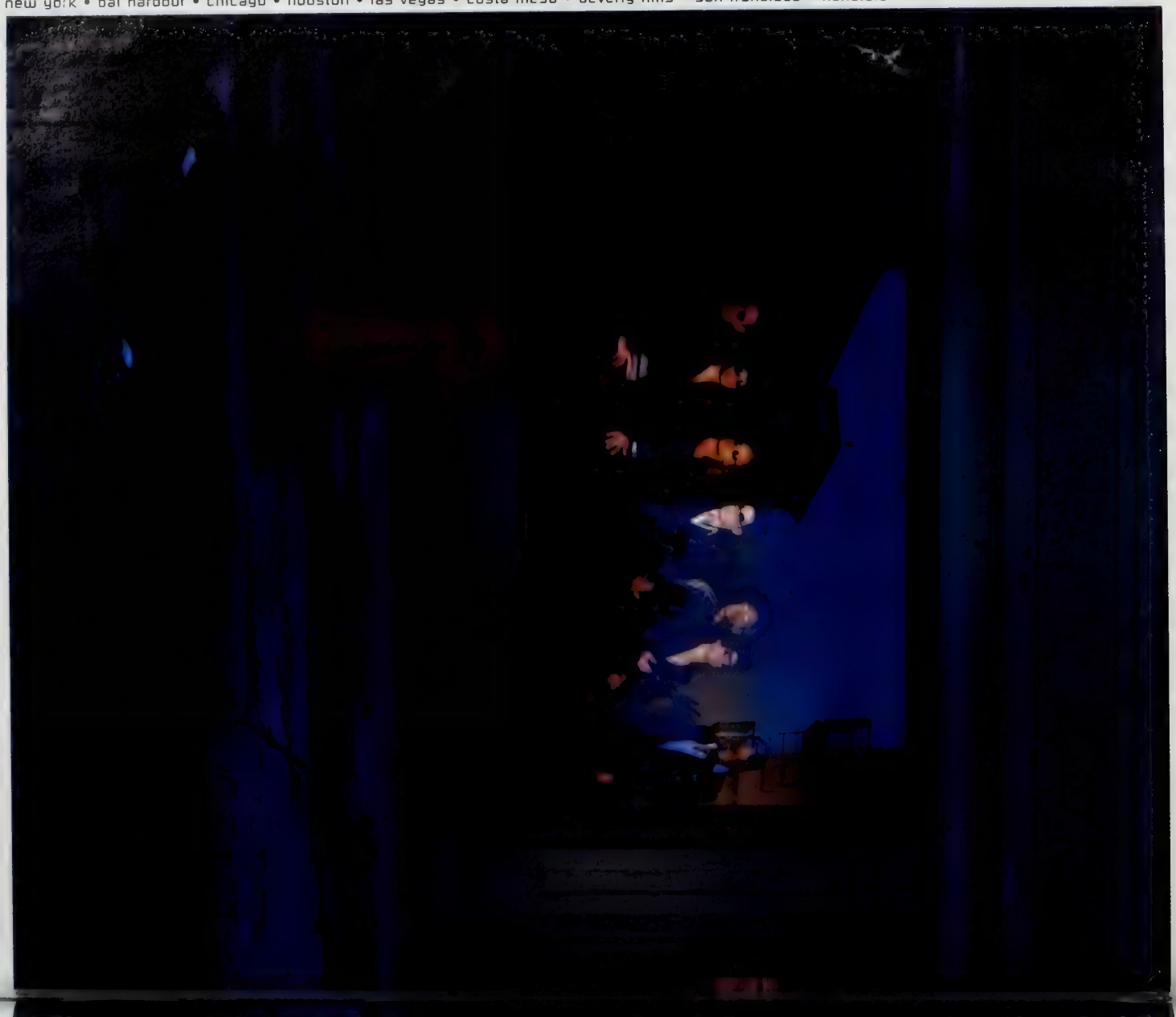
I was having lunch one Saturday at Le Cirque with a European diplomat of noble lineage, who had rung me up that morning after arriving in New York. We were not usual luncheon companions, but I was not surprised he had called once he got around to the subject that was on his mind, sometime after the soup course. I didn't take notes there in the restaurant, but I wrote down everything he said, minus the accent, when I got back to my apartment an hour later. Like so many Europeans who come to town these days, he wanted to talk about the mysterious death of Edmond Safra in a fire in Monaco on December 3, 1999, a topic of conversation that shows no signs of abating in social and financial circles. "The official story is ridiculous," my host declared, "absolutely ridiculous. Everyone is laughing at the story of how it happened." Then he lowered his voice and said, "Don't overlook the possibility of the Russian Mafia. There is $4.8 billion missing between Monaco and Moscow. A Russian lady I know in New York would like to talk to you. Are you interested?" Of course I was interested, I told him. The Russian lady and I are in communication.

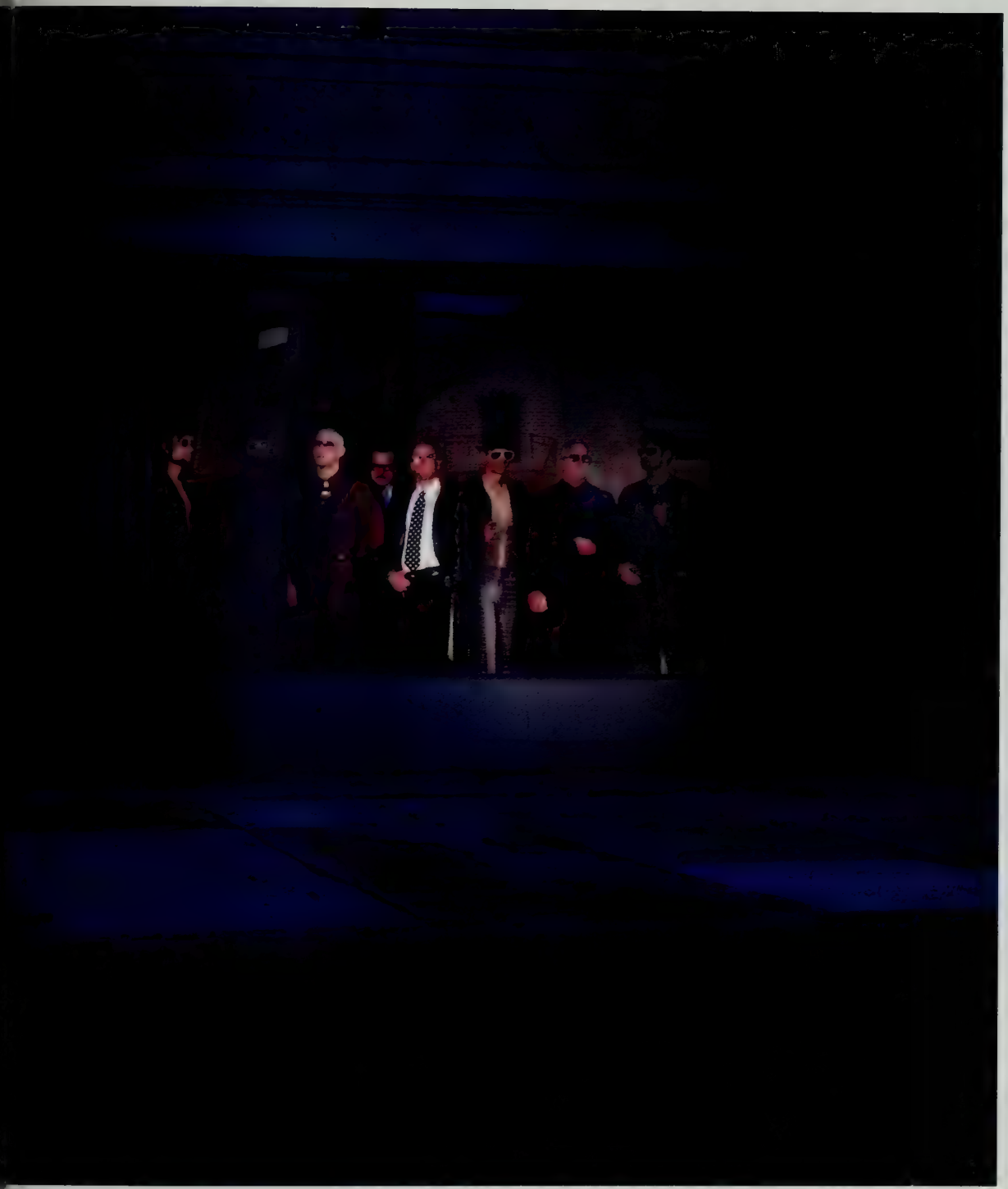
With no media fanfare whatsoever, a lawsuit has been filed in New York against Lily Safra and other members of the Safra Family Art Trust—including her daughter, Adrianna Elia, her lawyer, Marc Bonnant, and her closest Geneva friend, Anita Smaga, among others—by a company called Ninaca, S.A. It concludes: "Wherefore, Ninaca, S.A., demands judgment against defendants for $17,351,838.45 plus interest, costs and disbursements, and such other and further relief as the Court deems just and proper." There is a rumor out of Geneva that Edmond Safra's brothers and sister are filing lawsuits against



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his widow in every country where Safra had assets. A previous will, in which he had left money to his sister's children, was changed shortly before his death.

I have heard that a woman I know and like in Paris is very unhappy that I continue to report on the fascinating Safra case. She is only displaying the old Oh-let-go-of-it attitude the very rich seize on when one of their own becomes the subject of talk everywhere. If the Safra story turns out to be a really big one, like the Russian Mafia version suggested by the European diplomat who took me to lunch, we will probably never know the answer to the mystery of the billionaire financier's death. Meanwhile, 18 months later, Ted Maher, the American nurse who signed a confession in a language he couldn't speak, continues to stagnate in the Monaco prison, with two Monegasque lawyers to represent him and no date set for his trial. The utter indifference to this man's plight boggles the mind.

In the diary before last, I said I couldn't understand why Amnesty International hadn't gotten involved in Maher's case. Heidi Maher, Ted's loyal and devoted wife, had been working overtime, between her nursing duties and bringing up their three children without a father, to get the world organization to investigate the case. Then, like a bolt of lightning, an extraordinary man named Mike Griffith appeared in Heidi's life, and shortly thereafter in mine. Griffith is a lawyer, and he had heard about Ted Maher from Amnesty International. For years he has looked into cases of Americans who are in prison in foreign countries, and he offered to go to Monaco and interview Maher. Except for one visit from Heidi, consultations with his lawyers, George Blot and Donald Manasse (with whom I am not on good terms), a monthly visit by the U.S. consul after repeated pleas from Heidi, and weekly visits paid by Anglican priests in Monte Carlo to administer Communion, Maher has seen no one from the outside in the whole time he has been in the Monaco prison. One of the priests, the Reverend Fred Preston, known as Father Fred, who used to be a chaplain in the British air force, was able to see Ted without a guard present, but he never knew whether their conversations were being taped or not. He became quite convinced, he told Ted's family and me, that Ted was being used as a scapegoat. Since then Father Fred has been transferred back to England from Monte Carlo. I talked with him recently when he went to Stormville, New York, to meet with Heidi and to see Ted's children.

Mike Griffith is a very amusing character to hang out with. We share an affection for Henny Youngman jokes. Griffith first came to the public eye in the 1970s when he set out to help Billy Hayes, who had been thrown into a prison in Turkey on a drug charge and whose story was made into the 1978 movie *Midnight Express,* for which Oliver Stone received an Academy Award for best adapted screenplay. That's the first thing Griffith tells you about himself when he meets you, and he also gives you a video of his most notorious cases. His life could be the subject of a TV series. Both times we met and dined at Nirvana, an Indian restaurant on Central Park South that is a favorite of his, our meetings were reported the next day in Neal Travis's column in the *New York Post.* One of the headlines read, LOOK FOR SAFRA-SLAY BOMBSHELL. Griffith loves publicity, even phones items in, and he is very up-front about it. "Barbara Leary sends her love," he said to me one day, referring to the last wife of Timothy Leary, the LSD guru, whom I used to know in California. Another time he said, "China Machado sent her love," talking about the 60s model who later became a magazine editor.



"I'm outraged at Heidi's entrance in Monaco, when she went over after Safra's death," he told me at our first meeting. "They abducted her and her brother. They stole her passport and used it to coerce a confession out of her husband." The car sent by the Safra office to meet her and her brother in Nice was rerouted in Monaco, and they were taken to the police station instead of Princess Grace Hospital. Griffith said he was going to bring charges on Heidi's behalf.

"Ted was on a bummer the whole time," says Griffith.



NO END IN SIGHT
Ted Maher, *top,* photographed in the Monaco jail by lawyer Michael Griffith. *Above,* the scar from Maher's knife wound, which Monaco authorities claim was self-inflicted.

But in February he spent three days in Monaco, and they were not at all what he had expected they were going to be. He chose not to stay at a hotel in Monte Carlo, having been warned that his telephone would be bugged, which is a regular practice in Monaco. He stayed farther down the Moyenne Corniche, and he called me from there a couple of times. Members of the principality's legal establishment put their best foot forward in receiving the American lawyer recommended by Amnesty International. Blot and Manasse greeted him warmly. "In a country of only 26 lawyers, Blot stands out as the *grand patron,*" he told me. Griffith was taken to meet the magistrate Patricia Richet, who he had heard was a hard-liner, but she too turned out to be charm itself. He was allowed full access to the prison, which he described for me. "It's the Trump Tower of prisons. Ted is not being kept in hardship. He has a TV, an air conditioner, and a view. The day I was going through the prison, they were having avocado vinaigrette for lunch and pasta with some kind of sauce."

Then he gave me his impression of the trip. He said Americans in foreign prisons usually react to visits by an American lawyer in a very predictable way. "They stand up and cheer when the lawyer comes along, and they cry, and they hug the lawyer. Not Ted. He



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was on a bummer the whole time I was there." He saw Ted two hours the first day, a little more than two hours the second day, and six hours on the third and last day. Griffith, who is very genial, said Maher never smiled once. "He looked down at the floor. His body was taut." He was reluctant to discuss his case, and he insisted that the room where they were meeting was bugged. Griffith told him he sincerely doubted that Monaco would tape a room where an American lawyer was meeting with his client, but Ted was not convinced. Griffith told Maher he wanted to know two things. He wanted to know if there really were two intruders in the building on the night of Safra's death, which Ted had originally claimed and which the prosecutor had subsequently declared was not true. He also wanted to know if the knife wound in Maher's stomach—which has left a nasty scar—was self-inflicted, as the authorities claim. Griffith returned to New York without an answer to either of those questions.

There is an interesting little subplot to this story, which concerns Judge Patricia Richet, who was so helpful and charming to Mike Griffith. According to the prison gossip, which Ted repeated to Heidi on one of their regular Sunday telephone calls, Richet, in a fit of rage, had physically attacked another judge, Jean Christophe Hullin, who had to be hospitalized for a week because of injuries. All Ted's calls to Heidi are taped, and she says as punishment for passing on the gossip about the judges he has lost all his mail privileges. He no longer receives letters, magazines, or packages. His new Anglican minister, Father Peter Ball, who replaced Father Fred, has sent Heidi E-mails informing her that the story of the judge's beating up another judge is "a prison rumor, totally without foundation." He also said, "Ted has asked that you stick to family matters when you phone him, as he must not comment on the case. He would much rather use the precious moments to talk with you and the family." Heidi doesn't believe that for a minute. She's sure she knows what Ted wants to talk about. She says the family misses Father Fred.

Why was the Safra-rescue operation so incompetent?

One of the treasures that Griffith brought back from Monaco was an English translation of the previously unpublished fire report, which was ordered by Judge Richet, and which describes the situation on the morning of Edmond Safra's death. It is utterly fascinating. It reveals the greatest display of ineptitude on the part of firemen and policemen that I have ever read about. The firefighters were unable to enter the apartment for two hours following the initial alarm, and during that time Safra and his nurse Vivian Torrente choked to death on smoke. Offers to help made by the Safras' butler and their chief of security—each of whom had keys to the apartment—were rejected, and at one point the police seized the chief of security, the man who could have opened the door to the bathroom in which the victims were locked, and handcuffed him. Clearly, no one was in charge, and no one ever took charge. My head spins when I think about it. Why was the rescue operation so incompetent from start to finish?

An Italian friend of mine who lives in Paris went to Los Angeles for the Academy Awards and took a side trip to San Diego, where he got the most wonderful underwater massage from a Russian lady named Tanya Popoff, who is famed for her skill. I met my friend that evening at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he described the experience to me and said that he and the masseuse had had quite a chat. She showed him a well-worn copy of the *Vanity Fair* issue with my article on the death of Edmond Safra in it, and told him that she had been Safra's masseuse for 18 years. She had traveled with him and his wife. Although she adored Safra, she had quit and moved to San Diego about a year before he died. My friend, Jean Piero Dotti by name, who is an international social figure and a former brother-in-law of Audrey Hepburn, told the masseuse that he was a friend of the man who had written the article, and that he was going to have drinks with him that very evening. She told him she wanted to meet me.

Later she and I talked on the telephone. "Oh, God, I knew so many of the people in your story. I danced with Ahmet Ertegun at Joseph Safra's wedding," she said. "Edmond was an angel of a man, a gentleman's gentleman. It was his worst fear, the way he died. I could understand Edmond not being able to do anything. He was so frightened. But why didn't the nurse who was with him in the bathroom open the door?" Plans are in the works for us to get together. I'm going to be in California working on a story about my old friend Aaron Spelling, whom I first knew in Hollywood back in the late 50s, when he was poor, working as an extra and doing one-line parts on *Playhouse 90*. Now he's one of the richest guys in town and lives in the biggest house.

A great friend of mine from other parts has recently settled into her apartment in Monte Carlo, where she'll stay for several months before moving on again with the change of seasons. From her windows she can see the infamous unoccupied penthouse where Edmond Safra died. A few weeks ago she called me to report, "Here everything is taboo about the subject. Nobody talks about it. Everyone is afraid to talk about it."

People do speak, though, of the beauty of Lily Safra's new house on Eaton Square in London, and someone close to Lily suggested to me over lunch at the Four Seasons that I sit down with her and chat. My two previous attempts to do that were canceled by her lawyers, once after I had traveled to Paris to meet with her. To my lunch companion, I said sure, I'd do it, but not with any lawyers present, or any P.R. people. That was the last I heard.

About 40 years ago, when I was under contract to Twentieth Century Fox Studios, in the dying days of the old studio system, there were contract players. One of them I remember so well. Her name was Dolores Hart. Her films are not memorable, but people felt that she had the potential to do big things one day. A couple of times, outside the studio, I saw her at the house of the Gary Coopers. The Coopers' daughter, Maria, and Dolores Hart were best friends, and Maria was the godmother of my daughter. Then Dolores did the most extraordinary thing an actress could do: she discovered she had a religious vocation, kissed Hollywood good-bye, and became a nun. Maria Cooper Janis and I are friends of many years, and Maria often talked about her old friend, who was Sister Dolores until she became Mother Dolores. She lives at the Abbey of Regina Laudis in Bethlehem, Connecticut. It turns out that Mother Dolores and I are receiving treatments for different maladies at the same hospital on the Upper East Side. That's where Maria arranged for us to meet up again after all these years. Today every woman I know has had a face-lift—or, as they say, work done—with good and bad results. No such problems for Mother Dolores. Serenity has done more for her than surgery could ever have done. She was in a full nun's habit, black veil and white wimple, and she reminded me of the nuns who taught me in parochial school when I was a young boy. We sat in her doctor's office and talked about Hollywood: *Do you remember the night . . . ? Do you ever hear from Don Robinson?* Then we talked about God. That's not the sort of conversation I get to have very often in the life that I lead, although it was the second time that week that I had talked about Him. She gave me



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a CD called *Women in Chant: Recordáre,* with sacred songs performed by the choir of Benedictine nuns at the abbey, interspersed with meditations by Mother Dolores. When I left, I asked, "Is it O.K. to kiss you on the cheek?" She said sure.

On several occasions I have criticized Judge Maureen Dennis of Stamford, Connecticut, for taking much too long to decide whether Michael Skakel, who stands accused of murdering Martha Moxley in 1975, would be tried as a juvenile or an adult. I was criticized in turn by at least one furious defender of Judge Dennis's, who wrote this magazine a scathing letter saying I had no understanding of the legal process. Ultimately, on January 31, Judge Dennis did decide, quite correctly, that Skakel would be tried as an adult. After a probable-cause hearing in Stamford in mid-April, another judge ruled that there was enough evidence to proceed to trial. An attempt by the prosecution to move the trial from Stamford to Bridgeport, which has a less affluent jury pool, had been nixed, so the trial will be held in Stamford. On the night of Skakel's arraignment as an adult, Mickey Sherman, Skakel's attorney, and I were on Catherine Crier's show on Court TV. It amazed me that Skakel had made no attempt to lose weight and get himself in shape for the ordeal ahead. I brought up the fact that Skakel's wife, Margo, had left him with the trial pending, taking their two-and-a-half-year-old child with her, and that, according to the tabloids, she was threatening to write a tell-all book about their marriage. I said I didn't think her departure had cast too good a light on her defendant husband before his trial for murder. Sherman, dauntless as always, said it didn't mean a thing. He said Margo had called Michael the morning before the arraignment began to wish him luck. Nothing makes a dent in Sherman's determination that Skakel is innocent. "I'm going to win this case. You can bet the ranch on it," he E-mailed a mutual friend of ours in California.





ACCUSED AND REFORMED
Top, Michael Skakel at his arraignment as an adult. *Above,* Michael Milken, who has given millions to prostate-cancer research.

However, bad publicity linked to Michael Skakel continues to appear in the *New York Post,* the *Daily News,* and *The New York Times.* In 1978, three years after Martha Moxley's death, according to a sworn affidavit, Skakel, in the wake of a fight with his father, pulled a knife on the family's gardener-chauffeur, who was driving him into New York for an appointment with his psychotherapist, and said, "Shut up and drive or I'll stab you." On the way home, he bolted out of the car and began climbing onto the Triborough Bridge in an effort to jump off it. The driver pulled him down and put him back in the car, at which point Skakel climbed out of the other side of the car and ran to the other side of the bridge. Again he was stopped. That day Skakel told the chauffeur he had done a bad thing. The surprise in all this is not that Michael Skakel was an unhappy, unstable, self-confessed alcoholic. That much has been known. What is a surprise is that the Greenwich police knew this story all those years ago. They also knew way back then that he had allegedly confessed about the murder to other students at the Elan School in Maine, the elite reform school where his father sent him for several years.

One night I was sitting next to Barbara Walters at dinner at the house of friends. Aware of my health problems, Barbara said to me suddenly, "Are you all right?" I said, "No, I'm not. I'm in terrible pain and am going home as soon as we get up." She answered, "I'm having lunch with Mike Milken tomorrow. Do you want to come along?" You bet I wanted to go along. Michael Milken is the junk-bond king whom Rudolph Giuliani, when he was the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, helped put behind bars in 1991. Milken served 22 months at a minimum-security prison in Pleasanton, California, where he was an exemplary inmate, and paid more than $1 billion in fines and penalties. Shortly after his release from prison, he discovered he had prostate cancer. At that time surgery was the principal option for treatment. Milken has since spent millions of his own fortune on the study of prostate cancer. One doctor told me his support had advanced the study of the disease by 40 years.

I had met Milken in Los Angeles soon after he got out of prison, at the home of the late Dawn Steel, the producer and former president of Columbia Pictures, when I was covering the O. J. Simpson trial. I could tell he didn't remember me when Barbara introduced us, so his interest in my case had nothing to do with a former acquaintance. I told him my story. I said that I had been over-radiated, and that my bladder had been badly burned. The next morning I was scheduled to go to the hospital to have a cystoscopy, an unpleasant procedure in which a camera is put up your penis, so that my bladder could be examined, and I was not looking forward to it. At 7:30 A.M. my telephone rang. It was Mike Milken. He told me to ask my doctor three things, none of which would ever have occurred to me to ask him. He also suggested that I get a second opinion from a doctor at another hospital, which I did. Later he recommended that I go to a cancer nutritionist, which I also did. Since then he has had other doctors from other cities call me. I am simply overwhelmed by this man's kindness.

All of this was going on at the time President Clinton's pardons were being hotly debated. The story of Marc Rich's unpopular pardon was front-page news everywhere. Milken, on the other hand, did not receive a presidential pardon, in spite of having paid his fine, served his jail time, and sponsored good works. I was told that some very powerful people in the financial community had let it be known that it would be inappropriate to pardon

In 1978, Skakel reportedly pulled a knife on their chauffeur.

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him. Nevertheless, I felt he had atoned, and one day on the phone I said to him, "I think it's terrible that you didn't get a pardon, Mike." His answer was so graceful, entirely without bitterness or a single crack about Marc Rich. He said that when he was told that he had cancer, he thought he was going to die. Instead, he had gotten all these extra years to watch his children grow. He had learned everything there was to learn about his disease and put his money there. I thought to myself, This guy's got class. Later, I began to think it was probably a good thing he hadn't gotten a pardon. Considering some of the people who did get them, I felt that wasn't a group for him to be bunched with. He's true-blue.

I had another amazing surprise one day when I answered my phone and discovered that Mayor Giuliani, Michael Milken's old nemesis, was on the other end. I had written about him in this diary to say I thought he had handled his prostate cancer in a very public and helpful way that I admired enormously. He was calling now to talk about our cases. He told me he had also had terrible pain from his radiation. He asked me if I had had depression. I said yes. So had he. He said it was from the radiation. He said that he'd been off it for two and a half months, and that his body was just getting back to normal. He asked me to come down to city hall anytime to talk, but I haven't taken him up on that. He's busy enough. I can't forget how nice he was, though, and if he could run, I'd vote for him. He even asked me if it hurt to urinate. I said yes. Ditto for him, in case you wanted to know.



Nancy Reagan appeared at the top of a hill, dressed in red.



PARTYING SHOTS
Top, Carolina Herrera, Lee Radziwell, Bob Colacello, Sherry Lansing, and Nancy Reagan cluster at Barry Diller and Diane Von Furstenberg's party. *Above,* Taki Theodoracopulos, Carolina Herrera, and Dominick Dunne celebrate Ahmet and Mica Ertegun's 40th wedding anniversary.

Longevity is being honored these days in high-class circles in New York and Los Angeles. I had the good fortune to go to Brooke Astor's 99th-birthday party, which was given in grand style by Barbara Walters. On the slim chance that you've never heard of Mrs. Astor, New York's most popular lady, she has overseen the vast fortune she inherited from Vincent Astor with grace, style, and panache, distributing it to various New York charities and providing necessities for people less fortunate than she. It was a small group—one table, as they say here in New York to indicate size—and the ladies dressed up for the occasion, several having visited the vault that afternoon for the family valuables. No one was more glittering in diamonds and emeralds than the guest of honor herself. Pete Peterson, the head of the Blackstone Group, gave a saucy toast to the grande dame, and the grande dame responded in a saucy fashion. How fabulous to still be truckin' at 99!

A second celebratory occasion occurred a week later, when the Henry Kissingers, the Oscar de la Rentas, and the Julio Mario Santo Domingos took over the St. Regis Roof for a dinner dance in honor of Ahmet and Mica Ertegun's 40th wedding anniversary, and invited friends from London, Paris, Istanbul, and Los Angeles. Ahmet, a beloved New York character whose father was a Turkish ambassador to the United States, has been a leading figure in the music world for half a century, and his beautiful Romanian wife, Mica, is one of the premier interior decorators here and abroad. They're one of those couples who make things happen for their friends, and they have more friends from disparate groups than any other people I know. I hate reading guest lists, but I will squeal and say that Mick Jagger was there. Back in the 60s, the Erteguns gave one of the great parties of the decade, also at the St. Regis Roof, for Jagger's 30th birthday. A lot of the guests at the recent party, like me, had also attended that one, at which Count Basie's band and Muddy Waters performed. God, how we've all changed! Just to show how the social world overlaps with the stories I write, Mica Ertegun used to be the interior decorator for the residences and offices of Edmond and Lily Safra, before she was engaged to decorate the equally grand houses of Joseph Safra, Edmond's brother. Everyone knows that relations between Lily Safra and her brother-in-law Joseph have not been amicable for a number of years. The decorator Howard Slatkin now presides over Lily's interiors. You might call Mica "tight lips." I could never get a word out of her on that subject.

But back to longevity, a theme I like. Out in Hollywood, during the fever-pitched Academy Awards week, Barry Diller, the show-business mogul, and his recent bride, Princess Diane Von Furstenberg, gave an outdoor lunch party the day before the Oscars which brought out a stellar-looking crowd of beauties and celebrities, all lounging elegantly on the sumptuous grounds. Even sophisticates get starstruck from time to time. Such a moment arose with the unexpected, very late arrival of Nancy Reagan, who rarely ventures forth these days from her reclusive existence as President Reagan's prime caregiver. She appeared at the top of a hill, dressed in red, hesitant as she surveyed the scene below. A hundred people turned to look up at her. Warren Beatty bounded up the hill to greet her, as did Barry and Diane, and soon everyone else. Not even the simultaneous arrival of Sean "Puffy" Combs, fresh from his Johnnie Cochran–orchestrated acquittal on gun and bribery charges and surrounded by an entourage, could draw attention away from the highly venerated former First Lady. □



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WILD THING Lauren Hutton, who grew up as a self-described "swamp skunk," in Miami with two baby alligators, March 9, 2001.

LAUREN HUTTON'S CRASH LANDING

First Lauren Hutton discovered her longtime lover had lost her life savings and married another woman. Then she shattered her body in a near-fatal motorcycle accident. So why is America's first supermodel still smiling?

BY LESLIE BENNETTS

PORTRAITS BY SANTE D'ORAZIO

Lizards skitter along low stone walls and alligators drowse in the sun as Lauren Hutton hobbles along the path, discoursing animatedly on different types of palms. "Those tall, skinny guys are from the Solomon Islands," she says, pointing to a cluster of improbably elongated trees. "And the ones over there with trunks that look like cement—they're Bailey Palms from Cuba. Oooh, look—jade vines! I've only seen these in Jamaica!"

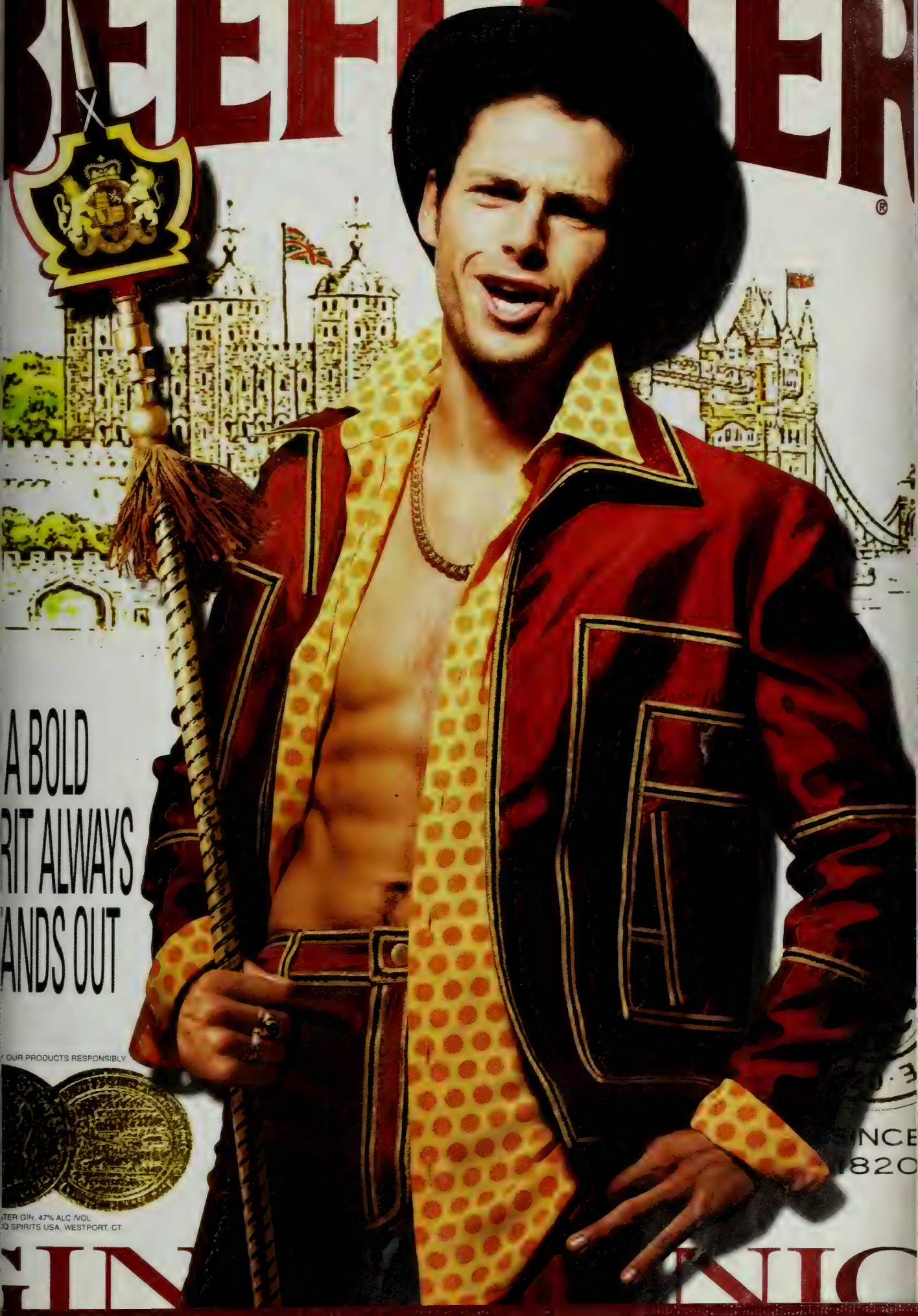
She picks up a handful of fallen jade flowers, succulent boomerang-shaped oddities which are an eerily luminous aquamarine. Hooking one into each ear and another in her nose, she flashes a triumphant smile, looking like an African princess freshly adorned for a tribal celebration. That gap-toothed grin is famous all over the world, and two middle-aged women sauntering by suddenly realize who she is—not a difficult assignment, since Hutton has appeared on more than two dozen *Vogue* covers and in upwards of 50 movies.

"It's wonderful to see you looking so well, after all you've been through," says one. "We hope you're feeling better," adds the other.

The world's first supermodel thanks them graciously and moves on, leaving the flowers in her nose and ears as a child would. Although Hutton has spent half her life roaming the globe to seek out exotic places, today's foray into Miami's Fairchild Tropical Garden is about as close as she will get to the African bush or an Amazon rain forest for the moment. While the garden—a favorite haunt since Hutton was a two-year-old growing up in Florida—contains an impressive array of plant life from all over the world, its lush, well-manicured acres provide only a nostalgic reminder of the wild places where she prefers to spend her time.

But she is in no shape for arduous travel right now, when a short stroll down a garden path requires an orthopedic cane, a great deal of willpower, and a determined effort to ignore the burning pain in her shattered body. Her right leg, broken into pieces—with a section of the tibia pul-

PHOTOGRAPH BY SANTE D'ORAZIO FOR CONTACT PRESS IMAGES, LA


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verized so badly it simply turned to powder—is now held together by titanium rods and screws. Hutton's shin is polka-dotted with electrodes whose wires run into the $8,000 bio-electron stimulator attached to her belt like a beeper. The constant electrical impulses it sends coursing through her leg are supposed to foster bone growth, which is proceeding well enough that Hutton plans to get another one for her right arm, which also suffered compound fractures and is held together with metal. Both the arm and the leg are sliced by long scars that look like zippers.

The lacerations on her forehead have healed nicely, however, leaving little trace of the bloody wounds that so alarmed Hutton's friend Jeremy Irons that, even as she lay near death, he demanded the services of a top-notch plastic surgeon to sew her up. The broken ribs and sternum have mended, the punctured lung is working well, and altogether Hutton is in surprisingly good shape for someone who crashed her motorcycle at more than 100 miles an hour, flew 20 feet up into the air, and then hit the ground like a bomb. She was riding in a motorcycle rally near Las Vegas with her regular group of biking pals—Irons, Dennis Hopper, Laurence Fishburne, and Thomas Krens, the director of the Guggenheim Foundation. By the time they got to her she had stopped breathing. Her face had been dragged along the desert ground for 170 feet, and despite the protective visor Irons had insisted she wear that day, her nose and mouth were completely filled with rocks and dirt. If a medic on the scene hadn't acted instantly to unscrew her visor and clear her air passages, Hutton would be dead. As it was, she underwent an eight-hour operation to stitch her body back together and then remained semi-comatose for days, leaving her friends to worry about permanent brain damage. "I was drooling," Hutton reports cheerfully.

That was only five months ago—but today, even under the merciless glare of a brilliant South Florida sun, she is radiant. At 57, she looks like a woman in her 30s. Tanned to a creamy brown after weeks of lying in a hammock on St. Barts, where she spent the first phase of her recuperation, her face is devoid of wrinkles and even her neck is taut and firm, with nary a sag or a bag in sight. Her deep-set eyes are the color of the Caribbean on a flawless day. Last night we went to a dinner party in Coconut Grove honoring the artist Ed Ruscha, a close friend and the subject of a retrospective exhibition at the Miami Art Museum. Hutton wore no makeup and didn't even comb her caramel-colored hair, which she wears in a wild sun-streaked tangle that looks as if she just came in from the beach. Dressed in white linen shorts and sandals, with a rattan backpack woven by a Malaysian hill tribe as her purse, she still managed to outshine every carefully made-up and expensively dressed woman in the room. "She's 57?" exclaimed the handsome 30-ish doctor who sat next to Hutton at dinner, sounding as shocked as if he had just been informed that she was an extraterrestrial. "She can't be 57!"

Hutton's current glow is even more startling when you consider the other traumas she's endured recently. As terrible as it was, the motorcycle accident damaged only her body, which remains slender and lithe after nearly 40 years of modeling. Before that, however, she had sustained a series of emotional blows that plunged her into a paralyzed depression leavened only by homicidal anger. Since the man Hutton wanted to kill was already deceased, she was left with impotent rage and a grief that seemed insupportable. "I was a murderess for a while," she acknowledges. "I was in serious trouble."

For what Hutton had suffered was not only the loss of the most important person in her life, but also the disappearance of the fortune she had accumulated over her entire working career. Worse still were the kind of shocking revelations that call one's whole history into question. Nearly four years later, she is left with more puzzles than answers, still struggling to accept the fact that











THE FIRST SUPERMODEL *Clockwise from top left:* a Lauren Hutton *Vogue* cover, 1968; in the pool for a 1977 fashion shoot; with Warren Beatty at the opening of a Richard Avedon show, New York, 1975; with photographer Peter Beard, left, and Rudolf Nureyev at a Beard exhibition, New York, 1975; Hutton and Bob Williamson at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, circa 1984.

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the love of her life will never explain the betrayal that nearly destroyed her.

So why does Lauren Hutton seem almost euphoric?

A big storm has passed through South Beach, leaving a gusty wind that whips the clattering palms into constant motion and sends clouds scudding across the sky. Hutton and I are sitting on the terrace of the Tides, the hip hotel, a stone's throw from the Versace mansion on Ocean Drive, that is owned by her longtime friend Chris Blackwell. Picking at her gazpacho, she is telling me about her brush with death last October.

"We were in the Valley of Fire, which is outside Las Vegas," she says. The trip was to promote the new Guggenheim Las Vegas museum, which will open with the exhibition "The Art of the Motorcycle." Riding a red BMW F 650, Hutton had initially set out in a light jacket and a helmet without a full face visor. Dennis Hopper ran back upstairs for a big leather jacket and gave it to her, and when the group paused for a brief rest stop, Jeremy Irons saw that Hutton had tear rivulets running down her face from the relentless wind in her eyes. "He started yelling at me," she says. "He said, 'You've got to change your helmet.' He had an extra helmet, one with a visor, and he made me put it on."

Those generous gestures probably saved her life, and certainly saved her legendary face. During the first leg of the trip, Hutton had gotten separated from her usual group of pals and stuck at the back of the pack. Mistakenly thinking that the riders were leaving the rest stop, she jumped on her bike and tore out of there, anxious to catch up with her friends. "Tom Krens said I was going 105 miles an hour," Hutton says ruefully. "I'm just conjecturing here, because I have a two-and-a-half-week traumatic amnesia, starting just before the accident. My last memory was leaving the rest stop by the side of the road."

Alarmed by her speed, Krens followed her. He later told Hutton that when he rounded a bend, he saw what looked like something out of a Road Runner cartoon. "I was in the air, 20 feet up, on the back of the motorcycle, against the blue sky," Hutton reports. "I must have hit rubble and then gone down in a gutter, so I went straight up in the air. He says I came down, bounced, and went back up, still on the bike. Then the second time I jumped off the bike, which ended up in a thousand pieces. Then somehow I skidded 170 feet, facedown. Thank god the visor on the helmet was down. We were in the middle of the desert, just rocks and sand and rubble. It would have taken my nose, my teeth—I think it would have taken my prefrontal lobes."

When the others caught up to her, Hutton had bones sticking out of her arm and leg and blood pouring down her face. "I think a lot of guys thought I was dead already," she says. "They called for a helicopter and took me to the same trauma hospital as Tupac Shakur. I was on a respirator for quite a while."

Even semi-comatose, Hutton was a tough customer. "At one point they restrained me—tied me to the bed—because I was trying to leave," she says. "Apparently I kept asking if sharks had done this to me. I dive a lot more than I ride, so I guess in my mind a shark bite seemed more likely than a motorcycle crash."

Hutton has actually been riding motorcycles since she was a teenager. During a brief period of attending Sophie Newcomb College in New Orleans and working at night on Bourbon Street, she met Steve McQueen, who was making *The Cincinnati Kid* and who introduced her to biking. "He was wonderful," she says dreamily. Her second movie was *Little Fauss and Big Halsy,* which starred Robert Redford. With instructors like McQueen and Redford, it is hardly surprising that Hutton has always spoken about biking in near-sexual terms. "I love the feeling of being a naked egg atop that throbbing steel," she told the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* the day before her accident. "You feel vulnerable—but so alive."

> "He blew up and said, 'I don't want to ever have children. I'm your baby!' That's when I started to unravel."

Nevertheless, for most of her adult life she didn't own a motorcycle. "Bob wouldn't allow me to have one, because he felt they were too dangerous—and I was such a pussy I allowed a man to control what I did," she says, a razor-sharp edge suddenly creeping into her voice.

Bob Williamson was the man who became her first boyfriend when she arrived in New York at age 21, and the man she lived with for the next 20 years. Dominated by him until his death and even beyond, Hutton attributed such power to her lover that she used to refer to him as "Bob God." Short and bespectacled, with Coke-bottle glasses, he seemed an odd match for an internationally famous beauty—but it was Williamson who helped catapult Hutton into the history books as the first genuine supermodel when he guided her into a groundbreaking $200,000-a-year contract with Revlon, for whom Hutton served as the face of the Ultima campaign from 1973 to 1983. That blueprint for an exclusive contract with a major cosmetics company changed the modeling business forever, ensuring great wealth for the supermodels who followed Hutton in the years to come.

Williamson was also the man who showed Hutton the world. The daughter of a Charleston belle and a father who went off to war and never came back, Hutton had had a difficult childhood. Her real father, Lawrence Hutton, had grown up in Oxford, Mississippi, next door to William Faulkner. But Lauren met him only once, when she was 14 months old; he was off serving in World War II when she was born, and he never lived with Lauren's mother, Minnie, again. When Lauren was eight, Minnie married Jack Hall, a former oil wildcatter who had spent time in the South American jungle. They had three more daughters, but they went broke in land speculation and their home life was chaotic with "alcohol and enormous amounts of physical violence and unmitigated disasters," as Lauren later put it. Having been raised in a well-to-do family, Minnie was shamed and appalled by her impoverished adulthood. By the time Lauren was a teenager, she says, "I was basically the only nonalcoholic person over five feet tall in the house. I was raised in the bowl of a volcano, as far as I'm concerned. My mother and Jack were very unhappy. He should have been in some tented camp in the Amazon—he had no business having a family—but my mother was very beautiful, and she could make a man forget what he should be doing."

Lauren (whose original name was Mary Laurence, after her father) grew up in Miami and rural north Tampa as a self-described "swamp skunk," a gawky tomboy who raised and sold earthworms and showed far more interest in bugs and reptiles than in fashion. She escaped her origins as quickly as she could, intending to use New York only as a springboard to the wide world beyond. Her mother and stepfather divorced as soon as she left home, and her real father died at the age of 36, possibly from a heart attack—or maybe it was an old war wound. Lauren never knew for sure.

But who needed them when there was Bob God? In Williamson, Hutton found



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a mentor whose wanderlust more than matched her own. After she began modeling, they used the money to finance their trips, spending half of each year as far back in the Stone Age as they could get. "We went to Africa every year, to South America, to the Amazon jungle, to the Far East," Hutton says. "Starting in the 1960s, we lived with hunter-gatherer groups that no longer exist."

Her face alight, Hutton can talk for hours about these journeys, describing in intricate detail the social customs of the Pygmies, the differences in hunting rituals between the Masai and the Kikuyu tribes, the varying styles of spears in different regions, and Sumatra and Thailand, Peru and Ecuador and Venezuela and Colombia. Hutton has wrestled alligators and gone dogsledding in the Arctic, eaten termites and cuddled up to tarantulas; you have the feeling that she could talk for days and never run out of stories, or places, or memories.

In retrospect, Hutton suspects that her fascination with African tribes was rooted, at least partly, in subconscious memories of her earliest childhood, when she and her divorced mother were living in her grandparents' home. "The people who really loved me when I was a baby were the black people who worked in my about Goliath beetles and different kinds of scorpions and all the things I loved. He knew way more than I knew about bugs I had been collecting since I was a child. He knew about every type of beetle and weevil, and that was my specialty. He knew about all these things that I knew smatterings of, and that other people didn't even know existed. And he was a spectacular storyteller. It took me about two weeks, and I was a goner."

But she recognizes now that even in the early, happy years with him, she was self-deluded. "I created a fantasy world for myself, to not know who he actually was and what he was actually doing," she says. "I











OUT AND ABOUT *Clockwise from top left:* Hutton with John Belushi at an Academy Awards party, Los Angeles, 1978; a 1973 *Vogue* cover; with Richard Gere, Los Angeles, 1979; with her motorcycle pals, from left, Dennis Hopper, Jeremy Irons, and Laurence Fishburne, in Bilbao, Spain, 1999; with Bianca Jagger, left, and Marisa Berenson, at a fashion show, New York, 1982.

how long it takes for a puff adder's bite to kill. She is intimately familiar with the flora and fauna of the wildest places on earth. The geography of Hutton's past is stunningly varied; an anecdote about a dangerous encounter with Mexican hill bandits, defused when Bob shared with them a recipe for making hashish that he had picked up in Lebanon, will follow a story about falling off the roof of a Land Rover into the path of a charging rhino in the Serengeti, only to have her life saved by—who else—Bob God. The place-names roll by like an endless river, conjuring up a dizzying succession of exotic images Zanzibar, Mauritius, Mount Kilimanjaro, Uganda and Ethiopia and Tanzania, Somalia and Kenya, Java and Bali, Burma

grandmother's house and my godparents' house," she says. "Those are the people I truly felt something with."

The underlying reasons for Hutton's subservience to Bob are even easier to parse. Never having had a real father, she was a sitting duck for a controlling older man who wanted to run her life. "Bob was an enormous father figure," she says. "I was truly besotted by Bob. He was a really extraordinary guy. He knew so much about so many things. The third time I met him, he started talking about Cajuns. I knew quite a lot about Cajuns, and he knew more than I knew. He had a photographic memory; he could recite pages of *Finnegans Wake* to you. He knew all

don't think I'm particularly bright, but I have enormous common sense—and I parked all my common sense with Bob."

They lived together for 20 years, although Hutton retained such bitter memories of her childhood that she never wanted to marry. Working in far-flung places, Hutton was constantly besieged by other men who, frustrated in their attempts to seduce her, couldn't understand how Bob managed to maintain his Svengali-like influence, even at long distance. "They would say, 'How does he do it by remote control?'" Hutton recalls with an impish smile.

Bob also controlled their finances. Completely in his thrall, Hutton faithfully turned over all her money, which he was allegedly investing. Indeed, this appeared to have

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become his career; he had quit his job at a textbook-publishing house soon after he met Hutton and moved in with her. From then on he presented himself as a market player. "He never had a job again for the rest of his life," says Hutton. "I believed we were in business together. I was making a lot of money, and we spent very little in those years; it was all being saved 'for our future.' We were saving for a family. We lived in a $400-a-month rent-controlled apartment, I never spent money on clothes, and with most of the trips, I got paid to go there; I'd take a job and then we'd just go off afterward. We never had a house; we never owned an apartment; we never had a car. I was so concerned about not doing what I had seen done in my family that I put off having children. I thought I'd do it around 40."

When Hutton was 41, she told Bob she was ready. "He blew up and said, 'I don't want to ever have children. I'm your baby!'" she reports. "That's when I started to unravel. And then I went into menopause at 45 or 46," an experience that turned her into a passionate advocate and spokesperson for hormone-replacement therapy.

After that, Hutton began trying to live apart from Bob, but couldn't seem to make a real break. Even when she was living on the West Coast with another man, she says, "I kept going off to Africa with Bob. How could I not? I was being asked to go off and live with !Kung bushmen. He had taught me everything. I had grown up with him. When I was in New York, I had dinner with him every night. I couldn't live with him, and I couldn't live without him. The way I dealt with it was doing five movies a year."

As she got older, Hutton had also begun asking Bob to show her some financial records and explain where her money was and how it was doing. "He wouldn't show me," she says. "He had a lot of reasons why. The biggest one was 'What's the matter—don't you trust me? It will just confuse you.' I used to sign entire checkbooks for Bob; he would pay everything. I never paid a bill till I was 47. For the first 10 years I did trust him, but it just seemed odd. I was starting to grow up, and it didn't make sense. By the time I was in my middle 30s, I no longer wanted a master; I wanted an equal. But it still never occurred to me that he was taking the money, or that he was losing it. He could outtalk the Devil. He said he was investing in the stock market. He told me I was in blue chips, but with his own money he would put himself in 'fliers.' It turned out there was no such thing as the blue chips. He either lost the money or put it offshore—I have no idea—and what was left, he left to two girls, one of whom he married a few days before he died. I call her 'the five-day wife.'"

His death at age 61 caught her completely unprepared: "He told me he had an ulcer, but he was still very young. Bob was superhuman, so it never occurred to me that he was dying. He was the live-est person I ever met."

She was in Hong Kong on a scuba-diving trip when she heard the news. Although Bob's new wife attributed the cause of death to cancer, Hutton believes it was "emphysema and alcohol. It took him a very long time to kill himself." All the same, his death remains shrouded in an element of mystery—just like that of Lauren's father.

"When I got the word, I literally fell down," she says. It took her two weeks to get from Hong Kong back to New York; unable to function, she kept checking into airport hotels and going to pieces for days at a time. "I stopped everywhere," she says. "I could barely walk. I would lock the door and stay for days, just crying." She finally made it as far as Los Angeles, whereupon friends flew out from New York to retrieve her and put her to bed.

"For the last three years, I would have ripped open the root-cellar gates to hell, just to smack him a few times."

When she learned that Bob had married a 33-year-old model right before he died, and that he had left what money he had—around $2 million—to his new wife and another woman, she entered a surreal twilight zone of disbelief. It appeared that her entire life's earnings had vanished, a sum that Hutton estimates would now be $30 million to $35 million if it had been deposited at a minimal interest rate in a bank. "All my money from those years is gone," says Hutton.

It was actually 10 days before he died that Bob married Lauren Helm, who had been involved with him for nine years. Their deathbed ceremony was a practical matter, according to Helm, whose original name was Laura. "He wanted to leave me money to pay for my going to medical school," she says. "I don't think he realized Lauren would be so hurt. I had wanted him to tell her he was dying, but he didn't tell his mother, his brother, anybody. He said, 'I haven't got the energy right now to make them feel better about my dying.' It was embarrassing to him. He was an incredibly proud, private person."

Helm doesn't believe Bob did anything underhanded with Hutton's earnings. "I think her $30 million is an overestimation of the amount of money she had," says Helm. "Whether he handled it perfectly, I don't know. I know he lost money in the stock market. But I doubt very much that there's $10 million sitting in some Swiss bank account. That's not his personality. I obviously don't believe Bob was a crook."

He was, however, a ladies' man. Since Bob's death, Hutton has tracked down enough of his former girlfriends to realize that he had always cheated on her. "I didn't know—I wouldn't face it—but it had been going on the whole time," she says. A phone conversation with one former inamorata actually cleared up a mystery that Hutton had long wondered about: the origin of the persistent rumor that she is gay. "Apparently one of his girlfriends confronted him about me—he had never told her that we lived together—and he said, 'I'm bearding for her. She's a lesbian, and she's going with Julie Christie.'" Hutton shakes her head in disgust. "I had never even met Julie Christie."

Ever since Bob's death, she has struggled as much to explain her own passive acquiescence all those years as to understand his apparent malevolence. "People who didn't know Bob were quite incredulous about how I could be so foolish in so many ways," she says. "But I had a shattered childhood, with no father, and I think I had a shattered ego. Bob was the adult for us. I turned everything over to him, and I was finally able to have a childhood. Because I had been the responsible adult from the age of 10, I wanted a childhood, and Bob took care of all things adult, like where we were going and what happened to the money. I liked being a child, and I thought I had the greatest parent in the world. And in some ways, I did—for what I wanted. I wanted a daddy so badly that nothing else mattered."

Even Bob's widow is astonished at the trust Hutton placed in him. "I think her expectations of Bob were utterly ridiculous," says Helm. "He was a well-educated man, but she had made him into this god."

Hutton is willing to reveal her humiliation now in hopes that it will serve as a cautionary tale. "I don't want this to happen to other women," she says fiercely. "This is how it happens to women: 'Daddy is taking care of it.' I'd like to get women to understand that what you're doing in a situation like this is not love. You're fulfilling some sort of sad need. But you can't really love anybody until you figure out how to love and protect yourself. If you just close your eyes, chances are you're going to get nailed."

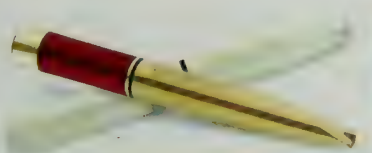
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Even after all this time, he comes to her in dreams. Sometimes she wonders whether he is really gone. Could he have staged his death and taken off for parts unknown, armed with her fortune? "In one dream I had, I saw him and he was alive," Hutton confesses. "I said, 'You faked it, didn't you!' He gave me his very beautiful, characteristic grin and said, 'Yeah.'"

And what would she do if she saw him now? "I'd probably give him a tremendous hug, and then I'd start crying," she says. "And then I'd smack the living shit out of him. And then I'd tie him up and tape his mouth, because it's like having a large spitting cobra on your hands. And then maybe I'd get him to a good shrink, although a good shrink probably wouldn't take him with his mouth taped and his arms and legs tied."

But most of the time she believes he is dead, and she is trying to accept the fact that she will never fully understand why he did whatever he did. "I think he O.J.'d it," she muses. "I think he was able to keep things in compartments. I think there was the good Bob and the bad Bob, and the bad Bob became more dominant after he got into alcohol, which was probably not until about year eight for us."

Although she recognizes the possibility that he hid the money somewhere, and that her fortune will molder forever in some anonymous Swiss bank account, her best guess now is that he simply lost it. Her rage has been titanic—"For the last three years, I would have ripped open the root-cellar gates to hell, just to smack him a few times," she says—but it is slowly subsiding. Indeed, she has achieved a remarkable degree of equanimity about the traumas she has endured. She even learned some crucial lessons from her motorcycle crash.

The most important fact was that more than a dozen loved ones immediately flew to her bedside as she lay near death. "Tom Krens called all my friends—Francesco Clemente, Ed Ruscha, Brice and Helen Marden," she says. "What was great about the accident, for me as someone who has had a problem with love, was that I saw very clearly that my friends loved me, and that I have a very big, rich, strong family. They really saved my life. I think somehow they kept my mind here on earth. I'm quite sure I would not have come back otherwise."

Delirious on morphine, Hutton kept murmuring, "I have a family. I have a family."

"So I must not have felt I had a present family," she concludes. "Since the accident, most of the time I'm more happy, more peaceful, more content than I've been in my life. I'm much more sane since this happened. Every second I've got is extra time; it's after death. I hear myself say, 'After I died . . . ' or 'When I was killed . . . '"

And she's still here. These days Hutton lives in a loft in NoHo and keeps a small cabin in New Mexico, but she is itching to hit the road again. For the moment, the wanderlust will have to wait, but at least she has stabilized her financial situation and secured her future. "I worked like a banshee for the last seven years, and salted an awful lot of it away," she says with pride. "Because I've lived modestly, I really don't have to work."

Although she has not been in love since Bob died, she's hoping that one day she will be again. But she recognizes that her requirements are tough. "I'm a real specialty act," she says with a sigh. "I need a guy who knows where Molepolole is." (For the record, it's a town in Botswana best known as a jumping-off point for journeys across the Kalahari Desert.)

But in the meantime, the happy memories of Bob have finally started to outweigh the horrors once more. "I remember the good days," she says softly. "He had a great laugh."

And if she had it all to do over again? Hutton gazes off into the far distance, past the snowy white beach and the blue waters to the unknown beyond. "I came to New York to see the world, and I still have met no one who could show me the world better than he did," she says. "I've been to see all the wonders. We had so many adventures. If I had a chance, I'd do it all again in a second. It was worth $30 million."

Then a sly smile steals across her face. "But this time I'd only give him half the money."

All those revenge fantasies seem to have served their purpose. Able to move on at last, she now suspects that she wouldn't retaliate after all. "Maybe I wouldn't do any of those things if I saw Bob," she says. "Above all, I don't want to be bitter. And I loved him. Maybe I'd just ask where we were going next."

She flashes that dazzling grin. "I'm packed," she says. "I'm always packed." □



DAREDEVIL Hutton re-enacts her motorcycle crash on a specially built set in Miami, March 8, 2001. Is she game or what?


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VANITIES



Anne Hathaway

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 18, actor. **PROVENANCE:** New Jersey. **GOT REAL ACTING EXPERIENCE ON:** *Get Real*, the critically lauded but short-lived Fox dra[illegible] did that for a year and it was fantastic. I prefer movie acting because it's a lot less hectic and you have more control over your character, but it taught me so much about acting." **IN A LEAGUE OF HER OWN:** This summer, Hathaway stars alongside Julie Andrews in Garry Marshall's *The Princess Diaries*, where she plays a San Francisco teen who finds out she's the heir to the throne of a small European country. "As soon as I read the script, I thought, This is a part I want to play so badly." **YOU SHARE A NAME WITH SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE. DREAMETH THOU OF THE GREAT WHITE WAY?** "I had a few Broadway auditions, but I was too tall—I'm five eight—and I looked so young that I couldn't play the adult roles, and I couldn't play the kid roles. When it came down to it they said, 'We want to give it to you, but you're too tall.'" **WHY HER FRIENDS ARE TIGHT-LIPPED AROUND HER:** "If I weren't acting, I'd probably be an English professor or a psychoanalyst. I've been psychoanalyzing my friends since I was 11." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS SHIPMAN

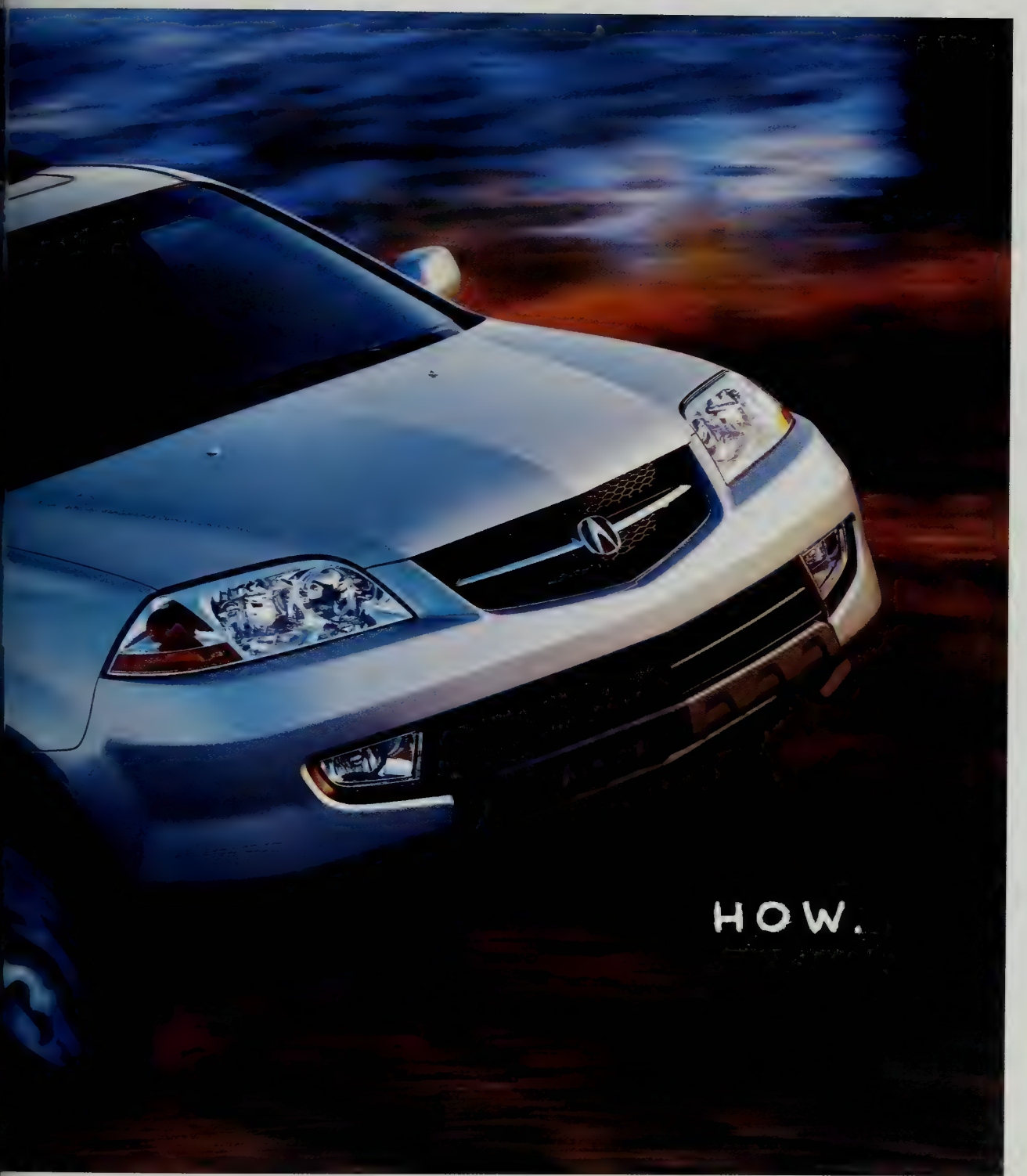


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RESORT & SPA

3/16/01

Dear Graydon:

Greetings from Santa Barbara—I'm at Talk magazine's "Innovators and Navigators" shindig. (Martin Amis has gout again, so I was called on to sub for him on Harry Evans's "Future of Buzz" panel.) Anyway, it's a real blast, and I think I have enough juice for a quickie 2,000 words for maybe the June issue. Also, if you haven't met Mike Bloomberg yet, I implore you to do so. Last night, after everyone else went to bed, he and I embarked on a wee-hours titty-bar trawl through Montecito. Helluva guy!

Best,

Ed

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon:

4/2/01

I must say I'm surprised at the umbrage you take for my having participated in the Talk-fest. Sheez, lighten up! You know that Tina and I go back a ways, that I knew her long before I ever knew you.

Anyway, I can't say you've exactly been the picture of loyalty, either, as I found out during my one-night layover in N.Y.C. en route back to Maine. On your advice I checked out Sebastian Junger's bar, Half King. Seb happened to be there, so I finally met the kid. Charming. He manfully spotted me a Bud, told me I've been a big influence on him since he was a teenager (which I scanned as "You're a useless old fuck now"), and then he dropped the bomb: he's scored the Macedonia assignment you'd promised me.

We have a problem, Gray. I get blamed for not turning in any long articles on my $400,000-a-year contract, and yet no one's letting me write them. Let me put it simply: Mr. Half King has stolen my act. And I'm sick of it. Half King gets all the assignments I should be getting. Half King gets all the accolades I should be getting. Half King gets all the editorial assistants I should be getting. If it weren't for my goddamned sciatica, I'd Half Kick his ass!

I'm asking you to draw a line in the sand: him or me.

Best,

Ed

SEBASTIAN JUNGER

4/4/01

Dear Graydon:

Here's that blurb for Ed Coaster's book that you asked for. Glad I could be of help.

"I read The Edwin John Coaster Reader in one sitting, then dived back in again to savor my favorite parts. The man has seen it all, and, damn, can he write."

Just met Ed, by the way—great guy!

Take care,

Sebastn

cc: Edwin Coaster, P.O. Box 357, Old Smithy Station, Castine, ME

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon:

4/10/01

I'm suddenly realizing, what with the publicity chores for my Reader anthology and all, that I've got too much on my plate to do Macedonia. Thought: why don't you send Junger instead? I like that kid—I see a lot of young me in him.

Best,

Ed

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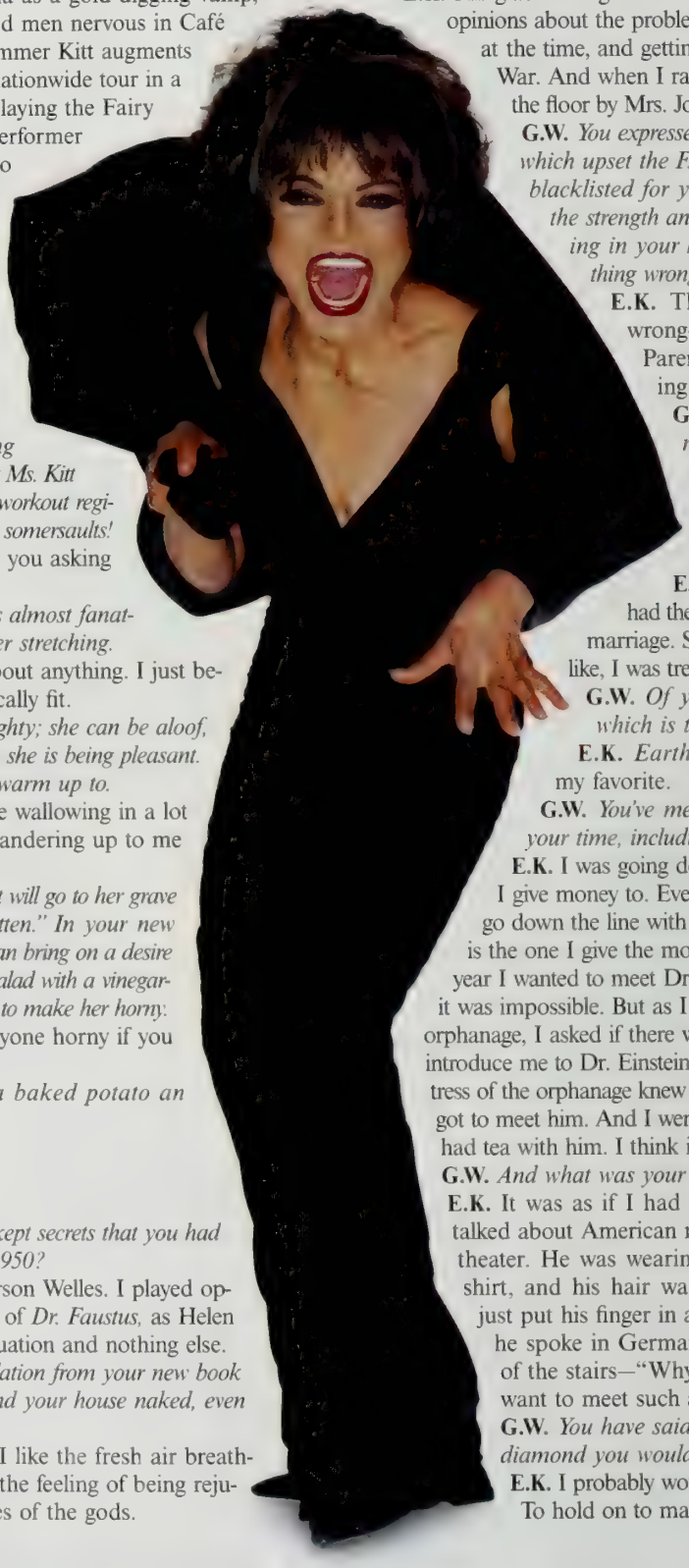
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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Back to Eartha

Eartha Kitt made an indelible turn on TV as Catwoman in *Batman,* but she will always be most celebrated for her cabaret persona as a gold-digging vamp, still making married men nervous in Café Carlyle appearances. This summer Kitt augments her cabaret schedule with a nationwide tour in a stage version of *Cinderella,* playing the Fairy Godmother. Fittingly, the performer with the ageless feline snarl, who was orphaned at an early age, found out the exact date of her birth only two years ago. And here Kitt, who recently published her fifth book, *Rejuvenate! It's Never Too Late,* shows how, at age 74, *c'est si bon*—and just getting better.



George Wayne: *From reading your latest book, it's obvious that Ms. Kitt at 74 still maintains a rigorous workout regimen. She is still even able to do somersaults!*

Eartha Kitt: Yes, so what are you asking me?

G.W. *It seems that Ms. Kitt is almost fanatical about her jogging and her stretching.*

E.K. No, I'm not fanatical about anything. I just believe in keeping myself physically fit.

G.W. *Eartha Kitt can be haughty; she can be aloof, as cold as ice, and that's when she is being pleasant. She is not an easy person to warm up to.*

E.K. Yes, because I don't like wallowing in a lot of nonsense, and people meandering up to me because of who I am.

G.W. *Like it or not, Eartha Kitt will go to her grave being described as a "sex kitten." In your new book, you say, "A great meal can bring on a desire for sex." For Ms. Kitt, a green salad with a vinegar-and-olive-oil dressing is enough to make her horny.*

E.K. It's enough to make anyone horny if you like what you're eating.

G.W. *She even considers a baked potato an aphrodisiac.*

E.K. Did I say that?

G.W. *Yes.*

E.K. A baked *sweet* potato.

G.W. *Isn't it one of your best-kept secrets that you had sex with Orson Welles circa 1950?*

E.K. I never had sex with Orson Welles. I played opposite him in his production of *Dr. Faustus,* as Helen of Troy. It was a working situation and nothing else.

G.W. *Another interesting revelation from your new book is that you like to walk around your house naked, even outdoors.*

E.K. Yes, it's true, because I like the fresh air breathing on my body. And I like the feeling of being rejuvenated through the auspices of the gods.

G.W. *Tell me about January 18, 1968: the White House luncheon you probably wish you had never gone to.*

E.K. I'm glad I did go to it. I was asked to go to give my opinions about the problems among the young people at the time, and getting involved with the Vietnam War. And when I raised my hand and was given the floor by Mrs. Johnson, that is what I told her.

G.W. *You expressed your opposition to the war, which upset the F.B.I. and C.I.A. and got you blacklisted for years. Where did you gather the strength and courage to move on, knowing in your heart that you didn't do anything wrong?*

E.K. That I didn't do anything wrong—*that* gave me the strength. Parents still thank me for helping to stop the war.

G.W. *Do you ever have any regrets for not having a significant other for any lengthy period of time? You were married once, but for only five years.*

E.K. Once was enough. And I had the most beautiful child from that marriage. So whatever the marriage was like, I was tremendously rewarded for that.

G.W. *Of your more than 30 albums, which is the definitive Eartha Kitt?*

E.K. *Eartha Kitt at the Plaza*—that's my favorite.

G.W. *You've met some remarkable minds in your time, including Albert Einstein.*

E.K. I was going down a list of orphanages that I give money to. Every year I close my eyes and I go down the line with my finger, and where it stops is the one I give the money to. It happened that that year I wanted to meet Dr. Einstein. Everybody told me it was impossible. But as I was writing the check to this orphanage, I asked if there was anybody there who could introduce me to Dr. Einstein. It so happened that the mistress of the orphanage knew his secretary, and that's how I got to meet him. And I went to see him in Princeton and had tea with him. I think it was on December 11, 1954.

G.W. *And what was your first impression?*

E.K. It was as if I had known him all my life. We talked about American musical theater and German theater. He was wearing a gray Mickey Mouse T-shirt, and his hair was sticking out as if he had just put his finger in an electric plug. I remember he spoke in German to me standing at the top of the stairs—"Why does such a young person want to meet such an old man like me?"

G.W. *You have said that if someone gave you a diamond you would probably hock it.*

E.K. I probably would because I like land better. To hold on to material things is an aberration.

JESSE FROHMAN; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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Intelligence Report: THE SUMMER HOT SPOTS



	ADIRONDACKS	SAINT-TROPEZ	HARBOUR ISLAND	HAMPTONS	IBIZA
JUST GOT IN FROM . . .	The Main Line	The West Indies	Manhattan	"The City"	Birmingham, U.K.
ARRIVED VIA	Dodge woody ◀	Wally Yacht	Gulfstream jet, then a launch from Nassau ▶	Mercedes SL 600 convertible	British Midland airlin
HONORARY MAYOR(S)	Marylou Whitney	Giorgio Armani ◀	India Hicks	Lizzie Grubman, Lauren London, Lara Shriftman	Paul Oakenfold
LEADING OCCUPATION	Aluminum heir	International celebrity	Former model	"The next Peggy Siegal"	Club-l bo
TYPICAL OUTFIT	Black-tie and water skis ◀	Diamond-studded bikini ▶	Chateau Marmont T-shirt and shorts	TSE cashmere, Adidas flip-flops, Gucci sunglasses	Nike Dri-Fi cargo Capr ◀
CENTER OF GRAVITY	Ausable Club		Dunmore Town	Lotte Berk	Manumission at Privil
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	Hemlock-bark wall appliqué	Johnny Hallyday	Pink beaches	Jason Binn	Second-degree genitalia sunburn from sleeping on beach
WAKE-UP TIME	Six A.M.	Two P.M.	Nine A.M.	11 A.M. ◀	Four P.M.
HANGOUT	Noon Mark Diner	Le Club 55	Pink Sands hotel	Anger-management class	Croissant Show ▶
DINNER	Potter's	La Place des Lices	Gustey's Tavern	Nick & Toni's	Prosciutto sand from stand in S
NIGHTCLUB	Square dancing at the neighbors' ▶	Les Caves du Roy	Sloppy Joe's	Jet East	Amnesia ◀
SIGNS OF THE STATUS	The Idems Race	Gunter Sachs's White Party	Prominent industrialist's back hair clears beach	Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge ◀	British bank holidays
PICKUP LINE	"Didn't I see you in my blacksmithing class?" ◀	"Weren't you Brigitte Bardot?" ▶	"Which Spice are you?"	"We can take you from C-list to B-list with, like, one mention."	"What time does the auto-fellator perfo
ACCESSORY	Stuffed narwhal penis over mantel	Eye patch	Jimmy Buffett	PalmPilot calorie calculator	Vicodin
SCANDAL	Murder at Big Moose Lake (1906) ▶	Wives sleeping with helicopter instructors	Sean Connery orders aggressive bagpipers to board Jean Pigozzi's yacht ▶	Faux Rockefeller cousin	Tainted foam at Spuma party
MOTTO	"Good luck, sportsmen!"	"Topless *obligatoire*!"	"Not just a tax haven anymore."	"We just come for the beaches."	"I L a-part

–RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF



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SPEED DIAL JIMINY GLICK

Following in the footsteps of great celebrity interviewers before him ("**Joe Franklin, Charlie Rose,** and **Pat Sajak** are my idols!" he says), **Jiminy Glick** joins the ranks of the elite with his very own show. With stardom on the horizon and *Primetime Glick* debuting this month on Comedy Central, the former **Charles Bronson** assistant and Chasen's busboy has finally achieved his Hollywood dream. What does Glick, who was discovered in 1991 at the age of 43 while an assistant bartender at **Roddy McDowall's** annual People's Choice Awards after-party, have to show for taking the long road to the top? "I have an enormous collection of connections," says Glick—and a speed dial filled with primetime possibilities. There's songbird-actress **Elaine Stritch** (No. 14), the multi-talented **Sally Kirkland** (No. 20), good friend of Dorothy's **Sid Luft** (No. 2), and disaster-movie stalwart **Carol Lynley** (No. 3). If he's in the mood for some comedy, he can try former *Laugh-In* funny girl **Judy Carne** (No. 8) or old pal **LaWanda Page** (No. 19), of *Sanford and Son* fame. (Page is more recently known for her roles as Old Lady in 1995's *Friday* and Old Nurse in **Robert Townsend's** 1993 cult classic, *The Meteor Man.*) Want female viewers? There's no one hotter than tough-guy actor **Mickey Rourke** (No. 10) or **Taye Diggs,** who not only holds the top spot in the hearts of swooning ladies everywhere, but is also "numero uno" on his speed dial. Glick's Motorola DYNA T-A-C 9500XL is not all work and no play, however. His favorite calls? **Bed Bath & Beyond** (No. 11) and **Krispy Kreme** (No. 17). "You can never have enough good linens," says Glick. Or donuts. —DANA BROWN



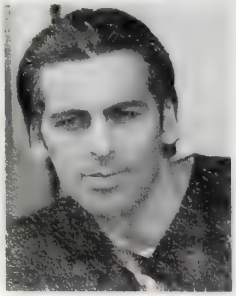
Fluoride	WATER ADDITIVE	Arsenic
Vernon Jordan	BIG COOL FRIEND	Command Cheney
Linda Tripp's brassiere	SURVEILLANCE DEVICE IN THE NEWS	EP-3E Aries II spy plane
36,000	COW	5,000
Tony Blair	LITTLE FOREIGN BUDDY	Vicente Fox
Balkan strongmen	CHEMY	Cold War bogeymen
Oprah	ORGANIZATIONAL MODEL	Big Blue circa 1960
Robert Reich	ROGUE CABINET MEMBER	Christine Todd Whitman
Pardons	PRESIDENTIAL KISS-UP	Nicknames
Internet	BRIDGE TO THE 21ST CENTURY	Missi shiel
Dorm-room cram session	WORK HABITS	Obsessive punctuality
Barbra Streisand	EMBARRASSING SUPPORTER	Tom DeLay
Overeaters Anonymous and Sexaholics Anonymous	SECRET CLUB AFFILIATIONS	Skull & Bones and A.A.
Big Mac	JUNK FOOD	Gordita
Jeans and sweatshirts	BUSINESS ATTIRE	Oxxford suits
$2,340 Borsheim's soup tureen	SPOILS	Arctic Natio Wildlife Refi
24-hour dessert pantry	WHITE HOUSE IMPROVEMENT	T-ball diamon
Gore-Tex and fur	NORTH POLE SUMMERWEAR	Scul gea

NIGHT TABLE READING

ALEXANDRA STYRON
author, All the Finest Girls *(Little, Brown)*

The Heart of the Matter, by Graham Greene (Penguin). "Greene knocks my socks off. His exotic landscapes, rich with political intrigue, always give way to the intimate and devastating human drama. If he were alive, I'd be happy just to carry his umbrella."





ODED FEHR
actor, The Mummy Returns

I Know This Much Is True, by Wally Lamb (Regan Books). "An engrossing novel about the sane brother of a schizophrenic identical twin and the journey he must take in order to come to terms with his own problems. After 900 pages of great writing, it left me wanting more."

MOS DEF
rapper, actor

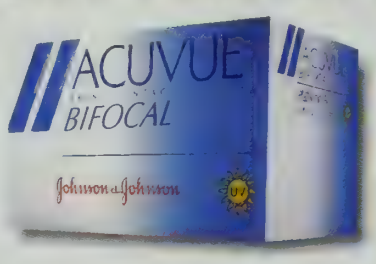
The Consolations of Philosophy, by Alain de Botton (Pantheon). "An insightful, very funny read. I like de Botton's style. It flows well, with a lot of depth and great humor."

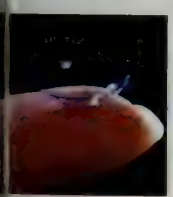




THINK OF IT AS UPGRADING YOUR CONTACTS.

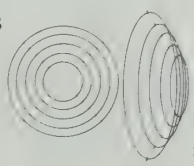
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ACUVUE® *BIFOCAL* Contact Lenses have 5 vision zones to help you see clearly both near and far

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VANITY FAIR
JUNE 2001



BRONX BOMBSHELL
Jennifer Lopez, who was raised in a tight family in the Bronx, says, "Maybe because of where I come from . . . I always feel like I'm at the bottom and crawling to the top." She was photographed at Quixote Studios in West Hollywood, California, on April 19, 2001.

Every Move

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB RITTS STYLED BY L'WREN SCOTT

Everything Jennifer Lopez does—she sings, she acts, she wears perilous-looking Versace and see-through Chanel, she dates Puffy, she starts her own clothing line—is big news. And she takes her status as the first Latina superstar seriously, with a laserlike focus and a schedule that would shrink a lesser being. As her new thriller, *Angel Eyes*, hits theaters, NED ZEMAN visits Lopez on the set of her next movie, *Enough*, for a freewheeling discussion of her daring fashion statements, the trauma of Puffygate, and the whole diva thing



She Makes

Years from now, when the "entertainment press" looks back on Oscar night 2001, it will note that awards were presented to actor Russell Crowe, director Steven Soderbergh, and actress Marcia Gay Harden. It will note that best actress Julia Roberts gave a long acceptance speech and that the show's host, Steve Martin, was so appropriately clever that it's almost a mathematical certainty that he will never be invited back. (Poor Steve, lucky Steve.)

More than likely, though, these items will pale in comparison with an event that occurred a few hours after the ceremony—around midnight, near the men's lavatory, at the post-Oscar party thrown by this magazine. At this point, and for no particular reason, the entertainment industry's most bankable double threat, actress and singer Jennifer Lopez, found herself standing near her entourage, smoothing her gray Chanel gown, and catching her breath after a long night of celebrity-ness. The fact that she was inconspicuous, even for an instant, was noteworthy in and of itself. Lopez is no shrinking violet. On this evening her outfit featured a gauzy top through which her breasts were so visible that TV cameramen, torn by mixed emotions, had to film her from the neck up. Lopez has few quiet public moments, and, as it turned out, this was not one of them.

Thirty seconds earlier, perhaps tuned to that strange homing signal picked up only by celebrities, another star had set off on a trajectory straight toward Lopez. That would be Lopez's famous former boyfriend, the ubiquitous rap impresario Sean "Puffy" Combs, fresh off his well-publicized weapon-possession-and-bribery trial. The couple had dated for two rather memorable years and in that time had entered, intentionally or not, the pantheon of slightly notorious celebrity couples: Liz and Dick, Frank and Ava, Puffy and J.Lo. Sadly, somewhere amid the gun trial and Lopez's rise to the top of the Hollywood ecosystem, the romance ended, and she took up with a chiseled and heretofore anonymous male dancer, 31-year-old Cris Judd, who was her escort this evening.

Puffy, being Puffy, arrived at the party with a large and rather boisterous contingent of his own, but with no visible date. He wore an off-white Ralph Lauren suit, with matching hankie, and he looked thin, almost drawn—his trials, both personal and legal, having evidently taken a toll. As he approached Lopez, there was, to onlookers, the sense of a historic encounter—Hollywood's version of the Allied leaders converging at Yalta. Each nanosecond of this very brief meeting between the two sheepish exlovers—the awkward body language, the small talk, the proximity of Lopez's new boyfriend, Puffy's hasty exit—became above-the-fold fodder for the media jackals, even more so than the Tom and Nicole divorce.

"I didn't feel uncomfortable, because I don't get intimidated by anything, and, you know, it's like I'm *Frank,* you know what I'm saying?" says Combs of the meeting. "Frank's gonna always love Ava and Ava's always gonna love Frank and everybody's just gotta deal with it. That's just the way it's always gonna be. So it wouldn't be uncomfortable to me because I'm always gonna be me."

"How [the press] described it—it's so like, who cares?" Lopez says, digging her nails into her chair. It is three weeks later, and she is back on the set of *Enough,* the movie she is making. Sitting in gray sweats, in her gigantic trailer, eating lunch, and surrounded by a Greek chorus of friends and assistants, she says, "It's not two heads of state meeting. It's Jennifer and Puffy. It would have driven me insane if I'd read the stories. But I only look at the pictures."

Here it should be noted that, while most celebrities say they never read stories about themselves, you know they do. Voraciously. All of Lopez's friends insist, however, that, especially post-Puffygate, she actually does not. For a time, Lopez says "my mother would call. My grandmother would call and say 'This is happening? Is this true? You and Puffy broke up?' It was so hard to deal with at first. And then I finally told my parents and everyone in my family, '*I don't want to know.*' I don't want to know, because so much of it's not true, and whatever *is* true I already know. So I don't need to know, you know what I mean? It's not like you're news-flashing me. So I just stopped. Because some things are so hurtful and wrong, and I just can't think that people really think that about me. That's really messed up, you know? For me, it works better if I don't know those things."

She adds, "It's a hard thing to deal with. Because it's hard for people to understand. Nobody wants to hear somebody who's doing well and making money complain. It's like, 'Shut up, already!'"

"I'm about to have a miscarriage."

These were Lopez's first words to *V.F.,* and they were said matter-of-factly as she hurriedly crossed a busy intersection on San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, California, trailed by her assistants and fluffers and puffers. This is where Lopez is filming *Enough,* a thriller somewhere along the lines of *Sleeping with the Enemy,* the 1991 Julia Roberts hit about a woman who fights back against the kind of husband who wants order, dammit, and in whose forehead a vein is always bulging. Today's scene requires the 30-year-old star to have a loud and rather gory miscarriage alone in her kitchen. For much of the morning, therefore, Lopez is required to make small talk while splattered with hot-red menstrual blood, fake though it is. There is blood on her hands, blood on her white pants, blood on her ankles and flip-flops. Somehow, as they say in the fashion game, on Lopez it works.

She is by turns playful and professional. Although she no longer loves giving interviews, there is no apparent contempt or hostility. Her accent and demeanor remain firmly those of a New Yorker. She refers to "dis" and "dat." She makes, and maintains, eye contact. She has a certain directness about her that, at times, can be laserlike. She rarely backs down, rarely gets intimidated by anybody. (One exception, she says, was Jack Nicholson, with whom she starred in the 1997 *noir* thriller *Blood and Wine.*) Wherever she is at that very moment, Lopez seems to say, is the place to be.

"I have never in my career worked with an actor or actress with such complete focus," says *Enough*'s director, Michael Apted, a seasoned Brit who has developed a gift for championing actresses in strong female roles, specifically Sissy Spacek

"There were times when I really worried, when it felt like the whole [trial] was a big setup."



URE LIKE IT
ez's co-star in this year's
Wedding Planner, Matthew
Conaughey, says that she
ot a diva in the pain-in-the-ass
e. She's a diva in that she
ws exactly what she wants. . . .
says, 'The world is my oyster
I'm gonna eat it.'"

POP OF THE TOPS
Lopez, who is known for filling out sexy outfits, says, "I would never wear something that I felt uncomfortable in or that made me think, Oh, God, is it moving? ... I wouldn't ever walk out of the house with something I just couldn't go with."

"Sometimes when two people get together, you feel a certain type of spark that's like, Yo!*" says Sean "Puffy" Combs of himself and Lopez.*



Coal Miner's Daughter, Sigourney Weaver in *Gorillas in the Mist,* and Jodie Foster in *Nell.* "My worry when I started shooting the film was that she'd just finished shooting a video before. Is she a singer? Is she an actress? She does fashion. She does such-and-such. And I thought, How's *this* going to be? I wondered, with the kind of life she has, whether she could stay focused for the run of the movie. But once we started, she was never distracted. Whatever business she was doing, she never brought it on the set. She came prepared and ready to go. This says to me that she's in this for the long haul. She's not fly-by-night."

Enough is Lopez's follow-up to another thriller, *Angel Eyes,* due out this month and co-starring Jim Caviezel (*The Thin Red Line*). Although she is generally described as The Hottest Latina in Hollywood, now earning around $10 million per picture, Lopez is still a relative Hollywood newcomer, having starred in only a handful of movies—alongside George Clooney in Steven Soderbergh's superb *Out of Sight* (1998), opposite Matthew McConaughey in this year's gooey romantic comedy *The Wedding Planner,* and with Vince Vaughn in the trippy serial-killer picture *The Cell.* Although only the first picture could truly be described as memorable, the combined gross of the trio was more than $200 million worldwide. And so, in accordance with Hollywood calculus, it has been decreed that Lopez can "open" a movie, that Latinas are "hot," and that she has "synergy" (i.e., her music career amplifies her movie career and vice versa). What it all really means, though, is that when Lopez shows up somewhere, anywhere, all hell breaks loose. At last count, she had sold 12 million copies of her two pop CDs, *On the 6* and this year's *J.Lo.* And during a recent appearance outside a Virgin Megastore on Sunset Boulevard, the "J.Lo-city" (as some have called it) was so potent that a handful of construction workers could be seen sobbing.

The madness began officially at the 2000 Grammy Awards, when Lopez showed up in a bright-green Versace number which showed as much as a dress could possibly show without actually showing anything; it was a marvel of physics, involving equal measures of adhesives, balance, and faith. The dress, coupled with Lopez's posterior-intensive music videos, created a phenomenon in which a pair of buttocks became, in and of themselves, a cultural icon. Entire news articles would focus on The Lopez Ass, as if it were a separate life-form; Chris Rock even does a gag in his stand-up routine where CONTINUED ON PAGE 234

Spotlight

BUILDING THE CENTURY

No one has ever been reproduced, even in an age of cloning, but it's especially hard to imagine a clone of Philip Johnson, who turns 95 next month. He is more individual than anyone. His incredible intelligence, his incredible eye, his energy, his curiosity, and his creativity—all of those combine to make an extraordinary person who has managed to be at once a perfect barometer for trends that are in the making, and a magnificent interpreter of those trends, both with words and with buildings.

Philip was very lucky to enter the stage of architecture at a moment that was of unique importance in the 20th century, both architecturally and politically—a time of great revolution in the aesthetics of architecture, and in fact in the very conception of architecture which goes under the rubric of "modernism." Philip saw modernism as an aesthetic movement when it was being argued for as a functional movement. He spoke his mind clearly through exhibitions and catalogues for the Museum of Modern Art. No one has had a greater impact, not only on the interpreting and making of architecture, but also on the culture of architecture. The great support and friendship Philip has given to younger architects such as myself—though younger is a relative term—has helped launch innumerable careers (see the accompanying photo for examples). He demands nothing from you in return for this support, except one small favor: that you not bore him. That's hard, and not because he's easily bored but because he's so smart and unboring himself. —ROBERT A. M. STERN





THE JOHNSONIANS

Friends and protégés of the great Philip Johnson gathered in New York at the Four Seasons restaurant (which Johnson designed with Ludwig Mies van der Rohe). *On floor:* Peter Eisenman, Jaquelin Robertson. *Seated:* Michael Graves, Arata Isozaki, Johnson, Phyllis Lambert, Richard Meier. *Standing:* Zaha Hadid, Robert A. M. Stern, Hans Hollein, Stanley Tigerman, Henry N. Cobb, Kevin Roche. *Back row:* Charles Gwathmey, Terence Riley, David Childs, Frank O. Gehry, Rem Koolhaas.

Photographed by Timothy Greenfield-Sanders



The Face of

PORTRAITS BY DAH LEN

Denise Rich is all about connections: her hit songwriting powered her social aspirations, which powered her fund-raising. Marc Rich is defined by his money, the kind of wealth that moves governments and transcends borders. But despite their bitter divorce, Denise says, what drove her to seek a pardon for her ex-husband from Bill Clinton was a deeply personal tragedy—the death of their daughter. In interviews with Denise, with Marc's new wife, Gisela, and with the U.S. marshal who spent 14 years trying to bring the financier to justice, MAUREEN ORTH explores the passions behind Clinton's farewell scandal



Scandal

THE SINGING MOM

Denise Rich today, 10 years after she left Marc Rich, wearing a dress designed by her daughter Ilona, photographed in her New York City penthouse, March [illegible]

I have a two-word answer: Denise Rich.

—Senator John McCain, asked about the need for campaign-finance reform.

Denise Rich is finally getting the tidal wave of publicity she always craved, but there's a downside to it. Since she played a key role in persuading her friend Bill Clinton to pardon her fugitive billionaire ex-husband, Marc Rich, the songwriter and political party giver is blinded by flashbulbs at every event she attends, but she is also bombarded with questions: *Did you buy Marc's pardon, Denise? Why are you taking the Fifth, Denise? Did you sleep with the president, Denise?* Rich, who adores the attention, eagerly wades right up to the lenses, flashing cleavage and major jewelry, and firmly stays on message as if no brash questions had been asked: "I'm just here to talk about my music.... Did you see my daughter's fabulous fashion show?" Meanwhile, behind the scenes, her entire existence is "being turned upside down," according to Brad Boles, her "imagist," who acts as her dresser, makeup man, and confidant. "She has lawyers examining every inch of her life under a microscope," he says. In February she declined to appear before Congress, invoking the protection of the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination. In mid-April her lawyer labored to work out a deal to have her cooperate with the office of the U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, which is investigating President Clinton's 11th-hour pardons. In exchange for limited immunity, Rich is now expected to appear before the grand jury. She will also be called before the House Government Reform Committee.

"It's almost a Shakespearean tragedy," one of Rich's legal advisers tells me. "She marries young and then finds herself living abroad with a fugitive. She decides to rebuild her life and returns to the United States. She becomes a successful songwriter. Then her daughter dies. Now this."

Jews don't usually pray to angels, but Rich, who has endured more than her share of grief, fervently believes in calling on them for everything: "I got a whole angel chorus up there humming. I really believe angels are happiest when *you're* happy." After she petitions her angels, she claims, her song lyrics streak right through her. She also consults gurus and psychics, takes 30 vitamins a day, and believes in past-life regressions. "One great life I had, I was an Indian woman who ran around giving people herbs and lived in Native America." As her soulful lyrics for such rhythm-and-blues singers as Aretha Franklin, Natalie Cole, Patti LaBelle, and Mary J. Blige might indicate, Rich also believes "there is definitely a black person inside [of me] waiting to get out. I'm sure I was once black." Natalie Cole, who is a close friend, told me one night in the living room of Rich's New York penthouse that before Denise's photo got published so often, "people thought she was black."

There is no denying that Rich is a real songwriter with a big career. "She's not afraid to be vulnerable," says Cole, who co-wrote last year's "Livin' for Love," a No. 1 dance hit, with Rich. "She speaks on behalf of women. Her lyrics are about what she imagines women have gone through, what she has gone through." Rich's duet for Aretha Franklin and Mary J. Blige, "Don't Waste Your Time," was nominated for a Grammy, and she has written hits for Céline Dion and Marc Anthony, as well as the title song for the film *The First Wives Club.* After a recent radio-station appearance in Jersey City, Rich was on the phone in the backseat of a town car, chatting with Ricky Martin's manager in fluent Spanish. "This too shall pass," she said. "I want to write a song called 'Perdoname.'" Although Rich may kid about her current situation, in the months ahead she'll need her angels more than ever.

According to Rich, her only sister, Monique, who died of cancer at 45 in 1983, is the angel who gave her "the gift" of her first hit, "Frankie," a No. 1 song in Britain recorded by Sister Sledge. Rich's mother also died of cancer, a few years after Monique, and in 1996, Rich's middle daughter, Gabrielle, died at 27 of leukemia. Responding to Gabrielle's last wish, Rich formed a foundation to find a cure for cancer. Much of her severely scrutinized Democratic gift giving, in fact, began as a lure to get President Clinton to come to her biennial Angel Ball in New York. "She has to give a few hundred thousand in order to make sure Clinton shows up at the ball," says Kalman Sporn, the self-described "gay Republican businessman son of an Orthodox rabbi," who has helped Rich or ganize the events. "It's a small price to pa to ensure he shows, and it means celebr ties give more and all the corporation buy tables."

"Gabrielle is always with me," Ric says, and she often wears an old sued jacket of Gabrielle's for good luck. "I' give anything—I'd die—to have my daugl ter back. But with her death I learned a other strength inside me I didn't know had." Rich is convinced it was Gabriel whispering in her ear from on high th prompted her to forgive her ex-husban after a bitterly fought divorce, and to inte cede on his behalf for a pardon fro Bill Clinton, an action which has sullie her and stained Clinton's legacy foreve The fact that Marc Rich cheated on h after they fled to Switzerland 17 years ag that he participated in the biggest t fraud in U.S. history, that he traded wi Iran during the hostage crisis and defia ly renounced his U.S. citizenship rath than face a trial here—all that has be washed away with a mother's tears. As f her notorious list of gifts to the Clinton $7,000 worth of furniture for their Cha papaqua, New York, house; $450,000 f the Clinton Library; more than $100,0 for Hillary's Senate campaign; more th $1 million for the Democratic Natio Committee, not to mention many millio more raised at Democratic fund-raisers her apartment—Rich dismisses all that a ly as a piffling amount. About the fur ture for Chappaqua (two coffee tables a two chairs), she says, "*Everybody* gave f niture. There was a list going around fr the decorator."

In her eyes there was no quid pro q whatsoever. "The truth is, there are a more people who gave a lot more mor Of course it gave me access [to the C tons]," she admits, "but it went beyo that. There was truly a friendship w both of them." Since the pardon, howe she has not heard from her good frien

Instead, Rich has joined the brui and swollen ranks of so many others v displayed generous impulses toward Clintons. She is paying fat legal fees spending untold hours on the various vestigations into the Rich pardon, by C gress, the F.B.I., and the U.S. attorney the Southern District of New York, M Jo White. Today Denise Rich, who sp millions and worked so hard to erase stigma of always being described as ' mer wife of the fugitive financier," who briefly tasted the triumph of b able to stick it to her ex-husband th had been her influence that got him doned, finds that he goes right on poi

ing her. Overnight she has become this year's poster girl for campaign-finance reform and a synonym for wretched excess.

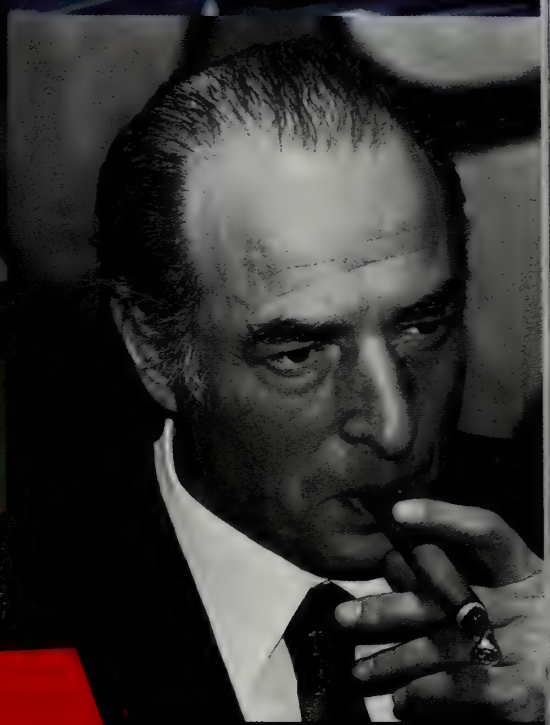
Rich has a staff of six maids, two butlers, a cook, and a secretary, as well as two drivers, two masseuses, a hairdresser, a trainer, a yoga instructor, and a personal photographer on call. Her imagist often travels with her, as does Jimmy Hester, the vice president of Denise Rich Songs, her music company. In Manhattan, four people work for the company, and two more are employed by her foundation. She also maintains staffs at her houses in Southampton and Aspen. Rich's mammoth two-story creamy-beige marbled apartment, said to be in the $40 million range, overlooks Fifth Avenue and Central Park, and is decorated with works by Picasso, Chagall, Miró, Léger, Braque, Warhol, Calder, and Lichtenstein, as well as a Julian Schnabel broken-crockery portrait of her with black hair and larger features. A recording studio, an office, a spa, and guest rooms are on the lower floor; there is also a rooftop garden. Two of New York's best-known publicists, Bobby Zarem and Howard Rubenstein, work for her. Even for someone with a nine-figure fortune, that is a big support team.

According to Kalman Sporn, however, "For all the influence she curries as a result of her financial resources, she's not a power broker. She listens to the men in her life." Bobby Zarem goes further: "Denise is warm and bubbly. Both men and women can push her around and use her for their own purposes." Jimmy Hester says, "I wish she weren't so kind." Her 88-year-old father, Emil Eisenberg, a retired shoe manufacturer and art collector from Worcester, Massachusetts, where Rich says she grew up with "unconditional love," tries to keep tabs on her, but any effort to curb her spending is futile. She donates lavishly to countless charities and is a notorious soft touch.

Rarely idle, Rich is usually racing from one life to another—from the songwriter who shuts herself off in a studio every day to the party giver, the partygoer, and the New Age devotee. She is all about multiple use: each of her activities can be cross-pollinated with the others, and the goal is always to promote Denise, her two living









"There are very few people who can lend a billion dollars no questions asked," said Ivan Boesky.

THE FUGITIVE

Clockwise from top right: Marc Rich and Pincus Green in Switzerland, 1984; Rich in 1990; Denise Rich at her 1998 Angel Ball with President Clinton, who chaired the event; Marc Rich and his second wife, Gisela, 1998; Denise Rich, still a brunette, in New York, 1994.



daughters—Ilona, 33, the married mother of three who in March launched her first fashion collection, and Daniella, 26, an actress and writer—and her causes. "That's what I'm really about," says Rich. "Politics goes into music, which goes into social life, which goes into the arts, and everything connects."

After 25 years of being held down by a controlling husband, Denise Rich likes to flaunt it. If Brad Boles is called away to do makeup for a film, he carefully calibrates her wardrobe for each scheduled event up to six weeks in advance, individually numbering the designer and custom-made outfits, often for as many as three changes a day. "What if she wants to wear something before the appointed day?," I ask. "She can't do it," he answers. "I won't let her."

The first thing Boles did when he went to work for her in 1993 was throw out all her Charles Jourdan shoes. "Marc only allowed her to wear a two-inch heel," he claims. "'Oh no, no, no,'" Boles says he told her. "'If you're going to be in New York, you've got to be fabulous! You can only wear Manolo Blahnik.' So the next thing you know, the whole closet is filled with Manolo Blahniks. He has the best toe cleavage." The sexy Manolos run about $500, but Rich doesn't seem to mind, since recently in one of her giant closets, which are organized by season, there were garbage bags filled with dozens of pairs of the pricey shoes waiting to be disposed of.

Rich's appearance has also undergone a radical transformation since her married days. "Marc kept her in shirts buttoned up to her neck," says Boles. Her curly hair has been straightened and highlighted, and her features have been altered. She still has a great figure, and she has elected to keep her own cleavage, which she is proud to display. With her big brown eyes and superglossed lips, Rich gives the illusion of being younger than her age, 57.

The striking physical changes over the years can be seen in dozens of neatly catalogued and dated photo albums of Denise Rich's parties, which show her with a mix of global statesmen, rap stars, politicians, and B-minus tabloid celebrities—everyone from Foxy Brown and Dewi Sukarno to Luciano Pavarotti and Mike Wallace. Bill Clinton appears at one fund-raiser in a bright-blue shirt and yellow tie. "He's always very relaxed here," Rich says. "We are not judgmental." Noticeable in one photo of Patti LaBelle's birthday party in September 1998—a full year before his services were engaged by Marc Rich to handle his pardon petition—is former White House counsel Jack Quinn. "I've known Jack socially for a long time," Rich explains, but she says she did not recommend him to her ex-husband.

There are also videos of Rich's two Angel Balls to support the G&P Foundation, named for Gabrielle and her Lebanese husband, Philip Aouad. The biennial balls, given in 1998 and 2000, were among the very few private events both President Clinton and the First Lady agreed to chair. According to the charity's tax returns, the first ball raised $2.3 million, but "fundraising expenses" of $855,000 ate up 37 percent of that (the rule of thumb for nonprofits is to try to stay below 25 percent). Nobody who was there has forgotten that evening. The seating plan was lost and celebrities had to scramble for tables, but there was plenty to make up for it. Plácido Domingo sang "Granada," Dan Rather presented an award to CBS president Les Moonves, Bill Cosby introduced President Clinton, Stevie Wonder sang "Happy Birthday" to Milton Berle, and the Duchess of York made a speech.

In 2000, with Queen Noor and Mikhail Gorbachev scheduled to appear, Rich was in despair over Paul McCartney's cancellation until the day was saved by Kalman Sporn, who is a first cousin of Kalman Stern, one of the four Hasidim from New Square, New York, granted clemency by Clinton, who are now under investigation. When I ask Sporn if the fact that his cousin's community voted overwhelmingly for Hillary Clinton had anything to do with the four getting their sentences commuted, he says, "Yes, I think there is a connection. Jews know how to show gratitude." Through his friend Rabbi Shmuley Boteach, the self-help author, Sporn got Boteach's friend Michael Jackson to replace McCartney. Jackson, whose career has never recovered since he paid in excess of $25 million to settle a 1993 suit alleging that he had sexually abused a 13-year-old boy, welcomed an opportunity to stand next to the president and First Lady. That same night Rich presented Bill Clinton with a new saxophone.

When first approached about getting involved, I was highly skeptical. But, I studied the facts and the law carefully and became convinced of both Marc's innocence and the outrageously prejudicial and unfair treatment of him by the then-new U.S. Attorney in New York, Mr. Giuliani.

—Jack Quinn, in a letter to President Clinton, January 5, 2001.

In the offices of the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York in Manhattan, there are 60 locked boxes of evidence prepared for the prosecution of Marc Rich and his partner, Pincus Green. In 1983 the two men fled to Switzerland rather than face a 65-count indictment. Fifty witnesses, many of whom had been granted immunity, were waiting to testify. "There were a number of things we could have indicted on," says Morris Weinberg, the former assistant U.S. attorney who was the lead prosecutor. "This was the tip of the iceberg. It just so happened the iceberg was on U.S. soil. We discovered it, we got the evidence, and we nailed him."

In the 1970s, oil trading had been carried on mainly among a small group of giant oil companies known as the Seven Sisters. Marc Rich broke the market open when he persuaded Third World producers in countries such as Iran and Nigeria to sell to him. Rich invented the spot oil market, by trading oil both in units and in futures, just as he would any of the many other commodities he dealt with—metal, coal, sugar, grain. Pincus Green transported these commodities all over the globe. One oil broker tells me, "Pinky knew how to move it, Marc knew how to trade it."

In the late 70s and 80s, the Department of Energy (D.O.E.) controlled the price of oil by age and provenance. The government learned that Rich was conspiring with two Texas companies, West Texas Marketing and Listo, to convert the oil certification of his barrels and sell them at a higher price. All these illegal trades were meticulously recorded in two separate sets of books. Rich also had "pots" where in just six months he hid $100 million in illegal profits. In order to "lose" those profits, as well as evade taxes and get around the D.O.E., he washed them away in a series of phony transactions between Listo and West Texas and his offshore companies.

The government indictment charged Rich's companies with evading $48 million in taxes and lying about it. In October 1983 his companies pleaded guilty to 78 felonies. The indictment also accused him of trading with Iran when Americans were being held hostage there and charged him with two RICO (racketeering) counts of wire and mail fraud. Though RICO is no longer applied in such tax cases, Jack Quinn referred to the counts as the "RICO sledgehammer" in congressional hearings, and used them as an example of the overzealousness of the government in what he downplayed as essentially a tax squabble. (Quinn failed to mention that the government in recent years agreed to CONTINUED ON PAGE


Denise Rich
represented everything
Bill Clinton loved most.
She was definitely
his type.
IN' FOR LOVE
ise Rich says that
daughter Gabrielle's death
996 allowed her to
ve Marc, even after their
r divorce.

The Clinton Pardons: Part II

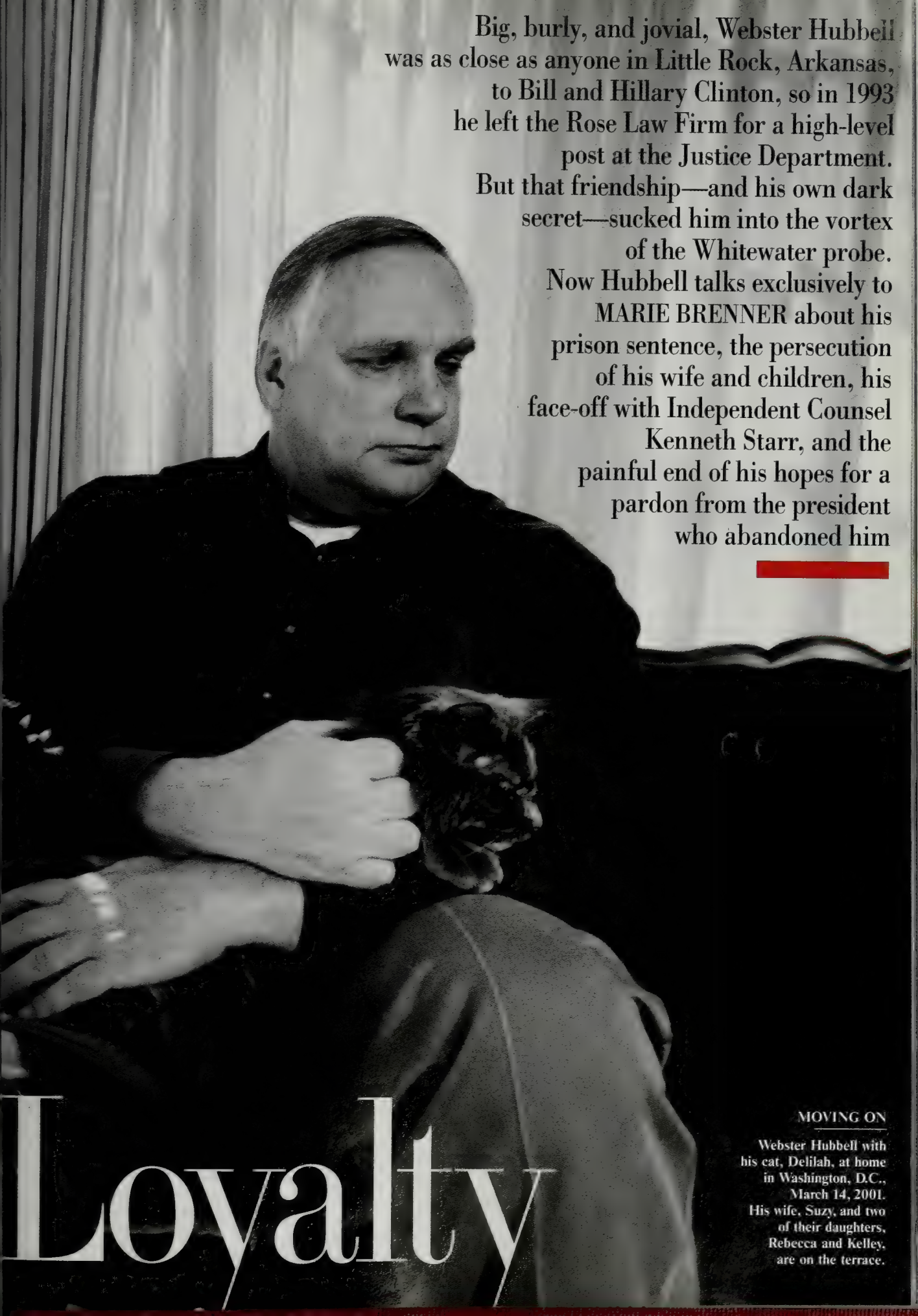


The Price of

PORTRAIT BY HARRY BENSON

Loyalty

Big, burly, and jovial, Webster Hubbell was as close as anyone in Little Rock, Arkansas, to Bill and Hillary Clinton, so in 1993 he left the Rose Law Firm for a high-level post at the Justice Department. But that friendship—and his own dark secret—sucked him into the vortex of the Whitewater probe. Now Hubbell talks exclusively to MARIE BRENNER about his prison sentence, the persecution of his wife and children, his face-off with Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr, and the painful end of his hopes for a pardon from the president who abandoned him



MOVING ON

Webster Hubbell with his cat, Delilah, at home in Washington, D.C., March 14, 2001. His wife, Suzy, and two of their daughters, Rebecca and Kelley, are on the terrace.

They missed the first announcement on CNN. That Saturday morning, January 20, 2001, Webster Hubbell and his wife, Suzy, were waiting for word of the presidential pardons at a rambling Virginia farmhouse owned by friends. Hubbell had arisen early and taken a swim in the indoor pool. By 9:30 he had worked his way through *The Washington Post* and was sitting in front of a blazing fire in the pool room. Relieved that there was no television blaring there, he tried to take his mind off what was imminent in the news.

The inauguration weekend was crucial for Hubbell, the final test of what it meant to have been an F.O.B., an intimate friend of the departing 42nd president, William Jefferson Clinton. When Bill Clinton arrived in the charmed ether of the Washington of 1993, Webb Hubbell was mentioned in *The Washington Post* as one of his closest friends. Hubbell was then on top of the world, a former partner of Hillary Clinton's at the Rose Law Firm, anointed to be the associate attorney general, Bill Clinton's inside man at Justice.

Hubbell uses the term "collateral consequences" to describe his subsequent stunning free fall. In August 1995 he went to prison for 15 months for overbilling clients, defrauding his partners, and evading taxes. After his release, his family waited for signals of a thawing in the chill from the White House—a phone call, a personalized note on a Christmas card, a message through friends. Hubbell yearned for a sign that there was still some emotional connection, a reservoir of loyalty.

The atmosphere in Virginia that weekend was full of expectation. The Hubbells had been tipped by friends in the White House that Webb's pardon was almost a done deal. It was reportedly sitting on the president's desk, even though Hubbell had not applied for one. "Friends don't ask friends for official acts," he told his youngest daughter, Kelley, a sophomore at Davidson College in North Carolina. He also reminded his family that he was still radioactive for the Clintons, and that a pardon could be risky for Hillary's political career. But however high-minded these words sounded, his family heard the urgency in the subtext and knew how desperately he wanted to be re-embraced. On Saturday morning, as he waited, Hubbell was trying to concentrate on *Rising Tide,* John M. Barry's book about the 1927 Mississippi flood. Then Suzy went into the den to turn on CNN.

For days anticipation had been building in the circle of Hubbell's close friends from the Little Rock days, and his name had appeared on the list of expected pardons carried on the wire services. The real F.O.B.'s understood that Hubbell had served his time and gone on to be shredded by Kenneth Starr's Office of Independent Counsel (O.I.C.) in a subsequent indictment and re-indictment. On Friday night the exhausted president had worked until all hours. The announcement of the pardons, scheduled for Friday evening, had been delayed. As TV crews gathered in the parking lot of the Hubbells' former suburban town house, the couple's middle daughter, 24-year-old Caroline, called from home to say, "Dad, the reporters are at the wrong house! They are a block away!" She sounded festive, eager for the moment they had all been waiting for.

At 10 A.M., Suzy watched Hillary Clinton in a blue plaid suit on the portico of the White House, saying good-bye. Next she heard the CNN anchor announcing Susan McDougal's pardon. She was pleased for the former Whitewater partner, who had gone to prison rather than testify before a grand jury called by the independent counsel. "I thought, If Susan is pardoned, for sure Bill will pardon Webb," she would recall. Then she realized it was not to be. Suzy rushed into the pool room, tears running down her face. "Webb, the list is finally out. And you are not on it." Hubbell, teary as well, tried to remain impassive. "I had a sense it wasn't going to happen," he said. He reverted to the mantra he had repeated so often to his family: "Let's move on." That afternoon, he watched dazed as Clinton made his endless departure from Andrews Air Force Base. It flashed through his mind, he says, that if George Bush had been that slow getting out of Washington in 1993, "Stephanopoulos would have eaten him alive." Meanwhile, a distraught Suzy called Kelley at her dorm: "Dad did not get pardoned. I am pissed off, and so is he."

When Suzy and Webb Hubbell returned to their house in northwest Washington, the answering machine registered 31 calls. The messages had a common theme: *How could he have pardoned Marc Rich and not you? Webb, I just hate to find out that they are just as disloyal as everyone has always thought they were.* A wiseguy from the Boston Mafia who had befriended Hubbell at a minimum-security federal prison in Cumberland, Maryland, said, "I don't understand this. In my business, you are supposed to take care of your friends."

The next night a morose Hubbell stayed in with Caroline to watch the Golden Globe Awards on TV. "What are you going to remember about me?" he asked his daughter as he worked his way through a bottle of wine. Caroline let him know that she loved him without the slightest ambivalence. "We have spent eight years worrying about the Clintons! . . . Dad, they are ghosts, and they are haunting this house. . . . They are not alive for us. It has always been about them. . . . And when push comes to shove, it is *still* about them."

The first time I talk with Webster Hubbell, he uses the word "tacit" to describe his complicated relationship with Bill and Hillary Clinton. In this context the word is both surprising and paradoxical because it implies a promise waiting to be fulfilled. Hubbell, who is 53, greets me at the door of his house near American University. He is 50 pounds lighter than when he entered prison, but he still has the quality of a gentle giant, who, at six feet five, in a khaki shirt and corduroy pants, fills the doorframe. He radiates the surface affability which made him a beloved leader at the Clinton Justice Department and which earned him the nickname Big Easy from his fellow inmates at Cumberland. Underneath the kindly, thick-featured demeanor, Hubbell has trained himself to hide the roiling ball of lead inside him. He often talks of himself in the third person, and he is oddly defensive about any display of emotion. "I do not get angry," he tells me repeatedly, but he has always worn his anger—his weight sometimes ballooning to 300 pounds. I follow him through the dining area and down three steps to the small living room, decorated with a rattan sofa and two leather wing chairs that remain from Hubbell's Folly, his former home in the Heights, the elite Little Rock neighborhood.

"I am trying to work through my emotions about the pardons," he says as he slowly settles his large frame onto a tiny love seat. "Please don't hold me today to how I will feel two weeks from now. . . . When I saw the list, [I wondered,] Why everyone else but me? If you are going to

ake political heat for everyone, what is it bout me that made you select me as the ne who was not pardoned? What singled ne out? ... People were saying, 'This is a onscious act! You must have done some-hing awful!' ... I have defended the Clin-ons for years. I lived through the Lani Guinier crisis [over the withdrawal of her omination to head the civil-rights divi-ion] and the removal of [longtime Clinton ide] Betsey Wright from the campaign. For nany years people would say that the Clin-ons are disloyal, and I would say, 'You ave to understand, they are required to do his.' So when this all happened, it forced ne to say, 'Am I in the same category?'"

The aftershock of the announcement of he controversial Clinton pardons—to co-aine traffickers, money launderers, tax heats, and perjurers, including clients of Hillary's brother, Hugh Rodham—as monopolized the tabloids, the alk shows, and the nation's edi-orial pages. Hubbell has refused o take calls from CBS and the ewsmagazines and is carefully nonitoring his answering ma-hine. This is all part of a rogram of self-awareness e began in prison, which aused him to rethink his revious life and deter-nine to change. Before he list was released, Hubbell had thought he years of therapy and the self-knowledge e had accrued had really enlightened him, ut suddenly he was back in his old famil-ar pattern, waiting for certification by un-eliable authority figures, even if he had etrayed them. "If they had said, 'Webb, you id not apply. This can't be done.' But to ead in the papers that I was being consid-red ... " His voice trails off. "I had phone alls from the White House.... They said, Webb, you will be able to get on with your fe.' And then it didn't happen."

Hubbell found himself, in his phrase, going down a road he did not want to go on. It led to a black hole in which he attempted to parse the motives of his former close friend. Others had tried to reveal the Clinton pattern—mollify your enemies, abandon friends—but it was only textbook narcissism.

We sit in his living room and play out an imaginary scene. I ask him to speculate on what he thinks really happened in the Oval Office on the night of January 19. "My speculation would be that political types would have been arguing the political aspects, and they would have said, 'Webb is loyal. He has stood by you and taken a lot of abuse in prison. His wife was indicted, his children were abused.' 'Hurt' is a good word to describe how I feel."

It is now clear to Hubbell that his former friend sat in the Oval Office and considered the implications of a pardon for him with his aides Bruce Lindsey, whom Hubbell has known since high school, and John Podesta and somehow came away thinking it would be better to pardon Marc Rich, a fugitive commodities trader, than a loyal friend who had served his time for overbilling clients and writing Rose Law Firm checks amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars to cover personal expenses. "When I started thinking about it, I must admit I was consumed and overwhelmed.... It was a personal decision not to pardon me.... The denial of the pardon was a severing of something that I thought was still there and is no longer there.... That is what caused the pain. I blamed myself at first, saying that I must have hurt them more than I thought.... Then I thought, This is not about me, it is about them.... It was like a divorce. It is like someone saying, 'I don't want to be with you anymore.'"

From the beginning, Hubbell had a billboard on him because of his close association with the Clintons. There is a photograph of the president with Hubbell just after they arrived in Washington. They are standing on a golf course. Hubbell's face shines with happiness and more than a hint of grandiosity. He had ascended with Clinton to the corridors of power, and the universe was anything they wanted it to be. Out on a course one day the president teased him:

> "It was a personal decision not to pardon me. It was like a divorce."









FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES

Clockwise from above: **Hubbell, newly named to the Arkansas Supreme Court, hugs Hillary Clinton as Bill looks on, 1984; at an arraignment for tax evasion, 1998; in his University of Arkansas football uniform, late 60s; with Bill Clinton at the Chenal Country Club in Little Rock, 1992.**

"We have spent eight years worrying about the Clintons! They are haunting this house."

"Watch out, Webb. Don't you know you are playing golf with the leader of the Free World?"

The first image Hubbell had of Bill and Hillary would turn out to be prophetic. They were taking their bar exams at a Little Rock hospital in 1973. At the break, Hubbell, a star left tackle for the University of Arkansas's winning team in the 1969 Sugar Bowl, strolled to the lawn to see Clinton holding forth, grandstanding to a group around him. Nearby, Hillary, wearing a Yale sweatshirt and thick glasses, was sitting on a rock studying. That very casual encounter remained indelible in Hubbell's memory. He later wrote in his autobiography, *Friends in High Places,* that he had been convinced that the Clintons were rich and unapproachable. "I projected my own fears and insecurities onto them," he wrote.

The son of an industrial engineer and a librarian, Hubbell was the middle child in a family that stifled rebellion. Growing up, he frequently heard his father, whose name was also Webster, bragging about his own accomplishments on the football field. When the boy was six, his father humiliated him in front of guests, saying he didn't know how it happened, but "Webb has nigger lips." His mother smoked three packs a day and had her daily bourbon before her husband got home for dinner. She deferred to Webb's father, who kept tight control over the house. Hubbell recalls, "There would be no back talk, no anger allowed." At Christmas, when the family would visit Webb's maternal grandfather, only his sisters received presents. His mother told him, "Your grandfather does not like boys." When he was 15, the family settled in Little Rock, where Webb, who reached his full height in his junior year, finally tried his luck on the football field.

He was so good he was later drafted by the Chicago Bears, but a knee injury kept him from pro ball. Despite his father's reservations, Hubbell worked his way through law school and made law review. Although he was a football star, he had no confidence with women. One day a friend said, "Suzy Ward wants you to ask her out." For Hubbell, Suzy Ward seemed one more unobtainable, a diminutive former cheerleader who drove a Thunderbird, a gift from her father, Seth Ward, the self-made Little Rock entrepreneur. It was the spring of 1971, and Suzy, a Latin major, had told her father she was going to New Orleans after graduation to look for a job. Her father was a controlling Big Daddy, whose boorish behavior made him a pariah among the conservative families of Little Rock. Ferociously opposed to his daughter's ever being independent, he expected her to move back home after she graduated.

When Hubbell took Suzy Ward out for the first time, he was "dirt poor" and owned a single pair of moccasins. He had neatly pressed a blue shirt. He knew little about her family, but he felt instantly protective of her. Suzy teased him and called him Chicken. About a month after they met, Hubbell proposed, and she took him to Hot Springs, where the Wards had a lake house with manicured lawns that went down to the water. When Hubbell told Seth Ward that he wanted his permission to marry Suzy, Ward, a former Marine, replied, "Will you get your damned hair cut?" In the end Hubbell seemed to be acceptable marriage material. He was an ambitious young man with a future: he became managing editor of the law review and obtained an interview with the elite Rose Law Firm in Little Rock. Reluctantly, Ward embraced his daughter's choice.

People close to Webb Hubbell will tell you that his tangled affairs with Whitewater and the Rose Law Firm and his subsequent problems with Kenneth Starr can best be understood by knowing the fealty he felt for the Clintons as well as the servitude imposed on him by the late Seth Ward. In one of our phone conversations, Suzy Hubbell tells me, "I am very sensitive about my family. I have a close relationship with my mother and my sister. My father could be the most generous person in the world, and he expected us to be loyal in return. And I have respect for the dead."

As a young bride, Suzy seemed dominated by her father. According to Webb's sister Terry Collins, "She was very demanding that Webb please her father. Webb was like a puppet on a string. When Seth Ward said, 'Jump,' Webb said, 'How high?'"

Sometime around 1990, Hubbell was taking his regular morning walk with his accountant and close friend, Mike Schaufele. As they made their way through the elegant area called the Heights, where Webster and Suzy now lived in grand style, Schaufele recalls, Hubbell said, "One of the worst things I ever did CONTINUED ON PAGE 226





FOR BETTER OR WORSE

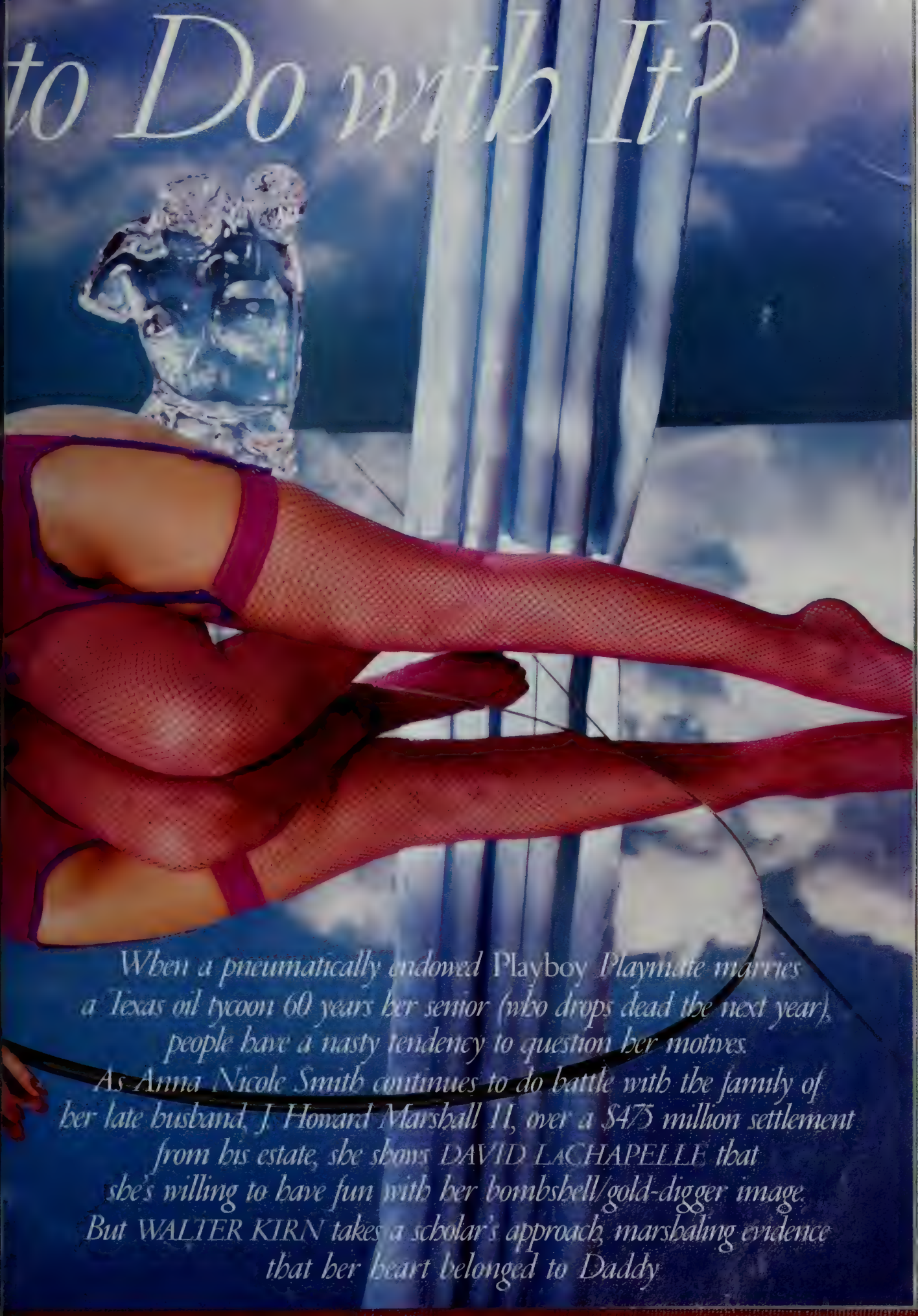
Hubbell's loyal wife, Suzy, called their daughter Kelley at her dorm on January 20. "Dad did not get pardoned," she said. "I am pissed off, and so is he."

What's Love Got



MICHAEL MOORE,
[illegible]
[illegible] Nude Search,
[illegible] and 1993
Playmate of the Year,
photographed
in Los Angeles
on March 9, 2001.

to Do with It?



When a pneumatically endowed Playboy *Playmate marries a Texas oil tycoon 60 years her senior (who drops dead the next year), people have a nasty tendency to question her motives. As Anna Nicole Smith continues to do battle with the family of her late husband, J. Howard Marshall II, over a $475 million settlement from his estate, she shows DAVID LACHAPELLE that she's willing to have fun with her bombshell/gold-digger image. But WALTER KIRN takes a scholar's approach, marshaling evidence that her heart belonged to Daddy*


MR. JONES! YOU KNOW THE ONLY THING I *DON'T* DO IS WINDOWS . . .
Smith won't be dusting many porcelain swans, or having to put up with smarmy photo captions, if she ends up receiving a hefty settlement from her late husband's estate.
Anything missing in her life?
"I want one of those chimps that shake hands and like to be hugged."



People said her marriage would never last, but—as people often are about the voluptuous Anna Nicole Smith—they were wrong. In 1994, when the former exotic dancer, *Playboy* Playmate of the Year, and Guess? jeans model married J. Howard Marshall II, an 89-year-old Texas oil tycoon more than 60 years her senior, the skeptics predicted a short-lived match, and indeed Marshall passed away the following year. But that was not the end of the relationship. Smith and the elderly billionaire who fell for her while watching from his wheelchair as she stripped are together in spirit even to this day, entwined in a battle over his estate that may well go on until Smith, now 33, is almost as old as Marshall was when he tipped her that first 20. For while a California judge declared last year that a sizable chunk of Marshall's fortune was hers ($475 million), another judge, in Texas, disagreed, awarding the whole estate to one of Marshall's two sons. It may not have helped that Smith appeared in court wearing not black but a tight pink top with the word SPOILED across the front.

Callous gold digger or heartsick widow? It's easy to jump to uncharitable conclusions about the Matterhorn-breasted pinup, and many have. But let's take a more scholarly approach and consider the documentary evidence. Exhibit A: Smith's Playmate Data Sheet from 1992, back when she went by the name of Vickie and had ascended only as high as Miss May in the Playmate hierarchy. Her turn-ons then: "Men who wear braces, and cowboys!" Notice that she doesn't specify here which kind of braces get her hot and bothered—the ones used to straighten teenagers' teeth or the ones that hold up octogenarians' backs? Next, consider Smith's answer to the question about her favorite century. The "19th," she said. Marshall, remember, was 89 when he married CONTINUED ON PAGE 237



ALL ABOARD AIR FORCE FUN

Smith says she regards herself as another Marilyn Monroe, although Monroe's oldest husband, Arthur Miller, was only a quadragenarian when they married. Scholars dispute whether Monroe ever posed for a photograph that implied the president of the United States was a member of the Mile High Club.


'How am I going to know
if the men I date really love me for me?"
she recently wondered aloud.



The French Connection

In placing 32-year-old Hedi Slimane at the helm of its men's-wear line, Dior has given Paris fashion the added dazzle of a rising hometown star. Slimane's first Dior collection won't hit stores until later this summer, but the best-connected insiders are already scrambling to get their hands on his elegantly subversive clothes, and Brad Pitt wore Slimane to the altar last year. INGRID SISCHY traces the quiet maverick's ascent, via Yves Saint Laurent, to a commanding position on the Gucci-LVMH chessboard



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE



France doesn't have a monarchy anymore, but the French sure react to Karl Lagerfeld as if he were king. The reception that movie stars get on the streets of Paris is minor compared with what happens when Lagerfeld hits the pavement. Traffic stops. Schoolchildren point. Out come the disposable cameras and the autograph seekers. I witnessed all this and more on a recent spring evening when I was shooting the breeze with the designer and a few others at an outdoor bistro on the corner of Avenue Montaigne and Rue François Premier. The best reaction came from a boozed-up old fellow who looked as if he'd been wearing the same clothes since Vichy and who screamed at Lagerfeld, "I love you!"

Only in France can "La Mode" exert such an across-the-board pull. Fashion is a national pastime there, but for some time now the French have been watching outsiders take over their venerable houses—the Englishman John Galliano at Dior, the American Marc Jacobs at Louis Vuitton, and, most recently, the American Tom Ford at Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche—and the nation wants to be proud of a winning home team again. On this score, it just so happened that one of France's great young fashion hopes was also part of the Lagerfeld party that night—the 32-year-old designer Hedi Slimane. He hasn't been top dog at Dior men's wear for even a year yet, but his work for the house is already influential. Slimane is a truly gifted designer who has an utterly contemporary voice and who has, in his first collection for Dior Homme—which hits the stores next month—synthesized the couture tradition and the edgy present. On the one hand, his clothes are beyond beautifully made, with all sorts of luxurious details; on the other, their cut and combination of materials suggest an inner life of more unruly desires. And how many pairs of pants or suit jackets do most of us own that have a psychological subtext, or that seem to have a soul? Not only is Slimane offering people a new way to dress—women love his men's clothes, too—but along with the 29-year-old Nicolas Ghesquiere, who has recently brought the House of Balenciaga back to life, he has been hailed as a potential savior of French fashion, a Frenchman who "has it in his blood." (He's also received benediction from Hollywood: last July, six months before Slimane had even had his first show for Dior, Brad Pitt wore a sleek black Slimane tux for his wedding to Jennifer Aniston.)

"Hedi is absolutely focused–he knows where he puts his feet," says Karl Lagerfeld.





STARK INTERIORS, EVOCATIVE CLOTHES
Various views of the Dior Homme atelier in Paris (designed by Slimane with technical assistance from the firm Architectes Associés; Slimane designed most of the furnishings as well) along with runway shots from Dior Homme's January 2001 show (Slimane's first collection for the label). *Above,* the designer's weekend wardrobe as it hangs in his Berlin apartment.

But on that recent night when we were all sitting outside, none of the passersby paid Slimane any mind. At first glance he looks like just another young urban hipster. But look again and the Hediness comes out. The alertness in his face gives away his keen awareness and intelligence; his eyes are wide and watchful. His hair tops off his head like a blue jay's crest, and his surname certainly suits him, since he's as slim as a thread. For all his stylish contemporaneity, there is something old-fashioned about his look. He reminds me of one of those intellectual European between-the-wars bohemian figures—Samuel Beckett, say. To Lagerfeld he looks like an actor in a German silent movie, "a cross between Conrad Veidt and *Metropolis.*" You might initially pick up on his obvious shyness, and even his apparent fragility, but under all that is the will of someone who has been put on earth on a mission. As Lagerfeld later told me, "Hedi is absolutely focused—he knows where he puts his feet." And he knows a lot about what is going on in areas outside of fashion, especially contemporary art, architecture, and music, subjects that seem to genuinely interest him and that also subtly inform his work. Most fashion people have an interest in these areas, too, but might not go beyond Julian Schnabel, Frank Gehry, and Patti Smith. Slimane knows every latest development in installation art, in electronic music, and in virtual architecture. It was this precise knowledge that prompted the Kunst-Werke Institute for Contemporary Art in Berlin to award the designer a coveted artist's residency, beginning last year when he was out of work. Now that he's a fashion star, he still spends as much time there as he can, always traveling alone. In fact, you get the feeling he's often alone, even when he's surrounded.

And on that lovely spring night, as I sat beside him watching him watch Lagerfeld handle the crowd—the young master taking in everything—I had the distinct sensation that I was seeing history in the making, one of those moments that crystallize the start of something major. You could feel it, and, along with the season's blossoms, you could practically smell this: fashion is once again in the air in Paris, big-time.

For Paris even to start to matter again in fashion took a while, and Slimane's role in the new course of events is not to be underestimated. (His first name, by the way, is pronounced "Eddy"; his last name rhymes with Iman, as in the model.) Fashion insiders began to pay attention in 1996 when, as a complete unknown, he landed a job as the chief men's-wear designer for Yves Saint

Laurent. He took that rather intimidating mandate and managed to be true both to the label and to himself. This was possible because Slimane kept the essence of what Saint Laurent had done—impeccably tailored clothes, always elegant but never stuffy—while rethinking the substance. The new YSL men's wear had lots of black and white, lots of silk, and lots of sheer. It was still suits and long coats, but it looked like nothing that people had seen before because Slimane let his imagination run free. At the time he told a fashion reporter: "I worked with the idea of a guy who goes to a party on the West Coast and has a tuxedo on and suddenly everybody wants to have a swim in the ocean, so he takes off his clothes, and voilà—he's wearing this whole matching outfit." The work was a hit, with critics as well as customers.

But shortly after the Gucci Group took over the Yves Saint Laurent ready-to-wear companies in 1999, Slimane up and quit. The issue seems to have been that Slimane knew he had come far enough along that he needed to be the creative boss, which was not in the picture at the new YSL. There was much talk about where Slimane would go and lots of gossip about the offers he'd received. And when it was announced, three months later, that he had been hired by Gucci's rival, LVMH Moët Hennessy Louis Vuitton, to basically invent a men's line for Dior, the news was greeted with high expectations. He didn't disappoint with his first collection, last January, and on top of that the show was the catalyst for just the kind of high drama and Capulet-Montague symbolism that fashion types eat up. Not only did the mythic Saint Laurent himself, now an employee of the Gucci Group, cross party lines to attend the Dior show, but he and his crowd rose at the end and gave Slimane a standing ovation. This sight fired the imagination of practically everyone who saw it or heard about it, and the tale became instant legend. What would fashion writers do without the rivalry between LVMH and Gucci? God forbid they might even write about the clothes!

In Slimane's case there is much to comment on, though in fact his career in fashion began rather casually. Not very long ago he was just another kid out there with artistic leanings, looking for his place in the world. But right from the beginning he embodied the CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

THE FULL RAMPLING

A CELEBRATED PORTRAIT GETS A SEQUEL



I've taken lots and lots of photographs of Charlotte over the years. This picture of her from 1973 (*above*) was pretty daring at the time. I had gone to Arles, where she was shooting *Zardoz* with Sean Connery, to photograph her for *Playboy*. We had gotten on very well, and I said I'd love to do some black-and-white pictures—the ones for *Playboy* were in color—and would she spend some more time sitting for me? She said, "I'd love to." So I shot lots of other photographs of her, but this is the one that really hit the headlines.

When we got together recently, I told her I wanted an echo of the picture from 1973. She said to me, "Would you like me to take my clothes off?" I said, "That would be wonderful!" She had put her glasses on sometime earlier during the sitting, to read or to look at something, and I had said, "My God, you look fantastic with those glasses—I think they make you look very sexy." As a general rule, I love glasses on a beautiful woman. So she kept those on. Then I asked, "Do you still smoke?" She said yes and I stuck a cigarette in her mouth. So there she was, looking, as you can see from the photograph, absolutely gorgeous 28 years later—and voilà! It was all over pretty quickly. She's drinking water, by the way, but people are free to think it's vodka.

—HELMUT NEWTON



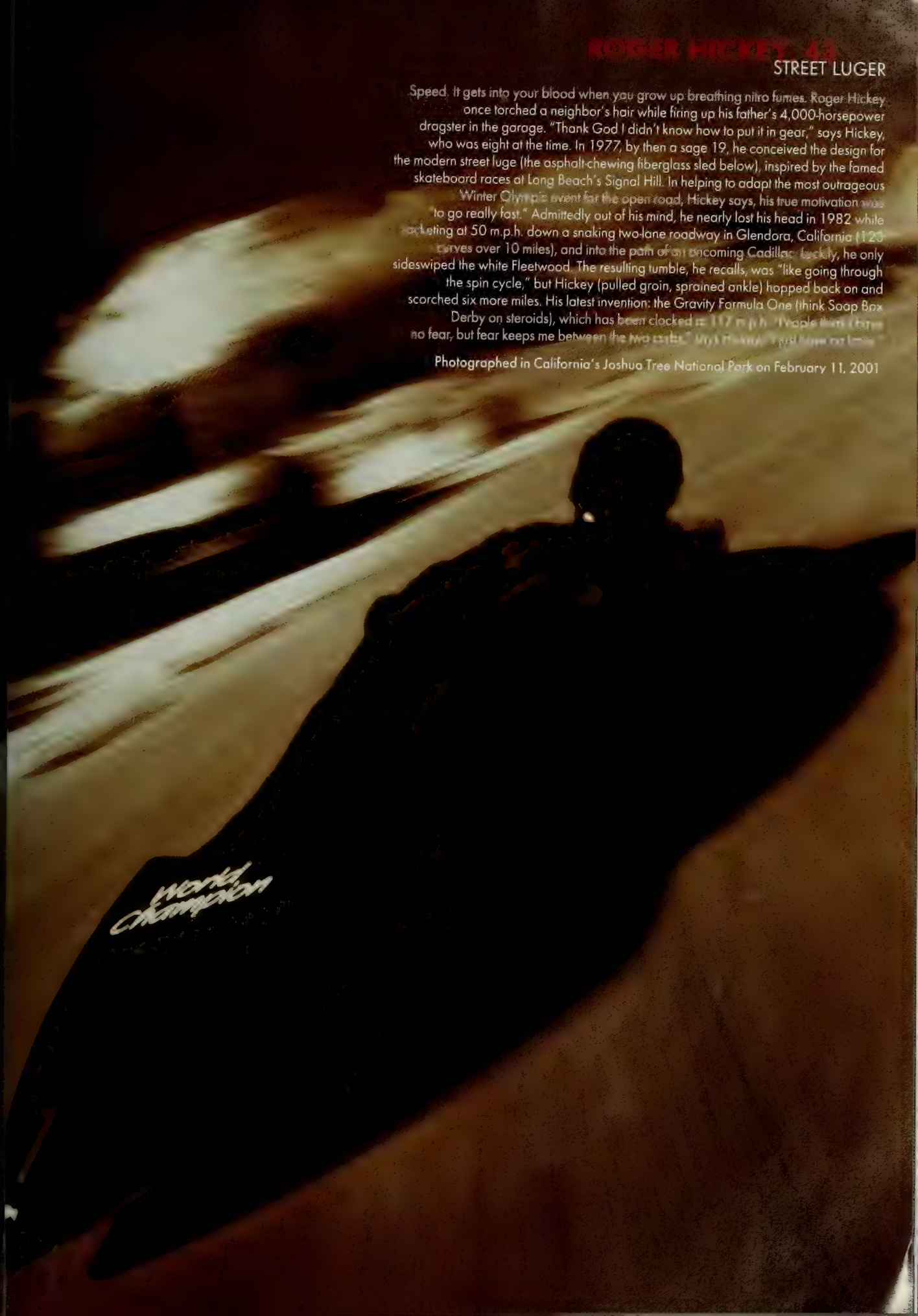
SKOAL!

Charlotte Rampling, 56, photographed by Helmut Newton in Monte Carlo on March 19, 2001. *Opposite*, Newton's 1973 portrait of Rampling, taken at the Hôtel Nord-Pinus in Arles, France (in a room usually reserved for matadors during the city's bullfight season).



GENESIS X

America's passion for extreme sports—think bungee jumping, in-line skating, hotdog skiing, mountain biking, and giant-wave surfing—began with these daredevil pioneers. They blasted the limits, courting pain, injury, and death, to put an adrenaline edge on the concept of fun and games. Photographer **JONAS KARLSSON** freeze-frames 13 thrill seekers, from the father of snowboarding to the man who took luging to the streets, while **SCOTT GUMMER** explains what made them first, fastest, and farthest out



ROGER HICKEY, 43

STREET LUGER

Speed. It gets into your blood when you grow up breathing nitro fumes. Roger Hickey once torched a neighbor's hair while firing up his father's 4,000-horsepower dragster in the garage. "Thank God I didn't know how to put it in gear," says Hickey, who was eight at the time. In 1977, by then a sage 19, he conceived the design for the modern street luge (the asphalt-chewing fiberglass sled below), inspired by the famed skateboard races at Long Beach's Signal Hill. In helping to adapt the most outrageous Winter Olympic event for the open road, Hickey says, his true motivation was "to go really fast." Admittedly out of his mind, he nearly lost his head in 1982 while [illegible] at 50 m.p.h. down a snaking two-lane roadway in Glendora, California (123 curves over 10 miles), and into the path of an oncoming Cadillac. Luckily, he only sideswiped the white Fleetwood. The resulting tumble, he recalls, was "like going through the spin cycle," but Hickey (pulled groin, sprained ankle) hopped back on and scorched six more miles. His latest invention: the Gravity Formula One (think Soap Box Derby on steroids), which has been clocked at 117 m.p.h. "People think I have no fear, but fear keeps me between the two curbs." [illegible]

Photographed in California's Joshua Tree National Park on February 11, 2001



GREG NOLL, 64
GIANT-WAVE SURFER

He was awakened that morning—December 4, 1969—by surf so thunderous it rattled the dishes. Suddenly, Greg Noll stood amazed, regarding a monster swell the size of which Hawaii has not seen since. Noll, nicknamed "Da Bull," was already a local legend, having been the first to surf sinister Waimea Bay 12 years earlier. This day, as police were evacuating the area, Noll mounted what by all accounts is the biggest wave ever ridden, a behemoth that witnesses put at upwards of 40 feet. "We could stack two 18-wheelers end to end with room to spare," says Noll. "Then I got pummeled." He emerged from the surf a changed man. "That was my Holy Grail," he says. "Once I had it I could jump off the merry-go-round clean." Noll subsequently retreated from the scene, moved to a remote spread in Colorado's Redwood National Park, captioned a commercial [illegible] returned to an old passion—making surfboards. He now [illegible] wooden replicas of ancient Hawaiian models; a [illegible] *papa hee nalu* can command $12[illegible]. Meanwhile, tow-in wave surfing has become a bona fide X [illegible] of the original surf conditions over the Internet [illegible] to the field of battle. "I still g[illegible] every year and raise hell," say[illegible] hell as a fat, old guy is capable[illegible]

Photographed in his work shed [illegible] on March 23, 2001.



DUDE! The thrill's the thing. From adventure vacations to face-down roller coasters to day-trading, our adrenal-gland culture now exalts the Extreme. Psychologists identify some 30 million Americans as thrill-bent Type T's. And nowhere is their influence felt more keenly than in our increasingly whacked-out notion of what constitutes fun and games.

By now, even your grandmother has trimmed down, waxed her gams, and done an Ironman or two. The pure surfeit of Things X (ESPN's summer and winter X Games, Glacier Freeze Gatorade, Thrill cologne) has rendered archaic the very word "extreme."

How did it all get so *out there?* Consider the evolution of skydiving to sky-*surfing,* possibly the most radical of the radical-chic sports. In 1919, 16 years after Orville and Wilbur Wright caught air at Kitty Hawk, an aviation entrepreneur named Leslie Irvin (creator of the sheepskin-lined leather flight jackets worn by R.A.F. pilots in World War II) helped slake man's thirst to fly when he made the first free-fall parachute jump, over Dayton, Ohio. Along came daisy chains, nude leaps, and assorted stunts, but by the late 80s it all seemed lame. Enter four Frenchmen who put a new spin on skydiving. Their bright idea? Jumping out of airplanes, affixing surfboards to their feet, and filming one another's aerobatics—to prove that the nut jobs actually did it. Sadly, but not surprisingly, one of the four comrades fell and died. (Another perished while snowboarding.) Yet there are those who still yearn for that perfect plummet. Next year an Australian named Rodd Millner hopes to break the sound barrier while skydiving from the brink of outer space, free-falling for seven minutes at speeds of 800 m.p.h. or more.

Ours is not to reason why. That's their problem. Ours is but to wonder: Who dreams up this stuff? Who were the true movers and jumpers, the first X-men and -women to push—and tear—the envelope?

On these pages are 13 pioneers of extreme sport, the parents of Generation Xtreme. Their endeavors reveal two essential truths: it's about the journey, not the destination, and, please, don't try this at home.



NED OVEREND, 45
MOUNTAIN BIKER, OFF-ROAD TRIATHLETE

"The sports that I'm into are about suffering," says Ned Overend, the man known as Deadly Ned, winner of six U.S. mountain-bike titles as well as the sport's inaugural world championship way back in 1990. His weapon of choice: a $3,300 Specialized FSR-XC, sissy bar not included. "I get as big a rush from climbing," he claims, "as I do from barreling down a steep fire road at 40 miles per hour." Those made-for-TV Survivors look like sucklings compared with Overend, the Secretariat of mountain biking. A mechanic by trade, he owes his success as much to his deftness with a wrench as to his titanium will. "On the mountain," he says, "the rule is: You fix it yourself." In 1996, along came a new challenge, the XTERRA off-road triathlon: a 1.5k rough-water swim and a 30k mountain-bike scramble, topped off with an 11k trail run. Overend has earned XTERRA's top honors twice, besting competitors half his age. This past off-season, just for kicks, he ran (10k), biked (20k), and Nordic-skied (10k)—all on snow—to win the first Winter Triathlon nationals. "I don't consider myself a daredevil," says Overend. "I'm just a sensation junkie."

Photographed in Yucaipa, California, on February 12, 2001.



TED CORBITT, 82
ULTRAMARATHONER

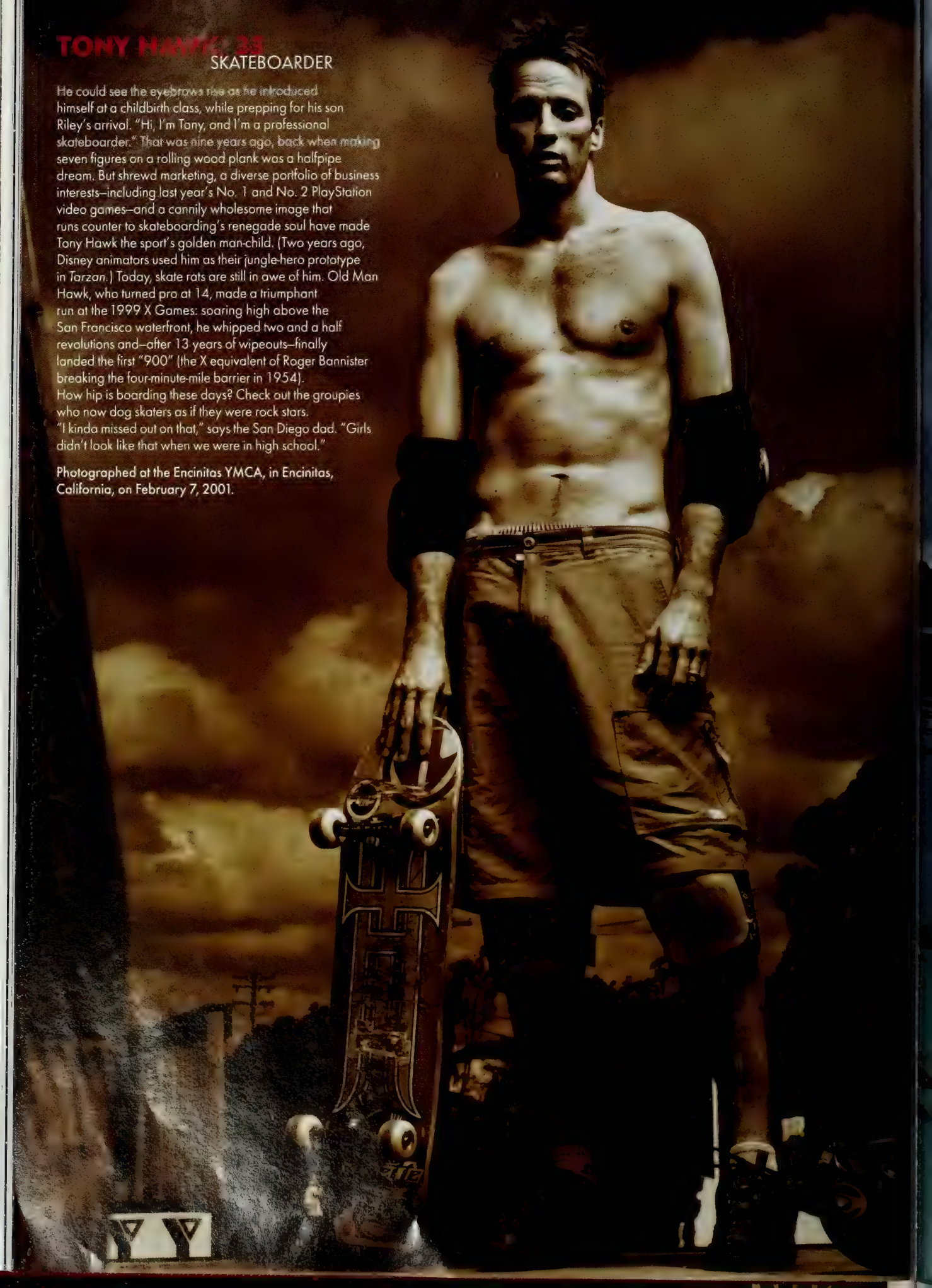
"I was intrigued by the idea of anyone running that far," says Ted Corbitt, recalling a newspaper photo of "Tarzan" Brown, an American Indian, winning the 1936 Boston Marathon. "And he was dark." Corbitt, an African-American with Native American ancestry, won his first race in the seventh grade, a 60-yard dash. He ran his first marathon in Boston in 1951, finishing 15th, and in the summer of 1952, in Helsinki, became the first black U.S. marathoner in Olympic history. The older he got, the farther he pushed: a double-marathon at age 43, a 100-miler at 50, 134.7 miles in 24 hours at age 54. In all, Corbitt, the former chief physical therapist at Manhattan's International Center for the Disabled, has completed 199 ultra- and run-of-the-mill marathons, becoming the elder statesman of long-distance running. His feats have presaged ever more masochistic events, such as the Badwater, a 135-mile, 8,642-foot ascent from the torrid depths of Death Valley to the portals of Mount Whitney—a jaunt staged every July. Corbitt, for his part, has slowed the pace a bit. In recent years he has twice walked the New York City Marathon in under six hours. Considering he used to train in army boots, you'd think high-tech running shoes would be the most welcome advance he's seen. "No. Portable toilets," he says unequivocally. "A godsend."

Photographed in Death Valley, California, on March 2[illegible], 2001

TONY HAWK: 33
SKATEBOARDER

He could see the eyebrows rise as he introduced himself at a childbirth class, while prepping for his son Riley's arrival. "Hi, I'm Tony, and I'm a professional skateboarder." That was nine years ago, back when making seven figures on a rolling wood plank was a halfpipe dream. But shrewd marketing, a diverse portfolio of business interests—including last year's No. 1 and No. 2 PlayStation video games—and a cannily wholesome image that runs counter to skateboarding's renegade soul have made Tony Hawk the sport's golden man-child. (Two years ago, Disney animators used him as their jungle-hero prototype in *Tarzan*.) Today, skate rats are still in awe of him. Old Man Hawk, who turned pro at 14, made a triumphant run at the 1999 X Games: soaring high above the San Francisco waterfront, he whipped two and a half revolutions and—after 13 years of wipeouts—finally landed the first "900" (the X equivalent of Roger Bannister breaking the four-minute-mile barrier in 1954).
How hip is boarding these days? Check out the groupies who now dog skaters as if they were rock stars.
"I kinda missed out on that," says the San Diego dad. "Girls didn't look like that when we were in high school."

Photographed at the Encinitas YMCA, in Encinitas, California, on February 7, 2001.





GLEN PLAKE, 36
BIG-MOUNTAIN SKIER

He's skied off cliffs most people wouldn't peek over, shot banzai down near-vertical ice chutes, plowed over moguls the size of VW Bugs, even ridden out an avalanche and lived to laugh about it. Asked to recall his hairiest ride, he doesn't blink twice. "San Diego to Placerville on the jail bus," says Glen Plake. Caught by the highway patrol with what he calls "partying tools" while driving to a punk-rock concert in 1983, the Lake Tahoe native did not help his case by hopping a flight to France to star in a ski movie (*The Blizzard of Aahhhs*) the day he was scheduled to appear in court. (He eventually spent 90 days in the El Dorado County lockup.) Plake, the original top gun of big-mountain skiing, took California-style hotdogging to Alpine mountain routes. Now he just scratches his fiery Mohawk (Plake's trademark since 1981) when he sees those fleets of helicopters shuttling dot-com thrillionaires to the steepest peaks. Plake favors the old-fashioned path: he prefers to *climb* a slope first (France's L'Aguille Verte, Italy's Monte Rosa, New Zealand's Mount Cook), before he clamps on skis and slays it.

Photographed in Vail, Colorado, on March 20, 2001.



LYNN HILL, 40
ROCK CLIMBER

Photographer Ansel Adams etched it in silver. Naturalist John Muir tried to tame it with words, observing how the ridge "is softened with a most graceful little stream that steals confidingly over his massive brow." But for generations Yosemite's El Capitan (the large cliff, near right) eluded those who would dare scale it. The Nose Route, so named because it ascends the face, is the world's most famous rock climb. Three thousand feet of sheer granite, it was first conquered in 1958 by a team that toiled for 45 days. In 1993, Lynn Hill made the route's first "free ascent"—in just four days—navigating it with her hands and feet alone, tethered only by a safety rope. The following year, she clambered back up in a mind-numbing 23 hours. "I like the least reliance on equipment and the most reliance on myself," says the five-foot-two-inch, 100-pound Hill, who used to shinny up streetlights as a girl in her hometown of Fullerton, California. Since paying her way through college in the '70s by winning NBC's badass *Survival of the Fittest* four years running, Hill has established first ascents in a dozen states and eight countries. "It's moving meditation," she says. "Sometimes I look down and think about how cool it would be to just cut loose and fly."

Photographed in California's Yosemite National Park on March 25, 2001.





MAT HOFFMAN, 29
DENNIS McCOY, 34
BICYCLE STUNT RIDERS

They're the Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus of the bike-stunt set. Dennis McCoy (on bike, at left, and below, looking up) was The Man back in 1986 when a kid from Oklahoma City named Mat Hoffman (on couch, at left, and in mid-air, above), then 14, arrived on the scene. Hoffman's father was looking for someone to tutor his prodigy son—and who better than McCoy, from Kansas City, that year's top rider (a crown he would keep for a decade)? McCoy politely declined, though he says he would have taken the job "had I known they had a fridge full of food and a massive halfpipe in the backyard." While McCoy set out to master the sport's four disciplines (he is the only rider to win overall titles in flatland, street, dirt, and vert), Hoffman lived to thrill. Souping up his bike with a weed-eater engine. Getting towed behind a motorcycle at 55 m.p.h., then blasting off a ramp and launching 50 feet skyward. Executing a 360-degree loop into a lake—while wearing a chicken suit—for MTV's ingeniously sophomoric Jackass. Along the way, Hoffman has racked up 10 world championships—and 14 surgeries. (In 1993, he had his spleen removed.) Regaining consciousness after a recent header, a groggy Hoffman remarked, "I do this all the time? I must be an idiot."

Photographed at Hoffman Bikes in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on February 16, 2001.

SHERMAN POPPEN, 71
SNURFER

JAKE BURTON CARPENTER, 47
SNOWBOARDER

Christmas Day 1965. Sherman Poppen's very pregnant wife implores him to take their very antsy daughters, then 10 and 5, out of the house. As he admires the winter scene along Lake Michigan, it hits Poppen (below, left) like a bout of brain freeze: a snow-covered dune makes a perfect white wave. On the spot, he screws scraps of molding across daughter Wendy's J. C. Penney skis (propped in the snow here), and within hours the neighborhood kids are all snowsurfing. Poppen licenses his contraption to Brunswick, the sporting-goods giant, located in his hometown of Muskegon, Michigan, which in turn sells close to a million Snurfers. Cut to: North Andover, Massachusetts, 1968. Jake Burton Carpenter (below, right), then aged 14, hops on a friend's bumblebee-striped board and he's hooked. Come 1977 he ditches his Manhattan finance job and sets up shop in Vermont. Part visionary, part missionary, Carpenter unleashes a radical new "snowboard," then lobbies local ski areas to let boarders on their chairlifts. Stratton, in 1983, is the first to give in. Soon boarders *rule*, now accounting for more than a third of all lift tickets. Roll over, old Aspen, and tell Deer Valley the news

Photographed in Vail, Colorado, on March 19, 2001.





CHRIS EDWARDS, 27
IN-LINE SKATER

They were skates from a parallel universe—cobbled, it seemed, by Hans Brinker and Han Solo. Rollerblades were little more than a novelty in 1986 when a neighbor in Escondido, California, gave Chris Edwards, 12, an early set for lending a hand at the local bike shop. As the craze caught on, Edwards's stair-jumping and rail-grinding antics caught the eye of casting directors. By 10th grade he was starring in commercials for Mountain Dew and Frosted Flakes and traveling the world with Team Rollerblade. "I was notorious for doing nutty stuff, like jumping off a crane onto a vert ramp," says Edwards, the former in-line world champion who recently shattered his right wrist and left elbow after a 13-foot drop to unforgiving concrete. "You can always find something new and dumb to do." Spending the past three years touring skate parks and playing Fagin to a band of in-line Oliver Twists has rekindled his competitive fires: sequestered in rural Pennsylvania, he's now training like Rocky Balboa to get back in skating trim. "I want the X Games Vert Gold Medal," Edwards says of the one prize that's eluded him. If he loses to any upstarts, he cautions, "they are going to have to beat me with my own tricks."

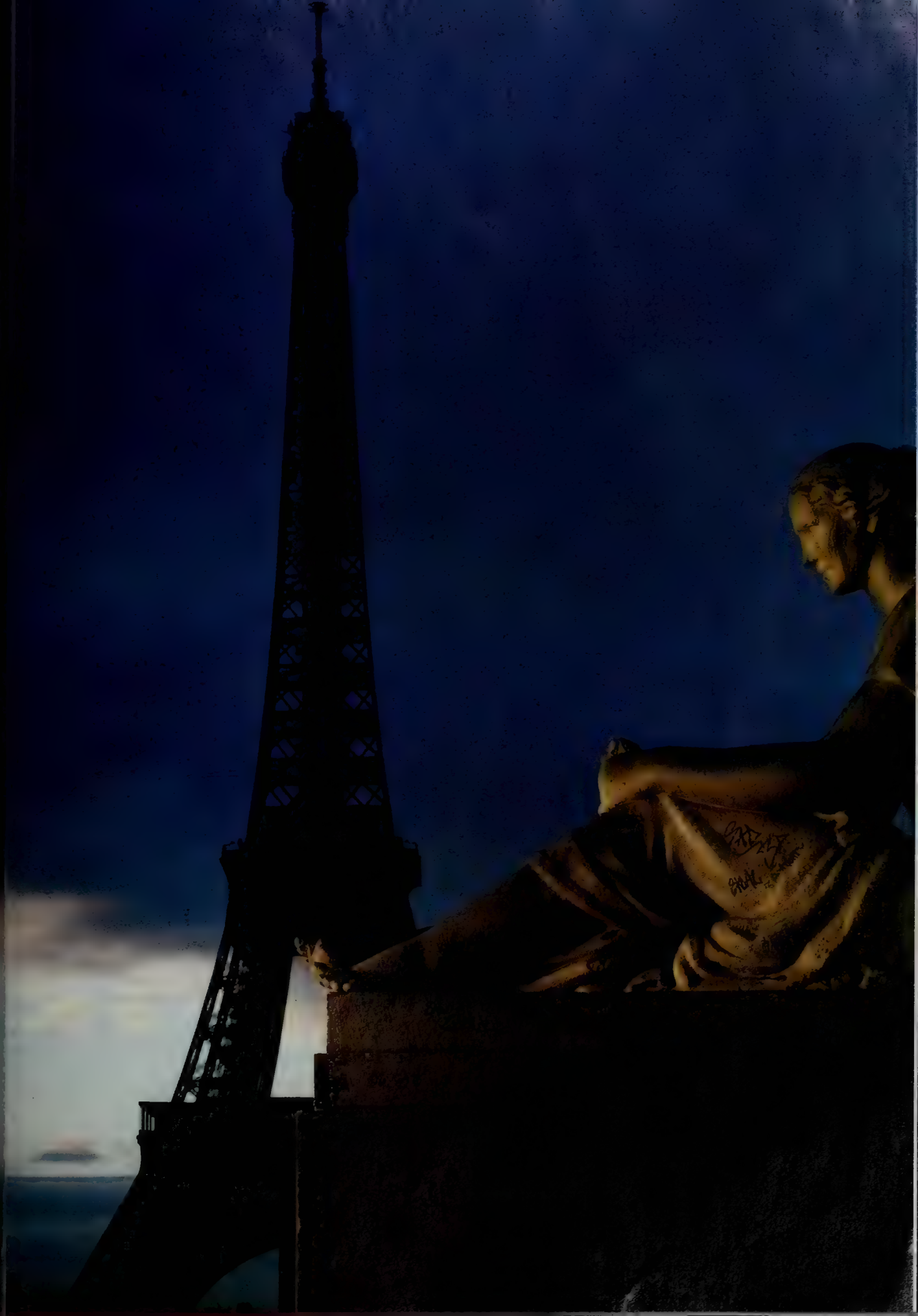
Photographed in New York City on February 21, 2001.

AJ HACKETT, 43
BUNGEE JUMPER

It is a rite of manhood and fertility meant to beckon a bountiful yam harvest. Every spring on the South Pacific's Pentecost Island, men and boys in loincloths, their ankles bound with supple liana vines, dive, then dangle, from a rickety six-story tower. Inspired by this insanity, the Oxford University Dangerous Sports Club, class of '79, staged an April Fools' bungee stunt from a bridge in England. Monkey see, monkey dare, so in the summer of 1986, New Zealander AJ Hackett and a fellow Kiwi took the 60-foot plunge. "One jump," says Hackett, "and we were addicted." Six months later, while on a French trek with the New Zealand speed-skiing team, Hackett eyed the Eiffel Tower and . . . voilà! His infamous 300-foot leap—gamely re-enacted here, with the aid of a handy crane—was captured (on film), as was Hackett (by the gendarmes). Luckily, the man who today runs bungee centers in seven countries, and who has seen his folly become as commonplace at county fairs as Ferris wheels, was spared arrest that day. (So, too, in 1988, when a tourist tipped off guards at the Statue of Liberty as Hackett tried to bungee from her torch.)

Photographed in Paris, France, on April 3, 2001.





Hedi Slimane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 196 kind of cultural syntheses you can see in his clothes: although he was born in Paris, his father, a retired accountant, is Tunisian, and his mother, a dressmaker, is Italian. (To complicate matters, his mom's mom is Brazilian.) He was raised in a way that emphasized the contrasts in his life, for he not only grew up in the working-class Buttes-Chaumont district of Paris with his own family but also spent a lot of time with the family of a cousin on his mother's side, and she lived in a much tonier way in Switzerland.

Unlike many contemporary designers, Hedi has had no formal fashion training. What he did have was a mother who loved making her own clothes. The only boy in a family with two daughters, he remembers, "When I was a kid I was always going with my mother to buy fabrics, instead of going to the park." By the time he was 16, the son was also making his own clothes, though he didn't see his pastime as the seed of a career. For one thing, he couldn't afford fashion school, and besides, he told me, he was very serious and found the idea of fashion a bit scary and superficial. "At that time I hadn't met anybody who was so into it that they could make me see it as a very optimistic, positive, inspiring thing," he recalled. He ended up studying art history at the École du Louvre; there he met some kids starting out in fashion whom he could relate to, and whom he soon found himself helping out on various projects.

It was in 1995, while he was pitching in on a show being presented by another young designer, José Levy, that Slimane met Jean-Jacques Picart, a press agent who has been a behind-the-scenes force in the Paris fashion world for years, currently as a consultant for LVMH. Picart became Slimane's "godfather" and saw his future before Hedi himself did; Slimane credits Picart with teaching him that behind the familiar caricatures of the fashion world's exquisite superficiality one can also find true passion, substance, and soul. On a more concrete level, Picart also introduced his young protégé to the people at Louis Vuitton, who were embarking on an ambitious and prescient project to examine the idea of the logo and re-invent it. Basically, the underlying question was how to take a classic, traditional company and make it contemporary. Thanks to Picart, Slimane got a job as part of the team—and out of all this he got the perfect experience for what he would be faced with at Saint Laurent.

It didn't take long for the buzz to start after Picart recommended Slimane for the position at the label in 1996. In truth, men's wear at Saint Laurent had been so eclipsed by its couture line and its women's ready-to-wear that Slimane wasn't under that much external pressure—hardly anyone was paying attention. Not that it felt that way to Slimane, then only 27: "I was completely freaked out, because it was this big company with a lot of etiquette, and things worked in a certain way. I was completely out of my parachute, and my first response was to take refuge in the work in the atelier." It paid off. The powers that be, including, of course, the protean Pierre Bergé who ran things then, recognized that they had someone special on their hands and encouraged him. They started off by inviting a few fashion journalists and important tastemakers to see what he had done. Bit by bit his presentations got bigger, and quickly word got around that the young designer was someone to watch.

At Dior, with its next-to-nonexistent tradition in men's wear, Slimane was essentially given carte blanche to create the whole shebang, and indeed you can really feel the blank-slate aspect of the enterprise from the minute you arrive at the new headquarters on Rue François Premier, which Slimane designed with the technical assistance of the firm Architectes Associés. Overall, the place is like being inside a minimalist light sculpture by James Turrell as furnished by a 21st-century Eileen Gray. (If it sounds rarefied, it is.) This environment is all about reflections and light; surfaces like lacquer and ebony pump the overall effect. The ceiling in the main salon must house the biggest sound system in Paris apart from some stadium somewhere. The furniture, aside from one original Dior chair, was also designed by Slimane.

There's a palpable sense of privilege and secrecy here; to enter, one has to go through doors that can be opened only if one knows the code. That's appropriate, in a way, because Slimane's work is not only about what's visible but also about what isn't. He told me that he doesn't understand the narrative way of creating fashion, which means he stays away from the typical thematic approach, such as clothes inspired by the gangster, the geisha, the peasant, or the *Boogie Nights* porn star, all of which have figured in recent collections. Instead, he might get turned on by a gesture, by the way someone holds himself, even by an emotion. It is the structure of clothes, the principles of making them, their movement, their rapport with skin, that attract him. Unlike most designers working today, Slimane does not fit his clothes on mannequins. He says he has to try them out on human beings so he can see the movement of the material, the way it folds on the body, and go from there. In fact, his way of designing involves all aspects of the couture tradition as well as the very latest in computer technology; together these approaches allow his clothes to be what they are. Photography is also critical to his process, which partly explains why his clothes are so graphic, and so photogenic. As he continues to work the clothes on his fitting models, Slimane takes pictures of how they look, studies them, and then keeps on refining what he has until he is satisfied. Just how involved Slimane's hand and mind are in each detail of the line is evident with his first collection for Dior. People can't wait to literally get their hands on the stuff—people, that is, who are thin enough to wear them, and rich enough to buy them.

Slimane's are not clothes for big guys like Julian Schnabel or the New York Knicks. What they represent is a way of dressing that brings men's fashion a level of detail and high style that it rarely gets. It is for this reason that women love them, too; Slimane seems to be totally uninvolved with gender clichés. You get the feeling he is designing for a certain type of body—think aesthete, think poet, think having bigger things on your mind than a hamburger or a bowl of pasta—and he doesn't care what sex it is. (How contemporary!) Typically the clothes are black with a long and lean silhouette. However, they're anything but plain. In his first collection he included leather flowers, leather ribbons, transparent sequins embroidered inside pleats, baroque patterns on laminated sequins, and taffeta—all very discreetly. There was also the occasional shock of color, such as a hot-pink wool-satin sleeveless vest and pants. This is a designer making luxurious-feeling articles of clothing that definitely have a subtext, and that's part of what makes them exciting for people. Exactly what that subtext is is open—which adds a sense of mystery to his fashion. To me, if the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe were alive today, this is what he'd be wearing. Slimane's clothes have all the elegance and polish that Mapplethorpe liked, but also the underlying feeling of sex—with a man or woman—at three o'clock in the morning at some bar along the harbor. Naples, New York, Hamburg, you name it.

It makes sense that most of the time Slimane chooses not the usual fashion haunts, such as Saint-Tropez or St. Barts, but messy old Berlin when he wants to cool out. The city may not seem the most likely of oases, but in fact Berlin is one of the few places right now where there seems to be a lively

and authentic art culture, one that, unlike those in New York and London, is not based on money and success. Slimane went there alone after he threw in the towel at Saint Laurent and had no idea what he was going to do next. Now that he's set up as the head of Dior Homme he still goes there whenever he can, staying at his unpretentious quarters at the Kunst-Werke, where his furnishings are pretty much limited to a mattress, a stereo, and old LPs. Hanging out at the institute, he spends his time with artists, musicians, filmmakers, and others who have a more critical approach to culture than those in the fashion world usually do. This is smart of Slimane, because death as a designer comes when one loses one's connections to the real world, or at least a world outside fashion. Slimane is doing everything he can to stay plugged in.

Thinking about Slimane's connection to contemporary Berlin led me to reconnect with the writing of Christopher Isherwood. When I read from the beginning of his *A Berlin Diary,* which he wrote in 1930 and some of which became the basis for *Cabaret,* I came immediately to this: "I am a camera with its shutter open, quite passive, recording, not thinking. Recording the man shaving at the window opposite and the woman in the kimono washing her hair. Some day, all this will have to be developed, carefully printed, fixed." Hedi Slimane's fashion work is also like a camera—carefully printing, fixing, and creating what a lot of people seem to be yearning for right now. □

Denise & Marc Rich

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178 drop those charges.) Martin Auerbach, a former assistant U.S. attorney who also prosecuted the original case, counters, "It's not merely a tax case. Today I believe they would be prosecuted for money-laundering—there were no money-laundering statutes then." At the time of his pardon, Marc Rich was still facing 65 felony counts.

From the beginning Rich threw the best legal minds he could find at the government, beginning with the late Edward Bennett Williams, whose Washington firm now represents Bill Clinton. They filed 17 separate motions to delay the case, and these took more than two years to resolve. Rich and Green fled before they were indicted, but Williams always insisted that they would show up. At one point, with contempt-of-court fines of $50,000 a day mounting, Rich's lawyers agreed to pay the fine and turn over disputed documents. Instead, prosecutors received a call from inside Rich's New York company saying two steamer trunks full of documents were being shipped to Switzerland that afternoon. Agents stopped the plane and hauled the trunks off the runway. Rich let the fine run for a year, until the government served restraining notices on his U.S. banks and customers. Then he folded, after having accumulated $21 million in contempt fines alone.

To avoid extradition from Switzerland, Rich and Green eventually renounced their U.S. citizenship, which, according to Morris Weinberg, made Edward Bennett Williams very unhappy. Rich became a citizen first of Bolivia, then of Spain and Israel.

In June 1983, Rudolph Giuliani was appointed U.S. attorney for the Southern District. By then the case had been going on for 18 months. Yet of all the people involved in the prosecution, it was the specter of Giuliani, the demon prosecutor who threatened he could put Rich away for good, that would haunt Rich through the years. That same specter became a powerful tool for Jack Quinn to use in lobbying Bill Clinton at a time when Giuliani was fresh in the president's mind as Hillary Clinton's fierce original opponent for a U.S. Senate seat.

No matter how I'm
Beat down, broke down, tore down, wore down,
Fed up, messed up, I still get up.
—Denise Rich's lyrics to "Livin' for Love."

Denise Rich taught herself to play the guitar at Boston University, and she originally began writing songs to communicate with her husband, who constantly put her down. "I have a gentle soul," she tells me. "I have difficulty with confrontation. So it's much easier for me to communicate through writing."

Marc expected her to stay home and entertain his business associates. She claims he told her almost nothing about his business. "She was the perfect wife," says a longtime friend of theirs. "She did everything for him." But for years they did not get along. "She wanted to have a career in music, and Marc didn't take it seriously. She wanted to be an artist, creative—she's out there. He's not; he was born with a phone in his hand. But it was his way or the highway."

In 1984 it was not easy for Denise to move to Europe with three daughters and begin life anew as the wife of a man whose companies had pleaded guilty to 78 counts of tax evasion, wire fraud, and making false statements, and who was one of America's most wanted fugitives. On top of that, Denise's sister was dying.

The Riches lived in the tax haven of Zug, Switzerland, and had a sumptuous villa in Marbella, Spain. Heavily guarded by former Israeli soldiers, Marc was not free to travel. But Denise was, and once she began taking trips to promote her music, he began appearing places with a good-looking, six-foot blonde German woman named Gisela Rossi, the widow of a German-Italian businessman and the mother of two young boys.

By 1991, Denise was spending more and more time in New York, and in 1992 she sued for divorce in Switzerland. With the aid of a well-known attorney, the late Max Lebedkin, she asked for a $1 billion settlement. Marc's first offer was about $3.6 million. In 1993, after Marc reportedly moved Rossi into the lakeside villa outside Lucerne that he and Denise had been constructing, Denise's fury spilled out in an interview she gave to a Swiss magazine: "For 25 years I was a loyal wife and dedicated mother. People gossiped, said he was a crook. But I stood by him. He shows his thanks by cheating on me with another woman and publicly humiliating me and my children."

As the fight wore on, all three daughters went through health crises. "Gabrielle had cancer, one was anorexic, one had a back operation," Denise says. By then she was ensconced in New York and independently wealthy. Her father had given Marc money to start his company, and in 1990, when Denise and several partners redeemed their shares in Marc Rich & Holding Co. AG, Denise's 13.9 percent was worth, according to court documents, $165 million.

Aaron Richard Golub, who had delivered groceries to Denise's house in Worcester, when his father owned a grocery store and her father owned the shoe factory, became her New York attorney. Golub knew that Marc Rich was a master of assets subterfuge, and he drove Denise's legal team to work such long hours that one lawyer quit because her hair began to fall out. Golub tells me he had no choice: "Marc Rich uses lawyers the way carpenters use nails. Lawyers and rabbis are his pawns."

The prominent Washington attorney Lloyd Cutler was hired by Denise to see how she might benefit from congressional hearings held by Democrats in 1991 and 1992 to find out why a company owned in part by a wanted fugitive had been able to sell $45.5 million worth of nickel to the U.S. Mint, and why another Marc Rich company had managed to collect $55 million in U.S. grain subsidies. The embarrassed federal government ceased doing business with Marc Rich.

After countless trips to Switzerland, Golub felt he could pinpoint assets of Marc Rich's

Denise & Marc Rich

totaling at least $1.4 billion. Using Swiss law, Lebedkin got Swiss authorities to institute a criminal-fraud case against Rich, charging that in 1988 Denise had turned over $39 million worth of her shares to him to start a charitable foundation, and that he had not only failed to put up his half but also used some of her money for his own purposes. Marc's lawyers dismissed the charges as totally without merit. Nevertheless, when Rich was hauled into court in Zurich to testify, according to Golub, he became so agitated that he turned cherry-red and shouted to the court, "*Scheisse*" (shit). In the end the case was dismissed, because the statute of limitations on family fraud had run out. Meanwhile, Lebedkin applied heat in Israel, telling journalist Mody Kreitman there that Rich should watch out: "If he goes to Israel, that's all very well, but the last thing he needs is for the airplane to get engine trouble and land in Cyprus."

Golub's strategy was to take up where the U.S. government's case against Rich had left off with regard to the valuation of his former U.S. company, Marc Rich International. During his tax-fraud investigation, Rich, to avoid having his assets seized, had "sold" controlling interest in the company to a partner and changed its name to Clarendon. A judge saw through the ploy and did not allow it to affect the tax-fraud charges, for which Rich paid a $159 million fine, with money obtained through California mogul Marvin Davis for the 1984 sale of the half of Twentieth Century Fox that Rich then owned. Once the case was settled with the U.S. government, however, Clarendon technically remained in the hands of a partner, and thereby out of reach of any claim to it by Denise.

In 1993, Golub filed an affidavit from Denise seeking to remove the trustees and a law firm from a trust established for the Riches' daughters. She claimed there was a conflict of interest, because the firm and trustees, while advising her, were really working for Marc. The law firm was not dismissed, and the rest of the case was still pending in May 1996, when, on the eve of the day Marc Rich was obliged to produce his financial records for the Swiss court, he retained a California lawyer to negotiate a settlement with Denise's father. The divorce became final in June 1996, while the couple's daughter Gabrielle, then 27, was living with Denise in New York and undergoing chemotherapy.

The terms of the settlement remain confidential. In addition to the $165 million Denise had redeemed for her shares in Marc Rich's company, informed sources estimate that she collected between $100 and $200 million in her final divorce settlement.

The worst thing that can happen to you is to lose a child. I changed so much.

—Denise Rich.

Gabrielle Rich was 23 in 1993, when she felt a small lump under her jaw. Her sister Ilona remembers a doctor telling Gabrielle not to worry about it. Six months later the lump had progressed to stage-four Hodgkin's lymphoma.

In May 1996, Gabrielle moved from California to her mother's Fifth Avenue apartment to undergo a course of chemotherapy. That July she summoned Brad Boles to her room and said, "Brad, you're from Seattle. I have decided to go to the Fred Hutchison Cancer Research Center there for a bone-marrow transplant." Denise was going to give Gabrielle *her* bone marrow.

"They tell you it's like being kicked by a horse, but it's really like being in a very bad car accident," Boles says of the procedure Denise endured for her daughter. "Mommy, I'm looking at your bone marrow—it's the color of red wine with gold specks," Gabrielle told her. "You're giving birth to me again!" Denise rejoiced and said it was a miracle.

The euphoria was temporary. Nine days later Gabrielle developed a staph infection, and there were indications that her liver was failing. "Denise decided she needed all the help she could get," says Boles. The call went out, and soon the hospital corridor was full of "Orthodox rabbis, Buddhists praying on sacred mats, Hindus, Christians reading from Bibles."

Marc and Denise began to speak for the first time in years. "At one point he wanted to come, and Gabrielle just didn't want it. God forbid something should happen to him," Denise Rich tells me. "His pain was so great, but I had no strength for that—to deal with his pain." Boles says, "There was so much speculation whether he was going to come into the country or not, disguised as a doctor or an orderly. In the end he didn't enter the country. He made that choice—he decided his freedom was worth more." Ilona tells me, "It was really hard for him. He wanted to come back. We have a video of Gabrielle cooking—she loved to cook—and she's saying, 'All I want is my dad, to get him back—I want him to come back.' I never showed it to him."

By August, Gabrielle had slipped into a coma, but she came to for a moment when she heard a string quartet outside her room, arranged for the birthday of Philip Aouad, her constant companion, who was with her all during her illness. By early September the prognosis was so bleak that Gabrielle's doctors reluctantly gave in to Denise's request to try an alternative treatment. A liquid-vitamin formula was flown in from Germany, and Boles got immune-system boosters from an AIDS doctor. But nothing helped. Two days later, according to Boles, the doctors told Denise, "You have to make the decision whether to put her on life support."

Boles stood outside Gabrielle's door, and at 10:22 P.M. he heard a whooshing sound stop. "For seven minutes it was so silent you could hear a pin drop. Then I heard this wailing and shrieking, and I knew she had died."

Marc Rich was informed by phone. "We spoke, but he was so devastated," Denise says. "I didn't find comfort in speaking to him. My strength came from God. I had a vision of her when she died—she was walking with my mother and sister." Gabrielle's death allowed Denise to come to terms with the man she hated. She says, "After you've lost a child, you don't ask questions anymore. There's a forgiveness that goes on after you've lost a child."

Before Gabrielle left New York for Seattle she had asked Boles to buy a safe she could keep in her room. After her death, Philip Aouad opened the safe to reveal a wedding ring and a note from her in a manila envelope informing her family that the two of them had secretly married in 1993.

The next time Denise Rich saw Bill and Hillary Clinton, in a receiving line at a 1996 White House Christmas party, they both hugged her and told her that they too believed that nothing compared to having a child die. That meant a great deal to her, she tells me.

When Marc Rich's head hit the pillow every night, the last thing he saw was Ken Hill's face.

—James Comey, assistant U.S. attorney.

For 14 years, until he retired in 1997 at age 50, Ken Hill was the U.S. marshal in charge of tracking down Marc Rich and bringing him to justice. He has never before spoken on the record to a reporter. Hill probably knows far more about Rich than Rich's own family does. "The philosophy was simple: I could make a thousand mistakes—he couldn't make one," Hill tells me. "The only place I could slow him down was in his mind. I contacted anybody and everybody could to let him know we were on his trail." Hill now teaches diving in Florida and observes that spending a lot of time underwater is similar to his old occupation: "cold, dark, and lonely."

In the first seven years alone, Hill pursued more than 1,400 "investigative actions" and followed the activities of 37 of Rich's close associates and important business contacts in 33 countries. Competitors who were "appalled by Rich's business practices" were more than happy to give Hill inside information. "I was shocked by the numbers of people who came forward," he says. "He screwed a lot of people to get where he was." Some had

code names—Concorde, Empire, Merlin, Trader. "I was the Riddler," Hill tells me, "because it was always a riddle or a puzzle trying to figure out what would or could happen next."

Some sources assisted because they found themselves in dire straits, for example Ivan Boesky, the jailed financier, who had moved into Rich's former office space, and who told Hill something he never forgot: "Just remember, there are very few people in this world who can lend each other a billion dollars no questions asked." Rich flourished as a lender and a barterer with Third World and Eastern-bloc countries which were strapped for cash or in debt, and which had commodities for collateral that Rich could get hold of and sell for fat profits. When I inform Hill that British customs agents recently seized a briefcase containing $1.9 million in cash which Rich was sending to London, he replies without hesitation, "The first thing I'd do is check which head of state or oil minister was visiting London that week." Hill continues, "The smoking gun is greed. This is what Marc thrived on—the greed of those who had commodities and were in positions of influence and power."

"He probably had every oil minister of these countries," says one of the world's top independent oil traders. "From Nigeria to Russia, everyone was on the payroll of Marc Rich. Dollar for dollar in his time, no one, including sheikhs, had more money than Marc Rich." He adds, "You have no idea the strength this man had in the world economy."

"He virtually hijacked Jamaica's economy," Hill says. "He involved himself with Venezuela, Angola, Romania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and North Korea." Sources told Hill that Rich was trading with the North Koreans, for example, through the Russians, who by the mid-90s, Hill says, were "coming over here in droves, looking me up, looking to get revenge on him. He was just ripping them off, manipulating their ministers and politicians better than they were." Rich, however, has repeatedly refused to discuss his international business relations.

Rich once was *the* bauxite trader in Jamaica; he is rumored not only to have prepaid Jamaica's debt to the International Monetary Fund but also to have financed the country's 1988 Olympic bobsled team. Wherever Rich went, says Hill, he made his own rules. "I had a South African law-enforcement contact [during the time of the trading sanctions against South Africa]. I called and said, 'Is it true at least 6 percent of your oil is coming from Rich?' He said, 'We've been friends for a long time. Don't call me anymore.'"

In May 1991, Hill detained former Venezuelan president Jaime Lusinchi when he was passing through New York's J.F.K. Airport with his longtime female companion, Blanca Ibañez. She was traveling on an expired tourist visa, and there was an Interpol warrant for her extradition to Venezuela. Hill had received information that Ibañez was a possible conduit for payments from Rich to certain officials within the Venezuelan government, which had banned him several times—once when it was reportedly found that boxcars he was trading to them from Brazil for Venezuelan iron ore had actually cost $3 million less than he was charging. Hill had hoped to enlist her aid, but he shows me a document the Immigration and Naturalization Service received from the American Embassy in Caracas "requesting" the I.N.S. not to detain Ibañez. "It's a chess game, because the I.N.S. had a piece of paper from the U.S. Embassy in Venezuela saying they're friends—let them go." Hill never knew why.



RICH KIDS

Marc Rich in Saint-Moritz, Switzerland, in 1984, the year after he became a fugitive, with his and Denise's three daughters: from left, Ilona, now a mother of three and a fashion designer; Gabrielle, who died of leukemia in 1996; and Daniella, an actress and writer.

Hill saw a pattern over and over again whereby "Rich through his department head would make a longtime offer for a country's commodity at the fair market value or higher. But there are two sides to the deal." The good side, Hill explains, was that the country would have its product contracted for at a decent price and in some cases have its debts paid off as well. In return, however, "Rich became the sole provider of energy needs, grain, gas, oil, coal at a higher-than-fair rate, and since he controls the commodity, he controls the country." Then the opportunity always existed to have inside cooperation in order to "get more of his commodity than he actually paid for. These practices drove U.S. businessmen up the wall. How could they compete?"

"No matter where I was in the world, he was always ahead of me," says Douglas Jaffe, who comes from a wealthy Democratic Texas oil family and outfits private jets. "In Romania in 1990–91, he was in control of all their resources, all their trades." Jaffe calls Rich a "mastermind," who dictates to any number of "heads of state. They like him because he gets things done, he's practical, he understands. A lot of these guys were thrust into their positions and have never dealt in the capitalistic world. They're used to the Communist Party, where orders came down from the top. He had to go in and explain things, explain how they work."

One thing Hill learned, he says, is that Rich never comes at anything directly. Hill was told by a competitor of Rich's that when Rich lost a bid to mine a metal deep in the Amazon rain forest he lent his "silent support and perhaps a million dollars to an environmental group that picketed and sealed the routes to and from the mine." When the competitor did not renew its contract, "Rich bid at half the going rate, and everyone thought he was crazy. He then withdrew support from the environmental group, which eventually went away."

"He's a man who makes his greatest profits in places where markets function badly, either because of corruption or ignorance, or because a particular country is a pariah state or isolated by sanctions," says Paul Klebnikov, author of *Godfather of the Kremlin,* a biography of Russian oligarch Boris Berezovsky. "He came in and became Russia's largest single trading partner for commodities and helped pioneer a system of fraudulent foreign-trade deals involving setting up shell companies, double contracts with secret kickback clauses, bank accounts in Switzerland, and whole banks set up in the Cayman Islands and South America." Along with the K.G.B., Klebnikov says, Rich "served as the teacher of a new breed of corrupt Russian traders, who looted the country's natural resources, which ruined the economy and bankrupted the government."

Klebnikov quotes Rich saying in a Russian press report from the early 90s, "[We are providing] Russian companies with investment, know-how, and help in entering the

world market at a time when other Western firms are either turning away from Russia or making intolerable commercial demands." "Yes, we bought for a small amount of Russian rubles and sold for a large amount of dollars," Artyom Tarasov, a former member of the Russian parliament and "the first official millionaire in Communist Russia," tells me. Tarasov, who now resides in London, was one of Rich's first facilitators in Russia. A veteran of scandal himself, he says that since the ruble was not convertible to the dollar then, "it couldn't be evaluated." Therefore, there was nothing illegal in getting Soviet crude at the insiders' price and selling it on the world market for much more. "Rich made a lot of money in Russia with officials, because they did not ask him to return dollars—they asked him to return barter," says Tarasov. "They did not know how much he spent in Argentina to buy grain instead of oil.... The profit could reach 100 percent, 200 percent, because nobody was certain what Rich paid for Argentine meat or Brazilian coffee." Once the Russian Mafia—especially those in the aluminum business—began to catch on, though, Tarasov says, Rich's welcome was worn out, and his company Marc Rich & Co. "had to change its name."

"We had no clear tax system here, no clear regulations—that's why everything was done a little bit illegally," Konstantin Borovoi, founder of the Russian Commodities and Raw Materials Exchange, tells me. Borovoi says Rich became "sort of an awful capitalist for Russians. He was the dangerous face of capitalism in Russian eyes among ordinary people." Last February, Rich sold a substantial business to a London subsidiary of the Alpha Group, which is run by two of Russia's biggest oligarchs. But his "pop-up factor" in Russia, as in many other parts of the world, is well known to U.S. intelligence. "If anybody stopped to ask what the guy's been doing since he left the U.S.," says retired C.I.A. Russia analyst Fritz Ermarth, "you'd find out he was very prominent in gray and black markets"—particularly the aluminum market.

Just as Marc Rich's name popped up to investigators of the notorious B.C.C.I. banking scandal in the 90s, causing him to be listed in the appendix of the official report issued in December 1992 by the Senate Subcommittee on Terrorism, Narcotics, and International Operations as one whose business with the discredited bank "requires further investigation," his name also popped up in the murky shadows of a $2.7 billion lawsuit between two Russian aluminum magnates filed in federal court in New York last December by Robert Abrams, former state attorney general. "The world of aluminum trading is filled with incredible acts of treachery, including murder, extortion, money-laundering, bribery, and corruption of public officials," Abrams tells me. "Rich is a player in this whole milieu."

In many areas, Hill says, Rich "wore his fugitivity as a badge of honor: 'I'm not an ugly American—I'm a fugitive.'" In Israel, which receives more American aid than almost any other country, and where money-laundering is still relatively easy, Rich and Green were always afforded full protection. Rich, with his charitable donations totaling $100 million, is one of the biggest philanthropists in Israel.

At one point during the Gulf War, Hill says, he learned that Pincus Green and his son were stuck in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem while Scud missiles were falling around them. Hill phoned their room, and Green picked up. "Wouldn't it be easier to come back and surrender than go through a Scud attack?" asked Hill. Green hung up on him. "Other white-collar fugitives, like Eddie Antar [owner of the Crazy Eddie stores], fled to Israel, and the authorities there were fully cooperative [with us]," Hill says. "Why wouldn't they help us capture *those* two? With Israel, it was like staring into a black hole. The irony is, Israel was more than forthcoming in asking for a pardon."

The only people who think Marc is a swindler, and a crook, and a forger, is Mr. Giuliani and the Justice Department—nobody else.
—Gisela Rossi Rich.

As Marc Rich's chauffeur drives me up to the Villa Rose, the lakeside manse just outside Lucerne where Rich lives with his second wife, Gisela Rossi Rich, he phones ahead and the iron gates swing open.

Rich, who was born in Antwerp, Belgium, considers himself a European, even though he was raised in Kansas City and New York after his family, to escape Hitler, had crossed Vichy France and booked passage in 1941 on an ocean liner from Morocco. Like Denise's parents, they found success in America; his father owned a burlap-bag factory. Rich's view of Lake Lucerne with the Alps beyond is striking, and in the house's beige living room with red accents, two needlepoint pillows on leopard-print chairs announce, IT'S EXPENSIVE BEING RICH and I DON'T THINK WE'RE IN KANSAS ANYMORE, TOTO. Although there are paintings by Braque and van Gogh on the walls and the villa is luxurious, it is quieter, smaller, and less dramatic than Denise Rich's penthouse. Rich, who is 66, has clearly opted not to talk to me. He has made plans to go helicopter skiing, but he leaves his vivacious wife to deal with me in her rapid-fire English. She is loaded for bear.

Gisela Rich has a trim, wealthy air about her. While carefully casual in jeans and loafers, without makeup or rings, she is poised and attractive. Over a lunch that begins with Galician broth and ends with an apple tart, she keeps emphasizing that her husband is an honorable man, who was given "very bad legal advice" from the late Edward Bennett Williams to "stonewall" the U.S. government. "But that doesn't make him bad," she says. "He started working when he was 17, so he is in a business—very volatile, the commodities business—based on integrity, reliability, and also trust. Nobody ever had any lawsuit or anything with him."

The very idea that there was a calculated campaign for a presidential pardon is absurd: "That's the whole misconception. Marc basically gave up on the idea through proper channels—the Justice Department, whatever. Nothing ever worked." In fact, she says, he was very pessimistic when Avner Azulay, the former Mossad operative who runs the Rich Foundation in Israel, urged the pardon route. And former White House counsel Jack Quinn, who presented the petition to the president, was at the very least cool to the idea. While visiting them, he said, "I don't think this will ever work."

Gisela insists no money for a pardon ever changed hands between Marc and Denise, especially any intended for the Clinton Library. "She has a life of her own in New York. She likes the Democrats, and she contributed for years and years and years, and that has nothing whatsoever to do with Marc. She has enough money of her own—everybody should know that. She doesn't need a couple hundred thousand from Marc." Nor, she says, has Marc's generosity been in any way targeted to curry favor with the dozens of V.I.P. Jews who wrote letters for his pardon petition both in Israel and the United States. "Do you think he made all the charitable donations in his life in the last 30 years because one day some American president is ... going to give him a pardon? That's so far-fetched. And the money given from Denise came from *him* for the pardon? That's ridiculous!"

Why did Marc Rich want the pardon? "The main reason is to be able to travel, to go there to see Ilona, to see Daniella, to see the three grandchildren, who are very cute, to visit his daughter's grave, and to see his father's. You always have this weight on your shoulders, not being able to travel anywhere—even if you don't want to. But it's a good feeling if you can, and that's the only reason." I ask her where her husband *can* travel, and she answers, "Spain and Israel. That's about it."

When I suggest people are outraged because they consider Marc a fugitive who renounced his American citizenship and traded

with the enemy, she corrects me. "'Fugitive' is also a word which doesn't quite fit, because he had a Spanish passport, so he's not a fugitive, he's a citizen of Spain, and he had a company in Switzerland a long time. The argument is, and there is a point, why did he not stand trial at the time? But if you see the media frenzy *now,* the hysteria, it's almost like a lynch mob." Marc, she says, was afraid he would receive the maximum sentence of 360 years in jail.

"Can you imagine?" she asks me. "Not even a serial killer gets that much. Unbelievable! If you're a child molester, you get six months to one and a half years. I think it's completely out of proportion. Do they make a big fuss out of rapists, about organized tourists to child brothels in Bangkok or in India, where American and European men go to have sex with five-year-olds? Why are the journalists not *there,* shooting through a hole in the wall and putting *those* guys on the front page?"

Gisela maintains that they were really stunned that he received the pardon. "I tell you frankly, when we heard it was done, we couldn't believe it! I said, 'No, Marc, there must be some mistake.'" Avner Azulay called with the news very early on January 20. "We were in [our house] in Saint-Moritz, in bed. It was four o'clock in the morning."

There is a six-hour time difference between Switzerland and Washington. According to testimony given by Justice Department pardon attorney Roger Adams to Congress, the Pardon Office was notified about Rich shortly after midnight. Therefore, Rich heard that he had been pardoned two hours before anyone in the White House told the U.S. Justice Department. It was already after six A.M. in Switzerland when someone in the White House counsel's office finally got around to asking Justice to obtain the F.B.I.'s criminal-record checks on Rich and Pincus Green, who also received a pardon. The White House said they would probably not find much, because the two men had been living abroad for several years."

I believe that if a political decision was made at the highest level of this government that we go apprehend Marc Rich and Pincus Green and use all the tools that are available to the U.S. government, we would have Marc Rich and Pincus Green very quickly.

—Howard Safir, former director of the U.S. Marshals Service.

Howard Safir was speaking in code when he said that in 1992 before a House committee, referring to an edict that had come down from "the highest level of the Justice Department" instructing law enforcement not to employ "extraterritorial renditions," meaning not to kidnap fugitives, because it was not worth the political fallout. Nevertheless, Ken Hill almost got Rich several times, including once when he hid beside a runway near London's Biggin Hill Airport, holding an early satellite phone, with the knowledge that Rich was due to land any moment in a private plane. "Ken called me at four A.M.," says prosecutor James Comey, "to tell me, 'Damn, the fog hasn't lifted.'"

For years, Hill and Rich and Green played an elaborate cat-and-mouse game. At Rich's 50th-birthday party, according to Hill, a boxer representing Rich knocked down a boxer representing a New York police officer again and again. Hill once had a bottle of Rich's favorite scotch sent to his hotel in Saint-Moritz with a card saying, "Have a drink on me." One year Hill's Christmas was ruined when British authorities received information that two men dressed as women and resembling Rich and Green were about to land at Biggin Hill Airport.

Huge sums of money were offered to get the two men off. Morris Weinberg says that in the early days Edward Bennett Williams promised $100 million to the government to resolve the case. Safir claims he was present at a spy exchange at Templehoff Airfield in West Berlin in 1986 when an East German lawyer offered $250 million on behalf of Marc Rich. During Clinton's first term, Douglas Jaffe was approached by the Egyptian financier Adnan Khashoggi to intercede for Rich. "He was prepared to pay a hell of a lot more," Jaffe says. "Adnan asked me, 'Is it something you could work on?' I said, 'No, it really isn't.'"

"Every year there was a new initiative," says Comey, who in 1992 joined Otto Obermaier, then U.S. attorney for the Southern District, at a meeting in Switzerland with Rich and Green and their lawyers. Comey says they had been led to believe that the two men were ready to plead. "But it quickly became apparent to us they wanted to explain their enormous good works and debate the merits of the case. Rich said, 'I don't want to spend a day in jail,' and we said, 'We won't make that promise.'" In 1992 the Russian Interior Ministry requested a meeting in Moscow to see if Russia might help capture Rich. U.S. officials proposed that the Russians try to lure him to their country. "They were willing to explore the possibility," says a Justice Department attorney who was present, "but nothing ever came of it."

By then Rich was represented by former Nixon White House counsel Leonard Garment and current vice-presidential chief of staff Lewis "Scooter" Libby. Bradford Reynolds, head of civil rights at Justice under Ronald Reagan, also worked for Rich, and for a while Robert Kennedy's press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz, handled Rich's P.R. Libby has testified that over the 11 years he did work for Rich (at three law firms) he received more than $2 million.

At one point Garment hired two tax experts, Supreme Court justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg's husband, Martin Ginsburg, and Harvard professor Bernard Wolfman, for more than $70,000. They rendered an opinion that, "according to the facts given" them—which prosecutors insist were far from complete—Rich and Green were technically not guilty of criminal tax evasion. Comey says Garment came to see him with a flip chart and said, "Yes, it's true [Rich's] companies kept two sets of books, and it appears they desperately tried to commit a crime." But then their actions were compared to those of a car thief intending to steal a car: Having larceny in his heart, he breaks into the car in the dark of night and drives it away only to find it's his own car! Comey adds wryly that this argument "lacked a certain



MAKING CONNECTIONS

Denise Rich and the president at a lunch she co-hosted for the Democratic National Committee in March 2000. "Politics goes into music, which goes into social life, which goes into the arts, and everything connects," she says.

appeal." But that opinion is pretty close to the heart of the petition Clinton responded to with a pardon, ostensibly convinced that Rudolph Giuliani's original indictment was flawed and that Rich's actions warranted at most civil penalties.

Meanwhile, rabbis from Brooklyn, where the Orthodox Green grew up, also got involved. David Luchins, who oversaw Jewish affairs on the staff of former New York senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, tells me about a warning he got from the late New York rabbi Morris Sherer. "Sherer said he was offered a million-dollar donation to charity if someone could get through to see Moynihan about Rich and Green." (No one ever did.) Two other rabbis, Ronald Greenwald, who once worked as a metal trader for Rich, and Milton Balkany, who is currently under investigation for welfare irregularities, also supported Rich and Green. In 1989, acting on a tip from Ken Hill, the office of Elizabeth Holtzman, then district attorney of Brooklyn, wired a source who was present at a meeting with Brooklyn councilman Noach Dear, who is still in office. According to Hill, Dear had attempted to intervene in a property dispute on behalf of Green's family and had then "speed-dialed" Green in Europe to discuss it. "He should never have been trying to help a fugitive," Hill says, although the Brooklyn D.A.'s office declined to take the matter any further. (Dear claims the story is "pure fiction.") Luchins adds, "However much money Marc Rich was throwing around Israel, Pinky Green was throwing it around New York."

Although Rich's and Green's "Wanted" posters remained on the Internet until January 20, 2001, the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995 and threats of further violence took priority with U.S. marshals. Rich never let up, however. His lawyers even offered the United States his help, both in the drug war and in apprehending Tom Billman, another white-collar fugitive. The last and most sophisticated campaign on Rich's behalf, though, was launched from Israel.

I want every American to know that, while you may disagree with this decision, I made it on the merits as I saw them, and I take full responsibility for it.

—William Jefferson Clinton, *The New York Times,* February 18, 2001.

Former Israeli intelligence officer Avner Azulay laid meticulous groundwork for his patron's pardon. For nearly a year, as head of the Rich Foundation in Tel Aviv, he managed an ingenious campaign on two fronts, in Israel and in the United States, and if the House Government Reform Committee had not obtained the E-mails of Jack Quinn, Rich's latest factotum in Washington, the whole thing might have gone off without a hitch. Instead, the intricate web of charities, diplomacy, credentials, connections, and cunning suddenly unraveled.

At the center of the web were Azulay's ties to Prime Minister Ehud Barak. In January 2000 a scathing report from Israel's state comptroller's office pointed out illegal funding practices in Barak's 1999 campaign. His One Israel party was fined $3.2 million, and a criminal investigation was launched into the activities of his cabinet secretary, Yitzhak "Bojie" Herzog, the son of a former president of Israel. Herzog denies channeling money from two of Marc Rich's foundations into two phony foundations set up to funnel funds into Barak's campaign. Recent reports in the Israeli press, however, allege that at least $120,000 of Rich Foundation money went into Barak's coffers. Michal Herzog, Bojie's wife, works for the Rich Foundation. Bojie and his mother both wrote letters included in the pardon petition without mentioning Michal Herzog's connection to the foundation.

Also under investigation is a foundation begun by former Israeli foreign minister Shlomo Ben Ami, who received over $100,000 from the Rich Foundation. He wrote to Clinton on Rich's behalf and lobbied King Juan Carlos of Spain, who also phoned Clinton to commend Rich.

The Rich Foundation donated $300,000 to former Prime Minister Shimon Peres's Peace Foundation—the equivalent of a presidental library—on whose board Azulay sat. Peres phoned Clinton on Rich's behalf. Azulay also donated $60,000 to the cause of "moral purity in public life" through the Israel Movement for the Quality of Government organization, and invited U.S. ambassador to Israel Martin S. Indyk to be a speaker at the closing ceremonies of the annual Marc Rich Seminar in Tel Aviv last December 21. Indyk's name was printed on the invitation, but allegedly after a reporter questioned the appropriateness of the ambassador's seeming to embrace the cause of a wanted fugitive, Indyk did not show. The U.S. Embassy now says the printed invitation was only a "rough draft."

"It's time to move on the GOI [Government of Israel] front," Quinn E-mailed Marc Rich's longtime attorney in New York, Robert Fink, in March 2000, nine months before he personally delivered a two-inch-thick pardon petition to the White House on December 11. The petition contained dozens of letters from "a Who's Who of Israeli society," says David Luchins. It later came out that a number of charities solicited for letters had no idea they were for a pardon petition, and many of the letters were drafted within days of one another, in English, a language Israe journalist Mody Kreitman, who has reporte extensively on the pardons, says some of th signatories can't write. "Azulay created an ou er circle based on people who did not kno the real purpose of his plan, and they wrot letters of courtesy," Kreitman tells me. "Bu in the inner circles mentioned in the E-mail [Peres, Barak, the family of slain presider Yitzhak Rabin], they knew about the plan. H created such a small inner circle because h didn't want it to leak." Indeed, in an E-ma dated January 9, Quinn states, "I think we'v benefitted from being under the press radar.

Simultaneously, Azulay was persuade to cultivate Denise Rich by Abrahan Foxman, national director of the Ant Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, whc after receiving a $100,000 contribution fron the Rich Foundation, had dinner with Azu lay in Paris in February 2000. On Marc 18, after another attempt to reach out to th court of the Southern District of New Yor had been rebuffed, Azulay E-mailed Bol Fink and sent a copy to Jack Quinn: "W are reverting to the idea discussed with Abe which is to send DR [Denise Rich] on 'personal' mission to No. 1 with a well pre pared script."

Denise Rich represented everything Bi Clinton loved most: showbiz glitz, a pent house that was a fabulous staging area fo entertainment and fund-raising in his an Hillary's newly adopted home state, unlim ited largesse, and gaga admiration for him She was definitely his type, and she ingrat ated herself immeasurably when she threv a big fund-raising lunch for the Clinton and the Gores that brought in $3 millio right after the Starr report detailing Clir ton's affair with Monica Lewinsky wa released. Her support has never wavered "He has so much charisma, who wouldn' be attracted?" Rich says. "He's a very spi itual person."

Contrary to what Azulay has said in pub lished reports, Denise Rich was first ap proached to consider supporting the pardo late in the spring of 2000. "Denise hesita ed—her father was against getting involved and she struggled until summer," says a clos friend. "Meanwhile, several friends of Marc kept pressuring her to use her relationshi with the president." So did her daughters "They did say, 'Please help,'" Denise tell me. When I suggest that some people fee she supported the pardon in order to ensur her daughters' full inheritance, she denie it. "All I thought at the time was, O.K he's the father of my children, and if that' what they've asked me to do, I'll do it. On December 6, she signed a letter t President Clinton that she had not writte herself: "I support his application with a my heart"—the CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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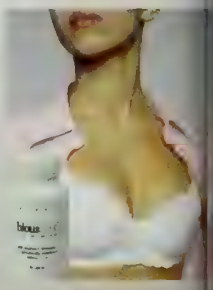
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Denise & Marc Rich

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 220 last four words being exactly the same as those Jack Quinn uses in *his* pardon letter to Clinton.

Denise was the trump card, but she was not enough. Knowing Clinton's White House as intimately as he did, Jack Quinn realized that he needed advocates deep inside the president's most trusted circle. He chose Arkansas lawyer Bruce Lindsey, perhaps Clinton's closest confidant, who quietly dates Cheryl Mills, Clinton's impeachment attorney, who was formerly on the staff of the White House counsel and is now a trustee of the Clinton Foundation. Although Mills was no longer employed at the White House, she too received the pardon petition.

Rather than approach Clinton's chief of staff, former law professor John Podesta, who would undoubtedly have sent the pardon petition immediately to the Justice Department Pardon Office for proper vetting, Quinn sought out Bruce Lindsey on December 13 during a sentimental farewell visit Clinton made to Northern Ireland. When Quinn realized that Lindsey had reservations because Rich and Green were fugitives—the pardon application neglected to mention that they had renounced their citizenship—he followed up with a letter to him on December 19: "Their failure to return to New York was not a crime and no one has ever accused them of a crime for failing to come to the US for a trial." In an E-mail to Azulay, Quinn said he was working the White House counsel's office "pretty hard."

Meanwhile, at the Justice Department, according to Roger Adams, the pardon attorney, "none of the regular procedures were followed." Quinn relied primarily on his friend Deputy Attorney General Eric Holder, one of the highest-ranking African-Americans in the U.S. government. Widely admired, Holder was someone seen to have a limitless future. At that time he was sending Quinn résumés of people on his staff and asking for his help in finding them jobs after Clinton left office. Between November 2000 and the night of January 19, Quinn wrote to and spoke with Holder several times. First he told him he would be sending the pardon application directly to the White House. In early January he called to say he hoped Holder would say positive things about it to the president. Finally, on January 19, Quinn told Holder he would be called by the White House counsel's office about the pardon. Holder later testified to Congress that the opinion he gave, "neutral, leaning toward favorable," was out of foreign-policy considerations, meaning it would help Barak. He now says he never thought a pardon would be seriously entertained. But at no time during this period did Holder ever attempt to notify anyone at the Justice Department office or the Southern District of New York about the application.

Quinn also turned to his friend and business associate Beth Dozoretz, a trustee of the Clinton Library who had proudly visited the White House 96 times in the preceding two years. A perfect character for a Washington novel, but one you couldn't make up, the aggressively social, thrice-married Dozoretz, a former New York Garment District executive, had come out of nowhere to become finance chair of the Democratic National Committee (she was later asked to resign) and have Bill Clinton be the godfather of her adopted daughter in a Jewish naming ceremony blessed by a swami. After pledging to raise $1 million for the library, she solicited $450,000 of the amount from her friend Denise Rich. Dozoretz, who is married to a psychiatrist who has made a fortune providing mental-health services through state contracts, frequently chats with the president on her cell phone. Although there has been much speculation about the real nature of Dozoretz's relationship with Clinton, her husband, Ron Dozoretz, says she is merely a pal, another shoulder Clinton could cry on after Monica Lewinsky messed up his place in history, and nothing else. "I'd stake my life on it," Dozoretz says.



THE SHADOW

Retired U.S. marshal Ken Hill, who spent 14 years hunting Marc Rich and never allows his face to be photographed, now teaches diving, an activity he says is similar to his old occupation: "cold, dark, and lonely."

With her customary can-do attitude, Beth Dozoretz, who is friendly with the Barak family and serves on the executive committee of the American Israel Public Affairs Committee, plunged into helping her friend Denise's very rich former husband. She seems to have been the final arbiter on whether or not to enlist Hillary Clinton in the pardon effort. Denise said no to the lawyers after an E-mail from Bob Fink to Jack Quinn revealed, "Beth warned her not to raise the issue while HRC was in ear shot." Then Quinn E-mailed Azulay on January 10: "DR called from Aspen. Her friend B—who is with her—got a call today from potus [president of the United States] who said he was impressed by JQ's last letter and that he wants to do it and is doing all possible to turn around the WH counsels. DR thinks he sounds very positive but 'that we have to keep praying.'" Denise Rich and Beth Dozoretz were both in Aspen, but they were not staying together, and Dozoretz has claimed the president did not mention the resistance of the White House counsels to her. Nevertheless, she definitely queried the president about the pardon, and like Denise Rich she has taken the Fifth Amendment before Congress, on "stuff Denise has told her," according to a friend. "The president on the phone to two girls in Aspen? Come on," a prominent Democratic senator says to me. "It has to be sex or the library."

Denise Rich brought the pardon up with President Clinton at least four times: in her letter, in a second copy of the letter sent with a cover note written by Marc Rich's attorneys for her signature, in a phone call, and in a brief conversation at a party at the White House on December 20.

The petitioners knew how seriously Clinton would take a major request made by Ehud Barak on behalf of Marc Rich. At the end of his administration, Clinton was pushing Barak—who was locked in a difficult election he was losing—to deliver a Middle East peace agreement, which would burnish the Clinton legacy. In addition, Hillary Clinton was newly elected as a senator from New York, where the Jewish constituency has an outsize influence. Though Barak originally denied that he had petitioned Clinton, he now admits to having spoken three times on behalf of Rich.

The greatest electoral gift Clinton could have bestowed on Barak—probably over the

Denise & Marc Rich

dead body of U.S. intelligence—was a pardon for convicted Israeli spy Jonathan Pollard, who is a cause célèbre in Israel. Azulay and Quinn cleverly planted the seed in Clinton's mind that if he couldn't give the Israelis Pollard he should give them Marc Rich. On January 3, Quinn E-mailed Azulay, Fink, and Kathleen Behan, the other lawyer on the case, after yet another conversation with White House counsel Beth Nolan, who would remain skeptical about the Rich pardon to the end: "Lastly, I told her that, if they pardon JP, then pardoning MR is easy, but that, if they do not pardon JP, then they should pardon MR." On January 4, Azulay sent the following message: "I am convinced that the President is aware releasing JP will be a big problem with the intelligence community and Mr. R can be included in this since less attention will be paid to him.... If he says no to JP, then this is another reason to say yes to Mr. R."

On January 19, the Clinton White House was in chaos. Clinton, loath to leave, had not slept in days, and his primary concern was working out a deal with the independent counsel's office to stave off an indictment over his perjured testimony in the Monica Lewinsky affair. Although Podesta and Nolan and Lindsey all later testified to Congress that they had opposed the Rich pardon, they certainly did not argue against it vigorously after the president received a final call from Barak, which Clinton belatedly spun as a deciding factor. Meanwhile, when the pardon attorney Roger Adams called the White House counsel's office, who should answer the phone and begin discussing pardon issues but ex-staffer Cheryl Mills, who had been invited there by Lindsey and who also attended a final Oval Office meeting on the disposition of the Rich pardon.

Late that night the White House heard from Justice, following an F.B.I. criminal-record check, that there might be a problem for Rich with arms dealing. Once again the president turned to Quinn, who denied it. Clinton simply said, "Take Jack's word."

In congressional hearings, members queried Quinn about his representation of Rich to his old boss the president in a case which ultimately made the president look bad. Shouldn't Quinn have been more loyal? And wasn't Quinn stretching a "revolving-door" rule that he had helped write which barred former presidential-staff members from lobbying the White House for five years? Quinn, when pressed on this question, countered that he didn't believe he was violating his own rule—there was an exception for "criminal proceedings." Martin Auerbach, who prosecuted the Rich case in the U.S. Attorney's Office, recognized the classic Marc Rich strategy: "An important piece of Rich's success comes from information arbitrage—knowing something the guy across the table doesn't know and getting the guy to betray his primary allegiance. In this case he gets Quinn to push the definition of lobbying, because it's in Marc's best interests instead of the president's best interests, with a package giving only one side of the story. And he's able to time it so precisely that it can't be checked. What Marc Rich finally figured out is, if you attack the pardon process the same way you attack your business, you will achieve the same result." Morris Weinberg adds, "It's really why [Rich and Green] ran—because they thought money would always resolve everything. Now, 20 years later, it appears they're right."

Denise Rich at first appeared to deny any knowledge of the pardon, but then reversed herself. Jack Quinn wasted no time in telling the press that his now former friend Eric Holder had known all about the pardon, and Holder's weak testimony before Congress has dimmed his shining career. Like a deadly virus escaping from a broken vial, the Rich pardon infected everyone who touched it.

After Barak lost the election, the Pollard forces were furious. "I am disgusted," Esther Pollard, Jonathan's wife, told Kreitman in the Israeli daily *Yediot Ahronot*. "Ehud Barak took an active role running Jonathan as a spy when he was head of Israel's military intelligence." Pollard's sister, Carol, tells me, "I wouldn't even want to be associated with that pardon list." Carol Pollard says she was solicited for a million dollars for a pardon for her brother—"no guarantees." "Nobody in Israel cares about an American tax cheat—nobody," says Zev Chafets, an Israeli columnist for the New York *Daily News*. "Those people prostituted themselves.... Why in the world would anyone do anything for him except for money?"

Denise Rich will never be free of being known as the ex-wife of an infamous fugitive, and her usefulness as a Democratic donor and fund-raiser is probably over. Beth Dozoretz is leaving Democratic fund-raising altogether. The State Department has not accepted Marc Rich's renunciation of his citizenship, so he faces serious tax investigations by the state of New York and the I.R.S. for the last 17 years—a sum that could run to hundreds of millions of dollars—should he ever set foot on U.S. soil again. He will also probably have to litigate the issue of his citizenship. Leading Democrats are outraged that Jack Quinn, who has said he got only $330,000 for his efforts, has put the party and President Clinton in such a compromised position. As for the Clintons, their stock has plummeted. The Rich and other controversial pardons not only raised the specter of new investigations for them but also ruined Hillary Clinton's Senate debut and any chance she may have had to run for president in 2004.

Whether conduits, conspiracies, or quid pro quos will ever be nailed down is doubtful. Marc Rich is far too shrewd ever to have left a real money trail, and bribery is hard to prove. Therefore, while President Clinton's reasons for the pardon appear indefensible, perhaps one of his closest advisers came near the truth when he told me, "He did it for Denise." □

Webb Hubbell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184 as a young lawyer was to agree to represent my father-in-law. Did I learn to regret it."

In the lengthy Whitewater investigation, Seth Ward was a shadow figure, his relationship to Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan and its proprietors Susan and Jim McDougal noted but not fully explored. Toward the end of his life, Ward was put through depositions by the O.I.C. prosecutors in Little Rock. Walking out through the parking lot, he ran into ABC's Chris Vlasto. "I told them my son-in-law was a good boy and he should never have gotten involved with that draft-dodging, homosexual-loving Bill Clinton," Ward said. But inside the session he told prosecutor Robert Bittman how upset he was that his son-in-law had stolen from his partners, Bittman later recalled.

As Hubbell made his way up through the Rose Law Firm on his own merits, Ward lurked in the background, drawn to and yet contemptuous of the clannish Little Rock establishment that his son-in-law was determined to embrace. Once, according to Schaufele, at a meeting of church trustees, Ward threatened to punch out a board member whose policies he disagreed with. On another occasion, Ward, who was an accomplished pilot, attempted to intimidate a business associate who owed him money by taking him up in his airplane and flying straight into a thunderstorm.

Ward's hold on his daughter and her husband was as binding as kudzu, but Suzy and Webb did not rebel. The Wards provided the young marrieds with a suitable house for modest rent, and at Christmastime they filled their own home with so many presents for the Hubbells' four children that it looked like FAO Schwarz. But the bounty had a price on it. The Hubbells were expected to see Suzy's parents several times a week. "My father relied on Webb for

everything. For years he treated him like a son. Every business decision Daddy made, he would want Webb's advice," she says.

Hubbell could not extricate himself from his father-in-law's demands. "That was just not done in the South," he says. Suzy was very careful about what she told even her closest friends about her relationship with her father. "We would try to tease her," says Marty Schaufele, Mike's wife. Schaufele had been a cheerleader with Suzy Ward in high school and thought of her almost as a sister. "I would walk into her house and I would say, 'I see your dad has retiled the kitchen floor. What is that going to cost you?'"

Hubbell soon rose to the top in Little Rock's legal and political establishment. He was appointed mayor of Little Rock, and Clinton later helped to get him a stint as chief justice on the Arkansas Supreme Court. He became a pillar of the community and served on the Arkansas code-of-ethics commission. At the Rose Law Firm, his closest friends and associates were Vince Foster and Hillary Clinton, whom he called Hillary Sue. They aspired to be the power center, to bring in the lucrative business that would increase their salaries, and they were often in conflict with the time-honored way of doing business in the white-shoe firm. The three friends ate lunch together almost daily, and late in the afternoon would wander in and out of one another's offices.

Hubbell was often at the governor's mansion, working his way through the refrigerator with his friends after a weekend game of golf. The coziness of life in Little Rock permitted Hubbell to come and go through the side entrance of the small mansion without being stopped by guards. They existed in a suburban hothouse of privilege; they played tennis at the country club and their children attended private schools, but at the office the partners chafed under the odd payout agreement they had. Money was a constant concern; however grand the firm was, the litigation partners earned at most $60,000 a year, plus a possible $100,000 in bonus pay. Several partners, including Hillary, could earn additional money by sitting on corporate boards. "Webb, as your accountant, I think you are spending way too much money," Schaufele warned him. "But Webb would laugh it off," he says. At the country club, Marty Schaufele would hear friends on the tennis court wonder how the Hubbells could have four kids in the best schools and the most expensive camps. The Schaufeles assumed that Suzy and Webb were being funded by Seth Ward. In fact, the opposite was true. In 1977, the 29-year-old Hubbell had been pressured to buy a warehouse from his father-in-law. Four years later, he would lose his principal tenant and find himself with an onerous $4,800 monthly debt.

The Arkansas of the 1980s, like much of the South, was in the grip of a fiscal tsunami caused by the failures of dozens of savings-and-loans which had recklessly lent money. By then Seth Ward had made millions of dollars in the metal business, but he was always searching for new deals. He would drop in at the Rose Law Firm and barge into Webb's office as if it were his own, never calling first for an appointment. He would have Hubbell's secretary type his letters. If Hubbell was unavailable, he would wander down the hall and visit with Hillary, who was the attorney for the Little Rock Airport Commission, where Ward served on the board. She occasionally gave him legal advice. Ward often told Webb that he had no use for Bill Clinton, then the governor, who had fought him on a consumer bill which would have had, if passed, a single beneficiary: Seth Ward.

In *Blood Sport,* his definitive account of the Whitewater investigation, James B. Stewart would later reveal the power struggle that went on in the Rose Law Firm as Hillary, Webb, and Vince Foster led a successful effort to represent what would later become the Resolution Trust Corporation (R.T.C.), the government agency brought in to take over the failed thrifts. The more conservative partners did not want to sue close friends they had dinner with at the country club, but Hillary, Vince, and Webb were adamant that taking on the S&L business would bring in much-needed litigation fees and boost salaries. One operator of a faltering thrift, Jim McDougal, the manic-depressive Clinton mentor and ally who was the head of Madison Guaranty and of Whitewater Development, attempted to continue doing business despite the strict rules that now governed thrifts. He was looking for money to boost his land investments. Seth Ward took up with Jim McDougal and soon began showering favors on him, helping him fix an airplane and search for properties to acquire.

"One day Seth picked me up for lunch," says Mike Schaufele, who was his accountant at the time, "and he said, 'Let me show you a piece of property I just bought.'" Ward drove him to the tract, where he intended to put up a microbrewery. "He had bought it in his name for the benefit of Jim McDougal and Madison [Financial, a subsidiary of Madison Guaranty]." Under the banking laws in effect, Madison Financial could not legally buy the land, so Ward had agreed to operate under the radar, signing for a piece of property that had actually been financed by McDougal. For this he would earn a commission of more than $300,000 when McDougal resold it. Before the deal was completed, according to Mike Schaufele, Ward called his son-in-law at the Rose Law Firm and started pressing him for his advice on the purchase. Hubbell insists he was snappish with him on the telephone: "Mr. Ward, I can't talk to you about this. Don't ask me. And don't tell me anything about it."

Schaufele had serious doubts about Ward's investment and asked Webb about it. Hubbell tried to cut him off, but Schaufele said, "Let me just ask you one question: Is this legal?" Hubbell said, "I am not sure it is." The property in question was destined to become Castle Grande, the development Hillary Clinton would later insist to the Whitewater grand jury she knew only by the name of its prior owner, the Industrial Development Co. (I.D.C.). At Hubbell's suggestion, Clinton became the supervising billing partner for Madison, which included Ward and McDougal's questionable investment, while Hubbell tried to erect a wall between himself and his father-in-law's unrelenting requests for advice. Hubbell would later be criticized for the "appearance of impropriety" in an R.T.C. investigation.

In 1990, Bill Clinton pledged to the people of Arkansas that he would not run for president. But there was a growing excitement around the young governor as the Democratic Party began to appreciate his intelligence and charisma. Hubbell was in on every aspect of considering a presidential campaign. "I was the hand holder and dispenser of compassion," he tells me.

"When do you learn that Clinton has other women?" I ask Hubbell. Over a number of weeks, we have often discussed Clinton's weakness for women, yet as if by reflex Hubbell resorts to being the unambivalent courtier. "I don't know if I *ever* knew about the women. Until Monica Lewinsky," he says. "You may sense something, but I never asked him directly." This lawyerly sidestepping is puzzling, given his clear awareness of Clinton's history. "You knew all about Gennifer Flowers," I say. In 1990, Hubbell's former brother-in-law, Finus Shellnut, was dating and would later marry Gennifer Flowers, the Clinton mistress who almost destroyed the 1992 presidential campaign. Flowers was therefore the stepmother of Hubbell's two nieces. He pauses. "I knew that she was saying it was true and my former relative was saying it was true, but Clinton was denying it at the time, remember?" His tone is icier than it has ever been.

All during the 1992 campaign, Webster Hubbell acted as one of Clinton's invaluable operatives, alongside the criminal investigator Jack Palladino and Betsey Wright, the Clinton loyalist on whom Joe Klein based a character called "the dustbuster" in *Primary Colors.* Palladino was paid $100,000 to go through a "doomsday book" of women and convince them that their own private histories would be brought to light if they made public charges against the governor; Hubbell

helped to research each and every allegation. While some were obvious smears, others had a basis in reality. Hubbell and Wright filtered rumors and intelligence flowing in from Democratic operatives around the country. For Caroline Hubbell, the revelation about Clinton's relationship with Gennifer Flowers was the first sign that her father was part of a world she had been carefully kept out of. She called her brother, Walter, and said, "I feel as if Santa Claus had died." "We all have flaws," her father told her.

Hubbell was soon sucked into a vortex of deception and ambition that would leave his life in tatters. Describing the attacks mounted against the Clintons, he tells me, "It seemed like there was an attack of the day. It violated all standards of the southern gentleman's club." And what of the Clintons' counterattacks? "They were saying, 'This is the only way to fight them.' At that time I was much more naïve, thinking that everyone attacking them had a personal motive. We were starting to do background checks on women who claimed that they might have had an affair. Anyone who criticized the Clintons, we wanted to know what was in their background and what might be in their closet. Immediately it was, Who did she sleep with and who were her boyfriends?" He told his children that politics was a dirty business and he had no illusions about it, but at night he would lie in bed and confide to Suzy that he did not like what he was coming up against in the campaign.

As the Clintons ascended to national prominence, the demands placed on the happy courtier became more onerous. "My dad has always known that it wasn't clean," says Caroline. "Think what he knows: Every time there is a whisper about women from Little Rock days. Every time someone is called in to do some dustbusting. They once needed him so desperately to clean up their mess. And he had a mess of his own." The Hubbells used to discuss the latest allegations at the dinner table. When Hubbell was silent, his children understood that the allegations were probably correct. "My mother would say, 'Webb, you are being too quiet,'" Caroline recalls. "That meant that he knew it was true."

A few days after the election, Hubbell and Clinton were riding in the governor's car. "Do you want to come with me?" Clinton asked his friend. He suggested a top position of authority in the Justice Department. Elated, Hubbell told Suzy, who screamed, "Let's go! I am so excited!" When Suzy called her father to tell him the happy news, Seth Ward screamed, too. "You cannot leave me. Who will take care of my affairs?" Mike Schaufele's response was muted. "I worried. How in the world could Webb afford to live in D.C.?" Thrilled that he was getting away from Little Rock and Seth Ward, Hubbell would later say, "At that moment I did not think, By the way, there is this dirty little secret I have. I had put it in a box and pretended that it wasn't there."

Today, Webb Hubbell occasionally gives lectures to groups of lawyers and law students on how he got into white-collar crime. He talks about his career as football player, lawyer, mayor, and judge, and concludes by saying, "I can give you reasons and rationalizations for what was going on in my mind. But there are no valid excuses."

On his way to Clinton's Justice Department, Hubbell was in fact concealing a criminal history. "To this day I cannot tell you how it started," he says. "Sometime in 1988, I found myself sitting in the office.... Every lawyer wrote a check on something called the client-advance account." He began to pay his personal bills with checks from the Rose Law Firm books and occasionally billed them to his clients. He would write at the bottom of each check, "To be charged against fees."

"I started to rationalize that I was just taking money from myself, and I would pay it back." Over a five-year period he wrote out 400 checks totaling $480,000, to pay American Express bills which included charges for restaurants, vacations, and gasoline. The checks were rarely large—usually $400 or $500—but he got into the habit of writing several every week.

"I just kept telling myself I would quit.... It was almost like alcoholism.... My hand would move across the checkbook, and I would feel literally sick." He felt compelled to please his family and show Seth Ward that the poor boy who had married rich could give his wife everything her father had once provided.

For former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum, Hubbell's complicated fate could have been different but for a single decision Clinton made: to renew the Office of Independent Counsel. Nussbaum, a voluble and savvy New York litigator, worked closely with Hubbell during the first year of the administration and admired him immensely. "My impression was that he was a funny, warm, decent human being with a good heart," he says, and he has never changed his opinion. Nussbaum had known Hillary Clinton since their time together as staff members on the Watergate Committee; more recently, he had worked with Hillary and Webb during the 1992 campaign. Furious when *The Washington Post* started hounding Hillary for her Whitewater documents, Bill Clinton clashed with his political advisers over what to do. David Gergen would later write that he had advised the president to turn over the documents and weather a two-week firestorm. Hillary was opposed. George Stephanopoulos favored appointing an independent counsel.

When Nussbaum learned what Stephanopoulos was urging on the president, he demanded a meeting. He recalls, "What I said in the Oval Office in that now famous conversation of January 1994 was 'If you do this, they will investigate your friends and family.' I had lived through Watergate. I knew what would happen. Then I turned to Bruce Lindsey, who was standing there, and I said, 'They will investigate you, Bruce, one year from now!' If Webb Hubbell had been standing there, I would have used him as an example, although we knew nothing about his problems." Nussbaum believed that the very institution of independent counsel was "evil" and would become "a roving dragon, trying to come up with something or someone to harm the president and Hillary. And they started roving and roving, and the first person they came up with was Webb." Nussbaum lost the fight. "Because the president inadvertently made this huge mistake, it destroyed Webb Hubbell's life.... Webb got caught up in Clinton's failure, his need to satisfy his enemies."

As the Whitewater investigation lumbered on, anyone who had been involved in Madison Guaranty was advised to get a lawyer to prepare for the congressional committees investigating the failed thrift. Nussbaum suggested John Nields as a perfect lawyer for Hubbell. Nussbaum had grown very fond of Janet Reno's associate. He was impressed by how Hubbell seemed to weather the partisan criticism being hurled at the new administration by *The Wall Street Journal* on its editorial page. Hubbell, meanwhile, felt increasingly isolated from the White House. He felt he could no longer communicate easily with the president, and he shared his feeling with Nussbaum.

Nussbaum and Hubbell were both impressed by the appointment of Robert Fiske Jr., the former U.S. attorney in New York, as the new independent counsel. Nussbaum would later comment that if anyone could deal properly with Whitewater it was Fiske. Nussbaum felt sure that Hubbell would be in good hands with Nields, who was a former federal prosecutor and had been a clerk for Byron White in Warren Burger's Supreme Court. Known for his caution, Nields was often teased because he wrote out his briefs by hand. He was also known for his daughters, the alternative-rock group called the Nields.

Earlier, Hubbell had breezed through his F.B.I. background checks, although one agent had noted some unresolved billing issues at his law firm. "There was nothing serious

enough to even be mentioned at the White House," Nussbaum says. Two weeks before his confirmation hearings, however, Hubbell was visited by two former partners, Jerry Jones and Ron Clark. Once again, his fealty to the Ward family had created problems. The partners were angry because a patent-and-anti-trust case the firm had mounted for Skeeter Ward, Hubbell's brother-in-law, against a rival parking-meter company had been a spectacular failure. Hubbell had represented him, and there were still outstanding expenses for the trial. The firm had billed about $250,000, and Skeeter was unable to pay. The partners pressured Hubbell to somehow come up with $125,000 they owed two expert witnesses.

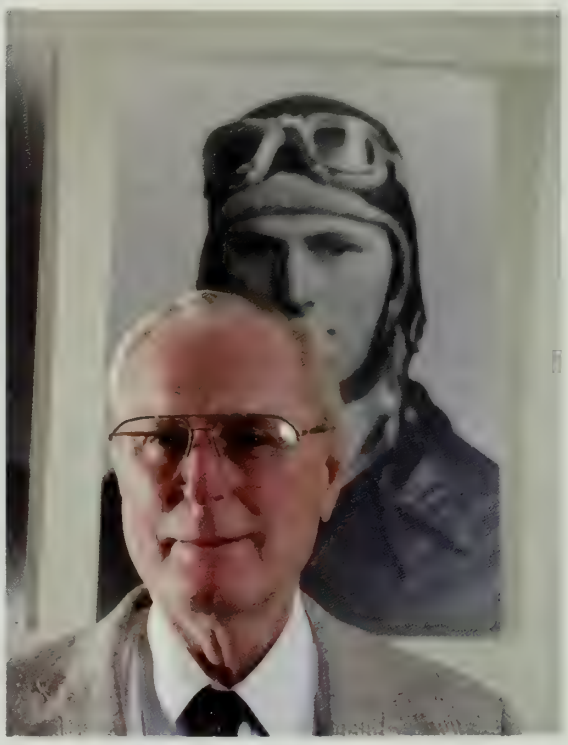
One of them told Hubbell, "And, by the way, there are some issues with your own billing.... You could just write a check and resolve it." Hubbell got testy and cut the subject off. Today he says, "I always think, What would have happened if right there I had just paid them $30,000? If I had said, 'Here is a check. I don't want any dispute.' I expect that would have ended it."

At the White House, Vince Foster soon learned from his former partners that Hubbell's parking-meter-case expenses were being questioned. Foster was already deeply depressed, feeling that he was being wrongly pilloried for the problems in the White House travel office. He brooded over the editorials in *The Wall Street Journal* and sulked when Hillary Clinton canceled dinners and meetings at the last minute. He complained to Susan Thomases, Hillary's confidante, and she advised him to go back to Little Rock and become a judge. "Washington is not a good place for you," she told her friend. He told her he was furious that Hubbell had come to Washington knowing things were such a mess in Little Rock. "Webb is a fucking fool to have gone through the hearings!" he said. Two days before Foster committed suicide, he and his wife, Lisa, attended a dinner with the Hubbells, but Hubbell insists there was no mention of his troubles.

Back in Little Rock over the holidays in 1993, Hubbell went to see Jerry Jones at his home. "Webb," Jones said, "there are some partners who think you can't justify these expenses. Some people think you stole from the firm." Hubbell felt that the bottom was dropping out of his world. That afternoon he got on Air Force One with the president. He told neither Suzy nor Bill Clinton about his conversation with Jerry Jones, hoping that he could make the whole thing go away.

Just as Nussbaum had predicted, in the first months of 1994, Independent Counsel Robert Fiske began to issue subpoenas to the Rose Law Firm demanding to see billing records. Stories soon circulated that the panicked partners were destroying records. Hubbell called his friend: "What the hell are you doing shredding files? By the way, I have not heard back from you." Jones would only answer, "Webb, it is out of my hands. We have hired outside counsel. I cannot emphasize how serious this is."

At first Laura Shores was intimidated by her assignment. Only five years out of the University of Chicago Law School, she found herself being sent to Little Rock by her boss, John Nields, to examine Webster Hubbell's billing records, and what she found startled the young lawyer. She had never seen such a damning chain of evidence. She reported to Nields that personal expenses had been paid with firm checks. She described the messy trail of receipts and unpaid bills from the parking-meter case. Nields was inclined initially to discount her findings owing to her inexperience; Hubbell had assured him that he had never overbilled a client or fiddled around with personal expenses. But the evidence was overwhelming. "We knew this was the kind of thing that happens all the time and never gets prosecuted," Shores tells me. Billing disputes even of this magnitude were usually settled within a firm. "Webb was then in denial," she says. He was also furious that his partners had dared to question him.



FATHER-IN-LAW
Seth Ward, Suzy Hubbell's father, before a photograph of himself at the Arkansas Aviation Hall of Fame, 1993. According to Hubbell's sister Terry, "When Seth Ward said, 'Jump,' Webb said, 'How high?'"

In March 1994, Hubbell made the decision to resign from the Justice Department. His statement was terse: he had family and legal matters to attend to. His resignation came as a surprise even to Nussbaum, who thought any potential lawsuit from the Rose partners could be smoothed over as a civil dispute.

"I called Webb to commiserate," Nussbaum says. "I wanted to say how sorry I was.... I asked him, 'Have you been in touch with the president?,' and he says no. And I say, 'Why not?' Hubbell was convinced that he had embarrassed him and was now a political liability. I got upset by that [and] stormed into the Oval Office and I say to the president, 'It is too bad about Webb.' I said, 'How come you have not been in touch with him?' The president said, 'They tell me that I can't talk to him.' 'What do you mean, you can't talk to him? ... He resigned. What is wrong with you picking up the phone to say, 'I am sorry you had to go. I wish you the best'? 'Oh, it will get into the newspapers that I talked to him.' 'So what! You're the president of the United States! So he resigned. You are not responsible for anything he did or didn't do. That will be resolved in due course.'"

Over the next few months Hubbell visited the White House eight times, and if his friends Bruce Lindsey and Mack McLarty questioned him, he would lie and say he had done nothing wrong. Other friends, including former White House deputy Erskine Bowles, ABC's Linda Douglas, and Mickey Kantor, the former commerce secretary, offered their support. Hubbell received consulting fees from Sprint, Time Warner, and Revlon, and after breakfast and lunch meetings with James Riady, a former client and friend from Little Rock, the Lippo Group hired him for $100,000 to deliver American businesses to Indonesia. Desperately worried about his future, Hubbell never told his friends that he had now accumulated close to $400,000 in consulting fees, far more work than he could realistically do. Later, when some of the fees were alleged to have been hush money, the president would defend those who had helped Hubbell find work: "I do not believe they were improper. From what I know about them, they were just—they were people who were genuinely concerned that there was a man out of work, who had four children. And

as I understand it, they were trying to—to help him for no other reason than just out of human compassion."

In October 1994, Nields accompanied Laura Shores to Little Rock to see the spreadsheets with the firm's credit-card bills. After examining the trail of checks, he asked Hubbell to explain it. "I don't know. This is what I do," Shores recalls Hubbell said. Nields remained convinced that the problem was solvable. Would the firm agree to reimbursement after an auditor's report? It would not. Nields realized that Hubbell's former partners, still nettled over the power struggle Vince and Hillary and Webb had engineered, had pulled the carpet out from under Hubbell. And they were worried; they did not want the O.I.C. to paralyze the firm with a blanket of subpoenas or inquire into *their* affairs. One day Shores was on the telephone getting information from an American Express employee. "'By the way,' he said, 'we have just gotten a subpoena from the Office of Independent Counsel. They want to see Hubbell's bills.'" Shores rushed into Nields's office to tell him. "He was devastated," she says. "We now knew there was no way we could make this go away."

On Thanksgiving, Hubbell recalls, the president telephoned. "'Happy Thanksgiving. Hillary needs to talk to you.'" Suddenly Hillary was on the line: "'Webb, it is on CNN that you are going to be indicted.' And I said, 'I don't think it's true.... I don't have a target letter.' ... 'Fight it,' she said. And that is the last time I ever spoke with them."

Two weeks later in Little Rock, he pleaded guilty to defrauding his partners. The prosecutor Hickman Ewing met Hubbell that day. Ewing, like Hubbell, was a southerner and a former college athlete. For seven months before he was sentenced, Hubbell would be questioned by the team of Kenneth Starr, who had replaced the more moderate Robert Fiske at the O.I.C. A former solicitor general who at the law firm Kirkland & Ellis had represented the Brown & Williamson tobacco company, Starr would later be harshly criticized for turning the O.I.C. into a den of grand inquisitors. Starr had never prosecuted a criminal case, so he relied on Ewing, who would later become his principal deputy for the Arkansas phase of the investigation, to advise him on legal strategy.

A former U.S. attorney from Memphis, Ewing at first felt some sympathy for Hubbell. His own father had gone to prison for embezzling $43,000 when he was the court clerk of Shelby County, Tennessee. "The root cause of my father's problem had to do with drinking," he tells me. "I empathized with Webb's kids. My father made a mistake and had to pay for it, too." Ewing studied the printout of Hubbell's charges on 10 credit cards—$37,000 for restaurants, close to $2,000 from Bensky's furs of Little Rock, lingerie for his daughters from Victoria's Secret. Hubbell's greed was obvious to Ewing, but so was his inability to say no. "My sense was that Webb would be presented with many of these bills by his family and then have to pay them, and that is when the cycle of debt started."

Ewing supervised Hubbell's questioning on everything from Madison Guaranty to the missing Rose Law Firm billing records. "I had 20 years of making evaluations as a prosecutor," he says, "and there were flags all over the place for me." Ewing has a Manichaean view of the law, and adversaries of his would later tell the writer Jeffrey Toobin that Ewing's entire career had been a form of revenge for the humiliation he suffered because of his father. Over seven months Ewing grew progressively more convinced that something untoward had gone on at the Rose Law Firm. Hillary Clinton's billing records had disappeared. Often, Ewing says, when he pressed Hubbell about the First Lady, he would react in a certain way. "Hubbell began twisting his ring when we talked about the president and the First Lady. Based on body language, it did not appear he was telling everything he knew. It was our lie-detector test," he says. "I told him that he had an approach-avoidance problem talking about Hillary."

Several O.I.C. prosecutors later leaked to reporters that they were angry because Hubbell had not been made to sign a proffer document, which would have detailed exactly what he knew about the Clintons. "I told them he did not know anything about illegal activities," Nields recalls, "and that Webb's use to the office would be primarily for explanation and filling in missing information." In meeting after meeting, Ewing and his team grilled Hubbell, promising him a "downward departure"—a reduced sentence—if he cooperated: *What was Hillary's relationship with Madison Guaranty? What did the Rose Law Firm have to do with Castle Grande? What was Hillary's relationship with Vince Foster?*

Perhaps because the Whitewater investigation was going nowhere by the end of 1994, Ewing went right on grilling him month after month. So did several Senate committees and a prosecutor working on the case against former housing secretary Henry Cisneros, who was being investigated for his false statements to the F.B.I. regarding payments to his mistress. It was a time in Washington of partisan moralizing, where mounting investigations against the personalities o the Clinton administration became the mai event of national affairs. Hubbell was treate as a sort of Zelig figure, called on constantl as a possible witness to all manner of Clin ton scandals.

"And what deal did I get?" Hubbel snaps. "They are acting like I could hav gotten a worse sentence. I got the worst par of the deal, because I spent seven month answering questions that led to [my later in dictments,] Hubbell 2 and Hubbell 3. A better deal would have been to say, 'I plea guilty! Just take me to prison!' I woul have been out seven months earlier."

At the end of seven months, the vote wa unanimous among the staff of 30 at th O.I.C.: Webster Hubbell did not deserve a reduced sentence. "To whom much is given much is expected," Judge George Howard Jr., quoting Saint Luke, told a hushed Little Rock courtroom as he handed down the maximum sentence of 21 months.

We drove up sometimes in complete silence, sometimes talking about anything but what was about to occur, at Frederick we took wrong exit and ended up at Camp David exit. Ironic, isn't it? Press was waiting at the road. Marsha and Suzy came in to say good-bye. Not only emotional for us, but I will never forget the look on Suzy's face. Alcohol test at the door, frisked and the process began. Strip search and inventory of your clothes.... Part of the way they deal with it must be to dehumanize and depersonalize.... Met psychologist who wanted to check me out. Issued green khaki uniform and taken to my room.

—Webster Hubbell's prison journal, September 7, 1995

The worst day of Suzy Hubbell's ordeal was the day she and Marsha Scott took Webb to report to the Federal Correction Institution in Cumberland, Maryland. Scott, who was an intimate member of the F.O.B. circle, worked as a White House deputy, and during Hubbell's time in prison she would serve as the conduit between him and the Clinton advisers in the West Wing. Suzy had packed a bag of surprises for her husband with a baseball glove on top. "You can't bring this here," the guard told her, and she began to cry. Webb turned to Marsha Scott and said, "Please, you have to get her out o here." When the two women were outside Suzy broke down completely.

In the months to come, each time Suzy drove to see Webb through the Maryland countryside, past the outlet malls and suburban estates, she felt as if her two worlds had collided. She had been hired as a $70,000-a year assistant at the Department of the Interior, and her salary barely supported the fami

ly. She always took a plastic bag of quarters for Webb to use in the candy machines. It was grueling for her to look at her husband in a baggy prison uniform, and often they would run out of conversation. When Kelley went with her to visit, she would just sit on her father's lap and cry.

"You're coming back home now," Seth Ward told his daughter. "I am not," she said. "My place is with my husband." Webb confided to Marsha Scott that he worried Suzy would leave him, but Suzy startled everyone who had once thought of her as a spoiled rich girl. She also surprised her colleague Bob Hattoy, a gay activist who was the White House liaison to the Department of the Interior. He once told her, "'It's O.K. if you have a breakdown.' I said, 'Go ahead, cry, get drunk. We will all understand.'" "I can't and I won't," Suzy told him. She applied herself obsessively to her work and helped organize a national Lewis and Clark celebration. "What was I going to do?" she asked me recently. "Move back in with my father and have him support me?" During Webb's incarceration, Suzy's relationship with her father was limited to chilly encounters over the holidays. On one occasion her eldest daughter, Rebecca, who was attending the University of Arkansas, went to her grandfather and said she was under tremendous financial pressure for her tuition bills. "That's too bad," he said, but he did not offer to help.

At Cumberland, where inmates are housed four and six to a room, Hubbell was put to work moving bundles of barbed wire around a warehouse. Then he worked in the kitchen, making 300 meals a day. He was often taken to Washington in chains to testify before grand juries and Senate committees. One congressman wrote the Bureau of Prisons demanding that Hubbell testify in a prison uniform. Senators Carol Moseley-Braun and Paul Simon wrote Hubbell letters of sympathy. Meanwhile, Suzy and Kelley Hubbell would eat dinner each night and try to carry on a normal life. "I don't think I saw my mother cry once," Kelley says. One day Suzy ran into Hillary Clinton in the basement of the White House. Suzy Hubbell is very careful when she discusses the former First Lady. She says they hugged each other and Hillary asked, "How is the big guy?" But there was no coded message or sign of support.

Hubbell underwent what he now calls "diesel therapy"—being transported in chains in prison airplanes and buses to grand juries, sleeping in unheated county jails. A few weeks before Christmas of his first year in prison, Starr and Ewing sent him from Cumberland to Little Rock to appear before a Whitewater grand jury. Nields tried to negotiate with Starr to let him stay in Cumberland until after the holiday, but without success. Hubbell recorded in his diary:

Finally Hick calls Laura . . . but I will have to be flown to Oklahoma City and then driven. It means . . . interminable waits as long as a month, shackles, handcuffs, the whole nine yards. I blew up once again. The special prosecutor fails to live up to his word, blames others but conveniently puts the screws to Webb. . . . I told John I would not cooperate. I fell into the old Webb of negative thought and think how to put screws to everyone.

With growing awareness of a grandiose and troubling part of his character, he also wrote, "Although paranoid, one must know as people openly admit using friendships to try and accomplish a screw-up by me or others. Besides there is no real reason to need me in Little Rock. Could it be that they are hoping that I will try or Suzy will try a political blunder?"

That night he walked for an hour and a half and did the same thing the next morning. He wrote, "I began to take control, meditating I must go where God takes me. . . . I surrender my ego to his will."

The eight-day journey to Little Rock tested his resolve to stand up to the independent counsel, no matter how self-defeating that might be. He arrived in the city where he had once been mayor handcuffed and shackled.

Fortunately no press. What they wouldn't give for a photo. I am escorted to the Marshall's office. Courthouse employees direct their eyes. I don't know who hurts worse, them or me. . . . The questioning is clearly directed at Hillary and her role in bringing Madison, billing Madison, Tyson, missing records, campaign promises, etc. I am not uncomfortable for me, but I worry about her. At one point Hick Ewing says it is not criminal to make a campaign spin, but affidavits in '94 are another matter.

Laura Shores, who was with him in Little Rock, finally realized, he wrote, "This is [about] the First Lady and will be used against her."

In one session, Hubbell at first appeared fairly candid to Ewing. He said, "How am I doing?" and offered details about how he had presented the First Lady's relationship with Madison in the campaign of 1992. He confirmed that Mrs. Clinton had billed Tyson Foods for work where there was no backup account. (Later, in a similar matter for Madison, she would call this an oversight.) Ewing felt he was getting close to understanding the First Lady's dealings with Madison: "The Senate had latched onto it, we had interviewed four or five more Rose Law Firm partners, Jim McDougal had given a statement, and the R.T.C. had now discovered Hillary Clinton's role preparing an option agreement for Castle Grande." He adds, "Almost immediately, two weeks later, the missing records popped up." It was ironic: nine months earlier he had interviewed the president and the First Lady. "There was a river of 'I don't know's. We could not put it to rest. There was too much smoke. We had a job to do, and we were up against the masters of spin."

Christmas Day 1995, Hubbell recorded in his diary the harrowing trip back. "My life was almost lost." The plane had caught on fire in the air over Atlanta and had to make an emergency landing.

In his cell, he thought often about the future. "I envisioned seeing not just the president and the First Lady but other friends. I worried how I would apologize. What was the right thing to say. I was naïve in thinking life would come back to the way it had been." He spent much of his time writing *Friends in High Places* and read 200 books, including *Ulysses*. He viewed his time as "an inner-man quest," according to a friend. The only question Hubbell refuses to answer is whether he was ever attacked in prison. "I will not talk about that," he says. "That means yes," I say. Hubbell is silent.

In January 1996, the missing Whitewater billing records turned up in the White House, and the O.I.C. promptly focused its inquiry on finding out how they had gotten there. Sitting with her client, Laura Shores was startled by the prosecutors' calling the First Lady by her first name. "They screamed, 'You are being defensive when you talk about Hillary.' It was 'Aha! Hillary billed two-tenths of an hour for something she said she did, and she had no bill.'" Shores says their tone was filled with contempt. "It had a revenge-of-the-nerds quality to it." Within the O.I.C., however, the prosecutors had grown increasingly frustrated at what was demonstrably true: the Madison Guaranty billing records had been wiped out of the Rose Law Firm computer, but Vince Foster's and Hillary Clinton's fingerprints had been found on a printout of the billing records that turned up in the White House, and, as *Frontline* would later report, 60 hours had been billed by Hillary Clinton to Madison Guaranty. Hubbell and Vince Foster were part of the chain that could have provided the documents to Hillary. Hubbell maintained that he did not know how they got to the White House. He said that he believed Hillary had had records sent to her all over the country when she was on the campaign trail, and that the Rose Law Firm accounts had gotten lost in personal files before being found in the White House residence by Carolyn Huber, an aide there who had once worked at the Rose Law Firm. Angered by what he perceived as a cover-up, Ewing shouted at Hubbell,

Webb Hubbell

"You are lying!" Nields had never seen a prosecutor display so much personal rancor. Ewing told Nields, "You know what we want. We want him to talk about Hillary." The Starr office was then operating under the premise that Hillary and Hubbell had possible criminal conflicts of interest with Whitewater, and that potential conspiracy charges could be brought.

Even today, Hubbell's explanation strains credibility. One day, sitting in his living room, I ask him, "Here are all of these investigations, a finite number of storage boxes, and political people all over the White House. And they didn't turn the place upside down?" He will only reply, "I just don't know."

Hubbell was questioned persistently about his knowledge of the Madison billing records, which suggested that Hickman Ewing was bearing down on the strange relationship of Seth Ward, Hubbell, and Hillary Clinton. "Everybody knows Seth and knows I couldn't have not advised him. So I was billing it, but for some reason—I hadn't figured out why—Hillary billed it," Hubbell once said in a telephone call with Marty Schaufele recorded by the prison authorities.

When Hubbell learned that his former law partners were coming after him for the money he had defrauded them of, he threatened to countersue. Soon after that, Marsha Scott called Suzy with an ominous message. Scott had been in the West Wing talking to William Kennedy, a former Rose partner working in the White House counsel's office. She told Suzy that Hubbell's reputation in Little Rock was now ruined; for one thing, he had shown no remorse, and for another, if he sued he would be exposing Hillary to embarrassing inquiries. A lawsuit would have forced all the Rose Law Firm partners to answer subpoenas about their billing practices. In a recorded call, which would later make headlines, a hysterical and frightened Suzy conveyed to her husband what she saw clearly as a threat: "I am the one who has to try to explain this to Marsha. She says you are not going to get any public support if you open Hillary up to this. Well, by public support I know exactly what she means. I'm not stupid." Hubbell tried to reassure her. "I will not raise those allegations that might open it up to Hillary. And you know that. I told you that." Suzy told him, "I'm hearing the squeeze play." Hubbell responded, "So I need to roll over one more time."

Within the O.I.C. this comment was perceived as a clear indication that Hubbell knew much more than he was telling about his friends. In the same conversation, explaining why he was angry that the firm was coming after him, Hubbell made a curious pronouncement. He suggested that charging a client too much was understandable because "the beneficiary is the firm." Shocked at her husband's seeming lack of ethical regard, Suzy said, "You didn't actually do that, did you, mark up time for the client?" "Yes, I did," he answered coolly. "So does every lawyer in the country." After a moment Suzy said, "That's an area where Hillary would be vulnerable." Hubbell curtly reminded her that she was on a bugged phone. "I thought we had talked about it and worked on it," he said, implying her need for caution. "This kind of thing could hit me like a two-by-four between the eyes."

For Nields and Shores, sitting in on the brutal questioning sessions, Hubbell's treatment seemed like something out of a Joseph Conrad novel. As Hubbell wrote about his interrogation in Arkansas, "The clerks and the judges. These were all people I knew well. I was Mayor of Little Rock. And then to see their reaction." Courthouse employees greeted him, often in tears when they saw he was chained to the marshals.

By the time he was released in November 1996, the O.I.C. seemed to have exhausted its mandate. Former Arkansas governor Jim Guy Tucker had been convicted of fraud and conspiracy, and Susan McDougal was on her way to jail for refusing to testify before a grand jury. Three weeks after Hubbell's release, Starr himself tried to resign in order to accept two deanships at Pepperdine University, which had accepted millions of dollars in donations from the Scaife family foundations, composed of conservative Clinton enemies. It was all too evident that the O.I.C. had become the roving dragon Bernie Nussbaum had once foretold. Even Hillary Clinton had to appear before a grand jury under subpoena—the first time the wife of a sitting president had been so ordered. Often in Hubbell's meetings with the prosecutors, their questions would focus on the president's private life: *Did Bill Clinton have an affair with Marsha Scott?* Two years later, during the Monica Lewinsky scandal, legal experts would observe that the main concern of the O.I.C. had shifted from the detection of impropriety, if not real crimes, in the Whitewater matter to sex. Nields was told again, "You know, all this goes away if Webb just tells us about Hillary."

Starr and Ewing had the Hubbell family in a vise. Eight weeks before Hubbell got out of prison, William Safire published an incendiary column in *The New York Times* on the murky business dealings of James Riady with his former lawyer and friend, Webb Hubbell, and on illegal campaign contributions. The implication was clear. Safire suggested that Hubbell had received hush money from Riady. Later, the independent counsel would talk to several of Hubbell's former clients, including Revlon officials. "We interviewed Vernon Jordan, Erskine Bowles, Mickey Kantor, Mack McLarty, and many others," Hickman Ewing says. "We could never prove a quid pro quo. Common sense tells you if someone is paying you, you want to keep quiet. It was reported that Mack McLarty told Mrs. Clinton that people were going to try to be helpful to Webb and those people were large donors to the Democratic Party. It is safe to say that Webb did little or nothing for them. Riady alone put $100,000 into his bank account." The investigation of hush money became the lever to extend the mandate of the O.I.C.

Hubbell's prison time was almost up when he began to get concerned calls from Nields. "The first calls came about the thing that I was never charged for, the hush money," he says. "The day that I was to provide [the relevant] documents and appear before the grand jury was the day before I was to get out.... So I thought, They are doing this in order to keep me here. As opposed to letting me go to the halfway house." The O.I.C. now demanded his full financial and tax records so that it could investigate the payments Hubbell got when he spent eight months working as a Washington consultant. Terrified by the implication of the new subpoenas, Hubbell realized, "They are going to make me go on diesel therapy right before I leave—getting on Con Air, going with the marshals in chains.... I would have to spend the next six months in county jails."

Hubbell spoke to Nields: "'Why are they doing this?' He said, 'They just needed this day,' and I said, 'Bullshit.' I was more mad at the date than at the subpoena. And we had already had with the marshals many conversations about when they would subpoena me.... Finally, it was the warden who gave me a furlough one day early so that I could leave in a suit and not have to go by Con Air." After Hubbell was released from prison, he and Suzy flew to Little Rock for yet another grand-jury appearance. Spectators mobbed him.

Adamant that his consulting work was privileged lawyer-client information, Hubbell pleaded the Fifth Amendment. Nields was able to make an immunity arrangement with Starr's office, but Hubbell was required to turn over more than 13,000 pages of financial documents. Nields was shocked that the Starr prosecutors cherry-picked the documents—which he felt were protected by the Fifth Amendment—until they could subpoena virtually every friend, client, and family member who had ever tried to help the Hubbells. New York literary agent Michael Carlisle, who had sold Hubbell's book to two publishers, had to fly to Little Rock to spend hours in front of a grand jury. Caroline Hubbell's grades were

subpoenaed from Davidson College. Marsha Scott appeared before a grand jury seven times and gave 700 hours of testimony before Congress. She recalls Hickman Ewing asking her whether she had had an affair with Vince Foster. "Do you think we have time to be sitting around fucking like bunnies in the West Wing?" she remembers answering angrily. At one point, she says, prosecutor Jackie Bennett screamed at her, "Webb Hubbell is a liar and a thief! This looks bad for you!" Scott told him, "One mistake does not make a whole life." Hubbell's sister Terry Collins, who had depleted her savings of $100,000 helping support her brother while he was in prison, was hammered in front of the grand jury with such trivial questions as "What is this $25 you have sent to Rebecca Hubbell [her niece]?" At the end of her appearance, the members of the grand jury stood up and applauded her. The F.B.I. pounded on the door of Walter Hubbell's ailing mother-in-law in Dallas, demanding to know the whereabouts of her son-in-law. Walter worked for Fannie Mae, where F.B.I. agents appeared unannounced to subpoena him. Before a grand jury, prosecutors demanded angrily of him, "Who is Melissa Spades? Why is she putting money into your checking account?" "Melissa Spades is my wife," he said. "She works, and that is our joint checking account."

"It was your job to hire homosexuals for the government. Were you successful?" an F.B.I. investigator asked Bob Hattoy, who had once been assistant director of personnel at the White House. "Yes," he said. "We're everywhere, in every department, and we all have a secret handshake.... Please subpoena me and I will be happy to tell you about the gay Republican senators and O.I.C. prosecutors I see at the bars."

Every tactic was used to squeeze Hubbell. Congressman Dan Burton, who had once fired a gun at a watermelon in front of reporters to prove that Vince Foster had been murdered, released the tapes of the Hubbells' prison telephone calls which his House committee had subpoenaed. At Davidson College, Kelley Hubbell was surfing the Web one day when she suddenly heard herself sobbing in a conversation with her father. *The Wall Street Journal* made fun of Hubbell's telling his wife to cook a pork tenderloin for dinner. "I think our lives have been open in a way that is difficult for people to imagine," Suzy Hubbell says.

The blizzard of subpoenas to Hubbell's former close friends were followed by a verbal warning: "You cannot discuss this with Webster Hubbell." In the White House, Hillary Clinton's chief of staff, Maggie Williams, who had written an affectionate note to Hubbell in jail, received a subpoena. "I had to turn my house upside down to find his letter, and with all the investigations my legal bills were $350,000," she says. Fifteen of Hubbell's former associates and clients were grilled by Ewing. "Webb, they really hate you," one told him. After Hubbell's immunity plea, the O.I.C. determined to re-indict him on an arcane income-tax-evasion charge, one that had rarely been brought in the history of the Justice Department.



THE GRAND INQUISITORS
Independent Counsel Kenneth Starr and, behind him, his associate Hickman Ewing grilled Webster Hubbell for more than two years in an effort to get him to incriminate others, particularly Hillary Clinton.

Outraged, Nields demanded a private meeting with Starr. The two lawyers were consummate Washington insiders who had known each other since they had both clerked at Warren Burger's Supreme Court. Having researched the peculiar charge with high-level tax prosecutors, Nields told his old friend that he would be "embarrassed" if he brought it. He pointed out that the immunity agreement Hubbell had made precluded the use of his documents against him. He told Starr that history would not be kind about his piling on such marginal charges and indicting Hubbell's wife and friends. Starr would not budge. "I have experienced prosecutors, and this is a violation of law, and that is what they tell me."

Indicted two more times, Hubbell had to return to a Washington courtroom. Caroline, who was applying to law school, remembers, "Starr and his people got up and said, 'This is hush money.' And then John Nields would get furious and object and say, 'No one has made that charge.'" Hubbell had become the man in the middle of a vicious partisan fight; on one side the O.I.C.'s attempt to justify the $28 million the investigation had cost the government with very little to show for it, on the other the Clinton administration's refusal to cooperate with machinery that it had set in place. Hubbell watched his wife be indicted for spending his book advance of $18,000 on family expenses instead of giving it to the I.R.S. The charge—conspiracy to evade taxes—is usually brought against money-launderers or others believed to be hiding millions of dollars (a Marc Rich, for example). As part of the indictment, the O.I.C. also moved against Hubbell's accountant, Mike Schaufele, who had set up a trust fund of $20,000 to cover the tuition payments of the Hubbell children.

In a scathing opinion that accused Starr of overreach, a federal judge dismissed all of the charges, but that opinion was partially reversed. Still the process did not stop.

Hubbell calls the last dark period of his mauling by Kenneth Starr "Hubbell 3." Four months after his tax case was first dismissed, he was buffeted again when the O.I.C. issued the final indictment, which attempted to detail Hubbell's involvement in the Castle Grande land deal. After reading the indictment, Laura Shores called her client. "Webb, you're a one-man crime wave," she teased him. Reporters had gathered outside Hubbell's house. "What should I tell them?" Webb asked her. Shores had to laugh. "I know. Tell them, 'You can indict my dog, you can indict my cat, but I'm not going to lie about the president, I'm not going to lie about the First Lady or anyone else.'" Hubbell wound up being haunted by his history with his father-in-law: the new case was a mishmash of charges that had to do with false statements allegedly made by Hubbell to conceal

Webb Hubbell

the nature of his involvement in Jim McDougal's sham business deal with Seth Ward.

But by the spring of 1999, even as Starr's deputies were preparing for a trial, Starr began signaling to Nields that he would like to shut the machinery down. The indictments of Suzy, Mike Schaufele, and Hubbell's friend attorney Charles Owens were by then Hubbell's recurring nightmare. "I knew if I lose any of it, it is the end of the world. And if Suzy and Mike and Charles were tried and we somehow lost it, I don't know what I would have done.... You can always lose a trial."

Hubbell finally agreed to a guilty plea on two charges with no jail time attached. During this time he was also reporting regularly to his probation officer, whose office was down the hall from Judge Thomas Penfield Jackson's courtroom, where the Microsoft trial was drawing large crowds. As Hubbell, in his old shoes and corduroy pants, made his way through the reporters clustered around David Boies, who was arguing for the government, no one seemed to notice him. One day it occurred to him that had he still been at Justice he would have been supervising Boies in the trial of the century.

Toward the very end of Webster Hubbell's ordeal, Ken Starr called a meeting. He told Nields that he wanted to talk to Hubbell personally. He said he wanted Hubbell to look him in the eye and say there had been no hush money. By then Starr himself had gone before Congress to call for an end to the O.I.C.; four months later he would resign as independent counsel. Hubbell was terrified before the meeting, but Starr turned out to be very courteous. He said, "This has been awful on your wife, I know. She is a strong woman. It has been awful on my wife." They talked about two people they knew in common, and Starr mused about the strange ways of Washington politics. As Hubbell stood up to leave, Starr said, "Who knows, we might be able to practice law together someday."

One year later, the Supreme Court set aside Hubbell's plea, determining that Starr's prosecution had violated Hubbell's Fifth Amendment rights.

Webb Hubbell is determined to move on. He earns $10 an hour counseling white-collar criminals on their way to prison. He advises them not to drink even a Bloody Mary before they have to report; a trace of alcohol can mean that their first days will be spent in the hole.

What would a pardon have meant for Webster Hubbell? Hubbell is convinced that with it he would have been able to find some kind of research work in a law firm. In Bernie Nussbaum's opinion, pardoning Webb "would have meant a moral vindication of sorts. He had done something wrong and he paid the penalty, but he was a good, decent, honorable person. It would have sent a message to the world. It was an important thing to do. Webb did not apply for it, but nevertheless it would have been an important thing to do."

Clinton advisers insist that Hubbell was not pardoned because final negotiations for a $6 million fine for James Riady for brokering illegal campaign contributions were still under way. In fact, in the West Wing there was enormous residual anger at Hubbell for having exposed the Clinton administration to criticism with his criminal activity. "Webb's indictment and Vince Foster's suicide tore the administration open," one insider told me. A few days before the pardons were announced, Clinton ran into Hubbell's sister Terry in Little Rock. "You know what Webb wants," she told him. "The president had tears in his eyes and hugged me, and I knew that he had forgotten what it means to be an unconditional friend."

Since the arrival of Monica Lewinsky, the dynamics had irrevocably changed in the West Wing. The voices of Little Rock, which had once counseled that no matter what hit you take, you stand with a friend, were now worn out by years of scandals. "In the end, Webb asked for nothing from the Clintons and got it in abundance," Bob Hattoy remarked. The hypercautious lawyer John Podesta reportedly won a power struggle over the pardons with an exhausted Bruce Lindsey, who might have once argued more strenuously for a childhood friend. The anti-Hubbell faction repeated the two unimpeachable arguments: Webb stole from Hillary and his other partners, and he brought his problems on himself. Later, Clinton was said to have confided to Ed Rendell, the former mayor of Philadelphia, that after the deluge his pardons list brought down on him and Hillary, he deeply regretted not having pardoned Webb Hubbell.

In one of my last conversations with Hubbell, he was home watching Dan Burton grill Bruce Lindsey about former deputy White House counsel Cheryl Mills's involvement in Clinton's final pardons. "I had to turn it off," he said. "Just could not watch it anymore." His voice was calm and deliberate, but he was vibrating with the underboil of the scene. There was his former high-school friend Bruce Lindsey using the euphemism "the independent-counsel pardons." Hubbell said, "They are not mentioning names, but that's me.... My view of the justice system has certainly changed. I am always looking for the positive. One of those things that everyone said, that when I was indicted I would get a break. It didn't.... That when I got out I would get pardoned. I didn't. Then, when I got out, they would leave me alone. Then I would get pardoned again. I didn't. One of the positives is that there is a clear sign I had no special treatment." Hubbell realized that the same night Clinton had torched *his* prospects he had signed off on Marc Rich. "Before that, Marc Rich was a dead issue."

And what does Hubbell feel about loyalty at this moment in his life? "It is for me the most important quality in a friend." Were the Clintons loyal to him? "I think people will say no," he replied. Later he called me to reiterate that he has "moved on." He is surrounded by the love of his family and feels that he will soon have a useful job. Would he see the Clintons again? "I am open," he said. "Let's just say that I have pardoned them." □

Jennifer Lopez

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 172 her butt is going to break off and get its own agent.

"I wasn't showing anything," Lopez says flatly of the Grammy dress.

But don't you ever worry that something could go wrong?

"No."

It was a little, uh, delicate there?

"No. Because I always prepare for every situation."

Here it must be admitted that at no point during this interview did Lopez shake, woggle, or directly acknowledge said buttocks. They are yesterday's news—the subtext, rather than the text, of her professional image. Today the raciest she gets is when, after a visitor remarks on the potently floral scent wafting through her trailer, Lopez says proudly, "That's *me*." After a brief, awkward silence, she leans forward and, unzipping her sweatshirt just a bit, winks and says, "See if it's me."

Five seconds fly by.

"Yeah," comes the reply. "It's you."

Lopez smiles and zips back up. "Yeah,' she says. "I know."

Stretching credulity just a bit, she explains, "I would never wear something that I felt uncomfortable in or that made me think Oh, God, is it moving?"

Why wear it then?

"You wear clothes because you feel good in them—because you feel comfortable in them. If somebody's wearing something and they're pulling at it and tugging at it they can't possibly be happy in that outfit

They can't possibly feel comfortable. *Then* you feel self-conscious. But I wouldn't ever walk out of the house with something I just couldn't go with."

Lopez's general public image has lately veered toward Madonna territory: J.Lo singing at the World Cup finals, J.Lo's cosmetic tips, J.Lo on Letterman, J.Lo's own clothing line, co-designed with Andy Hilfiger and due out this winter. While heading to another set location, Lopez says to her Iranian-born driver, Masoud, "Do they know me in Iran?"

"They know you very well," says Masoud, who, needless to say, is listening to *J.Lo* on the car CD player. "I told my stepbrother, 'I am driving for Jennifer Lopez!' He never use bad words, especially in his country. But he cussed me. He said, 'You liar!' You don't know, until you go there, how many fans you have over there."

Meantime, back in the States, every outing, every fashion show, every clubland spat, has been documented ad nauseam. "It's kinda funny," Lopez says during a break in filming. "The articles about me always have the same headlines. JENNIFER LOPEZ—LA VIDA LOCA! Or JENNIFER LA DIVA!" She pauses, thinking. She points her index finger in the air and laughs. "Or LA DIVA LOCA!"

She laughs long and hard, as do those around her. Lopez is usually surrounded by a clutch of friends and assistants, including a childhood pal from the Bronx, Arlene Rodriguez, and a large bodyguard known only as B.O.B. (Word to the wise: Do not call him "Bob.") They tend to laugh as one, especially when the whole diva thing arises. It has been circulating for some time now, and lately it's been de rigueur in every article about Lopez—usually coming in the paragraph preceding the one deconstructing her buttocks. A sampling: that, prior to an appearance with radio host Rick Dees, Lopez's staff ordered Dees's underlings to avoid any eye contact with the star; that, while appearing on England's *Top of the Pops* show, Lopez brought an entourage of 60, including three chefs; and that, while shopping at Christian Dior in Manhattan, she bulled ahead of other customers, saying "I'm Jennifer Lopez," and complained to a salesclerk, "Don't you have anything better than this?"

As it turned out, Lopez had not visited Christian Dior, and the alleged no-eye-contact demand was apocryphal. But a few years ago, when she was beginning to make a name for herself playing smaller roles in such films as Oliver Stone's *U-Turn,* the thriller *Anaconda,* and the action movie *Money Train, Movieline* magazine ran an article featuring quotes in which she criticized such stars as Gwyneth Paltrow, Winona Ryder, and Wesley Snipes. A backlash ensued and still lingers today. "I was so misquoted and so taken out of context, and it's a sore subject for me," Lopez says now. "I don't like to hurt anybody. I don't like to hurt their feelings. I like to joke, so I do that sometimes. What they wrote in that article hurt people. [After reading it] I just sat down and cried for hours."

The entourage story, however, is not without some truth. Lopez does travel with her own crowd, and she is known to be one of the more specifically demanding stars around. She wants what she wants—now. If you sign her up for a musical appearance or photo shoot, expect her manager, Benny Medina, to send you a three-page list of requirements which at least echo the famous Van Halen no-brown-M&Ms rule: scented Diptyque candles, a VCR and CD player, 42 particular CDs, chicken cooked a certain way, juice—but, *for God's sake,* no apple or grape juice. Lopez explains: "Sometimes when I travel and I'm going to a show or something, I have my hair and makeup people come, and I have a security guy in front of me, and I have Benny, my manager, with me. My publicist, Alan, is there that day. And my family decides to come along. Then it starts looking crazy. But on the real, every day, it's not like that. It's not like I have an entourage that travels with me at all times and that's how it *has to be* or I won't work."

Matthew McConaughey, Lopez's co-star in *The Wedding Planner,* offers this: "People say, 'Oh, she's a diva.' I always say, 'Well, I don't know what your definition is. But by my definition, Absolutely. She *owns* that. She knows exactly what she wants. She's not a diva in the pain-in-the-ass sense. She's a diva in that she knows exactly what she wants and she wants to have it, down to the most minute detail. She has an ability to turn on what she wants in an *instant.* She's almost, like, four-dimensional. She says, 'The world is my oyster and I'm gonna eat it.'"

"She's a diva in the fun way—it's about the clothes and the hair and the makeup," says *The Wedding Planner*'s director, Adam Shankman, who recalls that Lopez was in no way difficult. "She carries herself like a diva. Her influences growing up were Bette Midler and Barbra Streisand and Diana Ross. When you're a little girl who wants to be those ladies, what are your aspirations? To be a diva."

"You wanna know something?" says Tommy Mottola, the flamboyant Sony Music Entertainment C.E.O. who in 1998 added Lopez to his famous stable of divas, including Mariah Carey and Céline Dion. "I've been with them all, and have *made* most of them, and Jennifer is probably the least difficult of all of them."

At one point, when asked directly if she's ever a pain in the ass, Lopez says, "I don't think I am. Ask Arlene. She's with me all the time."

Arlene says, "I'm gonna tell you something. I wouldn't do this for anybody else, because I've seen the horrors that are out there."

So she's easy, compared . . . ?

"No!" Lopez interjects, laughing. "Not easy *compared.* Don't go twisting it around."

"I didn't say that," Arlene protests.

"You see how they twist your words? You see?"

"I see!" Arlene walks away. "That's why I ain't doin' this interview."

By the late 90s, when Lopez had begun dating a superstar rapper who wore white suits and pinkie rings, she was big game. Her favorite hobby, dancing, became fraught. Every time she went out, a D.J. would play her music. "You try to act like it's O.K. and normal," she says, cringing. "You're like, 'Oh, God. Everybody knows this is my song. And they all know I'm here. And that's the reason they're playing the song. And I was dancing to the other song that I love and they took that off in the middle of it and put on my song. So I shouldn't stop dancing right now. O.K., so I'll keep dancing, but they're all probably thinking, Look, her song came on and she's *dancing* to it.'"

Aside from Puffy, who began courting her after her yearlong 1997 marriage to a Miami bartender named Ojani Noa ended, Lopez has never hung around with the rich and fabulous. She has always spent most of her time with her childhood friends and her tight family, who raised her in the heart of the Bronx: father David is a computer technician and mother Lupe a retired teacher, elder sister Leslie is raising a family, and younger sister Lynda works as an entertainment reporter for WB11, a local New York television station. "She'd rather stay at home and watch TV than go out to a party," says David, a modest, retiring sort who's been staying with his daughter for the past several days. He says the press reports about Jennifer and Puffy "didn't bother me because I knew what was true and what wasn't. . . . I mean, I never was so mad that I wanted to grab a baseball bat and head out there."

Whatever the family thought about Puffy, the trial probably didn't help matters. Just as her stardom was peaking for the first time, Lopez became a material witness to the December 1999 incident at Club New York, a rap club in Midtown Manhattan. She and Puffy had been with one of Puffy's protégés, a mouthy young rapper named Jamal "Shyne" Barrow, when Barrow fired a gun, wounding three people. The famous couple fled in Puffy's black Navigator, flying through several red lights before being halted by the police. Combs was charged with possessing

a concealed weapon—a 9-mm. handgun—and with attempting to bribe his driver into claiming ownership of the weapon. Lopez remained in custody for about 14 hours and was prepped as a witness. Ultimately, she wasn't called to testify.

"It was a stressful year," Lopez says. "I had come off three movies, then to make an album. To deal with everything *and* the trial. It was extremely painful and draining, but I'm sure not half as much as it was for him. I was always worried and preoccupied. When you care about somebody who's going through something like that, it's painful. And while I always said that I knew the truth would become known [Combs was acquitted by a jury in March], I have to admit that there were times when I really worried, when it felt like the whole thing was a big setup. I just tried to be there for him. I tried to stay positive, even when I didn't feel positive. And I was always a phone call away."

"We'd always say to each other that I was Frank and she was Ava, you know what I'm saying? Everything always being up and down," recalls Combs. "Or Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe. I can understand why there was a lot of media attention because there was a lot of energy in the relationship.... For me, it was the most energy I gave to a relationship. Sometimes when two people get together, you feel a certain type of spark that's like, *Yo!*"

There were brief attempts to keep things going—at one point, Puffy dispatched the soul crooner Luther Vandross to serenade Lopez in a New York recording studio; at another, he sent her 100 white doves, Puffy-style—but the romance officially ended on Valentine's Day.

"We're good friends," says Combs now. "She'll always be someone that I love. All she's gotta do is *think*—she doesn't even need to pick up the phone—and I'll be able to feel her. We're friends first—that's what people didn't understand. Even in her darkest hour, if she's in a building and there's a fire and somebody's gotta run in and there's a 99 percent, 100 percent chance that they'll die, I'll run in there after her."

Both of Lopez's current films, *Angel Eyes* and *Enough,* are expressly Jennifer Lopez movies, and this is a first for her. At least one A-list male star passed on the latter, largely because he didn't want to act in Lopez's expanding shadow. "I heard stuff about Puff Daddy and about her being difficult," says Caviezel, who plays a nervy drifter opposite Lopez's nervy cop in *Angel Eyes.* "Maybe some of things she's done in her past have made people have bad feelings toward her. But I can honestly say I had nothing but extreme pleasure working with her. And I'll tell you: if I didn't have anything good to say about her, I would never have called you back." At another point, Caviezel says, "I remember one situation and she wasn't there for my coverage shot [to respond off-camera to his close-up]. Then the director, Luis Mandoki, mentioned something to her, and she went out of her way to come over to apologize and say, 'I made a mistake. I'm sorry.'"

For the second film, *Enough,* Michael Apted cast Billy Campbell, who is in the ABC drama *Once and Again,* and Dan Futterman, who starred in last year's edgy indie film *Urbania* and is on the CBS hit *Judging Amy.* Campbell, like Caviezel, had a simple one-word thought when he heard that he'd be acting opposite Lopez, whom he'd never met: "Divalike." He was cast as her maniac husband, and as such would be beating the bejesus out of her—a fact that he finds rather vexing. "But it's not strange to have to be bad to her—because she deserves it," he says. Nearby, a publicist smiles tightly. "*Just kidding,*" Campbell says.

Actually, he adds, "she's been nothing other than perfectly pleasant to work with. She is, from what I can see, perfectly hard-working and, from what I can see, perfectly talented.... And I've had experiences with difficult people."

"She's a very particular and peculiar person," says McConaughey. "What she's done in her life is not by accident, and that sort of gets to my point. I don't know anyone that, whether it's acting or managing her image or her music life and her magazine covers and her wardrobe and makeup—I don't know anyone who gets more specifically prepared to do a certain thing. A certain *calculated* thing, and I don't mean calculated in a negative way, because she's really damn good at it. I don't know anyone who's so aware—who has such an idea of what she wants to do in a scene and doing *exactly* that. She's systematic."

Lopez works all the time, willy-nilly, and this is no exaggeration. "Maybe because of where I come from, I always feel like I'm struggling," she says, referring to her Bronx roots. "I always feel like I'm at the bottom and crawling to the top." There is also the added pressure of being the first Latina superstar—pressure she appreciates, up to a point. After her start as a backup dancer on *In Living Color,* the early-90s comedy show, and for Janet Jackson, she made her first big splash in *Selena,* a 1997 drama about the slain Tejano star. At the time, the Latino actor and director Edward James Olmos took her aside and told her that she had a responsibility to all Latinos. "He freaked me out," Lopez says affectionately. "I was like, Oh, hell. I don't want to disappoint anybody. I don't want to let anyone down."

At one point, she opens her personal calendar, which reveals that her next day off is six weeks from now. (Her last night out, incidentally, was four weeks ago—Oscar night.) After *Enough* is finished, she'll head off on a promotional world tour in support of *The Wedding Planner* and *J.Lo.* The CD is bursting with basic dance pop that never gets heavier than "Baby play that song / Play it all night long / Just turn it up and turn me on." Then she'll launch her clothing line. Then she'll move into the new Los Angeles home she's building. Then more films—an adaptation of *Carmen,* a Tony Scott film called *Taking Lives,* and, opposite Robert De Niro, a remake of *Love Me or Leave Me,* a 1955 musical that starred Doris Day and James Cagney. Then possibly back to the studio for another album—ideally, one which breaks in conjunction with one of the movies, as *J.Lo* did with *The Wedding Planner.*

"Ping-Pong," Mottola calls such synergy. "In this day and age, the more multimedia, cross-cultural, fashiony things you can put into the mix, the better. Because that's our society. The consumer accepts it. The consumer sort of craves it. It becomes additional marketing, merchandising, and ad tools, and I find every aspect of that—done well and done tastefully, of course—to be a real advantage. There's no stigma anymore. In the old days, if you did an endorsement, it was taboo. You were considered a sellout. That's no longer the case. If you don't do it today, you're a moron. You've got Sting picking up 5 and 10 million bucks, so it's cool now to do it."

Speaking like a true C.E.O., Lopez herself says that all this stuff—the synergy, the sexy clothes, the steamy videos—is half business, half heart. "This is *show business,*" she says. "You've got to know the business you're in.... I've always been in charge of every move I made. Nobody ever said, 'This is a good idea, Jennifer.' Like I'm that stupid and was just exploited. Nobody ever forced me into doing anything. I'm just not that kind of person." She laughs and says, "I did this thing called *Nurses on the Line: The Crash of Flight 7* in Mexico that was the *shittiest* movie-of-the-week you ever saw. And it goes on TV now because I'm more popular, right? And at first I was like, 'Oh, shit! God, no!' But you know what? The day I got that part, I still remember. I still remember how happy I was and I still remember how much I made. And I still remember that it was my first movie-of-the-week. So, you know, I don't regret anything." Pause. "And I sucked in it, by the way. *I sucked.*"

Meantime, post-Puffy, she's determined to lower her profile for a while, if only by staying out of the tabloids. The following moment is a kind of object lesson. When asked about her new boyfriend, Cris Judd, Lopez shrugs and says what any right-thinking celebrity should say about her private life and those within it: absolutely nothing. □

Anna Nicole Smith

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189 Smith in 1994, meaning that, give or take five years, he was born in the century of Dickens and Lincoln. Interesting.

The case for Smith's sincerity grows stronger when one consults her next interview with *Playboy,* in 1993, on the occasion of her anointment as Playmate of the Year. By this time she was a successful model, a budding movie actress, and the owner of a 15-acre ranch teeming with pigs, parrots, and guinea fowl. Still, there was something missing in her life. "I want one of those chimps that shake hands and like to be hugged," she said. The matter of species aside, this is an eerily prescient description of the man who would soon win Smith's heart, and it also foreshadows, one senses, the newlyweds' level of physical intimacy. A look back at the 1992 Data Sheet confirms that Smith's perfect man needn't be some sexual athlete. Among her turnoffs were "obsessive body builders" (Marshall likely fit the bill in this respect), and among her hobbies was "couch potatoing" (a pastime the sickly oilman no doubt shared). Finally, there is this: Smith has consistently maintained to *Playboy* that she regards herself as a latter-day Marilyn Monroe and that Clark Gable, Monroe's co-star in *The Misfits,* is her ideal man. Born in 1901, Gable would have been 93 the year that Smith wed Marshall—a scant four years older than her actual groom! Misfits? Evidently not.

One can only conclude that Smith's marriage was a true love match and that she deserves a hefty settlement. The wait has been excruciatingly difficult. Since becoming a widow six years ago, Smith has been through bankruptcy, rehab, and a sexual-harassment suit brought by a former employee (a female). Following roles in *The Hudsucker Proxy* and *Naked Gun 33⅓: The Final Insult,* her career in talking pictures has cooled somewhat. What's more, her dating life is nonexistent, she says. "How am I going to know if the men I date really love me for me?" she recently wondered aloud to a reporter. If only her late husband could provide counsel on the matter. Still, she prefers to look forward, not back. She has a new Web site, annanicole.com, and she claims to be entertaining several movie, TV, and modeling offers. And someday, if there's any justice, she'll be very, very rich. Not that Smith ever asked a lot from life. Just a small primate resembling Clark Gable who'd shake her hand and let itself be hugged. □

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Michael Lutin tells Geminis to sleep with one eye open



GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Allen Ginsberg

Congratulations on finally seeing the light. God knows it has taken you long enough to figure out that in this world—these days, anyway—if you don't get tough, you get eaten. Although you have a huge pile of responsibilities to cope with now that Saturn has entered your sign, at least you have some heavy artillery on your side to help fend off the wild animals to which you constantly seem to be drawn. The current retrograde of Mars until mid-July may give you the impression that all hostilities have ceased. Don't kid yourself. Stay awake and stay alive.



CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Bill Blass

With Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, so highly elevated in your solar horoscope, you are fortunate enough now to have some truly beautiful people not only rooting for you but also ready to hand you the world on a silver platter. What a shame, then, that you aren't interested. It's not that you're ungrateful. It's just that the ruler of your solar midheaven has stopped moving in your 6th house, and your 8th house is even more congested. That means either that you've come down with a bug and feel lousy or that you are just plain bugged about having to adjust to new arrangements.



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Andy Warhol

After years of beating your head against a stone wall in a desperate effort to prove to a coldhearted, fickle mob that you are a worthy human being, you finally decide to give up, walk away, and get a life. Then Saturn leaves your 10th house and Venus moves ahead in your 9th, and what happens? Suddenly all those people you left behind decide they can't live without you. That's nice, but unfortunately your obsession has already shifted from career relationships to personal ones—namely, your children and mate. Will life's ironies ever cease for the members of your beleaguered sign?



VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Bill Murray

You must have come to terms already with the fact that traditional tools are failing to solve some of your exasperating malfunctions, whether they're in your work or in your body. In order to move along successfully with the times, you have to turn to more progressive means of creative expression and to alternative methods of healing what ails you. Try to stay centered now, because even your home life is likely to be a wreck until Mars moves forward later in the summer. There is a bright spot, however. Venus is in your 8th house, and that means sex.



LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Christine Todd Whitman

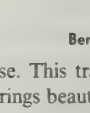
Thanks to the current motions of Venus and Mars in the heavens, you and everyone else appear to have entered a send-in-the-clowns mode. When one of you is there, the other is not. When your partner is cool, you are hot to trot. Just because you're not in total sync and singing in harmony with the rest of the world doesn't mean you should have a heart attack over it. At any given time in the eternal dance of relationships, there will always be infernal conflicts over who's on top and in control and who's not. If you truly enjoy being on the bottom, why not just accept it?



SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Grace Kelly

If you have a place where you work, feng shui it immediately. With two powerful planets, Uranus and Neptune, down at the base of your solar chart stirring your emotional pot, your home is *not* a refuge where you can find calm and repose. On the contrary. In plain English, it's a nuthouse. That's why you've got to have the energy flowing freely wherever you conduct your business. Besides, since you're still utterly terrified of being financially wiped out (a real but remote possibility), you have to feel safe somewhere. For the moment, make it the office.



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Berry Gordy

If you want love, it is right there under your nose. This transit of Venus through your solar 5th house traditionally brings beautiful girls into your life—they can even be your own kids or siblings. If you're capable of handling a romantic adventure with a smashing young thing, this is the moment to *carpe* the damned *diem*. The funny thing is, as the ruler of your 5th house stops dead in its tracks in Sagittarius, no matter who is kissing you, you don't much feel like kissing back, or dancing, or even talking. Just carry on as usual, though. Deny and pretend.



CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN.

Gabrielle Reece

Owing to a long, drawn-out transit of Mars through your 12th hou that will last until September, you need privacy in order to elev your consciousness and take stock of where in this crazy world you do and not fit in. That doesn't mean you have to sit alone in a darkened room listeni to Wagner while Venus is zipping gaily through your 4th house, but at le make sure that the environment you select for this period of spiritual edifi tion is one of grace, charm, and beauty. No matter how chaotic you feel, the fore, you shouldn't be leaving your underwear all over the floor.



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Laura Linney

During this period of great transformation, you can be sure of one thing: you are not what you used to be. And what a blessing that is. Like a houseplant that has outgrown its pot, you are being gently lifted from familiar soil and moved to a new place. Change can spook you you think you're not in control of it. So when two powerful outer plan such as Neptune and Uranus both take stationary positions in your si you're quite likely to feel a numbing sensation running through your soul. J consider it heaven's version of novocaine.



PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

Brooke Astor

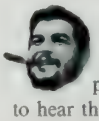
If you have been getting hysterical over the insanity that l plagued the market in recent months, or have been wringing yo hands and tearing your hair out over a financial deal that went sour j when it was about to get sweet, cheer up. All is well in the money depa ment, and you have the universe's permission to treat yourself to an ov priced bauble. As for your inner peace, that's another story. That area your life seems to be chaotic and in great need of spiritual guidance or m ication. You may be as crazy as a loon, but at least you're rich.



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Reba McEntire

You are usually able to turn every difficult situation to your advantage, and you are about to have a golden opportunity to do so. What a kick in the head, though. No sooner does the direct motion of Venus Aries plant a nice, hot kiss on your cheek and make you feel alive, passion and socially confident again (you've been acting like the fat girl at a sch dance lately) than your ruling planet, Mars, goes retrograde and—*plop!*—y enthusiasm droops like last week's tulips. Don't let it get you down, thou There's a higher purpose to it all. There has to be.

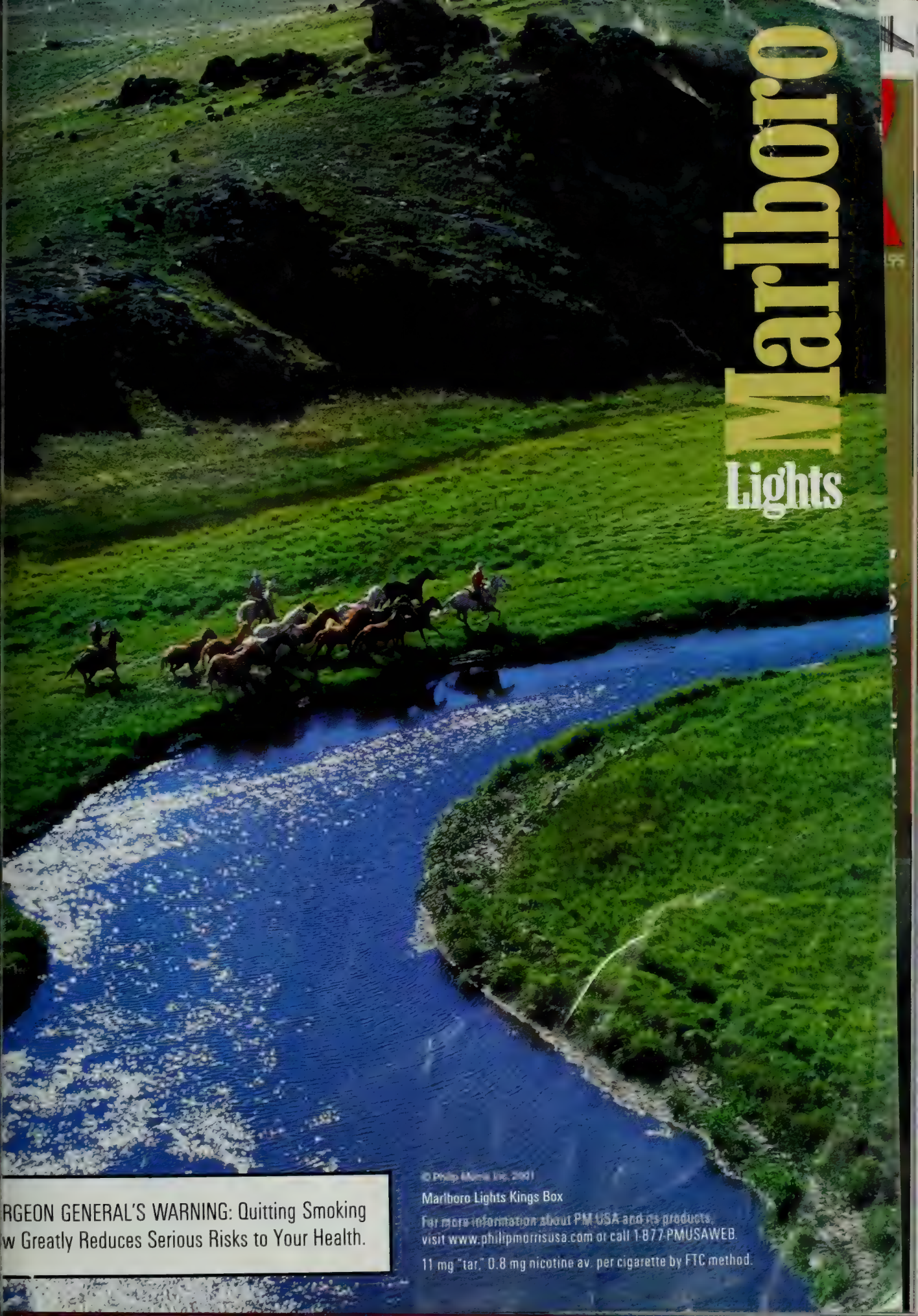


TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY

Che Guevara

Despite the fact that one of your nobler traits is supposed to be qu patient endurance, it's got to make you want to scream bloody mur to hear that your future will be uncertain until the ruler of your midhea moves forward several months from now. At that point the court that deci your fate will rule either for or against you. In the meantime, why not reve the direct motion of Venus in your 12th house? If spirituality is your thi liberate your consciousness with high thoughts. If not, then just indulge i couple of really hot fantasies.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.



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THE *TIMES*'S NEW TOP GUN

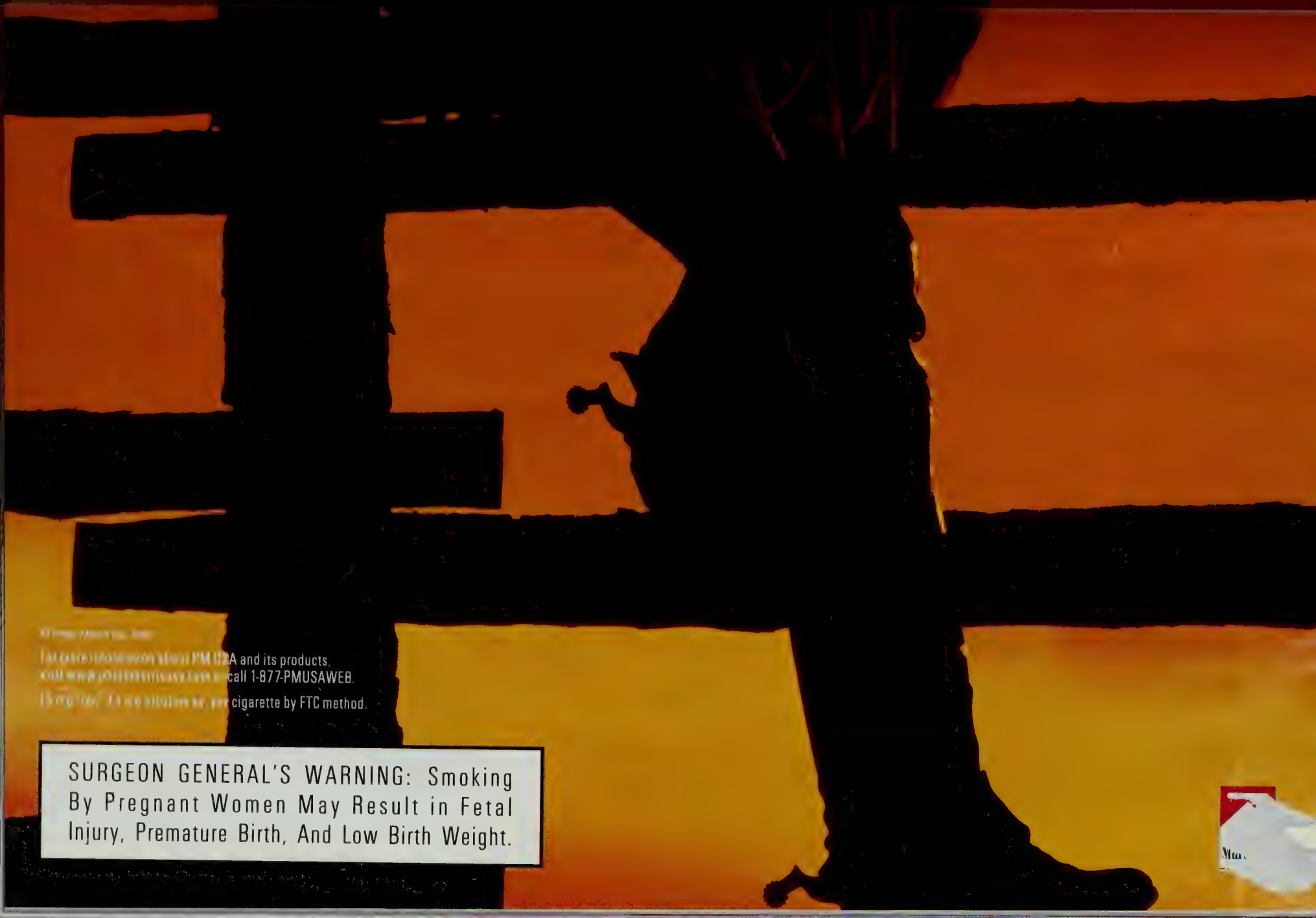
HOW HOWELL RAINES GOT THE JOB

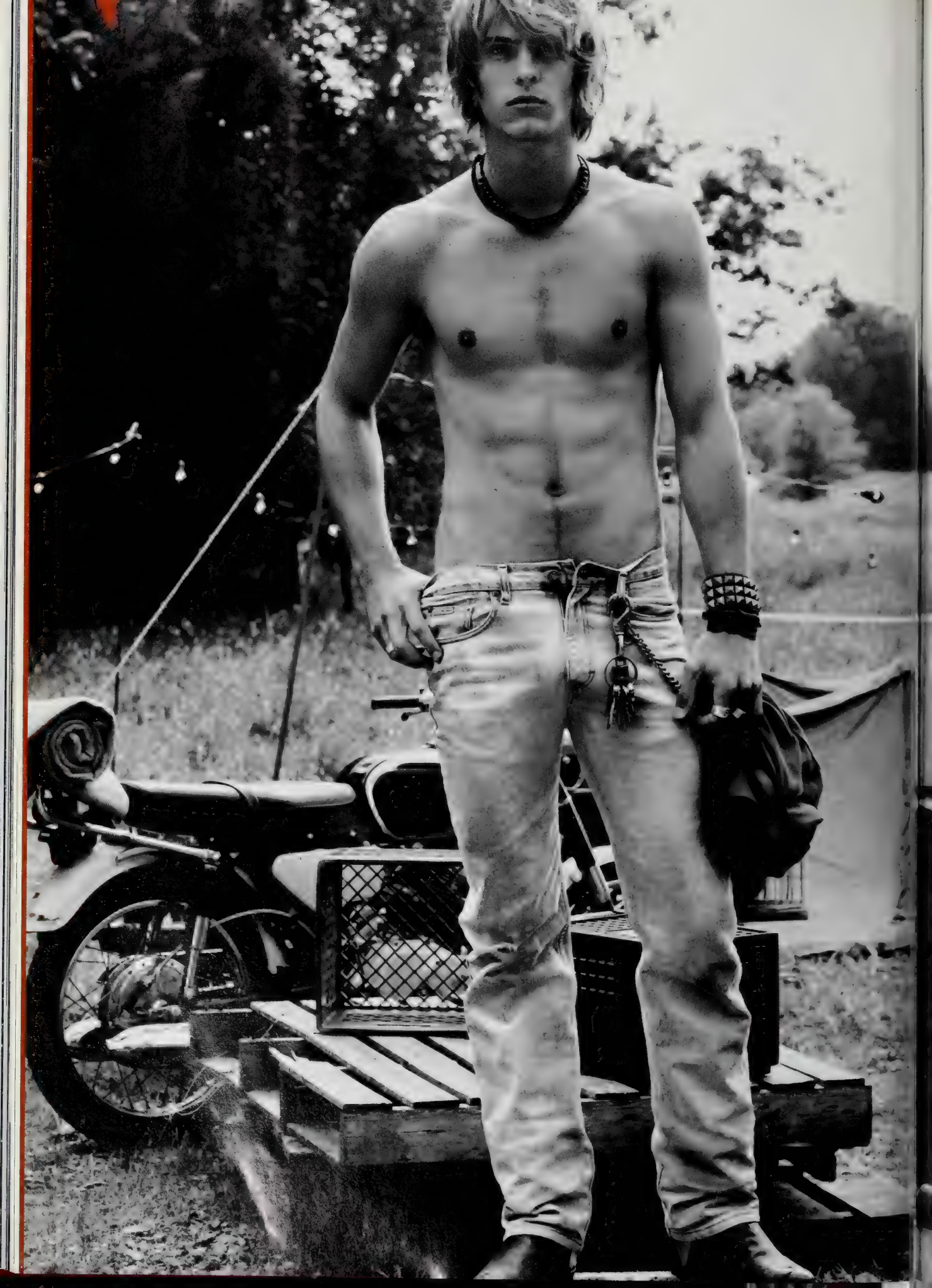
BY SUZANNA ANDREWS

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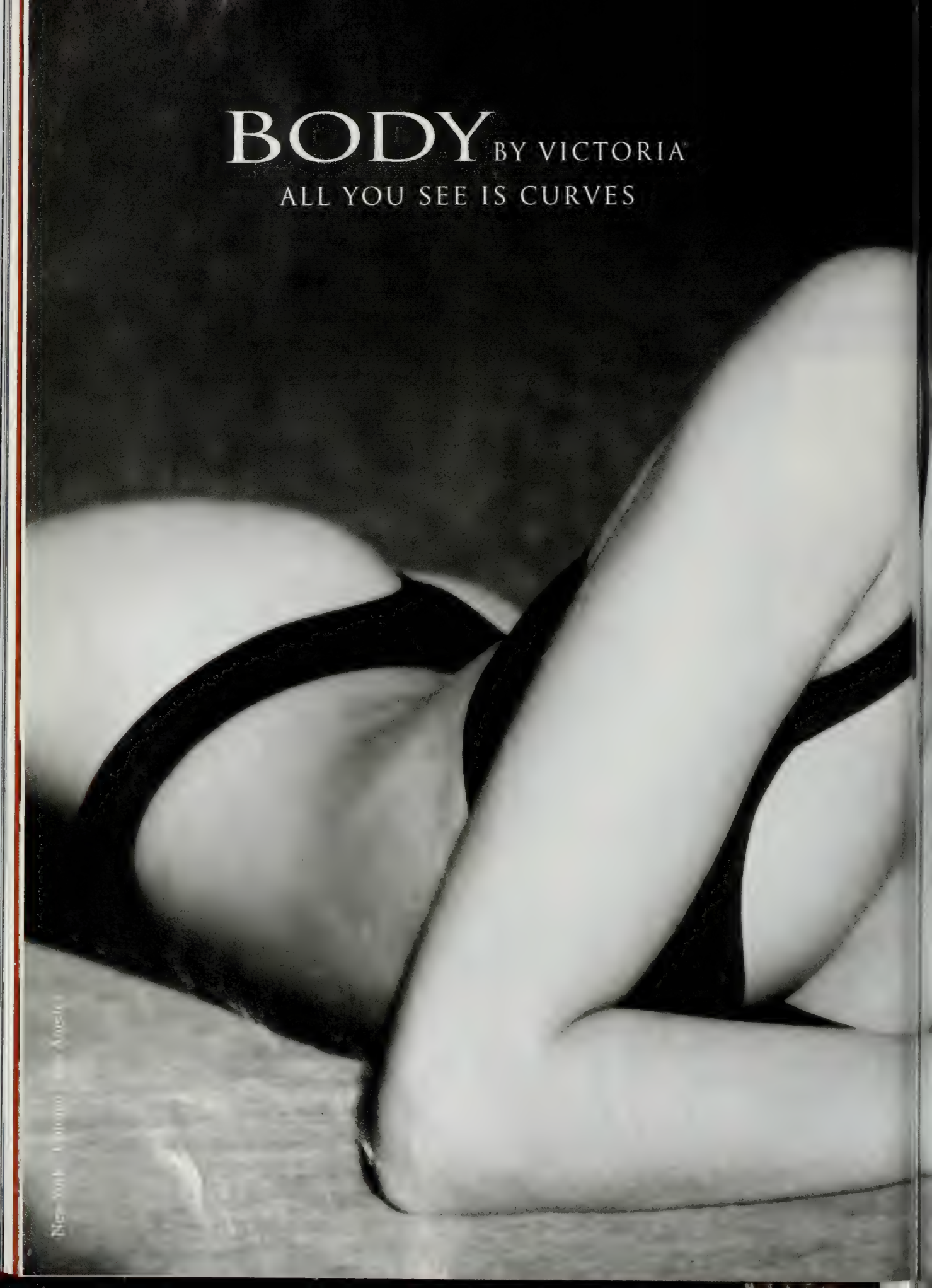
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Shooting Star
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VANITY FAIR

July 2001 No. 491

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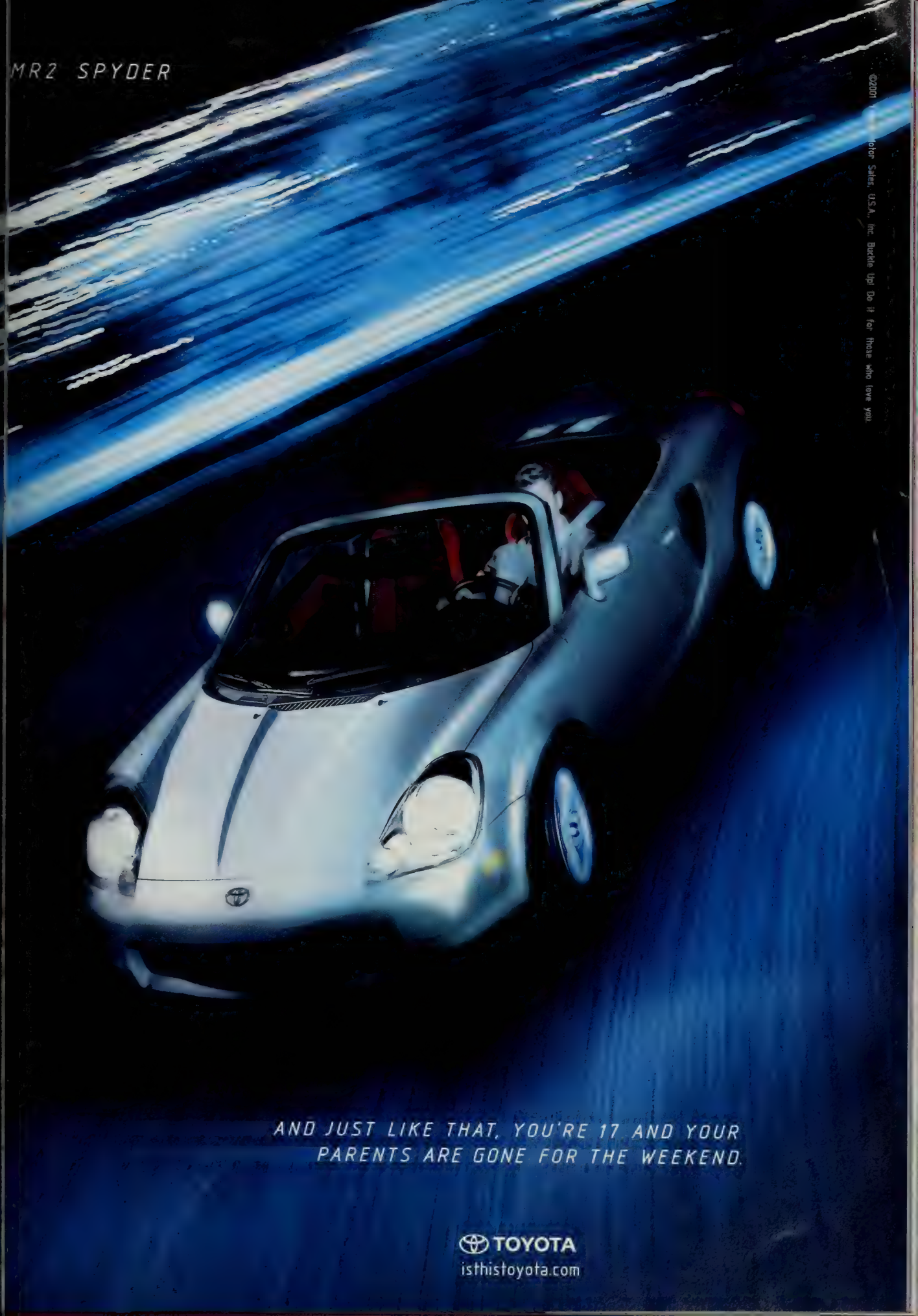
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Vanity Fair No. 491 (ISSN 0733-8899) The magazine is published monthly by The Condé N Publications Inc. 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a division of Advance Magazine Pu lishers Inc. Steven T. Florio, President and Chief Executive Officer; David B. Chemidlin, Treasurer; Bright, Secretary. Periodicals postage paid at N.Y., N.Y. 10001, and at additional mailing offic Authorized as International Publications Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for p ment of postage in cash. Sales Agreement No. 33332. For back-issue inquiries, call 800-753-7276 write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 57780, Boulder, Colo. 80322-7780. For subscriptions, address chang and adjustments, write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322-3516. The first copy of a n subscription will be mailed within eight weeks of receipt of order. Eight weeks is required change of address; please give both new address and old as printed on last label. Address all ed rial, production, and business correspondence to *Vanity Fair*, 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 100 Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer pr ucts and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these off and/or information, please advise us at Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322-3516. **Subscript inquiries:** Please write to *Vanity Fair*, Box 53516, Boulder, Colo. 80322-3516, or call 800-365-0 For permissions and reprint requests, please call 212-286-8349 or fax requests to 212-286-8628

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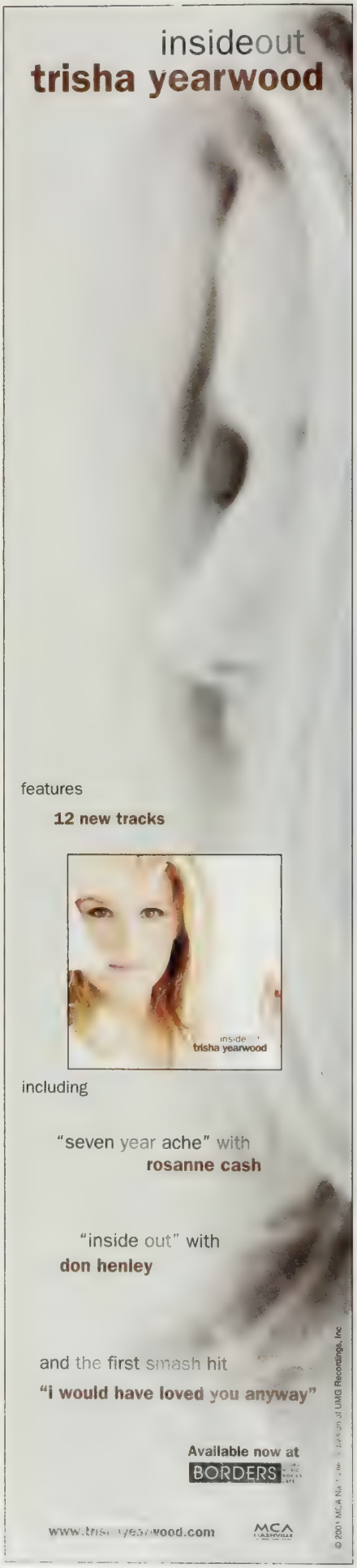
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EDITOR'S LETTER

Mourning Glory

John Scanlon, 1935–2001



Graydon Carter and John Scanlon in Washington, D.C., at the 1994 White House Correspondents Dinner.

Two or three mornings a week, John Scanlon, a friend of mine and of this magazine's, would call me up before eight A.M. He was, it would seem, one of the members of his generation who still thought phone calls were cheaper if you placed them before eight o'clock in the morning or after eight at night. At any rate, I would pick up and at the other end a booming voice would say, "Graydo! What's up?" Now I must tell you, at that hour, not a lot. At that hour I feel and look like a cross between Harry Dean Stanton and Phyllis Diller. And so, two or three mornings a week, I would muster my wits long enough to reply: (a) "John, would you please take me off the speakerphone," and (b) "Are you insane—it's 7:55!"

In early May, the phone calls stopped. As did Scanlon's heart. He died early one morning in his rambling Upper West Side apartment, surrounded by books and music and the memories and mementos of a big life well led and a small life privately cherished. He left behind a wife, three daughters, and one granddaughter, all of them lovely. And he left behind a collection of friends a mile deep and just as wide.

Scanlon was a public-relations shaman with a long rap sheet of colorful clients in need of his signature brew of aggressive crisis management and impassioned rhetoric. They included Ivana Trump when she was divorcing her husband, Donald; the New York *Daily News* in its battle with the unions; and Father Bruce Ritter, who had been accused of molesting young boys in his charge. People with tidy, ordered lives were rarely in need of his services, and once Scanlon took you on, he would stop at nothing—often putting his own reputation at risk—to get your word out. He handled Jesse Jackson and former senator Bob Kerrey during their recent stints in the tabloid and broadsheet press. And in the early 80s he represented *60 Minutes* when General William Westmoreland sued the show for libel.

Scanlon's role in Brown & Williamson's battle with whistle-blower Jeffrey Wigand was, even he would confess, his least shining hour. The definitive story of that episode was written by Marie Brenner for this magazine, and it became the basis for Michael Mann's film *The Insider*. It was on behalf of the tobacco company that Scanlon worked to discredit Wigand, and thus made himself a part of the story. When Brenner's article came out, it caused a strain in my friendship with Scanlon. We got through it, though, and that was my good fortune.

Scanlon, who was 15 years my senior, did something wonderful for me 23 years ago. I was young and hungry and unsophisticated and somewhat lost when I first came to New York. He made it all so much better by doing one simple thing: he took me seriously. I cannot fully express how important that was to me. And as a result I have tried to follow his lead in treating others younger than I with similar respect and interest. At Scanlon's 60th-birthday party, held in the ballroom of the immense Italianate pile he owned in Sag Harbor, he took me aside and, surveying the room full of guests, said he was warmed by the number of friends he had. And he told me that he had so many friends because he wished his friends well. He said that was really the essence of friendship. Yes, it was important to love their company and have some common interests and to be able to engage in intra-industry chitchat, but the defining element of a true friend is that he wishes you well.

At his memorial service at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in upper Manhattan, Scanlon's legion of friends were out in force. And speaker after speaker—including anchor Peter Jennings, writers Pete Hamill and John Leo, singer Judy Collins, Scanlon's brother, Michael, and poet Seamus Heaney—addressed those qualities that would cause him to be so missed: his wit, his heart, his ability to make the language dance, and his comforting, enriching friendship.

I along with many others at *Vanity Fair* will miss John Scanlon. I didn't quite know how to handle my grief, so I took the lovely photo of him that had been used on the program for the memorial and made it the screen saver on my computer at the office. He looks robust and mischievous and Irish and happy in the picture. And now I can say hello to him every morning as if he were still here. And I can do it on my own time. After eight A.M.—GRAYDON CARTER



ON THE COVER

Josh Hartnett wears a T-shirt from Kaufman's Army & Navy and a vintage belt by Ralph Lauren. Grooming by Damien Boissinot. Props styled by Rick Floyd. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz in Rabat, Morocco, on February 24, 2001.

Rocking the Ca[illegible]h


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Telluride
Film Festival

The 28th Telluride Film Festival
August 31 - September 3

The 28th Telluride Film Festival will be held over Labor Day weekend, in the beautiful mountain town of Telluride, Colorado. The impressive four-day festival schedule — kept secret until opening day — offers a spectacular and challenging combination of American and international premieres, restored or revived masterpieces, oddities, and tributes to three major film artists. Considered to be one of the best film festivals in the world, Telluride is a unique and memorable experience.

A special element at this year's event will be the grand opening of the Galaxy theatre. This new 500-seat venue will bring the total number of festival theaters to eight.

For ticket information, contact the festival at 603-433-9202 or log on to www.telluridefilmfestival.com. For travel and lodging call TMVS at 888-871-3646.

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For contributing editor **Marjorie Williams,** dissecting the complex, bitter relationship between Bill Clinton and Al Gore was like hearing both sides of a messy divorce—former aides and loyalists were full of opinions on what went wrong. "I loved reporting this story," Williams says, "because there's nothing more interesting to a journalist than to come along at the moment when participants finally feel free to let down their hair on a subject they've thought about for years." Married for a decade to journalist Timothy Noah, Williams adds, "The only wisdom I can offer is that Clinton and Gore probably aren't the marriage model anyone should follow." In addition to covering politics for *V.F.*, Williams writes a nationally syndicated weekly opinion column for *The Washington Post*.



MARK SCHAFER

When contributing editor **David Margolick** had a chance encounter with Jeb Bush at a party thrown by Florida lobbyists, he was pleasantly surprised to receive a compliment on his investigative technique from the Florida governor. "I know all about you. I'm hearing from Andover classmates I haven't heard from for 30 years," Bush told him, referring to old friends whom Margolick had been doggedly tracking down for his profile on page 92. In Margolick's opinion, Bush revels in politics, power, and being governor: "He is right at home when he is at the center of things." Margolick is currently working on a book about the 1936 and 1938 heavyweight bouts between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling.



Due out this month from HarperCollins and excerpted on page 116, *The Catsitters,* **James Wolcott's** first novel, chronicles the adventures of New York bachelor Johnny Downs as he's molded into "husband material" by best friend Darlene Ryder, a cunning southern belle. "I basically put myself through the experiences that Johnny had," says Wolcott, who has lived in New York since 1972. "It was fun and nerve-racking. If the date didn't work out, then I'd think, Well, that's good material." Now married to fellow *V.F.* contributing editor and novelist Laura Jacobs, Wolcott will write his next novel about couples, careerists, and intellectual groupies, and the games they play.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

I love when I open my eyes and catch him looking at me as we kiss.



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Christine Keeler, the young model whose revelations of sexual impropriety and Cold War–era spying helped to bring down Harold Macmillan's Conservative government in 1964, says that after nearly 40 years of infamy she finally feels brave enough to tell the complete story of the Profumo Affair. "I had wanted to tell the truth before," she says, "but I was always in fear for my life. I still am. But I need to tell it for my own emotional well-being, to make peace with myself." Her story, *The Truth at Last,* co-written with biographer Douglas Thompson and published in the U.K. by Macmillan Publishers, Ltd., is excerpted on page 118. Today, Keeler lives in London and works as a freelance broadcaster and columnist.



Acclaimed singer, songwriter, and actor **Tom Waits,** who has released more than 20 albums and whose films include *Down by Law* and *Short Cuts,* hates to be interviewed, and found it no easier to be on the other end. "I felt an immediate connection talking with J.T. [LeRoy]," says Waits, referring to the 21-year-old cult author. "But journalism is like being eaten alive by ants. Details. Details. Details." Waits is currently in the studio with his wife and collaborator, Kathleen Brennan, recording songs from *Alice* and *Woyzeck,* the two award-winning street operas they staged in Europe with theater director Robert Wilson.



"I am far more than a fan. I am a groupie!" says contributing artist **Hilary Knight** about Dame Edna, whose advice column he illustrates for *Vanity Fair.* Knight first saw Dame Edna Off Broadway about 15 years ago, but it wasn't until a year ago that the two actually met. "It was electric," Knight says. And when Knight suggested that they work on a project together, Dame Edna loved the idea. The bond was instant—"nothing like it since I met Kay Thompson in the 50s," says Knight. That meeting produced *Eloise,* the beloved classic. Knight and Dame Edna hope that their collaboration evolves into a book.


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WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE

Readers send smoke signals; growing up with Jennifer Aniston; Felix Dennis stoops to conquer; Richard Gully, man-about-town; Capri's strange delights; Dylan fans stake out their territory

Thank you for being the first magazine I've read that dares to print an article exposing America's anti-smoking movement for the assault on individual liberty that it is. Christopher Hitchens's "We Know Best" [May] was an insightful and wonderfully written piece. In the anti-tobacco hysteria, the American government as well as most of the mainstream media seem to have forgotten that niggling little matter of personal choice, and Mr. Hitchens's arguments are a refreshing dose of common sense. The new no-smoking culture would do well to remember that we humans are actually capable of making our own choices and of taking our own risks.

JUDE CHAO
Burbank, California

OH GOODY—another whiny, indignant tirade from a smoker hoping to rally the troops against the infringement of his "right" to wantonly spew a carcinogen on a par with asbestos or radon.

As a Manhattan resident, I beg to differ with Mr. Hitchens's assertion that "you have to go out of your way to be offended" by secondhand smoke. Where do I begin? The countless restaurants whose "nonsmoking sections" are mere feet from their smoke-filled bars? How about the smoke I've had to breathe at every company I've worked at since the '95 law, which banned smoking in the workplace but allowed it in closed offices? Alas, the geniuses behind this law were unfamiliar with diffusion and air vents. As for the outdoors, walking the sidewalks means inhaling the smoke trail left by the ever present puffer a few feet ahead. And, like potholes, the clouds around office-building entrances have become fixtures in this city.

MICHELLE RABIL
New York, New York

I PERSONALLY TOOK a pass on smoking after watching my 64-year-old grandfather die of lung cancer and emphysema when I was at the impressionable age of 13. If Hitchens wants to smoke unencumbered, he should emigrate to France. For my money, smoking, while possibly a pleasure for some, is a Darwinian device for separating fools from long lives.

HARRY GIKLING
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I READ WITH PLEASURE—and enjoyed a cigarette while doing so—Christopher Hitchens's protest against the relentless program of self-styled national nannies in America and Great Britain to criminalize the behavior of yet more millions of their fellow citizens. The pleasure came not just from Hitchens's spirited prose but also in reminiscing about the time I served him a drink in the early 90s at a bar I was tending on Capitol Hill. He asked to buy me a



STAR GAZING
Jennifer Aniston, photographed by Michael Thompson in Malibu, California, on February 19, 2001.

CHILD STAR

I HAVE WATCHED the [illegible] Aniston throughout my high-school and college years with mixed emotions. I recall the buzz about her much-documented need for weight loss, and remember feeling at once motivated and hopelessly inadequate when I heard Aniston's blissful recollections of the pounds she shed and the jobs she scored. After reading your article ["Deconstructing Jennifer," by Leslie Bennetts, May], I can say that my perceptions, like Aniston herself, have grown up. I was moved by her candid, effusive generosity and impressed with the responsibility she takes on as a role model to young girls. I don't think it realistic to expect the rest of Hollywood to be as forthright and frank as Aniston appeared in your article. I, for one, will no longer relegate her to the realm of the witless blonde. She has proved, quite disarmingly, that there is more than just great hair above those shoulders.

LEIGH ESPOSITO
Huntington Beach, California

HOLLYWOOD'S NEXT BiG THiNG.

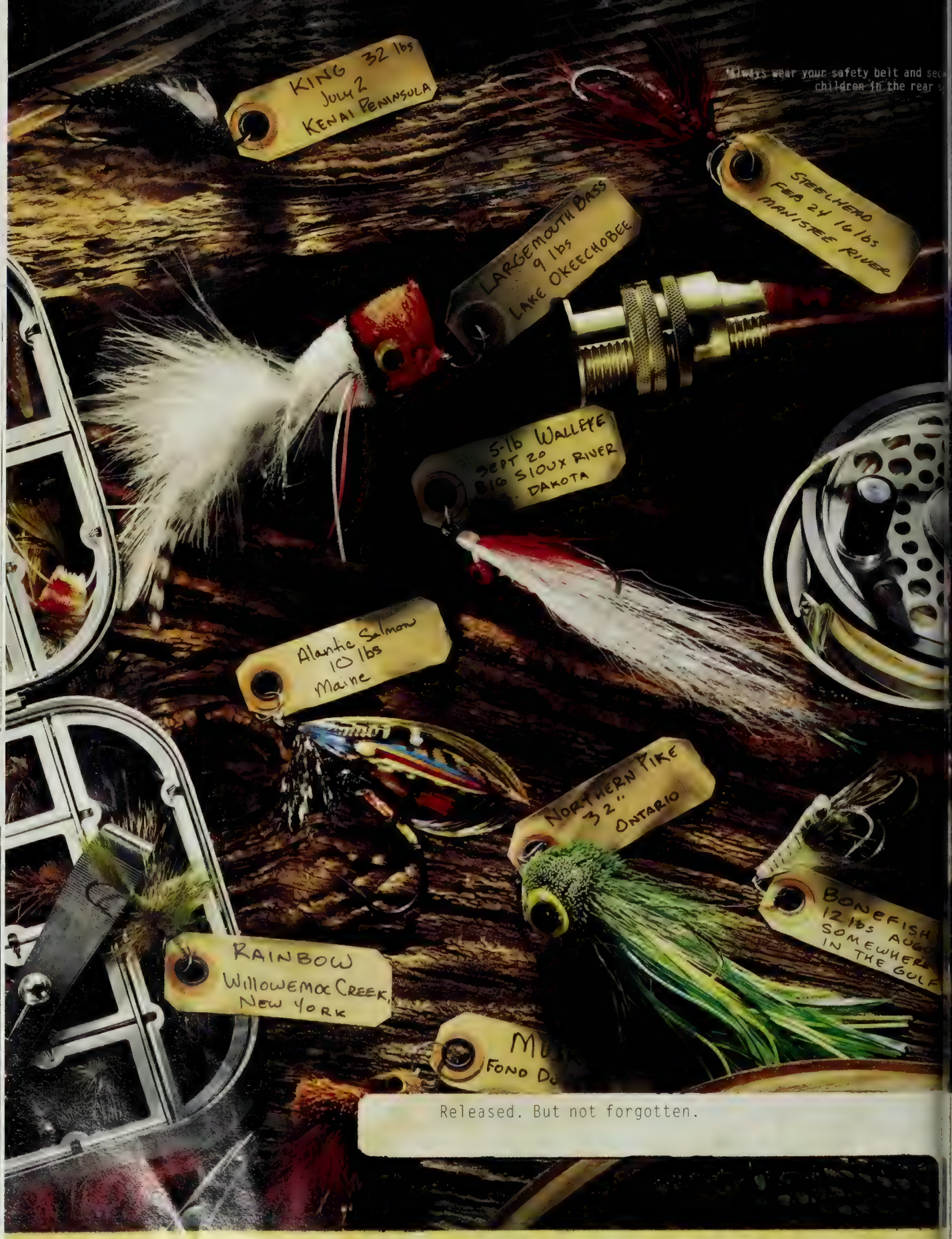


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drink, and when told that the restaurant forbade it, he graciously offered me a cigarette instead. I accepted.

Hitchens nails the bad logic and incivility of our neo-prohibitionists, and his anecdotes about New York City are all too true. Let me add one more recent example: Belmont Park racetrack, where almost the entire area, indoors and out, is now plastered with no-smoking signs. It seems absurd that an establishment based on the very principle of risky behavior would prohibit just that. And they wonder why attendance keeps dropping.

ROBERT BOVÉ
Brooklyn, New York

YOU'VE GOT MALE

THE RISE OF FELIX DENNIS has been quite remarkable ["Dennis the Menace," by Nina Munk, May]. Much to my chagrin, he has been wildly successful in targeting a huge, untapped male audience. I had always assumed the average American male was intelligent and interested in things other than fart jokes and "50 tips to make her scream." Clearly, I was foolishly optimistic.

MAT BLACK
New York, New York

I DON'T WISH to take anything away from Felix Dennis's fun and games. However, in response to his question, "If you had millions of pounds, and you could be in love with half a dozen beautiful women at the same time, and they were happy with that arrangement, would you? Or would you like to be married and have children?," I suspect that a majority of men, once they emerged from adolescence, would respond, "Marriage and children."

After all, an orgasm is an orgasm is an orgasm, relatively unvarying no matter what exotic maneuvers lead to it, whereas children change and evolve every moment. Imagine the adventure, Felix, of observing the development of these extensions of yourself. What better way to express your narcissism, your egocentricity? And, it might even elicit your humanity.

JOAN WILE
New York, New York

A DATE TO REMEMBER

A CLASS ACT! That was Richard Gully ["The Man Hollywood Trusted," by Amy Fine Collins, April]. I was astonished to discover that he had been the confidant to Hollywood's elite for a majority of his 93 years. I had always identified the name Richard Gully with the debonair bachelor who escorted such lovelies as dancer Vera Ellen to the myriad of Hollywood parties so popular during the Golden Age. Vera Ellen, too, was a class act. She was the quintessential girl next door who just happened to be beautiful, extremely talented, and as nice as they come. It's no wonder then that she and Richard became so close and remained such good friends over the years.

TERRY K. DENNISON
Hastings, Michigan

CAPRI, AFTER SUNSET

AH, CAPRI ["La Dolce Capri," by Evgenia Peretz, May]. I was at that party in 1955 that Bob Hornstein threw for Joan Crawford and Alfred Steele when they were on their honeymoon. Bob Hornstein was a tall, blond Adonis. His villa was fabulous. The party was a sit-down dinner with many guests, a large orchestra, and dancing. I was a Hollywood starlet and I went there with my two gay hairdresser friends from Beverly Hills. Joan Crawford became quite drunk and left the party early with her new husband, but not before going to each guest at the



dining table in all of her Joan Crawford phoniness and asking if *all was well.*

On another occasion, I was by Gracie Fields's pool wearing one of my new Capri bikinis. An attractive lesbian was complimenting me on my torso when the monkey she had on a leash, while trying to get a large ring I was wearing, bit my finger, drawing blood. She said, "Give him the ring. He won't hurt it." I said, "Give him the ring? Are you mad?" Heady times, indeed.

JANE EASTON
New York, New York

I THOUGHT the article on the people obsessed with stuffed animals was weird, but your story on Capri stepped over the line. I don't care how rich or famous a person may be, pedophilia is *not* O.K. Ever. Through the nonchalant reporting of the pedophilia incidents in Capri's history, tacit approval seems to be expressed. I read *Vanity Fair* for its journalism, not its voyeurism.

VICTORIA BOLLING
Auburn, Alabama

A HARD RAIN

IN THE SUMMER of 1963, I attended an evening concert at the Oakdale, then a tented theater-in-the-round, in Wallingford, Connecticut, where Joan Baez sang ["Bound for Glory," by David Hajdu, May]. A thunderstorm knocked out the electricity. Baez announced that she needed help because the microphones weren't working. She asked the state police to "make yourselves useful for a change and stand in the aisles with your flashlights pointed up here." She introduced Bob Dylan, and together they sang "What Have They Done to the Rain?" as it pelted the tent top. Your article brought back that magic moment of nearly 40 years ago, but, in truth, it had never left me.

PAUL FLAVELL
San Francisco, California

I COULDN'T BELIEVE the introductory paragraph to the Dylan-and-Baez story that described Dylan as an "unwashed, Woody Guthrie–worshiping kid *from the Minnesota suburbs.*"

Dylan is from Hibbing, Minnesota, which to *Vanity Fair* staffers may be just flyover country, but is, in fact, the heart of the Iron Range—about as far (more than 200 miles) from the suburbs as one can get in Minnesota. It is no surprise that he came from such a culturally diverse area. Since the beginning of the 1900s, Hibbing has been a hotbed of political activity, with unions and socialists playing an active role in its development. It's an area that was built on the backs of immigrant miners. Dylan's family, the Zimmermans, were business owners in Hibbing, and he, obviously, was a witness to much of the Iron Range's development and the struggles between miners and the bosses.

PAT NEVIN
Minneapolis, Minnesota

CORRECTION: On page 191 of "Bound for Glory," the name of the late Ralph Rinzler was misspelled.

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31 Days in the Life of the Culture

July 2001



Hats Off

Other than members of the royal family, living beings are not to be pictured on England's stamps (notable exceptions: a series of anonymous children, and a slipup in 1999 when Roger Taylor, the very-much-alive drummer of Queen, was included on a stamp with the group's late singer, Freddie Mercury). Model and actress Erin O'Connor (soon to be an *Absolutely Fabulous* guest star) will become another exception to this rule when she wears a Philip Treacy hat (and hats by three other designers) on a series of four stamps timed for Royal Ascot, which starts on June 19. Photographed in Paris on May 10, 2001.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN-BAPTISTE MONDINO

FANFAIR

July

THE COURTS OF WIMBLEDON, THE BULLS OF PAMPLONA, THE UFOLOGISTS OF ROSWELL

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 Retrospective of whimsical photographer Arthur Tress's work at Washington's Corcoran Gallery of Art. Say yes to Tress.	**2** Way-cool dance troupe Pilobolus opens its annual season at the Joyce Theater in N.Y.C. with *Davenen* (Yiddish for prayer); you could do worse, dahlink. ◀	**3** Arty photographs shown at night on a 200-foot-wide screen in the ancient amphitheater of Arles. No, it's not the harrowing, climactic scene of an early Godard flick—it's the Rencontres Arles photofest.	**4** While weenies are roasted nationwide, L.A.'s best radio station, KCRW, airs all 13 hours of a series called *The Jazz Singers;* listeners are instantly eligible for the honorific "jazzcat."	**5** "Roswell UFO Encounter" in New Mexico: America's largest gathering of UFOlogists, conspiracy theorists, and people who think Chris Carter makes documentaries. ▶	**6** Running of the bulls in Pamplona, Spain. Many Hemingway-reading frat boys are chased by bulls but are, alas, not gored ▶	
8 Wimbledon Men's Championship. Elderly British woman in stands describes player's recent questionable serve as "a little netty."	**9** Day No. 3 of the exhibition of photographer Joel Sternfeld's portraits at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. The show's catalogue has a "French-folded jacket"—an item which, presumably, requires French dry cleaning.	**10** "Walker Evans and the American Tradition" opens at L.A.'s Getty Museum. Art enthusiast takes in panorama of the L.A. skyline below the hilltop museum and says, "Yes, Walker Evans was the man. But L.A. is my lady." ▶		**12** Outfest, the largest film festival in Southern California, presents gay and lesbian films. Producer Christine Vachon prepares for augustness of occasion by buying second T-shirt. ▶	**13** Lie on a futon in Seattle's Henry Art Gallery listening to sonar artwork, but remember: others await their turn.	**14** Prepare for tonight's opening of the Robert Frank show at the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, by looking again at his photos in *The Americans* and saying quietly to yourself, "Wow."
15	**16** Harold Pinter Festival continues at N.Y.C.'s Lincoln Center. Ask friend who works at theater if she can get you tickets; experience moment fraught with suspense-laden, Pinteresque subtext.	**17** Day No. 4 of dead, influential critic Clement Greenberg's art collection at Oregon's Portland Art Museum. Steve Martin's paintings at the Bellagio; Clement Greenberg's in Portland—what's next, Carol Channing's ▲ Attic vases at the Frick?	**18** Not too late to catch 70 years' worth of pictures of street kids and their shenanigans at London's Photography Gallery: a veritable *pageant* of bruised knees and cat swinging. ▶	**19** The Drama Dept. in N.Y.C. opens *Music from a Sparkling Planet,* a new play by Douglas Carter Beane, who wrote *As Bees in Honey Drown,* notable for its bitchy dialogue.	**20** Eighth annual Verbier Festival and Academy in the Swiss Alps. Soothing chamber music, master classes, couples who are named Greta and Ulfi. ▶	
22 David Hockney retrospective at L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art. The show has toured extensively in Europe, so forgive it if it excuses itself before dessert, pleading jet lag.	**23** Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater puts *noir* novelist James Ellroy, roots musician T-Bone Burnett, and actress Martha Plimpton all on one stage; this grouping can result only in sex or death.			**26** Horses that swam 75 yards yesterday are auctioned today at Virginia's Chincoteague Island's Chincoteague Pony Penning. "Do I hear 12,000, 12,000, 12,000 for a wet palomino?" ◀	**27** The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, readies its soon-to-open show of 18th-century Venetian painter Bernardo Bellotto. (Bellotto: known for his topographical-view paintings. Also for being Canaletto's nephew.)	**28** San Diego's Museum of Photographic Arts opens its show of Philipp Scholz Rittermann's photos of shipyards, machinery, and stark landscapes tomorrow. Sounds like an opportunity to wear all black.
29 People who have had near-death experiences pay respect to Santa Marta de Ribarteme by carrying (or riding in!) coffins into the town church in Las Nieves, Spain, to hear Mass. And you thought Pentecostal snake handling was strange. ▶	**30** DanceGalaxy returns to N.Y.C.'s Joyce for the world premiere of *Blue,* choreographed by Stanton Welch and set to Vivaldi. Sounds dancegalactic.	**31** "Work and Play: Everyday Life in Drawings 1520–1820" shows at L.A.'s Getty, thus occasioning the first time that the 16th century has ever been represented—or mentioned—in Los Angeles.				

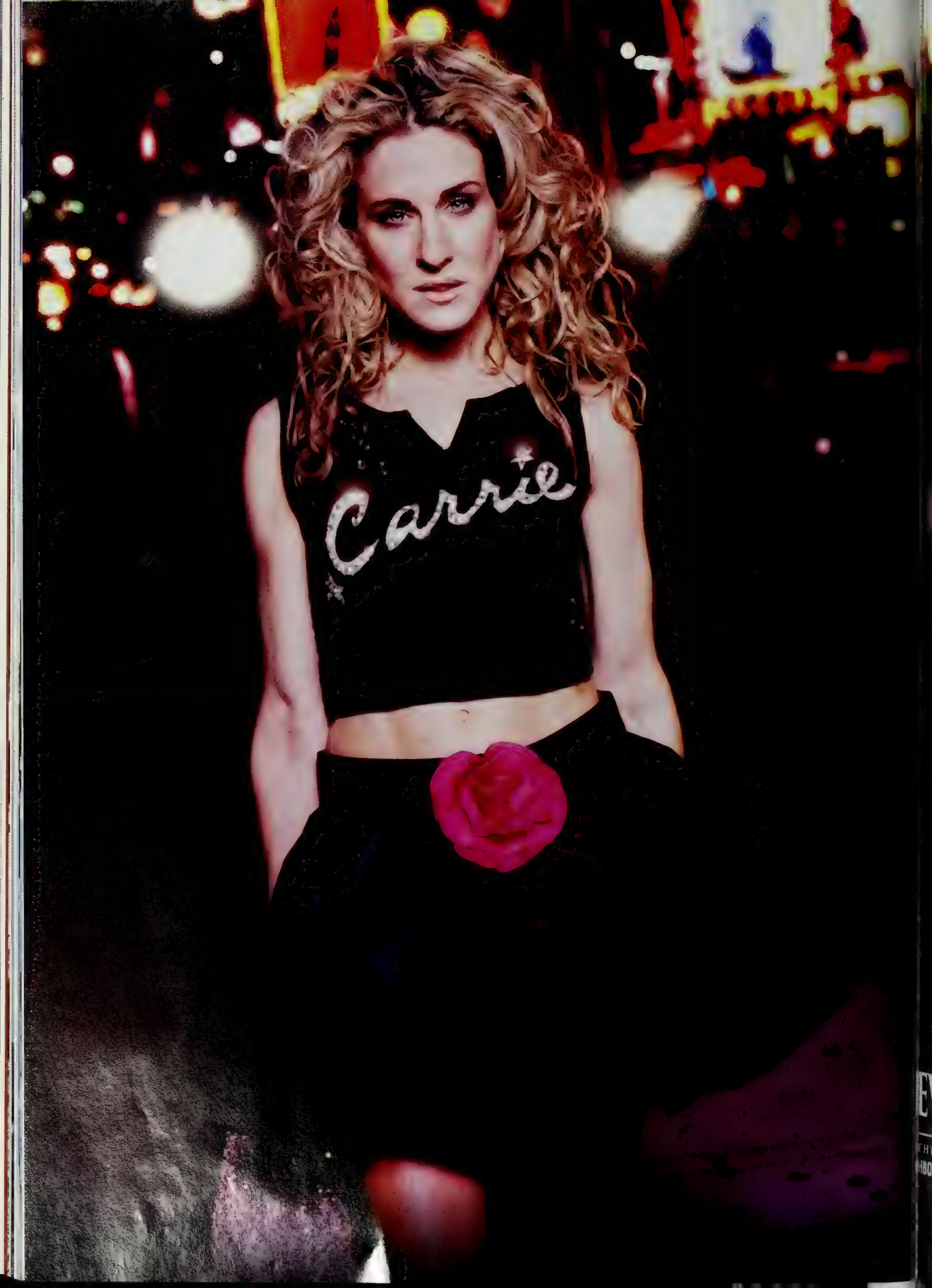
Robert Frank's *Paris,* 1951.

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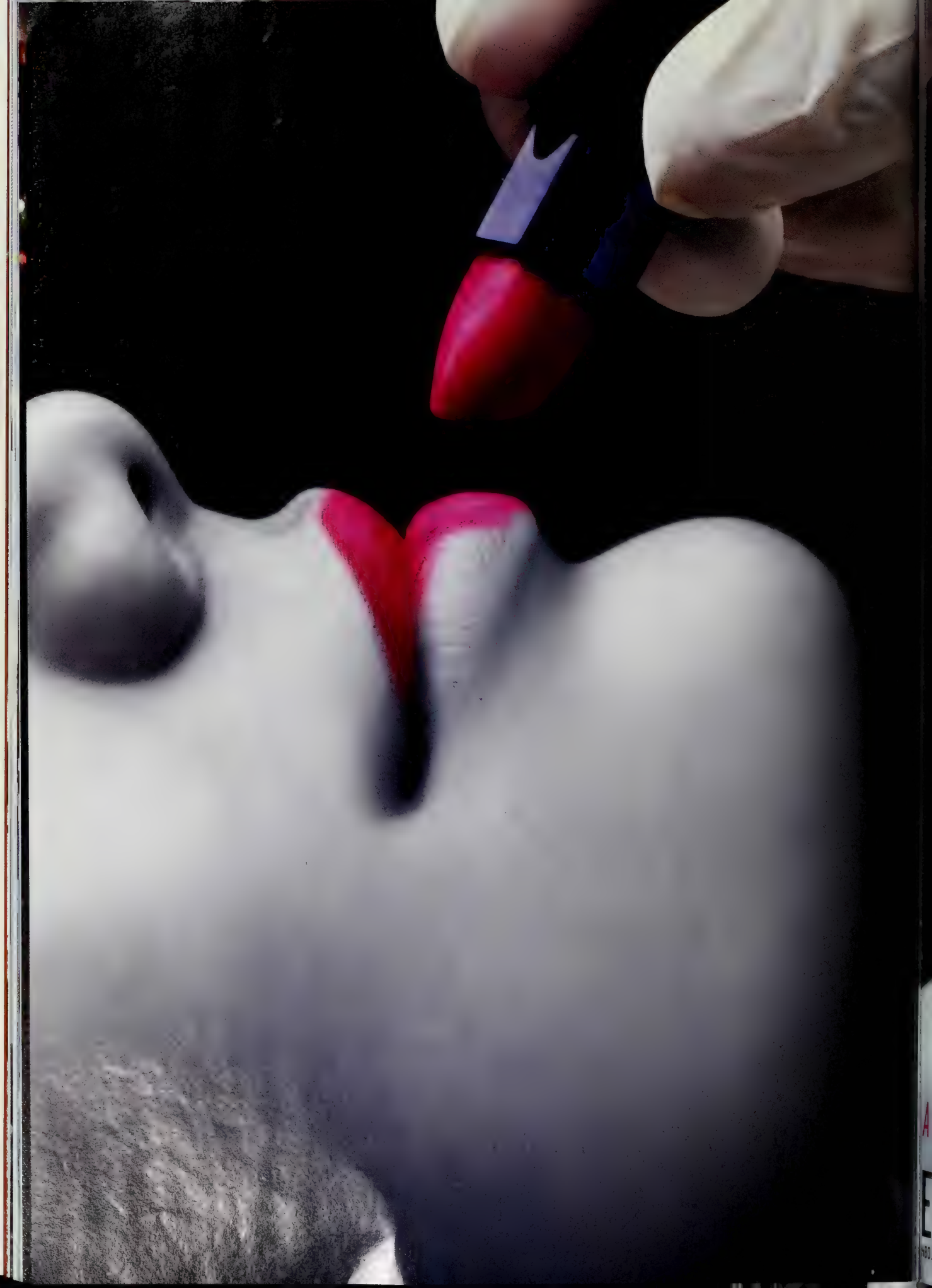
SEX AND THE CITY

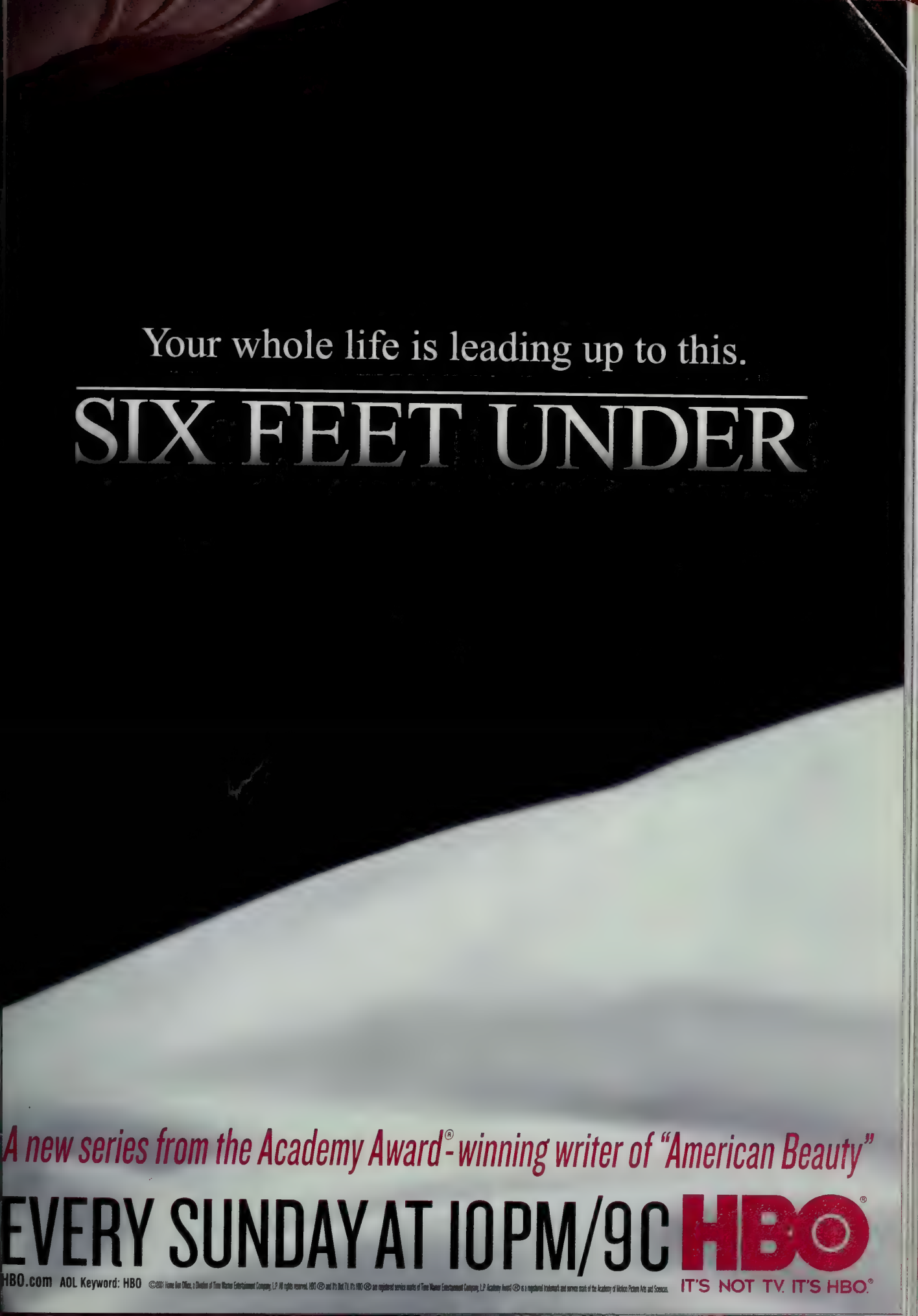
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PARTY SCENE
Co-directors and co-stars Jennifer Jason Leigh and Alan Cumming on the set of The Anniversary Party.

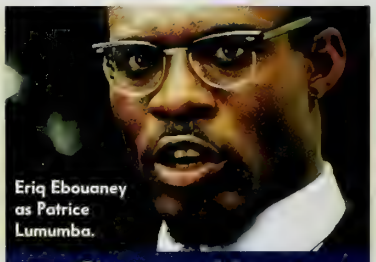
HOT REELS

Married to the Mod

CELEBRATING LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND BOX-OFFICE CONCERNS IN *THE ANNIVERSARY PARTY*

You thought you'd never live to see a movie with the credit "Written and directed by **Jennifer Jason Leigh** and **Alan Cumming.**" Now you can die happy. Their sad, sly little film, in which they also co-star as a Hollywood couple navigating a potentially fatal passage in their marriage, is called *The Anniversary Party.* Shot on digital video, it takes place over the course of 24 or so hours as the couple's friends gather for the titular celebration. Think Neutra house, power charades, too much champagne followed by a round of ecstasy. The searing revelations that come as night wears into morning seem more obligatory than illuminating. (*Something* has to happen in the third act.) But in its sunnier, less Eugene O'Neill–inspired moments the film pokes fun at haute Los Angeles—where life seems to be a soufflé made of ego, anxiety, and soy milk—with a wry, knowing understatement the subject hasn't seen since the likes of *Shampoo* or *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice.* One pleasure is the way many of the actors have been cast in mordantly self-referential roles—**Kevin Kline,** for instance, as a vainglorious, Shakespeare-quoting, Oscar-winning movie star. **Gwyneth Paltrow** almost steals the film as a lovely airhead ingenue with seemingly more industry clout than the other characters combined. That these portraits embrace cattiness while skirting caricature is testament to the talent of all concerned. (**Rating:** ★★★½)

—BRUCE HANDY



Eriq Ebouaney as Patrice Lumumba.

Congo Heat

RAOUL PECK'S *LUMUMBA*

Patrice Lumumba, the first prime minister of independent Congo, who was murdered in January 1961, belongs to that pantheon of one-word political icons and radical martyrs—**Che, Malcolm, Biko.** But only now, with Haitian director **Raoul Peck's** seventh film, *Lumumba,* is his story fully explored, and it practically bursts from the screen. With an unfaltering rhythm, the film follows the rush of events during the heady days of 1960 as rival forces—dispossessed Belgian colonials, Cold War politicos, secessionist agitators—threaten to engulf the mineral-rich central African giant, which under **Mobutu Sese Seko's** later rule would become Zaire. Set against this tumultuous backdrop are the riveting performances of **Eriq Ebouaney** as the fiery, uncompromising Lumumba, and **Alex Descas** as his cruel and clever Judas, Mobutu, whose subtle transformation from friend to foe generates the film's most interesting character study. Peck delivers a burning political epic from Africa that reaches far beyond its borders, and through it the name "Lumumba" resonates as powerfully as ever. (**Rating:** ★★★½)

—ANDERSON TEPPER



Postcard from São Paulo

HAUTE COUTURE, HIGH ART, AND DANCING HOOKERS IN BRAZIL'S MOST SOPHISTICATED CITY

The futuristic concrete metropolis of São Paulo is the incongruous setting of this month's art destination. In what amounts to a hemispheric trade swap—Brazilian models and cosmetic surgery for North American goods—the Carlton Arts festival has lured fashion impresarios Imitation of Christ and Visionaire, theater maestro **Robert Lepage,** and director **David Cronenberg** to show their wares. Presenting itself as the sophisticates' alternative to Rio's thongs-on-the-beach, the world's second-largest city boasts an *I Spy* itinerary for cultural adventurers: catch artist **Vik Muniz** at Galeria Camargo Vilaca, shop at Daslu with the wives and mistresses of billionaire mining barons, dine at Carlota or Nakombi, and do the craze-of-the-moment funk dance at the Lovestory danceteria, where various socialites and hookers relax after work. Following the festival comes fashion week, when **André Lima** and **Alexandre Herchcovitch** head Brazil's push for international frock fame. "The beauty of São Paulo is its urban energy," says Camargo Vilaca's **Marcia Fortes.** "People move fast here. It's where things can happen." —EDWARD HELMORE

Nakombi



Galeria Camargo Vilaca



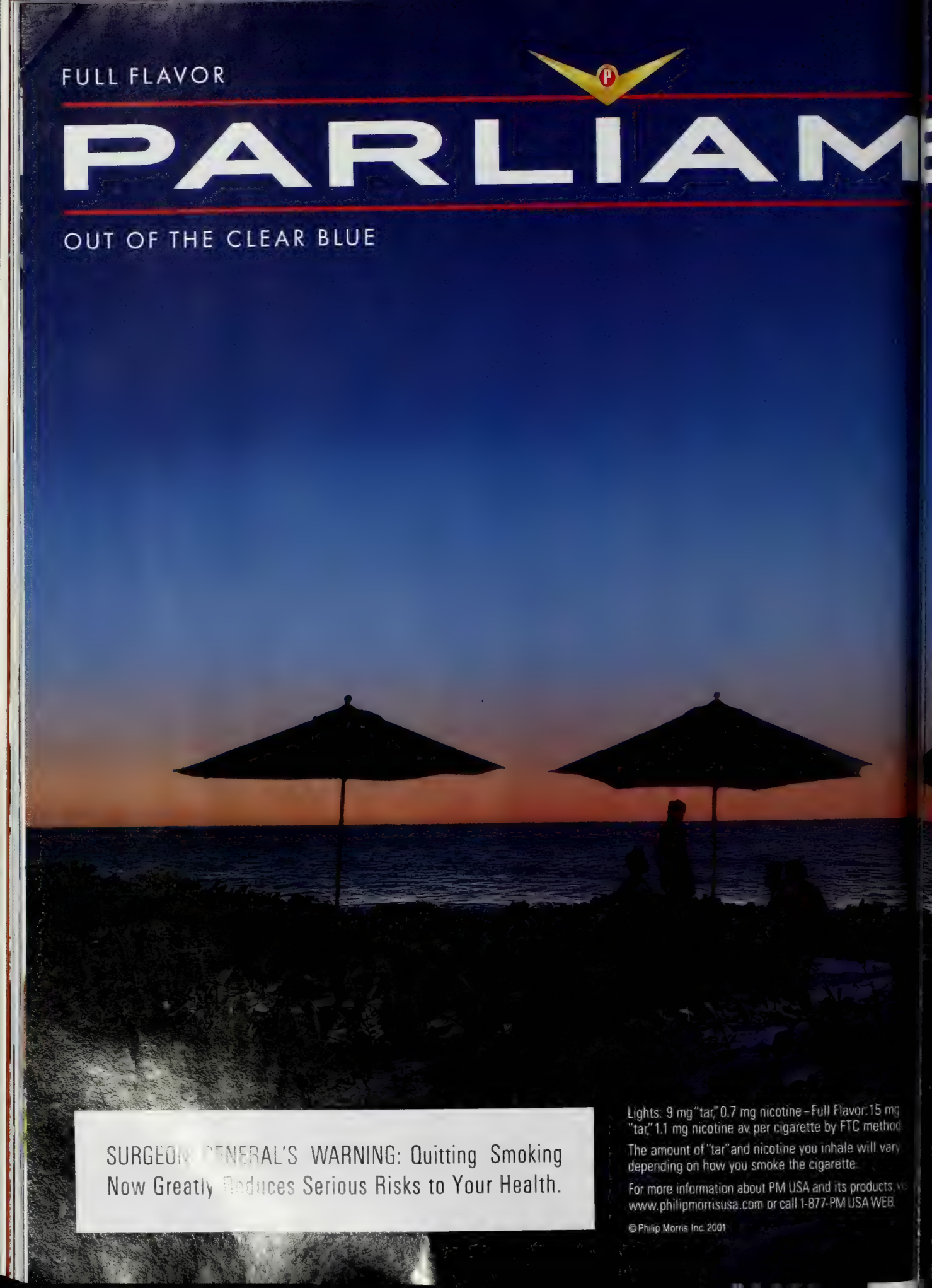
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THE FLOCK OF *SEAGULL*
Clockwise from top: Christopher Walken, John Goodman, Natalie Portman, director Mike Nichols, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Meryl Streep, and Kevin Kline.

The Seagull Has Landed

MIKE NICHOLS BRINGS CHEKHOV TO CENTRAL PARK

While the fear of the looming actors' strike gripped an entire industry, it also created a silver lining: the sudden influx of screen actors onto the stage. We're not talking about **David Hasselhoff** prancing around as Dr. Jekyll. Try **Meryl Streep, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Natalie Portman, Christopher Walken, Kevin Kline,** and **John Goodman** performing in the Public Theater's production of **Anton Chekhov's** *The Seagull* at New York's Delacorte Theater, in Central Park. As if this weren't A-list enough, the classic Russian play—about artistic frustration far more traumatizing than the divvying up of video residuals—is being directed by **Mike Nichols.** More than a showcase for boldfaced names—the likes of which haven't been seen in New York since "about three centuries ago," in the estimation of producer **George C. Wolfe**—this free production is also a Public Theater reunion. In addition to Nichols, who directed at the Public during the 70s, nearly every major cast member has spent some time cutting his or her teeth at the theater or doing free Shakespeare in the park—a utopian vision dreamed up in 1954 by the Public's founder, the late **Joseph Papp,** that actually worked. Although Wolfe, the theater's producer since 1993, has consistently targeted more undiscovered talents, even *he* is a little star-struck: "When Mike Nichols calls you up and says Meryl would like to do *The Seagull,* and she'd like to do it in the park, you don't exactly pause."

—EVGENIA PERETZ

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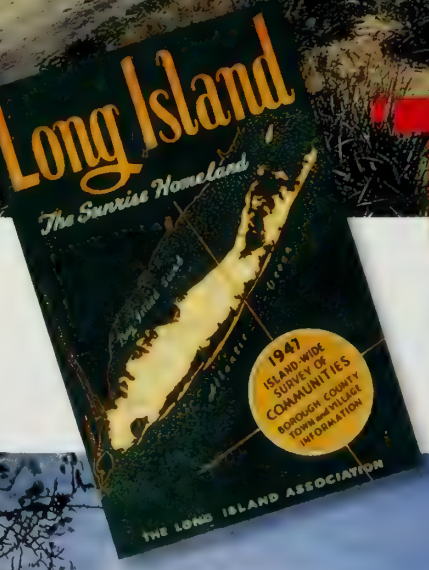
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On the Beach

WHEN THE HAMPTONS WERE



BEACH GLASS
From top: the Cates House, by Julian and Barbara Neski; a 1947 Long Island Association brochure; the Knox House, by Alexander Knox; D. Towbridge Elliman's Maidstone Club cabana, circa 1927.



The history of the Hamptons has been an ebb and flow of affluence and assimilation," writes **Alastair Gordon** in *Weekend Utopia,* his insightful history of architecture on Long Island's fabled South Fork. In this baroque age of the McMansion (see Fair Field, **Ira Rennert's** 100,000-square-foot Sagaponack "villa"), it is hard to imagine the new generation of Hamptons weekendaholics ever assimilating. But Gordon shows us that each generation on the East End has resented what the next has done to its golden dunes and potato fields by the sea. Maidstone Club Wasps detested the **Jackson Pollocks** and **Robert Motherwells;** the art crowd, in turn, hated the show people and bankers, and on and on. The modernist architectural movement, which took root after W.W. II, was a particular sore point with *Social Register* types, who looked on in horror from their shingled bunkers as "flat-roofed blisters" popped up in the furrows. Some of these blisters were the work of today's *maîtres.* **Philip Johnson, Richard Meier, Charles Gwathmey,** and **Robert A. M. Stern** all started their careers in the area. Modernists **George Nelson** and **Peter Blake** also did important work in the Hamptons, and until the mid-80s, sculptural Corbusian forms were the accepted Hampton vernacular. (See the Gwathmey-esque Burger King on Route 27.) A postmodern backlash soon followed, and today spec homes in the style of **Stanford White** are the norm. But Gordon points out that "modern architects saw [the Hamptons as] a blank slate upon which to conduct their experiments," and his book is a fine guide to one of American modernism's foremost laboratories of style. (**Rating:** ★★★)

—MATT TYRNAUER





BOTTOM LEFT, BY EZRA STOLLER

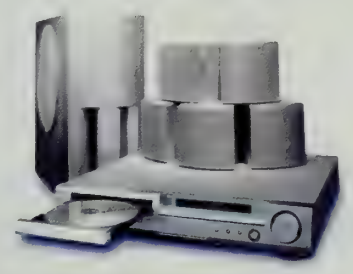
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Smoke and Murders

Nicole Kidman makes a brave showing at Cannes. The wife of the nurse charged with setting the fire that killed Edmond Safra is suing Lily Safra. And Michael Skakel is facing a child-custody battle as well as a murder trial. Just another month in the life of *V.F.*'s plugged-in sleuth



ON THE RIVIERA Dominick Dunne photographed at the Hôtel du Cap in front of a couple of boats on May 11, 2001.

During the Cannes Film Festival last month, I lived it up on the Riviera. I had a reason to feel good: I had finished with my last radiation treatment just before I took off for France. The first person I ran into at the Hôtel du Cap in Antibes, where I was staying, was Nicole Kidman. I just happened to be walking by as she was backing out through a French door from a press conference where reporters had been asking her more questions about Tom Cruise than about her starring performance in *Moulin Rouge,* which had opened the festival the night before. She turned around, saw me, and laughed. She looked so beautiful. She has a lot on her plate these days, but there was not a word of complaint from her. It's very difficult for a public person to have to talk about the intimacies of her life while she's plugging a movie, going to premieres, waving to the crowds, calling home to the kids—and doing all these things well. That's what a star's all about, and hats off to her. In front of the hotel, six or eight yachts bobbed on the Mediterranean. I went cruising on Barry Diller's with Barry and his wife, Diane Von Furstenberg. Barry tells me it's tacky to say yacht. People who have yachts call them boats.

This magazine gave what was surely the party of the festival, easily equaling the one it throws in Hollywood on the night of the Academy Awards. Smoke machines hidden in the cypress grove around the pool area of the Hôtel du Cap sent out a never-ending mist of changing colors which filled the air. It was fabulous. The best word to describe the crowd that night is "glamorous." Liv Ullmann, the head of the festival's jury, was at my table, as were Laura Bickford, who produced *Traffic,* and David Heyman, who is producing the Harry Potter movie. A lady in a white evening dress and a richly jeweled necklace introduced herself as a resident of Monte Carlo. She said she had happened to wake up very early on the morning of the fire that killed the

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTOINE LE GRAND

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billionaire financier Edmond Safra. She saw smoke rising and called the fire department, only to be told that it was mist rising off the harbor. Later she heard the sirens. Another lady from Monte Carlo I met said three times that she had something she wanted to tell me, but each time she said she was afraid to and wandered away.

I went to tea at one of the grand houses in Antibes. As the daughter of the house, who was driving me, waited for the gates to swing open automatically, I pointed to the neighboring set of impressive and impenetrable gates and asked her, "Who lives there?" She said, in the calmest way, "Yeltsin." "*Boris* Yeltsin?" I asked. "We think so," she replied. "They say that's Putin's over there," she said, pointing in the direction of another villa. Her parents have had their house all her life, so she knows every inch of the area. I later heard that guards with guns keep swimmers from getting too close to Yeltsin's property. At the *Vanity Fair* party that night, Faye Dunaway, who was supposed to sit on my left, didn't show up, so I talked to the man who would have been on her other side. His wife was on my right. No names here. They have lived in Antibes for more than 40 years. There is nothing they don't know about what goes on on the Riviera. They, too, think there's more to the Safra story than we've been told. They said yes, Yeltsin has the property around the corner, but they added that it was in his daughter's name. They didn't know whether Putin also owns a house in the vicinity.

Before I leave the subject of movies, let me say that the interview I said in my last diary I was going to do with Aaron Spelling will not take place. I wrote about Aaron and Candy Spelling's mansion in this magazine when it was under construction, back in August 1984, but very few people have ever seen the house. Although the Spellings could have a ball for 400 without having to move the furniture, they lead extraordinarily private lives, and they decided to maintain their privacy, so there went the interview. But we're still friends, at least according to their publicist, Warren Cowan. What's more, three trials are coming up in my future: the Michael Skakel trial in Stamford, Connecticut, which Dorthy Moxley tells me will probably start in September; the trial of Ted Maher, the male nurse accused of starting the fire that killed Edmond Safra, in Monte Carlo, in December 1999, which is tentatively set for September or October; and the trial of the killer of the grifter wife of the actor Robert Blake in California.

"Who lives there?" She said, in the calmest way, "Yeltsin."

A number of prominent people think I should stop writing about the Safra case, especially about a possible Russian connection. "These people don't fool around," one said. But things keep happening in that case that are worth discussing.

On April 19, outside the entrance of Swifty's, the fashionable restaurant on New York's Upper East Side, as Lily Safra, Edmond's widow, emerged from her limousine to attend a party being given in her honor, she was handed a notice by a process server named Jay Salpeter, a former New York City homicide detective. The next evening, at another party in her honor, at one of the most opulent apartments in New York, Mrs. Safra's daughter, Adrianna Elia, brought up my name in a derogatory manner and insinuated that I had been behind the service of the notice. That story spread so quickly that it was repeated a few nights later at a dinner party at Sunnylands, the Palm Springs, California, estate of Walter Annenberg, the philanthropist and former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and his wife, Lee, in honor of former Canadian prime minister Brian Mulroney and his wife, Mila, who had also been guests at the party at Swifty's. I'm dropping all these names simply to show that we're playing in the big leagues here.

Sorry, wrong number. I just report the story, I don't create it. I heard about the process-serving incident very early the morning after it happened, when Mike Griffith, the lawyer who became involved in the Safra case by way of Amnesty International and who had interviewed Ted Maher in the Monte Carlo prison, called and told me. An account of the incident, together with a picture of a very surprised Lily Safra being served the notice, appeared in Neal Travis's column in the *New York Post*. Later that same day I hotfooted it up to Swifty's and got a firsthand account from Robert Caravaggi, one of the owners of the restaurant, who greets and seats patrons.

Salpeter and another man had made a reservation for dinner. They had never been to the restaurant before and so were unfamiliar to the staff and management, who pretty much know the regular clientele. Whether their intention was to serve Lily Safra with papers inside the restaurant is unknown, but they had finished their dinner and paid the bill before even the first guest arrived for the party honoring her. They moved out to the street, where one of them produced a camera. The first guest to arrive was Mrs. William McCormick Blair of Washington, D.C., a popular figure in society known as Deeda. "Are you Lily?," Salpeter called out to her. She swept by them and entered the restaurant. The next arrival was the guest of honor. "Are you Lily?" he asked again, and he handed her the notice as his partner snapped a picture of the startled widow. No fool, Lily Safra dropped the paper, but one of her guards picked it up. As Griffith explained, "She touched it, and the guard picked it up. That makes it serviceable." Inside, the party went on in an elegant fashion, and the impressive guest list was reported in *Women's Wear Daily* by Aileen Mehle, the queen of society reporters, who is known to her legions of readers as Suzy. There was not a word about the incident.

The notice, answerable in New York State Supreme Court in a month's time, was of a pre-action special proceeding against Lily Safra and nine others brought by former Justice Department attorney Mark Kurzmann representing Heidi Maher, Ted Maher's wife, who claims that in the days following Edmond Safra's death she flew to Nice and was driven to Monaco by the Safras' chauffeur. She thought she was being taken to Princess Grace Hospital to see her wounded husband. After crossing the border into Monaco, she says, the chauffeur received orders by telephone to take her and her brother, who was traveling with her, to the police station, where she was later questioned and searched as if she were a criminal. Her passport was taken from her and, she says, used as a means of coercing a confession out of her husband. The trial will be held in Poughkeepsie, New York, near Stormville, where Heidi Maher lives. "We're going to depose Lily, and we'll get to the bottom of this yet," Griffith told me recently.

In my last diary, I reported on another suit brought against Lily Safra, her daughter, her lawyer, and others by a Panamanian corporation called Ninaca, S.A., demanding $17 million and change. The case has to do with the Safra-family art trust, which was started by the three Safra brothers, Edmond, Joseph, and Moise, in 1995. On February 15, 1999, 10 months before his death, Edmond wrote a letter designating Adrianna Elia, Lily's daughter from the first of her four marriages, Marc Bonnant, Lily's Geneva lawyer, and Lily's best friend, Anita Smaga, as additional trustees, thereby giving the power of the board to the widow. For both suits, Lily Safra has hired Stanley Arkin, one of Edmond's chief attorneys in his famous 1989 libel suit against American Express, as well as Brendan Sullivan, who gained national fame when he represented Oliver North in the Iran-contra trial in 1988. We're talking

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heavyweight lawyers here. That trial will be held in New York City.

Meanwhile, over in the deluxe prison in Monaco, where they serve wonderful food, Ted Maher went on a hunger strike and was moved to the psychiatric ward of Princess Grace Hospital. Heidi Maher rushed to his side, deeply fearful of entering Monaco after her last experience there, but she was able to see him in his hospital room, where she held him, hugged him, and kissed him. Ted Maher issued a statement and on May 17 wrote a letter to Prince Rainier, which reads in part:

I have decided I will not go to any more interrogations by Judge Patricia Richet. I have collaborated to the full extent of my ability for more than 500 days. I will not be brought forth for interrogation by her for the sole purpose of being harassed, demeaned or ridiculed.

I have always stated that I accept my limited part of responsibility in this tragedy, but I do not want to be the scapegoat for the slowness of the fire and police rescue efforts. I was taken to the Monaco hospital at about 5:20 a.m., and Mr. Safra and Vivian Torrente [the nurse with him] died after 6:30 a.m. During this time the investigation shows that Mr. Safra spoke to his wife, to my fellow nurses and to the police, that the door to his room was not locked, and that the fire was easily extinguished some half an hour later. The victims could have been saved. . . .

I am neither an arsonist nor a murderer. God is my witness that I had no intent to harm either Mr. Safra, who was the best employer I ever had, nor Vivian Torrente, who was a friend and colleague.

A famed corporate private investigator who was asked to probe the Safra mystery reportedly said, "I wouldn't touch that case with a 10-foot pole, but the guy in jail didn't do it."

It's safe to say that lawyer Mike Griffith is perplexed by Ted Maher, who is clearly a rather complicated individual. Griffith was infuriated that Maher had decided to stop eating. He told me he said to Heidi, "His hunger strike is going to piss off the judge. It's going to hurt you, Heidi." Griffith later persuaded Maher to come off the hunger strike, and he is back in jail.

Speaking of Judge Richet, she is furious with me, according to a highly placed source in Monaco with whom I spoke while I was on the Riviera, for printing the rumor that she decked another judge, who had to go to the hospital for a week. I guess you can't please everyone when you publish a diary. And Father Ball, one of the priests who takes Ted Communion, feels slighted that he has not been given his due as Father Fred Preston has. I'll have to fix that.

As if Michael Skakel didn't have enough on his plate already, what with his trial for the murder of 15-year-old Martha Moxley 25 years ago coming up in a couple of months, he has now got himself into a battle with his estranged wife, Margot. He wants custody of the two-year-old son Margot took with her when she moved out in October. It certainly doesn't seem like an ideal time to undertake raising your child alone when you're going on trial for murder, but stranger things have happened. Remember the judge who took the Simpson children away from the Browns and gave them to O.J. after the murders? Margot Skakel must be really mad at Michael, because she's going to write a book—a tell-all, according to her very talkative lawyer, Bruce Wagner, who gave an interview to my friend Maria Alvarez of the *New York Post*. "The murder case definitely comes into play," said Wagner, talking about the custody fight. "How can he focus on his child?" In the meantime, a state judge has given Margot a green light to write the book, which could be quite something. I can remember way back to the time of Bobby and Ethel Kennedy's wedding in 1950, when the Skakels had class and were said to be richer than the Kennedys. I am embarrassed to say it, but I can't wait to read Margot's book.





GUESTS OF HONOR *Above*, Nicole Kidman, whose film *Moulin Rouge* opened the Cannes Film Festival. *Right*, Lily Safra at a New York gala with Robert Higdon of Washington, D.C., who works for the Prince Charles charitable trust.

There was a Perry Mason moment at the probable-cause hearing in Stamford in April when Gregory Coleman, one of the prosecution witnesses—who had claimed that Michael Skakel confessed that he had murdered Martha Moxley to him when they were both students at the Elan School in Maine—volunteered during questioning by defense attorney Mickey Sherman that he had been under the influence of heroin when he appeared before the grand jury. Coleman, who had come to the last hearing from prison, where he was doing time for criminal trespassing, said under oath that Skakel had told him he would get away with the murder because he was a Kennedy. He also said that Skakel had told him he "drove [Moxley's] skull" with the golf club that was the murder weapon. He also testified that Skakel had said that he later masturbated on Martha's body. Coleman was a very convincing witness back then. I bought his story, and Michael Skakel nearly collapsed with shame in full view of the spectators.

Mickey Sherman was as stunned as everyone else by the witness's new, out-of-left-field revelation, and at the break he became indignant in front of the television cameras. Michael Skakel was jubilant at the surprise turn of events. I was not present that day, but several reporter friends told me he waved his arms around in excitement. Even if what Coleman said originally was true, he is now an unacceptable witness. I've heard people say that he was gotten to, but I don't think that's the case. The guy has been a mess all his life, and he's still on drugs, still breaking the law. He was a bad prosecution choice from the beginning, arriving in court under guard, which is not a great look for a witness. My friend Cynthia McFadden of ABC called Sherman that night to ask him to be on *Good Morning America*. She congratulated him on the stunning heroin moment during his cross-examination. Sherman told her, "Sometimes you're the windshield, and sometimes you're the bug." □

"I do not want to be the scapegoat," Maher wrote Rainier.

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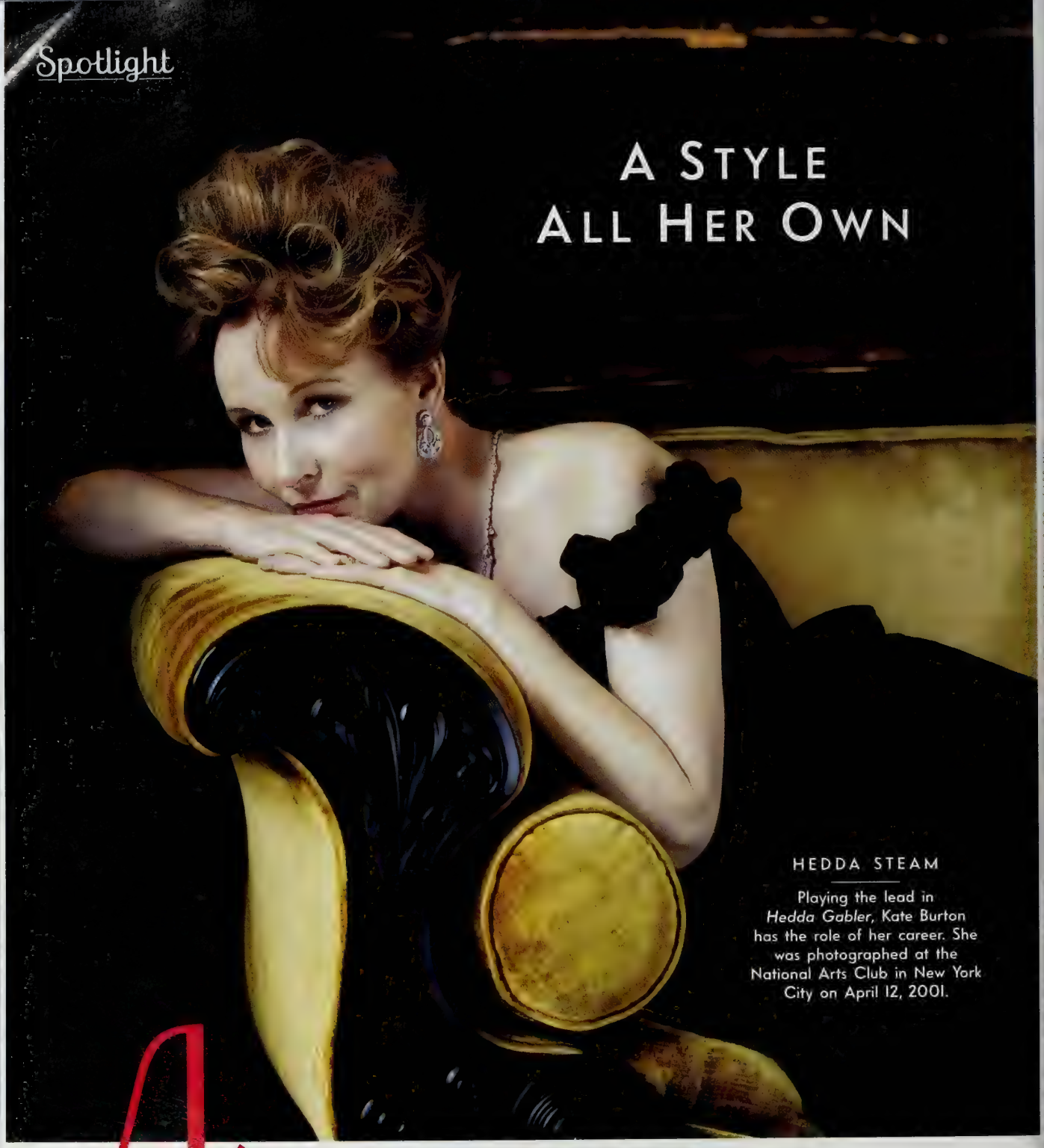
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A STYLE ALL HER OWN



HEDDA STEAM

Playing the lead in *Hedda Gabler*, Kate Burton has the role of her career. She was photographed at the National Arts Club in New York City on April 12, 2001.

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Although she is lovely, with strawberry-blond hair and the faintest scattering of freckles across her porcelain skin, you wouldn't pick her out of a crowd. "I'm just an Upper West Side mom, except for this acting thing," says Kate Burton, who has been praised in *The New York Times* for "her natural, radiant air of ordinariness." But look closer and you realize you've seen this particular brand of Welsh magnetism before—on her father, Richard Burton. Intelligent and self-effacing, Kate planned to be a diplomat. "I couldn't see myself swanning around in some gown," she says modestly. "All the actresses I'd grown up with were very flamboyant."

It's hard to compete in the flamboyance department when your parents' divorce caused an international scandal and your stepmother was Elizabeth Taylor—twice. Kate's parents racked up seven marriages between them, giving Kate seven full, half-, and stepsiblings. She did her homework at her mother Sybil's famous nightclub, Arthur, and spent summers on her father's film sets, from Rome to London to castles in Kent.

Kate's adult life is more conventional; she has two children with her husband of 16 years, Michael Ritchie, the producer of the Williamstown Theatre Festival. And now, at 43, "this acting thing" is bearing her triumphantly to Broadway on a wave of rhapsodic out-of-town reviews for her starring performance in *Hedda Gabler*, a brilliantly reimagined interpretation which promises to be the role of her career. "It's all downhill from here," she says with a grin. "That's it; I should retire." Or put on a gown and start swanning around. —LESLIE BENNETTS

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THUNDER AT THE *TIMES*

The most controversial figure on *The New York Times*'s masthead, Howell Raines, has been anointed its next editor. His friendship with publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., his vendetta against Bill Clinton, his hotly debated Pulitzer, his glamorous girlfriends—everything about the 58-year-old Alabaman makes him a story fit to print

BY SUZANNA ANDREWS



EXTRA! EXTRA! Howell Raines can b… "difficult and mercu… …and very critical … says a source close … the *Times* manageme… *Inset*, the May 22 … *Times* announcemer…

Times Names Raines as Successor To Lelyveld as Executive Editor

By ROBERT D. McFADDEN

Howell Raines, the editor of the ditorial page of The New York imes for the last eight years, has een chosen to succeed Joseph Lely- ecutive editor of the news- ange was ur Sulz- years ago and served in a wide range of foreign and national reporting assignments and as an editor for 17 years, had, as executive editor, "shepherded The Times through one of the most momentous periods in its 150-

On September 26, 2000, there appeared on the second page of *The New York Times*—where corrections of spelling and errors of fact are noted—a lengthy, eyebrow-raising "accounting" written by the newspaper's top editors. The subject was the paper's coverage of the case of Dr. Wen Ho Lee, the Los Alamos scientist accused of espionage, who was incarcerated, in solitary confinement, for nine months before all but one of the charges in the federal government's 59-count indictment against him were dropped. The *Times*'s reporting had been criticized almost from the beginning by supporters of Dr. Lee, competing journalists, media critics, and, eventually, by the White House. The *Times*, it was said, in the tone of its articles and its heavy reliance on the government's point of view—and on one Energy Department source in particular—had, in effect, helped to create a political witch-hunt against Dr. Lee. *Mea culpas* are rare from the editors of *The New York Times*—the proudest and probably the best newspaper in this country, if not the world—and this one, clearly, had not been easy to write. It was thorough, soul-searching, and pained. The tone, one senior *Times* editor says, "was 'We're sorry and we want to shoot ourselves.'" There had been much debate about the correction, some of it very emotional, which led to a meeting of the news staff held by the paper's executive editor, Joseph Lelyveld, and its managing editor, Bill Keller. "I went to that meeting," the editor continues. "And it felt very from-the-heart. Joe and Bill *really* regretted that."

Two days later, a different sort of *mea culpa* appeared on the *Times*'s editorial page. Although the paper's editorials, many people felt, had often struck a harsher note in the Wen Ho Lee affair than its news coverage, the "correction" was feisty in its tone, more righteous than repentant. It reiterated the reasons for the suspicions about Dr. Lee and continued to question his motives. Only buried toward the end of the editorial—which was even longer than the news correction, but far less revelatory—was the oh-a-minor-point acknowledgment that the editorial page had "too quickly accepted the government's theory" that Dr. Lee was guilty of spying for the Chinese government. "It was 'We're sorry, but not terribly sorry,'" says the senior *Times* editor. Its tone, in fact, was exactly what readers of *The New York Times* have come to expect from How-

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ell Raines, who until late last month was the newspaper's editorial-page editor. In the eight years of his tenure as chief of the *Times*'s editorial board, the 58-year-old Raines treated the Establishment, and others who bother to read *Times* editorials, to this kind of in-your-face writing. Often pugnacious, cutting, and moralistic, sometimes passionate and gorgeously wrought, Raines's editorials were much talked about. As was Howell Raines, who, on May 21, was named the new executive editor of *The New York Times*.

Raines's elevation brought to a sudden end more than four years of intense, sometimes overheated speculation in the media world about who would succeed Lelyveld. For the first time Arthur Sulzberger Jr., the paper's 49-year-old publisher, whose family controls the *Times*, would be making the choice on his own. In recent months, rumors had peaked that he would go with Raines over Bill Keller, 52, who was Lelyveld's protégé and close friend. In Keller, Sulzberger had a candidate with a more traditional résumé for the job. Highly respected by the paper's news staff, he is a superb journalist with "impeccable news judgment," as one *Times* editor puts it. A former Pentagon correspondent, South Africa–bureau chief, Moscow-bureau chief, and foreign-news editor, Keller was awarded a Pulitzer in 1989 for his reporting on the collapse of the Soviet Union. Raines was a more unconventional candidate, who will surely rank as one of the most colorful, interesting, and controversial men to lead the paper in its 150-year history.

"Raines is ferociously intelligent.... He's definitely a man who wrestles with the big life issues. He's real."

Although nobody who has ascended to the job of executive editor has been a beloved figure, Raines elicits particularly strong feelings, on both sides. Tough, judgmental, and possessed of the same certainty that permeates his editorials—"a total self-righteousness," says a former *Times* reporter—Raines is a man who makes many people wary. "He can be *very* arrogant, and that makes people nervous," says another former *Times* reporter. "There are people who are afraid of him." "He's polarizing. A lot of people find him objectionable. He's like [former executive editor] Abe [Rosenthal] was, difficult and mercurial ... and very critical of people," says a source close to the *Times* management. "He's deep and complicated," says a *Times* editor. "Everything you could say about Howell, you could also say the opposite," says a friend.

To his admirers, and he has many, Raines is one of the best men in journalism. Intense, passionate, witty, competitive, exciting to work for, a brilliant and loyal editor to his writers, he is "a natural, a terrific newspaper person," says Arthur Gelb, a former *Times* managing editor, who is a close friend of Raines's. "He has a fabulous news judgment," says a *Times* editor who has worked with him. "It's visceral." "He is incredibly well read and ferociously intelligent, a very interesting man," says Katrina Heron, the outgoing editor in chief of *Wired* and another friend of Raines's.

Born and raised in Alabama, Raines is a man who, when he chooses to, can ooze charm and is somewhat renowned on the New York party circuit for "being flirtatious in that *southern* way," as one woman puts it. Raines also has some of that southern gift for storytelling. His novel *Whiskey Man*, published in 1977, some say, was loosely based on his family; *My Soul Is Rested*, also published that year to acclaim, is a moving oral history of the civil-rights movement; and *Fly Fishing Through the Midlife Crisis*, which came out in 1993, chronicled his passion for fishing, the collapse of his marriage, and his midlife depression, in addition to offering tidbits of his sex life. "He's definitely a man who wrestles with the big life issues. He's real," says Heron.

And a man who knows what he wants. "Howell has felt that he had this destiny, and that has been with him from early on," says Alex Jones, a Pulitzer Prize–winning former *Times* reporter and coauthor of *The Trust*, a 1999 biography of the Sulzberger family. "He knew he had a destiny to do some important things, and now I think he thinks his destiny is to run *The New York Times*'s news operation. I think it's fair to say he's been preparing himself for that for a long time," says Jones.

"I admire him. I think he's the real thing. He's a great journalist with a real vision for *The New York Times*," adds Jones, who now runs Harvard's Joan Shorenstein Center on Press, Politics and Public Policy. "It will be a very interesting thing with Howell at the top."

Unlike his recent predecessors, Raines has never worked in the *Times*'s vaunted newsroom. He will also be the first executive editor in more than three decades to have had only limited experience as a foreign correspondent. And the first ever to have won his Pulitzer Prize not for hard news but for a feature article—a memoir, about his family's black housekeeper, that even now triggers heated debate among journalists as to whether it deserved to get newspaper journalism's highest award. Raines will be only the second editor to emerge from the editorial board—the first being Max Frankel, who had been devastated in 1976 when he was assigned to what he considered the dead-end job of editorial-page editor. Indeed, given his unusual background, the question arises as to just how Howell Raines, whose hands shook as he stood on a desk in the newsroom for his acceptance speech, managed to make what is arguably the most important job in American newspaper journalism his destiny.

"What to say about Howell? Well, most of you know him as our esteemed fire-breathing, take-no-prisoners editorial page editor," said Sulzberger in a memo to the *Times* staff announcing Raines's promotion. In truth most of the staff didn't know Raines or much about him. For the last eight years he and his 12 editorial writers worked on the 10th floor of the *Times*'s Gothic Revival headquarters on West 43rd Street, separated by seven floors from the buzz and deadline pressures of the newspaper's giant newsroom. By contrast, Raines and his staff labored in cerebral solitude and isolation, in spacious offices surrounding the newspaper's library. They met three mornings a week to discuss the issues of the day, and, with Raines as the final arbiter and editor (and often the writer), their short, unsigned opinion pieces appeared as the voice and point of view of the *Times*. "If there was ever an ivory tower, it is there," says one *Times* reporter who has been summoned by the editorial board, as reporters sometimes are, to share his expertise on a particular issue. Periodically, world leaders, politicians, and C.E.O.'s came to plead their case and be interrogated by Raines and his writers, which was sometimes an uncomfortable experience. One rumor has it that at a party thrown by Katharine Graham, former publisher of *The Washington Post*, Raines invited new president George W. Bush to come and speak to his editorial board. "Nope" was the answer. "The last time was too intimidating."

It's a truism of newspaper journalism that the average reader pays little attention to editorials, but those at the nation's largest papers are closely read by opinion-makers and by people in power, and none more so than the *Times*'s. In

VANITY FAIR agenda

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Left to right: **Carlo Alberini, of Guess?; Actresses Mila Kunis and Kirsten Dunst; EMA spokesperson Amy Smart in Guess?, and actor Brandon Williams.**

Guess? Goes Green

To kick off Campaign Hollywood 2001, Guess?, the Environmental Media Association (EMA), and *Vanity Fair* hosted an "Au Natural Party." Over 300 celebrities gathered on March 19 at Les Deux Cafes for this environmentally-aware event in which organic food, a henna tattoo artist, and a plantable seed invitation reinforced the evening's green theme. Celebrities including Tim Roth, Darryl Hannah, Danny Masterson, and Melissa Joan Hart enjoyed the sounds of DJ Cameron Douglas and sampled special Guess? Denim Blue Blast cocktails.

Zegna Cast Their Ballot

Three hundred ballots were cast predicting this year's Oscar winners at the "Cast Your Ballot" event on March 21. Benefiting the C.O.A.C.H. for Kids Program at Cedars Sinai Medical Center, the event was co-sponsored with *Vanity Fair* and was held at the Ermenegildo Zegna store in Beverly Hills. Guests included Sugar Ray Leonard, Kelly LeBrock, Anthony Michael Hall, and Cheryl Tiegs, who enjoyed the sounds of DJ Paul Sevigny while discussing the upcoming Oscars.




Left to right: **Donna Estes Antebi and Irena Medavoy C.O.A.C.H. for Kids board members; Anna Zegna and Richard Cohen of Ermenegildo Zegna.**

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Left to right: **Sunshine and Macy Gray; Rachel Hunter.**

Ray of Sunshine

Hollywood's hottest stepped out on March 23 for *Vanity Fair* and Entertainment Industry Foundation's "Night of Sunshine" celebration at Tibitz. Rachel Hunter, Rebecca Gayheart, Claire Forlani, Jason Biggs, Thora Birch, Dominique Swain, and Taye Diggs were among the celebrity-packed crowd that enjoyed a special performance by Macy Gray protégé Sunshine. The event benefited EIF and the evening's sponsors included Belvedere Vodka, Champagne Taittinger, EVIAN Natural Spring Water, www.gem.net, Don Julio Tequila, Lincoln, Platinum Guild International, and Tommy Bahama.



Trisha Yearwood

Trisha's journey on "inside out" is so powerful, poignant, and beautiful, you will be compelled to re-experience each track immediately.

erable, it shook us. It had a great deal to do with how we spent the rest of our lives professionally," says Wilkie. "There was a compulsion to try to be *fair.* The big fat sheriff in Ray-Bans was a stereotype we were all trying to escape. Howell was part of a group of people in the Deep South who broke from the conventions they grew up with, a life they realized was wrong and a real moral evil." Raines, says Wilkie, "was in Birmingham at the time of the [1963] bombing [of the 16th Street Baptist Church]. That has an *enormous* impact on your life."

Howell Hiram Raines was born in 1943 and raised in Birmingham. As he has written often, and proudly, his family had descended from Alabama hill people from a region so poor that its white citizens owned no slaves—and so ornery and independent-minded that it sided with the Union in the Civil War. Raines's father, W. S. Raines, was in the first generation to come down from the hills to Birmingham, to make its way. Educated through only the 10th grade, he nevertheless became a wealthy man in the lumber business. The youngest of three children, by more than a decade, Howell was not particularly close to his brother and sister or even to his parents. Gradystein Williams Hutchinson, the family's black maid, who was only nine years older than Howell, was probably the person who doted on him the most. A former girlfriend recalls, "He had this bizarre relationship with his mother," who was rather cold and disapproved of his subsequent city sophistication. A few years ago, this woman says, "he was furious that she hadn't read his book on fly-fishing." Bookish and intense, Raines was something of an oddity within his family, with its many hillbilly relatives, whose beer drinking, chain-smoking, and "redneck style" of fishing Raines has described in his books.

Of Clinton and Raines, "people said that there wasn't room for two southern boys in Washington."

It was many years before Raines understood the world in which he had grown up. He didn't realize until he was a reporter reading through F.B.I. files that Jack Cash, who owned the neighborhood barbecue joint, wasn't just the nice man who passed out sandwiches and Cokes to the Y.M.C.A. baseball team. He was a suspected Klansman, and his bar was a Klan hangout. Robert Chambliss, who was convicted in 1977 for his role in the 16th Street Baptist Church bombing, was one of Cash's regular customers. As a child, Raines didn't understand the significance of the WHITE ONLY sign on the front door of Cash's barbecue, or of the billy club by the cash register. Or the reason 50 bombs went off over a period of 15 years in the previously white neighborhood near his family's home where blacks were buying houses. Like so many white southern children, he grew up "as oblivious as a sleepwalker," he wrote in 1983. Years later, when he became a reporter and "saw familiar names and places in the investigative reports," he was horrified. "I was embarrassed by my innocence," he wrote.

On September 15, 1963, when the bombing occurred and four little black girls were killed in one of the most horrific crimes of the civil-rights era, Raines was a student at Birmingham-Southern College, an all-white Methodist college, 24 blocks away. Of Birmingham-Southern's 1,000 students, only 2 were reported to have marched in the huge protests led by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. that convulsed the city. Raines did not march. "I was afraid," he told Alex Jones and Susan Tifft, who co-authored *The Trust.* "I lived through this great confrontation and I didn't participate fully because I wasn't brave enough."

Raines graduated from Birmingham-Southern the next year with a B.A. in English. He spent the next 14 years moving from job to job. He worked as a reporter at the *Birmingham Post-Herald,* at a Birmingham television station, and at *The Tuscaloosa News,* and as a film critic at *The Birmingham News.* In 1971, after getting his M.A. in English at the University of Alabama, he went to work for *The Atlanta Constitution,* first as entertainment editor, then as political editor.

In 1977, Raines published *My Soul Is Rested,* which he has said was an attempt to atone for his lack of courage in 1963, for his failure to march with Dr. King. It was an enormous and very personal work. Raines interviewed scores of people who had played a role in the civil-rights movement. His then wife, Susan Woodley Raines, whom he had married in 1969 and with whom he had two sons—Ben, now 31 and a reporter for an Alabama newspaper, and Jeffrey, 29, lead guitarist for Galactic, a New Orleans funk band—put her photography career on hold to transcribe all the interviews. "That book was a labor of love," says Jon Meacham, the managing editor of *Newsweek,* whose own book on the civil-rights era, *Voices in Our Blood,* was published earlier this year. A powerful, heartbreaking, and deeply compassionate book, *My Soul Is Rested* is also a work without ego in which Raines lets those who participated in the civil-rights movement tell their stories entirely in their own voices. "It is his best work," says a friend. "And it always will be."

Raines was first nominated for a Pulitzer Prize for his reporting on Jimmy Carter's 1976 presidential campaign in the *St. Petersburg Times.* He didn't win, but that work is what brought him to the attention of *The New York Times.* Jim Wooten, now a senior correspondent for ABC News, covered Carter's run for the *Times* and was so impressed with Raines's work that he urged his editors to hire him. "There was a passion there," Wooten says. "He was a damn good writer [and] he was a good reporter." In 1978, *The New York Times* finally hired him to work for its Atlanta bureau, and a year later he was running it. In 1980 he returned to the campaign trail, to cover Ronald Reagan's presidential run, and when Reagan was inaugurated, Raines moved to the *Times*'s Washington, D.C., bureau, to cover the White House.

Washington was a major step up for Raines. The paper's outpost in the capital is the most important and powerful bureau of the *Times,* and the source of some of its most dramatic power struggles. During the last 50 years it has, at moments, operated almost autonomously from the paper's headquarters in New York. Its bureau chiefs and political columnists, most notably James "Scotty" Reston, have been the confidants of presidents—and occasionally have been accused of being too cozy with their sources. Two of its chiefs, Reston and Frankel, have become the paper's executive editor. Even today its reporters can produce almost half of the stories that fill the *Times*'s front page.

Raines appears not to have been very happy in his first few years in Washington. He was troubled by Reagan—whose administration, he wrote years later, was dedicated to "making life harder for citizens who were not born rich"—and he was restless personally. His marriage was shaky. By 1983 he began to feel depressed, "trudging to the White House" to do a job "that felt like stenography," he wrote later. Raines wanted something more, and in 1985, when he was appointed to the number-two spot at the bureau, he got it.

Raines made an excellent deputy, peo-

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ple say, to the bureau's chief, Bill Kovach. "Howell was *so* wired into Washington," one reporter recalls. "Very competitive [on stories], very shrewd." Raines and Kovach, a tough, highly respected newsman who was also a southerner, were close for a while, and very similar. "Bill is very macho... and Howell is a little bit of a caricature of him," one *Times* editor says. "All the huntin' and fishin' and Panama hats." In 1986, however, the two men began to move in different directions. By then, Kovach's already strained relationship with the top editors in New York was at its breaking point. There were long absences from the office. "He was a mess," the editor recalls. Raines stepped into the breach and, acting as bureau chief, took over Kovach's responsibilities. "Howell covered beautifully and *loved* it," the editor says. One former *Times* reporter puts it more bluntly: "Howell used Bill."







CHANGING *TIMES*
Clockwise from above: retiring executive editor Joseph Lelyveld, 1994; publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., 1999; Raines rival Bill Keller, 1999.

When Abe Rosenthal stepped down in the fall of 1986, Max Frankel succeeded him, and Kovach resigned, because, people say, he had expected to get Rosenthal's job. Raines made no secret of the fact that he expected to get Kovach's. But instead of naming Raines to run the bureau, Frankel sent him to London—"to get some foreign experience," says Frankel, "which he hadn't had." "Howell was *furious*," one editor recalls. "He didn't like to be told what to do. It was a combustible time. Howell would take everyone to lunch and whine about his crisis. His southern persona was very much on display; it was very dramatic. He was very open about it. He was talking about taking a job away from the *Times*."

Raines did go to London, one of the newspaper's cushier overseas assignments, but he was back running the Washington bureau the following year. An experiment in which three people—Craig R. Whitney, R. W. Apple Jr., and Judith Miller—had shared in running the bureau had not worked out. "Sooner than expected, we needed Howell back here, in Washington," Frankel says.

Within a short time Raines pulled the bureau together. As had been the case when he was the acting chief, he was regarded by many as a brilliant editor. Under his tutelage "star" writers such as Alessandra Stanley, Michael Kelly, and Maureen Dowd produced some of the liveliest writing in the *Times*. He nurtured them, and they in turn were devoted to him—most notably Dowd, who got a column after he took over the editorial page, and with whom he is said by a former girlfriend to have had a "very intense" relationship. "He'd call her and wander away into reverie. I could never meet her," this woman recalls. "It was ongoing and very secretive."

Raines and Sulzberger "both have this pleasure in rocking boats. And they both have this reverence for the *Times*."

Raines was harsher with the reporters he didn't consider "stars." He either criticized them sharply or ignored them. "We probably lost some people we shouldn't have because he misjudged them," says one reporter who is a Raines fan. "Half the bureau were out in space.... People he just wrote off and didn't pay attention to."

As bureau chief Raines got his first taste of real power, and he took to it in ways that some journalists thought was unseemly for one of their own. He was lampooned in *Spy* magazine, portrayed as a temperamental diva, who demanded that his assistants, at the first sign of rain, pick up his ficus tree and race it outside to be watered, and who once made his secretary call nearly every restaurant in Washington to find out which one was serving shad roe before he set off in the company car for lunch. "It's something I've always regarded as a danger, particularly when you get to be semi-prominent... exploiting journalism in a selfish and self-aggrandizing way," says one senior journalist who is a former friend of Raines's. "You got the impression from Howell that he had moved on to a rather exalted plateau from which he could operate in a different way, that he was breathing air not available to the rest of us."

Raines also had his personal problems. His marriage was ending, and, as he wrote in 1993, he had become afraid of one of his bosses in New York. (Some people surmise it was executive editor Max Frankel.) To calm himself he stuck a note with an old Cheyenne-warrior battle cry beside his intercom. "It is a good day to die," it read. Eventually he realized the phrase was not about death at all, but about overcoming fear—it was "about freedom," he wrote. And indeed, it seems that once he let go he began to soar.

In the spring of 1992, shortly before he was offered the editorial-page job, Raines finally won a Pulitzer Prize. It was for a personal memoir entitled "Grady's Gift," which Raines had written for the *Times* magazine about his relationship with Grady Hutchinson, his family's black maid. Within the *Times* and among journalists in general, there was astonishment when the prize was awarded to the piece. On technical grounds, many said that it was neither an example of rigorous reporting nor a showcase for Raines's best writing. "It was *very* divisive," recalls one *Times* editor. Some people felt that it was profoundly moving; others felt that it was "toe-curling," says this editor—patronizing, self-congratulatory, and exploitative of Hutchinson. The article—often referred to now as "the mammy story" or "Driving Master Howell"—was not at first considered as a Pulitzer candidate. According to a person who worked at the magazine, its editors "didn't want to offer it to the Pulitzer committee" and did so only after "pressure came from above."

If Raines was going to rise higher at the newspaper, he had to have a Pulitzer. Some journalists suggest that Raines's was one of those instances when the award is given to someone not for his best work but because the entire body of his work is

Whoopi Goldberg reading PETER PAN.

being recognized. "Was it a dark horse? Yeah," says Alex Jones. "But it happens all the time. Everyone knows there's some politicking involved on the Pulitzers, in all directions."

"I want to warn you," says Arthur Gelb of Raines's critics. "A lot of people, when they get into power, people like to knock them down. There are a lot of jealousies and people who favor one candidate over another," he says. "People have axes to grind, and there are a lot of axes."

Last December, Lelyveld told Arthur Sulzberger that he wanted to retire early—in September, some seven months before his 65th birthday. One reason, associates say, is that he wanted to spend more time with his wife, Carolyn, who had been ill. The other, they say, is that Lelyveld had become frustrated by the tension over the succession and wanted to end it. Never a fan of Raines's, he had been pushing hard for Keller, and had hoped that Sulzberger would back him, although, people say, he knew it was a long shot.

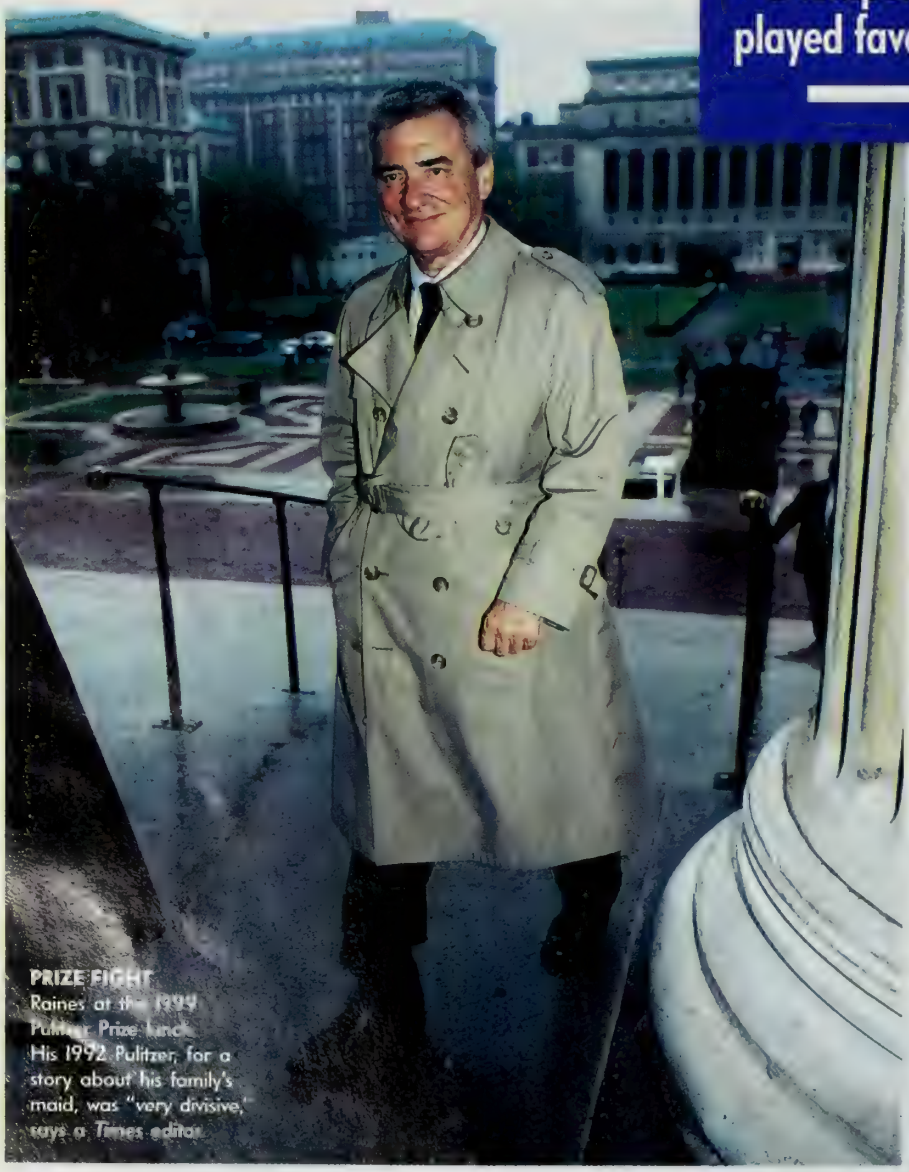
There was much talk that Raines got the job simply because, at 58, he is six years older than Keller and his tenure would therefore be shorter. Sulzberger, people believed, was viscerally opposed to having an editor stay around more than five or six years, having seen the dramas and the damage done to morale at the paper toward the end of the mercurial and capricious Abe Rosenthal's 17-year reign.

The real reason for Sulzberger's choice, others say, is rooted in the deep relationship that Raines has forged with the publisher over the last eight years. Sulzberger was only 41 years old when he appointed Raines to the editorial-page job in the fall of 1992. Sulzberger had just become the paper's publisher earlier that year, inheriting the post from his father. He had come into the job, as his father had, not feeling entirely confident that he would be taken seriously. But where his father had been "calm, low-keyed, deceptively strong," as Tifft and Jones wrote in *The New Yorker,* his son was more brash and undiplomatic about asserting himself. He was determined to put his stamp on the *Times,* to make the paper livelier and more appealing to younger readers. Among other things, "Arthur wanted a more pugnacious editorial page, and he got it," says Jones.

"He's doing everything he can, including shaving off the hard edges: that he had a temper and played favorites."

Raines was Sulzberger's first major appointment on the editorial side. Tired of news deadlines, being "hooked to the clock," and feeling as though "I'd become a volcano of opinions," as Raines has said, he had approached Sulzberger about writing a column. He hesitated when Sulzberger offered him the editorial page, concerned that the job was a career cul-de-sac. But Sulzberger told him he wanted to change the role of editorial-page editor, to give him more power in the day-to-day operations, more stature in the paper's management structure—in effect, to put him on a par with the executive editor. That convinced Raines. "Howell told me that one of the main reasons he took the job was that he would be in the highest echelons of the paper's leadership," says Jones. And he was, becoming part of Sulzberger's inner circle, his "Brain Trust," which also included Lelyveld and Janet Robinson, the paper's president and general manager.

"Howell has played Arthur from day one," says one senior person at the *Times,* echoing the opinion of a number of people who watched the Raines-Sulzberger relationship flower. "Arthur was a little insecure about his intellectual capabilities, and that's where Howell has been very clever, filling in the gaps," says a person who knows both men. He was, says another senior *Times* person, "the perfect courtier," a man who devoted himself to understanding the likes, dislikes, plans, and fears of the young publisher, who made sure he was always there to support him. While critics accuse Raines of sycophancy, his friends say this view is



PRIZE FIGHT Raines at the 1999 Pulitzer Prize lunch. His 1992 Pulitzer, for a story about his family's maid, was "very divisive," says a *Times* editor.

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HOWELL ON THE PROWL
Raines with novelist Jane Stanton Hitchcock, 1993; *below*, *Times* columnist Maureen Dowd, 1999.

unkind. "Howell is very close to Arthur," says one friend. "He genuinely likes him."

If the two men could be said to mirror each other's arrogance and self-righteousness, friends believe that Raines and Sulzberger are by nature more similar than they might appear, given their backgrounds. "They both have this pugnacious and contrarian streak," says Jones, "and this pleasure in rocking boats. And they both have this reverence for *The New York Times;* when Howell starts talking about it, it's almost moving. They have both also had to grow up in their jobs, and they both have."

In late February, pressed by growing speculation in the press about the succession, Sulzberger told Lelyveld, Raines, and Keller that he would begin his official "search" on March 1. During the spring Sulzberger met with Raines and Keller separately to talk with them about the job, although sources say that Sulzberger appeared to have made up his mind already and was meeting with Keller only as a favor to Lelyveld.

"He'd call Maureen Dowd and wander away into a reverie. I could never meet her," recalls a former girlfriend.



On Friday, May 18, Sulzberger told Raines and Keller in separate meetings at his home that Raines was his choice. He is said to have also decided by then to make Gerald Boyd, a deputy managing editor, the next managing editor, the job for which Lelyveld had twice passed him over. Sulzberger asked that his decisions remain secret until he was ready to announce them during the summer. Over the weekend, however, the news leaked out, reportedly from the Washington bureau. Raines, according to colleagues, revealed his promotion to Maureen Dowd, who then told the Washington-bureau chief, Jill Abramson. By Saturday night, at a party for *Times* investigative reporter Kurt Eichenwald, Raines's new job was an open secret. On Monday, Sulzberger was forced to announce it in a hastily called meeting.

The general reaction in the newsroom was: "Everyone clapped and everyone thought, How does this affect me, and then went back to work. It was almost brutal how quickly it was done. There was no outrage. There is curiosity, because we don't know Howell," says a newsroom veteran. The only real upset occurred among the senior staff, which was full of disappointed Keller supporters. Their biggest worry is that with the appointment Sulzberger is angling for more control over the newsroom, and that in Raines he has a yes-man.

At presstime it was unclear whether Keller would stay at the *Times,* despite Sulzberger's assurances he would. The most disappointed person is said not to be Keller, however, but Lelyveld, whose remarks on May 21 were subjected to parsing for hidden meanings. He talked about how honored he had felt to have been the best man at Keller's 1999 wedding, but he said that over time Keller had been *his* best man. Was he trying to say Keller would have been the best man for the job, some Keller supporters wondered.

"Bill had a larger constituency in the newsroom," says one *Times* editor who favored Raines. "Howell has never worked in the newsroom. It is a very complex place with a lot of layers. There are people who want to see Howell succeed, but not enough. His constituency is a handful of people, and I don't think many are current editors. He'll have to build a team."

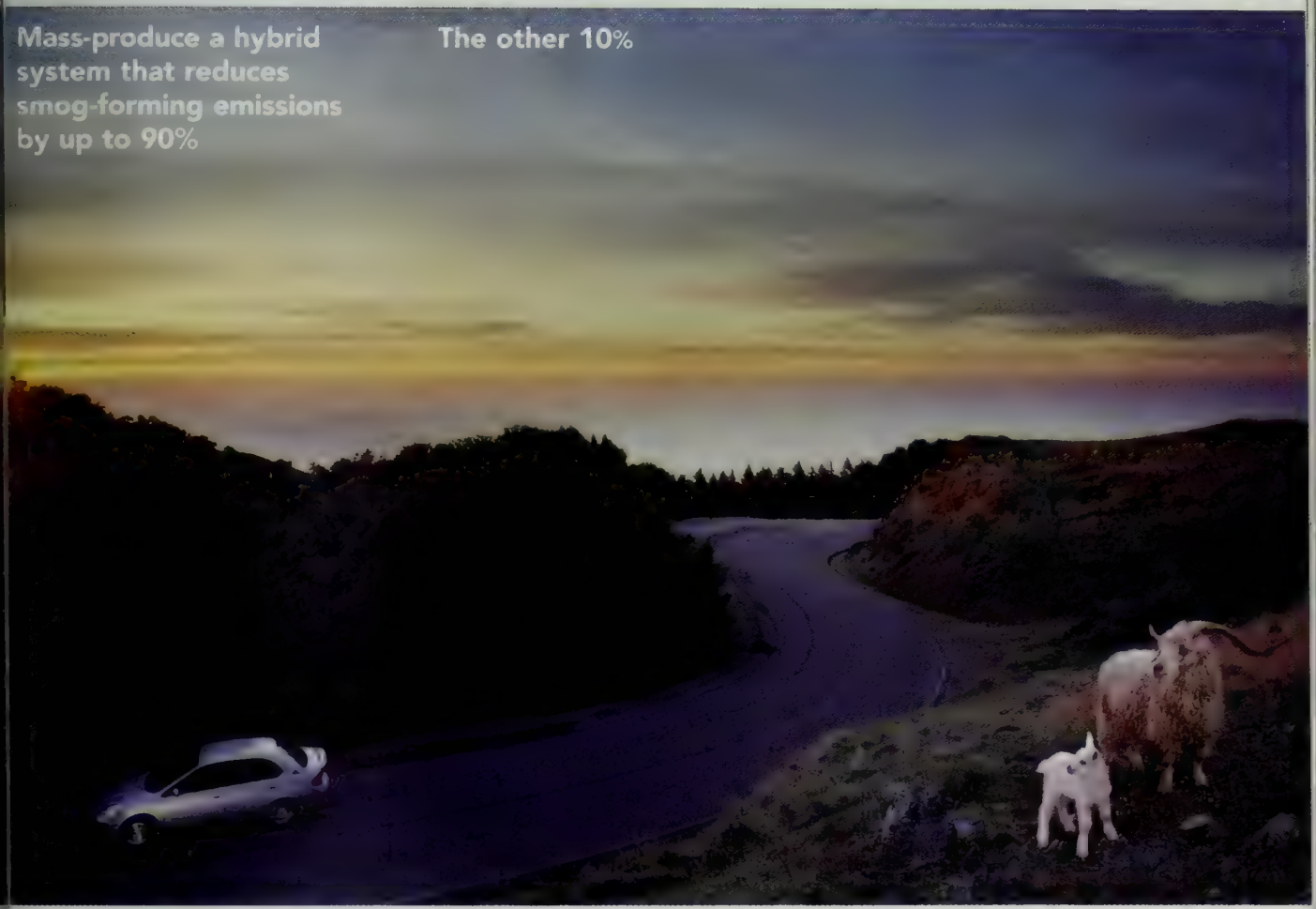
Raines wants to build a team, his friends say, and he's been trying to do so for some time. "He's been doing everything he can, including shaving off the hard edges people complained about: that he had a temper, that he played favorites," says Alex Jones. "Anything that might have been an obstacle, he's tackled." At *Times* functions, his only real chances to mingle with the news staff, "he was never off duty," says one editor. "He was always trying to get to know people, to learn. He doesn't look around the room to see who else he could be talking to, which is not true of all these guys. You don't get the bum's rush because Maureen Dowd is in the room."

Raines has also taken a lower profile socially. Gone are the days that earned him the nickname "Howell on the Prowl," for his enthusiastic pursuit of attractive, connected, and wealthy New York women. Since his divorce he has been linked with the novelist Jane Stanton Hitchcock, former *V.F.* contributing editor Nancy Collins, and the artist Lindsay McCrum. He still dates, but mentions of his romances no longer surface in the tabloids.

One thing is sure: *The New York Times* with Howell Raines at the helm will be a different *Times.* "Howell has got this *confidence,*" says one *Times* reporter. "He's got the X factor," says a prominent journalist. "Lelyveld has been a good presence," says another journalist. "Howell will be very interesting, a much bigger presence and personality in the newsroom."

And how will being the head of the *Times* affect Raines? It will be interesting to see. He has made a career of criticizing and judging, so much so that his ex-wife once said, "He just always wants to bring people down who are in power." How will he behave now that he is one of them? □

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VANITIES



Zooey Deschanel

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **PEDIGREE:** Daughter of director and Oscar-nominated cinematographer Caleb Deschanel. **ALMOST FAMOUS:** In Cameron Crowe's movie of the same name, playing the rebellious, sagelike sister and stewardess. "I'm not a very shy person, but I was just completely speechless working with Cameron." **LIKE MARILYN MONROE, SHE BRINGS NIETZSCHE TO THE SET:** "When I was making [Barry Sonnenfeld's] *Big Trouble* in Miami, I had all this time, so I was like, Why not make this time like school? So I bought a book of word problems, and I would have a novel and some sort of philosophical book—something by Sartre or Nietzsche." Out this fall, *Big Trouble* stars Johnny Knoxville, Tim Allen, and Rene Russo. **WHY SHE'S OPEN TO ADVICE ON WHAT ROLES TO TAKE:** "I'm the worst at picking which movies are going to do well. I have no idea. I'm really surprised if a movie I like does well." **STILL, SHE HAS GOOD FEELINGS ABOUT:** *The New Guy*, with DJ Qualls, about "a really nerdy kid at high school who decides to get a makeover, change high schools, and become popular. I play his nerdy friend. I liked that part because I was this nerdy girl and I could relate." —KRISTA SMITH

2001

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERS OVERGAARD

Nan Darien

Mad about the boys! Nan sharpens her gaydar on a trend-spotting trip to fabulous Millbrook

I don't know if you saw the *In Style* interview with *Angel* star **David Boreanaz,** wherein the somewhat slow-witted hunk said, "When filming, I don't wear my glasses—I can see, but I hit my head sometimes." Well, my dear, I laughed so hard I practically tasted my own bile. Absolutely *killing.* I'd found the magazine on a wicker hutch in the bathroom of my friends Prescott and Massimo's country house up in Millbrook; the three of us spent the rest of the weekend giving dramatic recitations of the Boreanaz interview—complete with head bumping—and then referring to various of the people we know in common as "bumpers." *Such* fun; I've found my inner homosexual, and no target is too small for his caviling, jaundiced wit.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. You see, I'd gone up to the country with Prescott and his gorgeous companion, Massimo—who can speak four languages and sulk in five—for a reason. It is my firm conviction that, if you want a preview of our nation's upcoming cultural shifts and trends, you must look to the gays: they are our bellwether, our ground zero; they're a human laboratory absolutely *teeming* with vitality. So, having spent 54 hours in the presence of "the boys," I will now report. Here is what the country will be doing in nine months' to a year's time: removing all fallen trees and branches from the lawn and woods while screaming, "No horizontals!"; referring to anything with a slightly puffy head and a scrawny body—e.g., a broccoli plant, a chicken—as a "Zellweger"; coating terra-cotta planters with buttermilk to incite heavy mossing; wondering if the strangely disheveled six-year-old who lives next door is perpetually windstrewn or whether she has gone to a salon and asked for a "make-under"; and bewildering local merchants with requests for Thai basil. I love it! You're **Martha Stewart,** but with dialogue by **Tallulah Bankhead!**

After dinner on Saturday (sweet-potato gnocchi dusted with fennel pollen), we played that game where you think up new lyrics to **Cole Porter's** "You're the Top." The boys and their friends were very taken by Massimo's rather naughty entry ("You're the furry box / Of **Courteney Cox** / On *Frieeeeeeeeends*"), but I remained loyal to my own creation ("You're Lutèce, you're Babbo / You're Chardonnay, you're Cab / ernaaaaaay"). But I suppose the one with the most staying power was Prescott's ("You're Boreanaz, as discussed / You're all concussed / You've swellllllllllled").

Over brunch on Sunday (brioche French toast dusted with fennel pollen), I asserted my theory that homosexuals are our cultural Nostradami, and cited as evidence ecstasy, the editorial staff of Random House, and the air of superiority that permeates the *Weakest Link.* "Hmm . . . Well, we weren't in on the **Harry Potter** thing," Pres said. "Oh, pul-leeze," Massimo countered. "Elton *re-drew* the prescription-eyewear map." Then Pres thought aloud, "Or what about the scooter craze?" To which Massimo said, "Rollerblades? *Hello?*" "I guess you're right," Pres said, flipping up his Lacoste collar so it resembled a startlingly erect ruff, or a shield against neck-directed sneezes. "I just had no idea I was avant-garde."

"No, *you're* not avant-garde, honey," Massimo told him. "The *community* is. You're just garde. You're *après,* and occasionally *jamais.*"

I have seen the future, and it is slightly bitchy.



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

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Intelligence Report: THE WASHINGTON ESTABLISHMENT



	PRESIDENT	FRESHMAN SENATOR	HOSTESS	PUNDIT	COUNSELOR to the PRES
LIVES AT ...	1600 Pennsylvania Avenue	Embassy Row	Georgetown	Cleveland Park	Kent
TRAINING GROUND	Andover spirit squad		*Washington Post* "Style" section	*Harvard Crimson*	Local TV news reporter
ROLE MODEL	◀ Gerald Ford	Eleanor Roosevelt	Sally Quinn	Howard Fineman	Karen Hughes
HOBBY	Computer golf	Seeking redemption	Ikebana ▶	Scanning for own name in *Hotline*	
LUNCH	Fajitas in West Wing private dining room ▶	Blue Stone Café	Butterfield 9	West 24 (owned by James Carville)	The Oval Room
DINNER	Peanut butter and jelly in bed	Bombay Club	Restaurant Nora	The Palm	Austin Grill
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	Chronic butt patter	Nurse Ratched glare	Refuses to serve red wine ◀ at large parties	Teacher's pet	Rasputin-like grip c commander in chie
BÊTE NOIRE	White House chef puts alcohol in fancy sauces ▶	Getting stuck in senators' elevator with Strom Thurmond	Where to seat Christopher Hitchens	Past predictions	"We're making the right de to bring the solution to arm —G. W. Bush, April 10, 2
BIG COOL FRIEND	"41"	Carly Simon ▶	Katharine Graham ▶	John McCain ▶	Michael Powell
LITTLE BUDDY	Vicente Fox	Senator Maria Cantwell	Elsa Walsh	CNBC booker	Noelia Rodrigue
PICKUP LINE	"Wanna see where Dick Cheney hit me?"	"My husband's in Africa."	"Tell me again how you told off Brezhnev."	"Was my scalp showing on *Hardball*?"	"Wanna see what I lea the private sector?
ACCESSORY	◀ Speak & Spell	$2,340 soup tureen	Cheese straws and crispy bacon	Vanity Web site	Travel defibrillato
SEEKS AFFAIR WITH ...	"I'm not answering any more questions about that time of my life."	◀ Tim Russert	Donald Rumsfeld ▶	Katharine Graham	"I'm not answerin more questions abo time of my life
EVENT OF THE YEAR	Gets to stay up and play with "the Football" on birthday	"No Joking, We're Smoking" Senate BBQ	Bob Woodward's book party	"Tom Brokaw quoting my zinger."	Margaret Tutwile ◀ going-away part
HAIR	Right-parted and de-kinked	◀ ▶	Highlighted and volumized by George's at the Four Seasons	George Will part	Blow-and-go fro Bubbles Salon
DELUSION OF GRANDEUR	"Ain't no one laughing at me now."	Inspiration to America's youth	"I am more powerful than any 10 senators combined."	Smarty-pants look not just a fad	◀ Completing t Gingrich Revol

—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER



THINK OF IT AS UPGRADING YOUR CONTACTS.

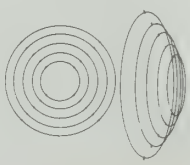
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SPEED DIAL THIERRY KLEMENIUK

What is it with these European rakes? They come here, take over the Upper East Side of Manhattan, flirt with our women, wear their little scarves, work in "merchant banks." One of them, **Thierry Klemeniuk,** last seen assisting **Patrick Demarchelier** on shoots, propelling Bananarama to stardom, and operating the Miami Beach club Bash, is opening a branch of his Paris restaurant, Man Ray, in New York this month. Klemeniuk is aided by partners **Johnny Depp, Sean Penn, John Malkovich, Harvey Weinstein,** and, most important, his dueling Sanyo and Motorola cell phones—good for arranging projects such as Man Ray Beach, a complex of Moroccan-style tents fronting the Carlton for the Cannes Film Festival. Penn is curiously low down on his speed dial (No. 12). "He's on the set; I don't want to bother him. But we're very good friends." Klemeniuk calls Simply Red singer **Mick Hucknall,** No. 5, his best friend. "We're shrinks to each other." A millennium New Year's Eve party on Bali was staged with club impresario **Mark Baker** (No. 11), lately of Lotus fame. While **Chris Hanley,** producer with Klemeniuk of **Larry Clark's** film *Bully*, gets his own space at No. 7, the next slot is reserved for an entire subspecies: "My ex-girlfriends. They call and say, 'I have a problem with my boyfriend—what do I do!?' They're all models or actresses. It's not my fault." We don't blame you, Thierry. But won't opening a restaurant in America in summer mean . . . missing Saint-Tropez? "I work in this business all year—what's the point to go on the beach and see all my clients?" he says. But there is always Southampton. "Yes, but," he insists, "the Hamptons is the weekend. It's not vacation." —MARC GOODMAN



NIGHT TABLE READING

PAT KIERNAN
morning-news host, NY1



Airport, by Arthur Hailey (Berkley). "I've been an airline passenger hundreds of times, and there are things I never knew until I read this book. There's probably a better way to learn these things, but it's more fun to hear it straight from Mel Bakersfield and his fine staff at Lincoln Airport."

MARIAN SELDES
actress, The Play About the Baby



The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay, by Michael Chabon (Random House). "On the day the Pulitzer Prizes were announced, I was reading it. Brian Murray, who plays The Man in *The Play About the Baby*, gave it to me when we opened. What a gift!"

JANCEE DUNN
MTV2 V.J., writer

1886 Professional Criminals of America, by Inspector Thomas Byrnes (Lyons Press). "A fascinating collection of 19th-century police case studies: sneaks, dishonest servants, and other Victorian crooks."




perrier
In America.



The Making of

When 22-year-old Josh Hartnett got a leading role i
he also got a truckload of scrutiny—and advice—from Hollywood veteran
Kate Beckinsale, Cuba Gooding Jr., and Alec Baldwin, the movi
media onslaught? The hordes of screaming teens? Halfway around th
BRUCE HANDY found Hartnett confronti

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN

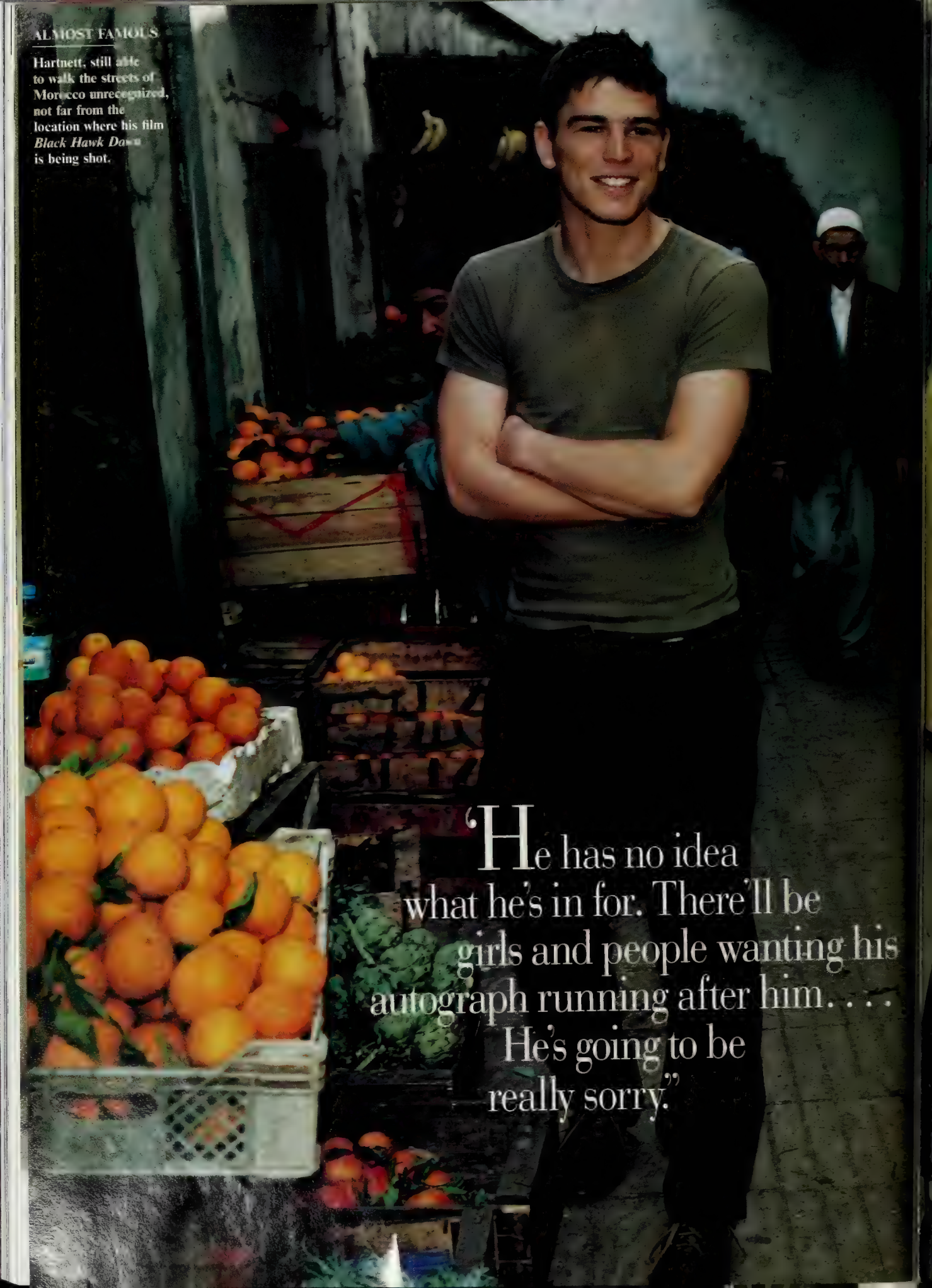


E KID
ST LIKELY TO

Hartnett, photographed at
Rabat Hilton, in Rabat,
occo, on February 24, 2001.
uarantee you this kid will
movie star," says *Pearl Harbor*'s
ctor, Michael Bay, who,
ust be noted, has a vested
est in that happening.
still.

Josh Hartnett

ichael Bay's $135 million war epic, *Pearl Harbor*,
ith the highest planned budget ever and a cast that includes Ben Affleck,
d blockbuster written all over it. Was this kid ready for the
orld, on the Moroccan set of Ridley Scott's *Black Hawk Down*,
ery actor's dream—and nightmare



ALMOST FAMOUS

Hartnett, still able to walk the streets of Morocco unrecognized, not far from the location where his film *Black Hawk Down* is being shot.

"He has no idea what he's in for. There'll be girls and people wanting his autograph running after him. . . . He's going to be really sorry."



"It will change your life," his producer Jerry Bruckheimer told him last year while they were making the film *Pearl Harbor.* His director, Michael Bay, told him the same thing. So did his co-star Ben Affleck. What they meant by "it" was: starring in a movie they hope is currently well on its way to becoming a worldwide blockbuster, a movie that will not only mint money but also latch onto the global consciousness with a death grip, dictating the dreams of ticket-buying mobs from Kansas City to Seoul to Caracas (though perhaps not Tokyo). A movie that will virtually overnight make an international movie star out of a comparative unknown—who, in this case, would be Josh Hartnett, a kid whose dark good looks are of the type usually referred to as brooding, and whose eyes, though squinty, can read on film as having profoundly soulful depths. Which is a true, inexplicable gift, like perfect pitch or the ability to multiply 13-figure sums in your head.

"It will change your life." The 22-year-old actor heard these words again and again, which must have been annoying and daunting and, of course, exhilarating. At the time, Hartnett had made a grand total of seven films, only four of which had then been released, dating back to 1998's *Halloween: H2O.* His agreeable performances in that film—in which he gave a flirty spin to lines such as "Run!"—and in *The Faculty,* another teen horror movie released the same year, prompted *Seventeen* magazine to name him "the unofficial Hottie of Horror," despite the fact that he appeared in both pictures with a chunky bowl haircut out of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest.* To audiences above the age of 25, he was arguably best known before *Pearl Harbor* for his role in *The Virgin Suicides,* the 1999 film in which his portrayal of the coolest, cockiest, sexiest kid in a suburban high school, not to mention the way he filled out a red velvet tuxedo (the film was set in the 1970s), made him something of an art-house pinup boy. The director, Sofia Coppola, even gave him a campy movie-star

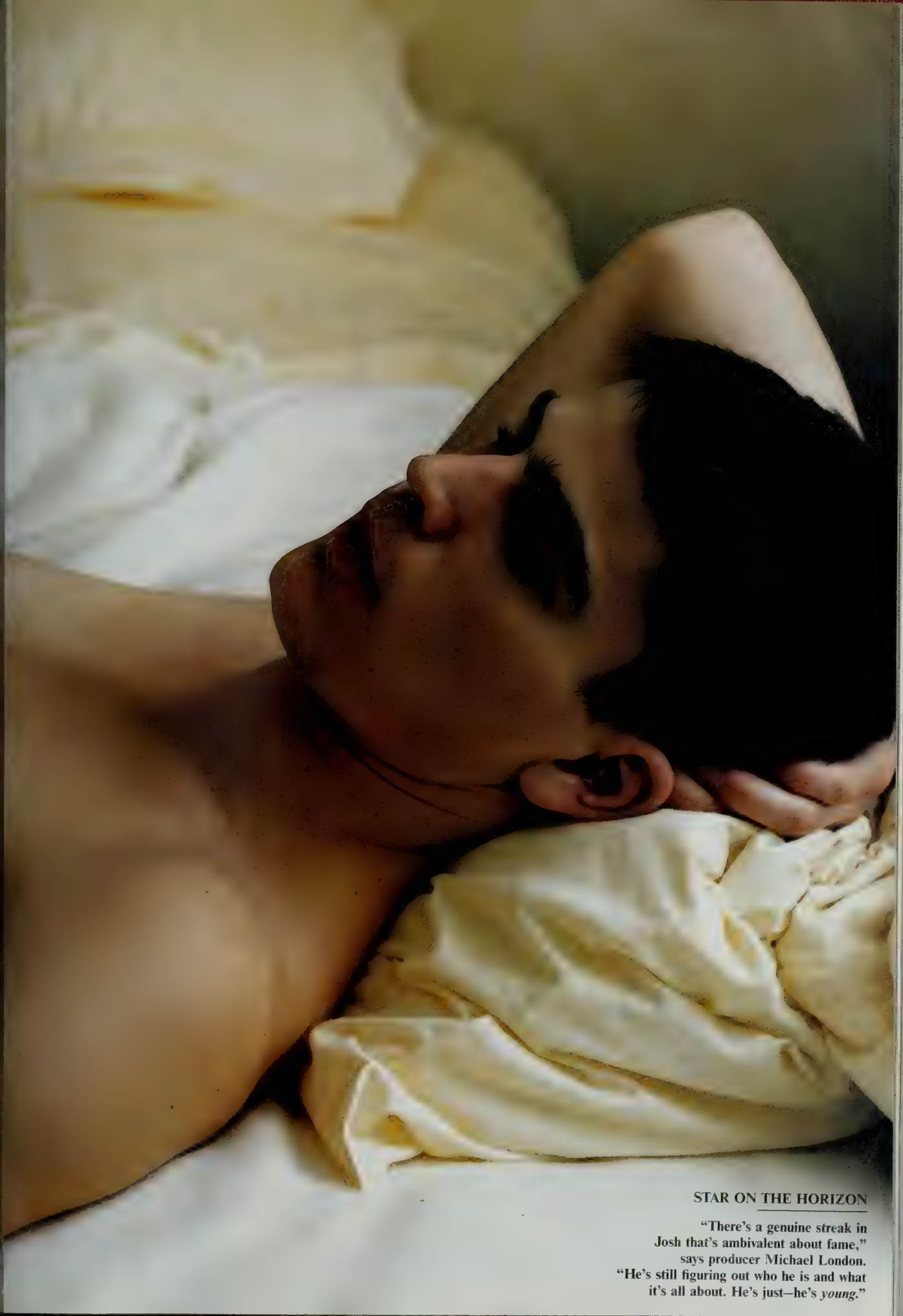
entrance, leaning him against a muscle car and slowly panning up from his black cowboy boots to his puka shells, orange-tinted aviators, and Bobby Sherman wig. On the soundtrack was Heart's "Magic Man." "We had to make him an icon," says Coppola, who likens the scene to a "bad commercial." The brilliance of Hartnett's performance was that he played the part as if he were playing a movie star, full of vanity and fear.

But there is stardom and then there is stardom. "What was it, the teenager movie he did?" is how Michael Bay—not the most politic of interview subjects—unintentionally sums up Hartnett's career to date. Bay was the director, previously, of such blockbusters as *Armageddon* and *The Rock,* movies that look like good, slick, very expensive commercials. His *Pearl Harbor* is a wartime epic, as hokey as it is spectacular, with an original price tag of $135 million—the highest budgeted-for budget in movie history. It aims to be *Titanic* with Japanese Zeros taking the place of the iceberg: Hartnett's and Affleck's characters, childhood friends and fellow fighter pilots, are caught up in a tragic love triangle with a navy nurse played by the English actress Kate Beckinsale. The film, which also stars Cuba Gooding Jr. and Alec Baldwin, was released by Disney's Touchstone Pictures on Memorial Day weekend; if all goes according to plan, by the Fourth of July, Josh Hartnett will be a product-moving, culture-bridging heartthrob on the order of Leonardo DiCaprio, or thereabouts.

"I guarantee you this kid will be a movie star with this movie," Bay told me before its release. One should note that he had a vested interest in saying so, but also that if he didn't believe it to be true he wouldn't have hired Hartnett in the first place. According to one source, the actor tested higher with preview audiences—particularly girls—than any of his co-stars. Perhaps this is partly because in *Pearl Harbor* he finally has a decent haircut. Unfortunately, neither he nor the rest of the cast have much in the way of characters to play: more telegraphed than written, the romantic story line lacks even the pulpy energy that made *Titanic* work. But, when not overshadowed by the hunks of exploding battleship and fighter plane that continually fly toward the camera, Hartnett finds what humanity he can playing the part Ronald Reagan would have once played. He doesn't grab the audience so much as draw it in, a welcome pool of stillness amid the expert whizzing and smashing and flying apart.

"There's a CONTINUED ON PAGE 13





STAR ON THE HORIZON

"There's a genuine streak in Josh that's ambivalent about fame," says producer Michael London. "He's still figuring out who he is and what it's all about. He's just—he's *young*."

Scenes from a Marriage

Explaining the bitter flameout of Al Gore and Bill Clinton's partnership is crucial to understanding why Gore is not president today. From the outside the relationship seemed remarkably successful, a pragmatic bonding of opposites that survived such strains as the Hillary factor, the Buddhist-temple finance scandal, and the Lewinsky revelations. MARJORIE WILLIAMS gets insiders from both camps to talk—and talk—about what went wrong: the brewing tension between GoreWorld and ClintonWorld, the Lady Macbeth role of Gore-campaign adviser Naomi Wolf, and the deep psychological need that drove Gore to destroy the relationship

January 6 may have been the worst day of Al Gore's life. He spent the early afternoon in the chamber of the House of Representatives, presiding with fortitude over the joint session of Congress that certified the presidential victory of his opponent, George W. Bush. After almost two hours of that, he patiently signed his autograph on tally sheets and admission tickets for a stream of pages, spectators, and even senators, former colleagues who stood in line to collect evidence that they had been present when, for the first time in 40 years, a vice president had to ratify the election of his opponent.

Then he went back to the White House, to a party in a vast white tent on the South Lawn that gathered staffers from all eight years of the Clinton-Gore administration for one last hurrah. The Clintons arrived at the party on the famous bus that had borne the Clintons and the Gores on their triumphal cross-country campaign trip of 1992; Al and Tipper Gore arrived later.

Gore got a rousing ovation when he came in, but it was hard not to notice something strange about the long, elaborate program the White House staff had organized. It had

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


G SUFFERING
ond between the two
as always oversold.
on drove Gore nuts,"
ns a former aide.

testimonials from men and women who had served in every part of Clinton's presidency—his personal assistants, his political consultants, even Hillary Clinton's chiefs of staff. The tributes went on and on, interspersed with video clips enumerating Clinton's many trips abroad, his major legislative achievements, his political victories. The only thing the program did not include was much mention of Al Gore. "You had to work at not having Gore included in that," says a former White House aide. "They obviously did."

It was a fitting obituary for what had once been the successful partnership of Bill Clinton and Al Gore. The president and vice president were barely on speaking terms by then, after a campaign that had pitted the two men and their staffs—in many cases, old friends and comrades-in-arms—against each other in a battle of wills.

The pair had faced each other down in a bitter White House meeting, a few days after Gore conceded the election, that matched grievance for grievance. The sit-down, which took place at Gore's request, aired the fury the vice president had been carrying for months, even years. In response, Clinton vented his anger that Gore had refused to run on the record of their administration.







THE HONEYMOONERS

From above: the Clintons and Gores fun it up for the cameras while campaigning in 1992; an always persistent Gore makes sure he's heard at a 1993 conference (no lip-readers, please); Clinton and soon-to-be-famous intern Monica Lewinsky think secret thoughts at a 1996 White House event while Gore grips-and-grins obliviously nearby. *With the economy purring and re-election in the bag, what could possibly go wrong?*

Their fight has been mirrored ever since in acrimonious postmortems among Democrats all over Washington. The Gore side argues that Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky cost Gore the election, and that Clinton compounded his sins with obstructive complaints about the competence of Gore's campaign. The Clinton side argues that Gore bungled a simple campaign he should have won—and, in sidelining Clinton for the duration, showed wretched disloyalty in the bargain.

Clinton has told a confidant that "[Hillary] was able to figure out how to deal with her relationship with me and win by 10 points. *He* should have been able to as well." This source adds, "It was clear [Clinton] was just in total disbelief that Gore had run the kind of campaign he had."

And Gore has complained to associates about Clinton's "trashing his campaign," in the words of one man who has discussed it with Gore. "I think Gore thinks that if it weren't for all the mistakes the president made in the second term he'd be president now."

The break appears complete. As of mid-May, the two men had not spoken since the day of Bush's inauguration. "They're both leading very separate and very busy lives," says Clinton spokeswoman Julia Payne, with the matter-of-fact brightness that Hollywood publicists bring to discussing celebrity divorce.

For eight years we watched the marriage of Bill and Hillary Clinton, marveling at the glue that kept it together, wondering if Bill's misdeeds would finally blow it apart, certain that if the end came it would make for a spectacular explosion.

And all that time, it turns out, we were watching the wrong marriage.

The split between Clinton and Gore presents itself as everything from a personal spat to an ideological divide, from a battle between pollsters and consultants with a huge stake in the question of why Gore lost to a shell-shocked lack of consensus over who will now have the standing to lead the party.

But most accounts of the schism, which assign all of the blame for the break to Gore's repulsion and fury over Clinton's affair with Monica Lewinsky, are somewhat off the mark. "The idea that this relationship just went off the skids when Monica came along, an

"It was all there, in a deep and profound way, long before Monica Lewinsky ever showed up."

Gore said, 'Oh, shocking. As a husband and a father, I just can't stomach this,' is wrong," says a former White House official. "It was all there, in a deep and profound way, long before Monica Lewinsky ever showed up."

Months after the campaign's end, the bitterness of the Clinton-Gore split is vividly present in the language of former aides and associates on both sides, who sound like the children of a bad divorce.

"I'm telling you, these are Zantac moments," says Gore's campaign manager, Donna Brazile, summarizing what it was like to run interference between the Gore campaign and the Clinton White House. "It tore me up. It was personally excruciating."

It is hard to say which side is more withering in its view of the other. Former Gore consultant Bob Boorstin says, "Did we make mistakes? Yes. Would I say that Clinton was the only reason we lost? No. Would I say with absolutely zero doubt in my mind that we would have won the election if Clinton hadn't put his penis in her mouth? Yes. I guarantee it. The guy blew it!"

From the Clinton side: "It's about incompetence," says a close former staffer. "It's unbelievable how [Gore] fucked the Clinton relationship up as it related to his own campaign."

The truth, of course, is that all their complaints have some justice. Here on the far side of the separation, interviews about it have the quality of psychotherapy: time and again, I sat down with a witness to the relationship who, once invited to talk, could scarcely seem to stop. Almost no one would agree to speak for the record, but it is appropriate, in a way, that the story should be narrated by a Greek chorus of former aides and officials. For like many bonds that are described in Washington as warm friendships, this was a relationship heavily mediated—glued together, maintained, and eventually undermined—by staff.

On Clinton's side, this is the story of his generosity to a smart, relentless, ungainly successor—a man who, in exchange for his loyal service, got a political opportunity he could never have had if Clinton hadn't chosen him for vice president and then given him unprecedented authority.

On Gore's side, it is the story of his uneasy alliance with a much greater political talent and much more unruly, undisciplined man than himself. Gore's struggle to serve the two masters of Clinton's need and his own career recapitulated some of the most painful themes of his dutiful, self-dimming life, investing the final disillusionment with an explosive power. "If people are shocked now by the way the relationship hit the skids, they shouldn't be," says a former White House official. "There was an almost unnatural suppression and denial in the first six years."

Ultimately, it is this side of the story that is harder—and more important—to understand. Bill Clinton, as the alpha dog, controlled the terms of the relationship at its founding. But it was Al Gore who insisted on its destruction.

A few scenes from the earliest days of the partnership:

In 1992 the Clinton campaign conducted its vice-presidential search under a cloak of darkest secrecy, smuggling potential candidates through a service entrance of Washington's Capitol Hilton.

When campaign staffer Mark Gearan called Gore's scheduler to set up a meeting, he recalls, "I can remember telling [her], 'We'll be by to pick up the senator at 11.' She said, 'A.M.?' I said, 'No, P.M.' She said, '*P.M.?*' I said, 'Yeah.' From the start, it was an interesting little window into the respective body clocks and approaches of the two men."

Al Gore, the most ordered, most analytical politician you could hope to meet, was stepping onto the ride of his life.

When Bill and Hillary and Al and Tipper embarked on the famous bus ride across America, the media covered "the boys on the bus" as instant friends and boon companions, the foursome as two fun couples on a marvelous double date.

But the friendship was always oversold. "The whole bus tour, the foursome thing, the press really wanted to believe that," says a former White House official. "The press went with it, and there was no reason for the president or the vice president to shoot it down."

Already, Al Gore was learning the special discipline of a partnership with Clinton. Not far into the trip, he had a knockdown fight with Clinton scheduler Susan Thomases, who drew her clout from a close friendship with Hillary, over extending the bus tour. Gore had talked Clinton (or so he thought) into a longer trip than originally planned; Thomases disagreed, and "Clinton crumbled," says a close Gore associate. This was Gore's first clue that in dealing with Clinton you couldn't always trust what you heard. "Invariably, you're going to come away thinking he said yes," says the Gore associate. "It doesn't mean that at all; it just means Clinton isn't going to look you in the eye and say no.... It took a while to kind of refine the language, dealing with Clinton, to get a good understanding that you've got to pin Clinton down, and then you've got to get someone else in the room, to memorialize it."

It's one thing to learn that you're going to need a witness every time the president makes you a promise. But there was something more: Gore's ability to plunge headlong into the role of helper, guide, stalwart sidekick. It took him no time at all to fall into the newlywed's cardinal error of trying to fix his partner—beginning with Clinton's atrocious junk-food diet. "I can remember him getting to an advance person to have only fruit on the buses, for Clinton's weight," says someone who spent time on the bus. "So he was both big brother and little brother, trying to make sure he was eating an apple instead of a Milky Way bar."

Clinton, of course, continued to ask for his Milky Ways. "And, of course, someone would deliver him a Milky Way," continues this source. "But at least it would delay him a stop: at least you'd get to Terre Haute before he had a Milky Way."

Of all the thankless jobs a vice president could be called on to perform, serving as Bill Clinton's superego has to be one of history's most challenging. But that was Gore, loyal son of an outsize southern senator who had methodically raised his namesake to follow in his own footsteps. Gore had spent the first 44 years of his life, with only a few diversions along the way, dutifully fitting himself to the role that had been laid out for him at birth. Al Gore was the reliable boy, the sensible man, the one who steadied the more mercurial souls around him. He brought these lifelong habits to the task of making himself indispensable to Bill Clinton.

"Gore was absolutely determined to make it work.... He knew the ability to get anything done depended directly on the president's goodwill," says Roy Neel, who worked for both men in the White House. "In the early days, there were a hundred reasons to keep that relationship working well."

"Work," almost everyone agrees, is the operative word. "Gore worked his way into a relationship with CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



"... An extremely famous celebrity had requested silence as she was apparently trying to write something for her Seattle show..."

Dear Dame Edna...

Ploughing delicately through a minefield of sticky social situations, DAME EDNA EVERAGE, the renowned Australian mega-star and scholar of the human condition, is thriving in her new role as advice columnist. This month, she renders judgment on air-kissing, phone sex, photographing corpses, and the value of Sinatra at breakfast

Dear Dame Edna,

My wife and I ar on a second honey moon in Seattle. Th other day, we were enjoying a lovely break fast in a bijou hotel and really loving th music on the sound system—it was "Natur Boy," followed by some other big-banc Frank Sinatra favorites with romanti memories for us both. The music wa delightful, and under its influence Dori and I even thought of slipping back t our suite for a little mature recreation Suddenly the music stopped. I asked ou server, Charmaine, why, and sh whispered that an extremel famous celebrity at anothe table had requested silenc as she was apparently try ing to write something fo her Seattle show. We looke across the almost empty din ing room and saw YOU! An with a face like thunder. Certain ly not the glamorous and carin mega-star your publicity ha led us to expect. I called th hostess, Jeanette, and asked for the love ly music to be turned on even louder, an I was not surprised when I saw you sum mon the maître d', Kevin, and demand a explanation. You then stormed out an I believe you have since moved hotels

I was saddened by your conduct, as have always adored you. Who on earth would not enjoy Frank Sinatr with their grapefruit and cereal It is up to mega-stars like you Faye Dunaway, Puff Daddy, an your ilk to set a good example in manner

Sincerely,

An ex-fan, Vancouver, British Columbi

Dear Ex-Fan,

How well I remember that ordinary litt couple in the dining room of my Seattl hotel. I was seated in a secluded booth an halfway through composing a beautifu song (Barry Manilow, Barry Gibb, Barr Bacharach—Burt's brother—all adore my mu sic). For some reason restaurants, even nic restaurants, feel they have to blast diner with lowbrow Vegas-style nightclub caterwau ing while they are attempting to prepar themselves spiritually for the day ahead.

Naturally I had the racket aborted, an I was just getting inspired again when up started, twice as loud, on the instructions those hicks at the other table.

I complained to the management, bu they looked genuinely puzzled. A life accom panied by deafening Muzak is their idea sophistication, and yours too, it seems.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HILARY KNIGHT

If you and your husband can only bond ith Ol' Blue Eyes going full blast over our freshly squeezed, I suggest you take me marriage counseling.

Meanwhile, the world has lost a beauti- l Seattle-inspired ballad which could have t this forgotten little backwater firmly on e international map. If I had been al- wed to finish it, it could also have been a ng which upscale hotels could have used ruin other people's breakfasts.

S. I have since bought this hotel from my d pal the Sultan of Brunei, fired the en- e staff, and trashed the sound system.

ear Dame Edna,

fter lunch recently, an interesting man who normally bids me farewell with social air kiss surprised me with a very ht good-bye kiss on the lips instead. How should I interpret this?

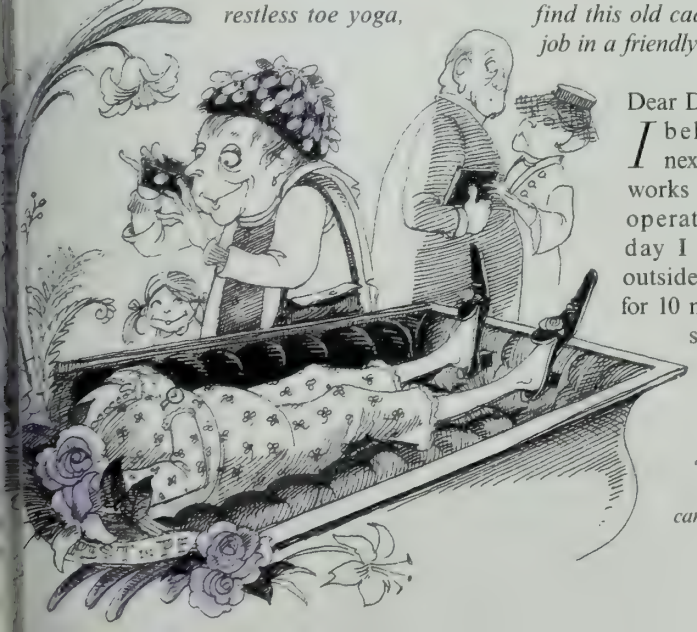
Jennifer, Chicago

ar Jennifer,

Did you know that air kisses are out? ly very new money does them anymore, hey manage to get a table at Swifty's or Cirque. Completely out also is that little Mmmmm" noise people make when they're -kissing, but it's usually people who de- se each other profoundly.

A full-on smack on the chops is what I e people so long as I know roughly where ir lips have been. However, don't get too ited about your recent labial osculator— could have misread your body language.

During a stimulating lunch, are you netimes in the habit of kicking off your molo Blahniks and resting a heel negli- tly on the opposite chair? Is it possible t your dining partner may have still n in that chair, knees akimbo, as your s accidentally explored more than the holstery? He may therefore have seriously misinterpreted your restless toe yoga, in which case you were lucky to get away with a mere peck on the lips.



Dear Dame Edna,

I have a friend Patricia who is getting on in years (close to 85) and who has developed a peculiar hobby: she brings a flash camera to her friends' wakes. Not just any flash camera but an instant camera. She takes pictures of the deceased and then passes the photos around for people to "admire."

Afterward, she displays these pictures, greatly enlarged, at "Seniors in Art" photo exhibitions. She claims there is nothing morbid about taking snaps of the departed. She also says it is a way to judge the hair-and-makeup job done on the corpse so when her time comes she'll know who is the best to hire.

Christine, Saratoga Springs, New York

Dear Christine,

Your friend is suffering from a rare disease known to the medical profession as Paranecropolaroid Syndrome. There are only a few documented cases, one of whom actually managed to get a book published of her spooky stiffscapes!

Inadvertently, my New Zealand bridesmaid Madge Allsop once fell victim to one of these funeral-parlor paparazzi, but that was because the ghoul in question thought that Madge was dead. She was lying by the pool at the Hotel Bel-Air swathed in a shroudlike wrap, and with her usual catatonic facial expression. Madge's plastic surgery does tend to make her look a bit like the work of a backstreet embalmer.

If you still care for Pat, look in the Yellow Pages for a help line, or detach with love and find this old cadaver snapper a job in a friendly morgue.

Dear Dame Edna,

I believe that my next-door neighbor works as a phone-sex operator. The other day I was standing outside her apartment for 10 minutes as I was searching for my keys (I have an enormous purse), and I could hear a voice through the door talking to someone and saying the most shocking things—things she would do with her tongue and various body parts in positions she couldn't even do if she were a Cirque du Soleil acrobat.

Of course I am shocked and disgusted that this is happening right next door to me, but maybe I'm old-fashioned. What do you think of phone sex?

Laura, Asheville, North Carolina

Dear Laura,

Call me old-fashioned, but I don't quite get the point of phone sex. What on earth could your neighbor have been saying? My late husband and I had a wonderful marriage, and on the odd occasion when we did perform a tasteful act of intimacy there was certainly no chatting involved; on the contrary, you could have heard a pin drop.

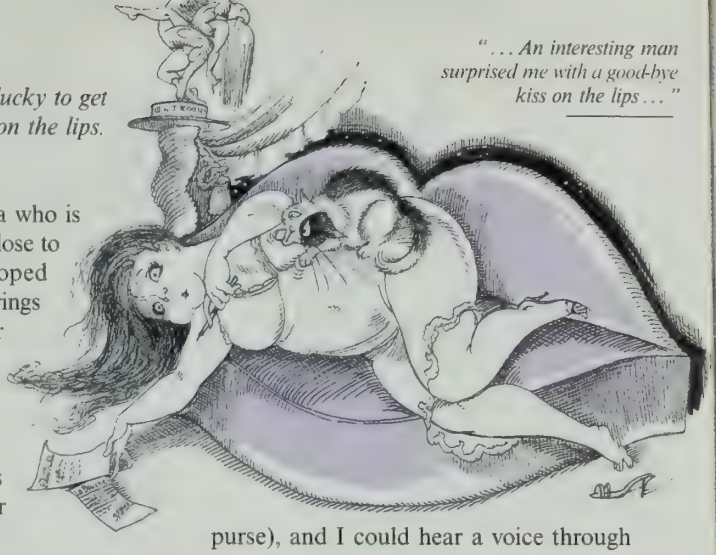
Your neighbor was probably talking to herself while performing some variety of scream therapy, and although she may be deeply troubled, it might be simpler just to let her know that "walls have ears," as my mother used to say.

I believe in routine women's checkups, but when you tour the world as I do there is not always a gynecologist at hand. I quite often call my gyno, Dr. Iglesias (Julio's father), on his cell phone in Madrid. Under his caring guidance I give myself a regular exploratory and he talks me through it.

Sometimes I get a bad line to Spain and have to shout a bit during one of these tricky procedures. Goodness knows what a nosy neighbor with her ear glued to my front door might make of my hoarse—but perfectly wholesome—responses to the doctor's probing instructions. M.Y.O.B.

Dame Edna's Final Thought: If you can't say anything nice about people, don't say anything at all.

"... An interesting man surprised me with a good-bye kiss on the lips..."

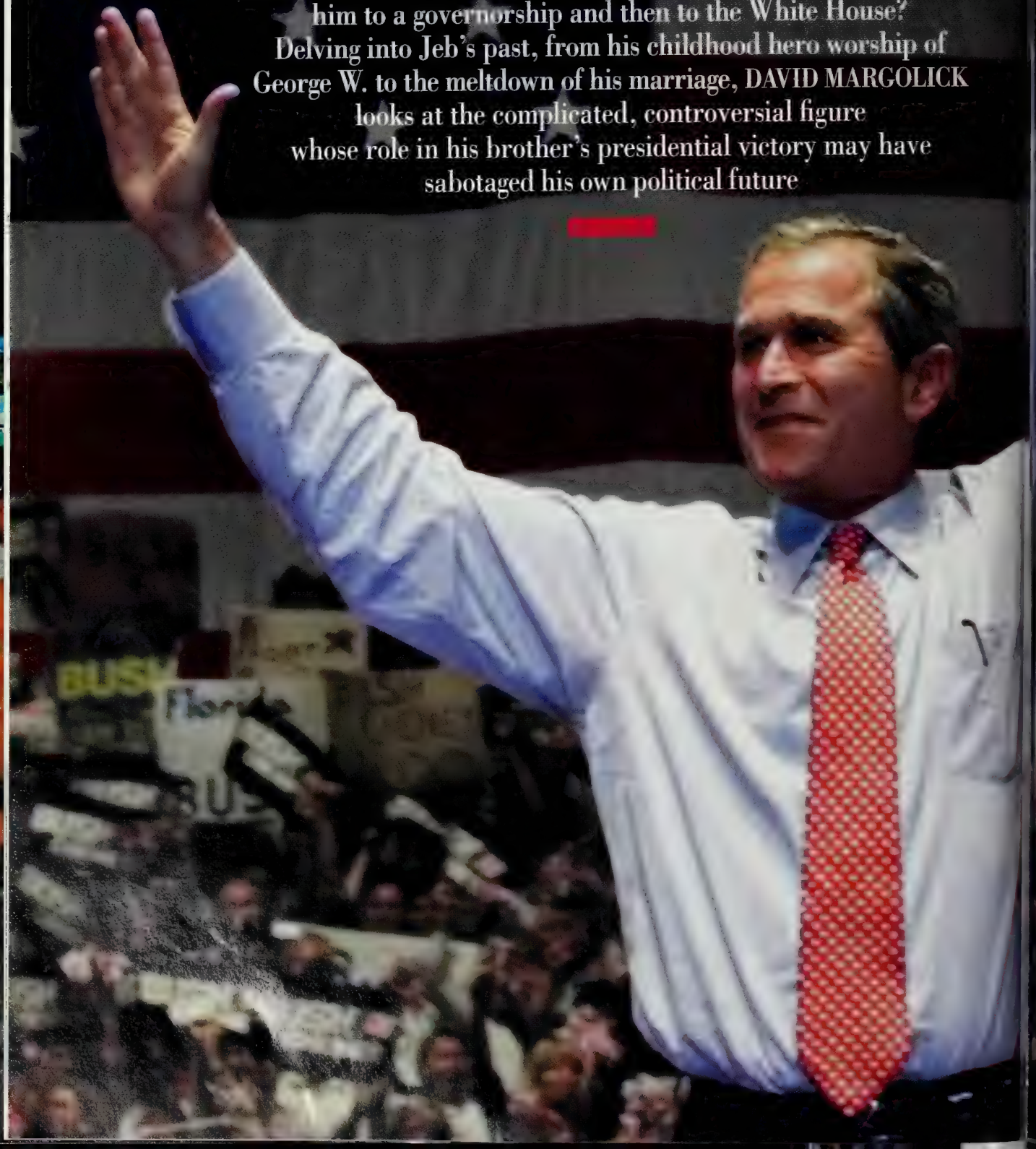


"... I have a friend who brings a flash camera to her friends' wakes..."

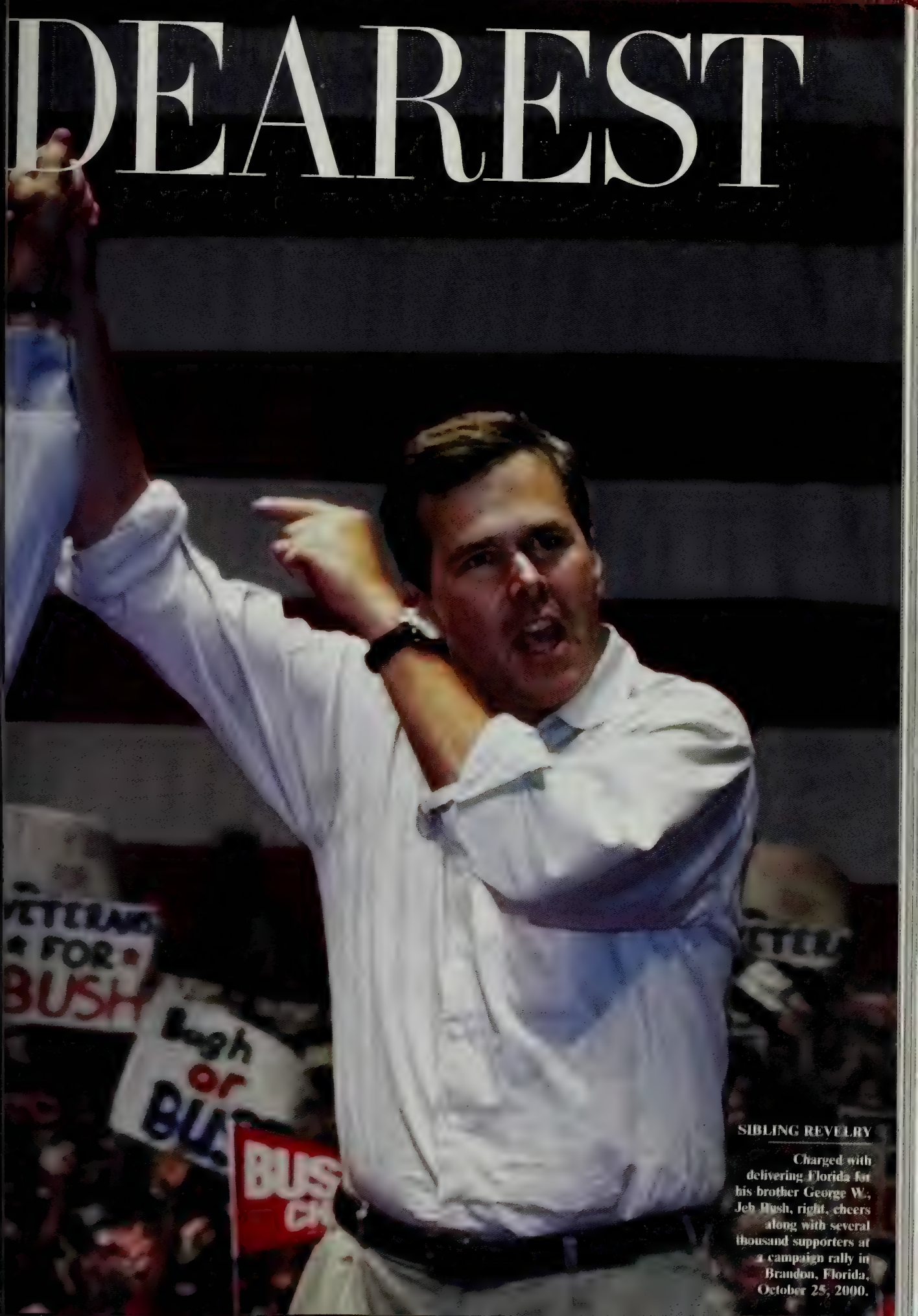
Letters to Dame Edna Everage should be sent c/o Vanity Fair, 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036, or E-mailed to DameEdna@vf.com.

BROTHER

Jeb Bush is smart, articulate, and hardworking, the strongest governor Florida has seen in recent years. His parents thought he'd be the family star, so how come his older brother beat him to a governorship and then to the White House? Delving into Jeb's past, from his childhood hero worship of George W. to the meltdown of his marriage, DAVID MARGOLICK looks at the complicated, controversial figure whose role in his brother's presidential victory may have sabotaged his own political future



DEAREST



SIBLING REVELRY

Charged with delivering Florida for his brother George W., Jeb Bush, right, cheers along with several thousand supporters at a campaign rally in Brandon, Florida, October 25, 2000.

Look along the walls of the conference room outside of Jeb Bush's office and you can trace the stations of the quintessential postmodern Republican governor. To be sure, there is a shot of Bush speaking at the annual "National Day of Prayer," as well as pictures of him with his wife and his lieutenant governor, towering over each like an N.F.L. linebacker over a prep-school placekicker. But walk on and there is Jeb sitting around a globe with three black schoolchildren, pointing out Peru to them. And talking animatedly with a black man in a wheelchair. And signing something in the middle of the Everglades. And waiting for the second half of a high five from a mocha-colored girl in a high chair. Looking at the political travelogue, you'd think that Jeb Bush was the only middle-aged white man in Florida.

Jeb has yet to arrive for his press conference in Tallahassee this March morning, but already the photographers and cameramen are hard at work, aiming their equipment at two huge, inert black boxes at the front of the room. These are the prototypes of Florida's new voting machines, state-of-the-art optical scanners which, Jeb maintains, will ensure his constituents a fair election the next time around—not, mind you, that the last one was unfair. And spare him all of the Florida-bashing jokes and the wisecracks from his big brother, like the one that Jeb would soon be named ambassador to Chad.

After a few minutes the governor strides in. Some people can change a room with their very presence, and Jeb Bush is one of them. Politicians come in all shapes and sizes, many unprepossessing. Once they get elected they clean up their acts a bit—their suits get better cut, their fingernails neater, their hair puffier (and their bald spots better obscured), their teeth bleached to the preternatural white of porcelain tubs—but some acts of God just can't be undone. Amid the shopworn, the misshapen, the bionic all around him this day, however, Jeb came out right the first time. Tall—six feet four—and imposing, bulky without being fat, he was born to make love to a lectern.

True, in a family known for mangling syntax, it isn't hard to exceed expectations. But Jeb not only sounds better than his famously inarticulate father and older brother, he sounds good in his own right. He speaks fluent English (as well as Spanish) and speaks it with ease and authority, humor and spontaneity, with or without notes. His speech is not a flotsam and jetsam of word clusters bobbing up and down in a sea of ellipses and dashes, the way his father's is. Nor must he resort to the grave tone, the pursed lips, the furrowed brow his brother uses periodically to signal his seriousness. With George Herbert Walker Bush and George W. Bush, one always gets the feeling of being importuned, of almost being begged to like and respect them. Jeb, by contrast, has the ease of someone who's not trying to win anyone over, who's not trying to be someone he's not or come across as tougher or smarter or more macho than he really is. He needs no pork rinds or cowboy boots to earn his spurs. He seems to know he will be liked and respected—there is no way he can't be—and if he is not, well, then maybe that person is just not worth being liked and respected back.

A less confident man might be intimidated by what I am witnessing this morning. Jeb is talking about election reform, about the importance of fair voting procedures, about making every vote count. Yet slightly more than half his constituents feel that his brother was awarded Florida, and therefore the presidency, with slightly less than half the vote cast here, and many blame Jeb for the heist. Today, then, he must be serious but not too specific. He must laugh where appropriate but not appear to gloat. He must talk prospectively, without too many glances back. Above all, he must seem enthusiastic about fixing things, even though he really can't be. Nearly everyone assumes that Jeb will run for re-election next year, hoping to become the first Republican governor in Florida history ever to win a second term, and the votes missed last November, largely in black and Jewish neighborhoods, won't help him much.

But, for Jeb Bush, a man rarely thrown off his formidable stride, it all seems easy. To keep things that way, Katherine Harris, the Florida secretary of state who supervised the November recount and was seen by many to be his co-conspirator in crime, is nowhere in the vicinity this morning. (Bush said she "couldn't make it"; in fact, she was disinvited.) When it comes time to demonstrate how the new machines reject overvotes—say, when some elderly resident of West Palm Beach mistakenly votes twice—Bush delegates the task to his lieutenant governor, Frank Brogan. (And the sample ballots are marked for "Thomas Jefferson" and "Abraham Lincoln" rather than for Al Gore and Pat Buchanan.) But there's little evidence that Jeb has to rely on Brogan for much of anything else. Jeb knows Dick Cheney—Cheney was his father's defense secretary—and, Mr. Brogan, you're no Dick Cheney.

Compared with what Jeb had to do during last year's presidential campaign and its aftermath, though, today's performance is child's play. Then, to serve his brother, his family, his cause, and his own political future, he had to deliver the state with the fourth-largest number of electoral votes to the Republicans, a task he had made immeasurably harder for himself by abolishing affirmative action and enraging the state's black community enough for them to come out in record numbers for Gore. Throughout the presidential campaign he had to be conspicuous, and a conspicuously good sport, not betraying the slightest ire that his older brother had usurped what had always been, at least according to family lore, his prior, superior claim on the presidence.

Yet he also had to be inconspicuous. He had to look as if he were still governing, had to avoid arousing black resentment even more, had to take care that he never showed up his "bro," as he sometimes calls Dubya. Jeb remained largely in the shadows, lending his political organization and, through his prodigious fund-raising, turning Florida into what one Republican Party operative called "an A.T.M. machine for the Bush campaign." But, for fear of unflattering comparisons—comparisons which, as Jeb told one reporter before catching himself, "might not help George in some cases"—his interviews and joint appearances with his brother had to be few. It sometimes seemed that Jeb's handsome, 25-year-old oldest son, George P. Bush, took a more active role in the campaign than Jeb himself.

But Jeb pulled it all off, though only after a heartstopping scare; Dubya never did become "the man who will carry Florida convincingly," as Jeb had confidently predicted on the hustings. During the recount, he receded even more. And in what may be his most remarkable feat of all, when the post-electoral dust had

Jeb never "had to work hard for nything. If you're used to being given what you want, you react oorly when you are opposed."





A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

The Bushes await election results last November. *From above:* Dubya and Jeb at the Governor's Mansion in Austin, Texas; Jeb and Dubya fret; from left, Laura Bush, George H. W. Bush, Barbara Bush, and Jeb cheer some good news.



lly settled, no one could find fingerprints on anything im- oper. Even his alleged con- iracy with Harris—hatched, pposedly, during their much- ispered-about, little-written- out "affair"—turned out to be lud. Within the city limits of llahassee, a place smaller even n Little Rock and every bit saturated with gossip, the sto- of their *liaison dangereuse* was taken seriously by anyone, n Jeb's critics. Harris is some- ng of a flirt but not close to ; when she ran for secretary of e, he supported her opponent. "What I mire most about him is that he's such a icy wonk," she told me.

In 1994, Jeb volunteered with almost natural eagerness that his wife was the y woman he's ever slept with. That sort gratuitous statement from a politician erally ends up merely as an invitation ournalists and rivals to prove it's not e. Democrats say that had Jeb ever ken out about Clinton's infidelity they ht have tried to find something on Jeb. he never did, and they never did, and ny people believe they would have nd nothing if they had. "When the ru- rs about Jeb and Katherine Harris se . . . I remember thinking that I'd be shocked to hear that Jeb Bush was ing around as I'd be if someone told Bill Clinton wasn't," says Democratic e senator Buddy Dyer of Orlando.

o Bush intimates, the subject of much nt gossip—an undocumented dalliance 40-year-old Cynthia Henderson, an rney who happens to be a former *Play-* Bunny and whom Jeb appointed as etary of Florida's Department of Man- nent Services—seems every bit as im- sible. Last month, after rumors of that air" reached a fever pitch in Florida on the Internet, and an article by Cotterell in the *Tallahassee Democrat* red to it without mentioning names, denied it at a press conference, saying allegation was "political in nature" "an outright lie."

In some senses the Bushes are an accidental dynasty. Ronald Reagan never viewed the senior George Bush as his rightful heir; Bush won the presidency thanks to dogged party loyalty and a weak opponent, then lost it after a single term. And then there's Dubya, who lost the popular vote. In the copse of Bush and Shrub, the 48-year-old Jeb, six and a half years his brother's junior, may be the only one of genuine presidential timber. In the other 49 states, people say that if it hadn't been for Monica Lewinsky, Ralph Nader, the butterfly ballot, or his own pathetic campaign, Al Gore would now be president. In Florida they say that if Jeb had won his first race for governor, in 1994—that is, if he hadn't run so far to the right, or chosen the wrong running mate (ultraconservative Tom Feeney), or been mistaken for one of his younger brothers (in particular, Neil, the one tied to that corrupt savings-and-loan), or faced so wily an opponent—he would be.

Jeb's own presidential prospects are probably history now, courtesy of bad luck and primogeniture. "There's only a finite number of Bushes who can get elected," says James Pinkerton, a domestic adviser to the first President Bush. But even as a preteen, Jeb said he didn't want to go to Washington, an early sign of a rebellious streak that also saw him steer clear of the Ivy League, marry a Mexican girl while still in college, and forsake Texas for Florida. And though he ended up in politics anyway, he possesses a host of qualities rarely associated with his family.

Jeb is a prodigiously hard worker, famous for putting in late nights and answering E-mails at six in the morning. At his State of the State speech in March, I was struck by how he cut off the endless frat-house hooting and hollering that always greet chief executives when they enter legislative chambers. "Please be seated," he declared. "You all have work to do." Jeb is not one for taking naps or playing video poker in the middle of the day. Just about his only recreation is his Sunday-morning golf game, which starts around sunrise and lasts roughly two hours. A fierce competitor who shoots in the 80s,

he "doesn't spend much time looking for lost golf balls," says Richard McFarlain, general counsel of Florida State University and one of the governor's regular golfing companions. (Golf is not his only game; he and his other younger brother, Marvin, once beat tennis professionals Chris Evert and Pam Shriver in doubles.)

Jeb is a quick study, easily mastering the minutiae of governance, but also able to see the big picture and ready to take on large issues. He has a vision, not a "vision thing." Whatever one thinks of his largely conservative program, he believes in and understands what he does, whether it is introducing the nation's first statewide school-voucher program, trimming taxes for the rich at a time of austerity, "streamlining" the death-penalty appeals process, or pushing through legislation to make it easier to fire the state's 120,000 civil servants and replace them with political cronies. That last move has prompted rage in Bush's own backyard, since a state capital is usually filled with state employees. "I finally figured out what a 'compassionate conservative' is," state senator Richard Mitchell told a rally of civil servants protesting the Bush plan in April. "A 'compassionate conservative' is one who feels your pain by E-mail."

Jeb was Florida's most powerful governor ever, even before recent measures enhancing his authority to appoint not just state employees but also judges and members of state-university boards made him mightier still. Some have called him Florida's first king, though that was before budgets tightened and the legislature, formerly as supine as Huey Long's once was in Louisiana, began showing signs of independence and even resentment toward him.

Above all, Jeb, who graduated Phi Beta Kappa from the University of Texas in two and a half years, is smart. He is surely the only member of his family to have been instructed by his handlers to stop using big words no one knows. Walking by the old state capitol one morning, I happened upon a ragtag group of people protesting Florida's death penalty. Jeb, like his older brother, favors capital punishment; unlike Dubya, Jeb has actually wrestled with the issue, meeting several times with Catholic bishops to discuss it. (Florida had six executions last year, the second-highest number since the state reinstated the death penalty in 1972.) A speaker at the rally, Abraham Bonowitz of Floridians for Alternatives to the Death Penalty, was saying that Jeb had to know that, as a result of laws he'd signed, more innocent people would now be put to death. But in light of the usual rap on Jeb's older brother, what struck me was something Bonowitz tossed in almost parenthetically. "Now we all know," he declared, "that Jeb Bush is not stupid."

Jeb can be courageous, weighing energy deregulation despite recent traumas in California, for instance, or proposing that developers—one of his core constituencies, and a group to which he himself once belonged—not be permitted to build in a community unless there are enough classrooms to serve it. He chose Opening Day last year to announce that he opposed a plan to fund a new baseball stadium for the Florida Marlins with a tax on cruise ships. "The Bush brother with balls," the Republican campaign strategist Michael Murphy once called him. And he is unpretentious. His late grandfather Senator Prescott Bush of Connecticut once urged his own family to call him "Senator"; Jeb, by contrast, is always "Jeb" and chooses to work in a small anteroom off his grander official quarters. Most striking, there is a very un-Bush-like, almost inexplicable urgency to Jeb, a sense that somehow his time is short and not to be wasted.

Jeb, who keeps a Bible by his mouse pad, appears to be someone of genuine spirituality and compassion, for whom religion is more than a Sunday-morning photo op. He embraced Catholicism in 1995 when, by his own admission, his first bid for governor nearly destroyed his marriage and family. The following year, while G.O.P. fat cats cavorted in San Diego during the Republican National Convention, he quietly set off for Tijuana, where he spent an afternoon being shown abject poverty by one of Mother Teresa's priests.

Belying the Republican stereotype, Jeb is truly comfortable with people of other races. He does not fidget or squirm with African-Americans, because, at least since high school, he's numbered them among his friends. It's hard to imagine him campaigning, as his brother did, at Bob Jones University, a school that would have barred him from dating the mother of his children, Columba (pronounced Co-*loom*-ba). He has surely never called his three children—in addition to George P. there is Noelle, aged 23, and Jebby, 17—the "little brown ones," as his father famously once did.

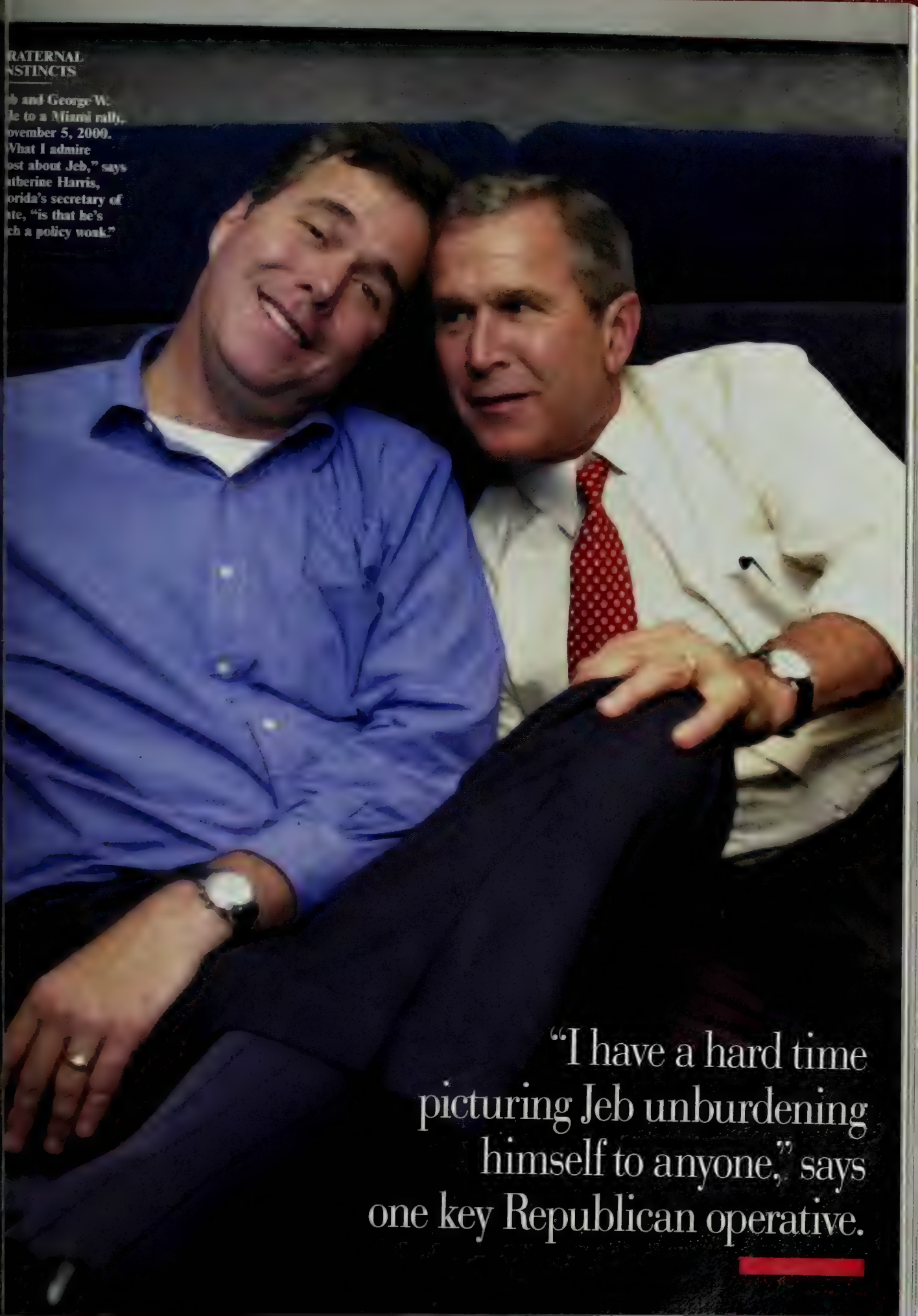
Asked during the Republican presidential primaries of 2000 whom he'd pick as his running mate, Steve Forbes liked to say, "Governor Bush ... *Jeb* Bush." Forbes also muses that, nepotism aside, Jeb would have been a perfect running mate for his brother. "Dubya is like his father: he thinks himself a very practical, don't-give-me-this philosophical-stuff, if-it-works-we'll-do-it sort of a can-do, no-B.S., why-look-at-your navel person," he said. "Jeb is in a sense almost the opposite: very reflective, always trying to think through the purpose of something."

At the same time, Jeb finds himself saddled with labels never attached to his father and brother—such words as arrogant, stubborn, cocksure, self-righteous. Reporters who have covered both Bushes and who readily attest to Jeb's intellectual superiority in one breath will say they like Dubya more in the next. "He's less condescending," said one. "With Jeb you always have a sense that 'I'm a Bush and you're not and I know what's right and you don't.'"

Stories abound of retribution meted out to anyone who displeases Jeb. One target was the Democratic mayor of Tallahassee, Scott Maddox, who was told a favorite road project would not go through after he'd declared last year that America needed a president "who has calluses on his hands from something besides swinging a golf club or tennis racquet." Maddox ticks off a long list of people who have experienced Jeb's wrath after opposing him, including the state senator who lost funding for his basketball tournament because of his position on affirmative action, and the popular head of the division of retirement, who was forced out for differing with Jeb on pensions. "Governor Bush never really had to work hard for anything," Maddox says. "If you're always used to being given what you want, you react poorly when you are opposed. It's common knowledge that if you stand up to the governor's office they will oppose you."

Critics say that Jeb doesn't listen to other people, that he's a zealot surrounded by sycophants. "He's not getting very much information," says Tom Rossin, the Democratic leader in the state senate, "first, because he doesn't listen to it; second, because he's a one-way guy, and the people who really argue with him sort of how disappear." Says a veteran of the Tallahassee scene, "Jeb gets himself into a lather and the people who should tell him to cool it tend to get into a lather, too."

Florida's economy is in trouble, and the state suddenly has $1 billion less than expected because CONTINUED ON PAGE



RATERNAL NSTINCTS

b and George W. le to a Miami rally, ovember 5, 2000. What I admire ost about Jeb," says atherine Harris, orida's secretary of te, "is that he's ch a policy wonk."

"I have a hard time picturing Jeb unburdening himself to anyone," says one key Republican operative.

LEROY WAS HERE

Twenty-one-year-old author J. T. LeRoy, dressed, he says, as "Cinderella after the ball," at a friend's house in San Francisco, April 27, 2001.



Strange Innocence

When J. T. LeRoy's first novel, *Sarah,* was published last year, the 20-year-old ex–child prostitute became an instant cult figure. The book, named for his mother (who dressed him like a girl and taught him her trade), is a fictionalized account of his life as a "lot lizard" (i.e., truck-stop hustler) and was embraced not only by the literary demimonde but also in *The Guardian* and *The New York Times.* Extremely shy and uncertain of his gender, he has rarely been photographed. With his second book, *The Heart Is Deceitful Above All Things,* due out from Bloomsbury this month, LeRoy agreed to sit for MARY ELLEN MARK and talk with singer-songwriter TOM WAITS

J.T.'s stories are like stitches, like exit wounds, dispatches, depositions. He is the brilliant, gifted, and profound fly on the wall. You'll need handkerchiefs and Novocain to get through his new book. It is a golden diving bell crawling through the shark-infested waters of his childhood. He is the witness to all the tales that go on in the dark, and for all of us, long may he have the courage to remember.

Tom Waits: *The world is a hellish place, and bad writing is destroying the quality of our suffering. It cheapens and degrades the human experience, when it should inspire and elevate. You are an exception.*

J. T. LeRoy: Wow, thanks. One thing I realized is that to just have merely suffered isn't enough. One day I was in a bookstore trying to steal a book. This guy knew it and followed me. So to not seem like a thief, I asked him for transgressive books, a term I'd just learned and felt like a big shot bandying. He handed me a book by this guy who had been in prison and writing about his experiences. He had a really horrible life, but it was so horribly written that I just didn't care.

T.W. *After your initial success, did you find it difficult to avoid letting them all package you as a new product line instead of as an artist with a deep well?*

J.T.L. Yeah, I quit after I got my book deal. I quit writing for two years because I didn't want to be the poster boy for the dysfunctional-memoir bullshit. I felt that's what they were really hoping to make me into. So I took my money and ran. I wrote my journalism stuff for *New York Press* and other magazines. And I had the great fortune of being taken under their wing and guided by some of the best writers around.

T.W. *Do you believe that love and acceptance from the public have any ability to nurture or heal, or is it just like throwing peanuts at a gorilla?*

J.T.L. The thing that's so hard is I keep waiting for it to fix me, and I keep looking at my life and saying, "When does the magic fairy come along?" You know, it's the joke we have in my house: "Don't you know who I am? What do you mean I have to do the dishes? Or I have to go to therapy?"

T.W. *I think that's the thing about fame or any notoriety. It's an illusion that you don't have to play by the rules anymore, the rules of life.*

J.T.L. Yeah, like when we've gone out with Gus Van Sant a few times. We get the best table and everyone would be all over . . . They'd give us stuff for free and everything. And I know these are places that I would not have been allowed in a number of years back. And I could see getting addicted to this.

T.W. *How do you stay so present in your stories? They're wet and alive, as if they're happening to you as you write.*

J.T.L. So much of what I do write is from stuff that I've absorbed around me. There's this beetle they use to make jewelry, and they supply it with material and thread and it just weaves it into this beautiful piece. Well, I think it actually consumes it and shits it out or something. And it becomes a really hip kind of jewelry. And I feel like I never know where something's going to come from. It could be from my past, but it could be something or other that I've taken in. I just sit at the computer and shit it into a weave.

T.W. *Do you have some kind of total or heightened recall when you're revisiting an experience? Are you remembering or are you conjuring?*

J.T.L. I think I have parts of me that get frozen in ice when something happens. It's like the "In Case of Emergency" box—writing is like hammering at that box or thawing it, and the words start to liquefy in my hands.

T.W. *Do you feel safe when you are writing all these things? You know, like wearing one of those dog suits? Did you ever see one of those dog suits that the police put on and then have the dogs attack them?*

J.T.L. Yeah. That's absolutely it. And as long as I was writing, the dogs could totally come at me. It was really weird, because once I put the pen down, it was as if I took off the suit and then I was vulnerable again.

T.W. *I see. The pen is mightier than the sword.*

J.T.L. Or the pit bull.

T.W. *There's a line in your new collection of stories where one of your characters is digging his finger into a telephone cord and asks, "I wonder if I can get electrocuted if I go too deep." Well, it jumped out at me as a metaphor for your writing. I wonder if I could get electrocuted by reading them because you are going so deep.*

J.T.L. Well, I appreciate you saying that. But it's like a shark. No one would say a shark is courageous for swimming all the time. □

Magda. Zsa Zsa. Eva. The diamonds, the husbands (20 of them), the accents, the lovingly displayed décolletage. Primed for the spotlight by their mother, the Hungarian émigré trio turned their glamour to "stun," wowing even such connoisseurs as John F. Kennedy, Conrad Hilton, Frank Sinatra, and Porfirio Rubirosa. With an increasingly reclusive Zsa Zsa, the last of the three, nearing 80 (85? 90? Who knows, dahling), and a new book, Gaborabilia, *in stores, BRUCE HANDY explains their enduring legend: hard work, lots of sex, and a pioneering instinct for the demands of postmodern American celebrity*





THE GABOR THE MERRIER

Zsa Zsa shows off some serious rocks in a 1958 publicity shot. As John F. Kennedy pointed out, "Just taking her to dinner is sensually fulfilling." Opposite, *Magda, Zsa Zsa, and Eva gather round the piano with their mother, Jolie (seated), in New York, 1956.*

Glamour and Goulash

Ask about the Gabor sisters and most people—most people over 40, that is—will conjure a handful of significant facts:

• They called everyone "dahling" (or, as it is sometimes denoted in efforts to capture their luxuriant Hungarian accents, "dahlink").

• They liked diamonds and got married a lot.

• Zsa Zsa went to jail for slapping a Beverly Hills police officer.

• Eva was the one on *Green Acres.*

• And wasn't there a third sister whose name was . . . Zeppo?

Magda. Her name was Magda. She was the trio's Marvin Bush, or, more aptly, its Kate Jackson—brainy, less flashy, and, some claim, the *real* beauty.

There is so much more to say. A new coffee-table book on the subject, *Gaborabilia,* by Anthony Turtu and Donald F. Reuter, may even herald a revival. But before we can give the Gabors, daughters of glittering pre-war Budapest, their proper due as pioneering feminists and founding mothers of postmodern American celebrity, it must be acknowledged that, like the origin of life or the nature of evil, they remain in many senses unfathomable. Their birth dates, for instance. The truth may still be locked in some dusty Magyar hall of records—and who has the energy for that?

Zsa Zsa, the last surviving sister, has offered only suspect testimony on the matter. In 1982, "tired unto tears of having her age reported as being anywhere from 49 to 63," as *The New York Times* put it, she made a show of releasing a copy of her birth certificate, which had supposedly been smuggled out of what was then Communist Hungary and which gave her birth date as February 6, 1928. But, as Peter H. Brown points out in his 1985 book, *Such Devoted Sisters: Those Fabulous Gabors,* as definitive a text as we are likely to have on the subject, "to accept the '1928 theory' creates laughable circumstances. It would mean that she was married for the first time at about eight and that she was about fourteen when she wed Conrad Hilton," the 54-year-old hotel-chain founder who became her second husband in 1942. When this was pointed out to her, Zsa Zsa explained, somewhat gallantly (not wanting to implicate anyone in pederasty), "Conrad made me promise to never, never reveal my true age. And I haven't."

The second sentence is no doubt true. Her two autobiographies fudge the issue. Brown writes that "many Gabor experts" place her birth in 1920, the date he himself seems to favor. That would make Zsa Zsa 81 this year.

But who's counting? As Zsa Zsa herself once wrote, "What woman is ever 50 years old?" That is not an idle question, for age, even more than opposing divorce counsel, was the Gabors' one genuine enemy, the only predator they truly feared. But their way was not to fret over accumulating years like some commonplace cow of a dieter stepping gingerly onto a scale—at least not in public. No, the Gabor way was to face the music sideways, to celebrate your birthday at the Stork Club posing for photographers between your two sisters, a bowling-ball rack's worth of décolletage looming pendulously over a cake decorated with candles in the shape of a question mark.

"I used to say that the only way you could tell the true age of a Gabor was by the rings around their gums," says Cindy Adams, the gossip columnist who has known the family for four decades. "It was *all* revisionist history. Were they blonde? No. Did they have those noses? No. . . But you knew it. That was the difference. You weren't *looking* for the truth. You knew there *was* none." In that, the Gabors were nothing if not all-American, as contrived as Jay Gatsby or Ralph Lauren.

"They were cotton candy," says Adams.





WHO'S COUNTING?

Left, *flanked by Eva and Magda, Zsa Zsa celebrates one birthday or another at the Stork Club in the early 1960s. (Note that the candles form a question mark.)* Above, *a 1964 tabloid.* Opposite, *Zsa Zsa effervesces during a 1954 press conference on the subject of her then lover, Dominican playboy Porfirio Rubirosa.*

Though they started out in the U.S. in the 1940s as émigré Hungarian nobodies, and though their careers in show business wouldn't take off until—not coincidentally—the advent of television, the Gabor sisters had been renowned virtually from pubescence as beauties, as clotheshorses, as seductresses, as girls who knew how to work a man. "Every age has its Madame Pompadour, its Lady Hamilton, its Queen of Sheba, its Cleopatra," Zsa Zsa's third husband, the actor George Sanders (who won an Oscar for his role as Addison DeWitt, the mordant critic in *All About Eve*) wrote in his book, *Memoirs of a Professional Cad.* "I wouldn't be surprised," he continued, "if history singles out Zsa Zsa as the twentieth-century prototype of this exclusive coterie." Senator John F. Kennedy once fumbled to explain her allure to Walter Winchell: "It is hard to put her excitement into words. Just taking her to dinner is sensually fulfilling." It had better have been, since Zsa Zsa has claimed she declined to sleep with him.

Their mother, Jolie (who we know w

Selected photographs excerpted from *Gaborabilia* by Anthony Turtu and Donald F. Reuter, to be published this month by Three Rivers Press, a division of Random House, Inc.:
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"How many husbands
ave I had—you mean
apart from my own?"

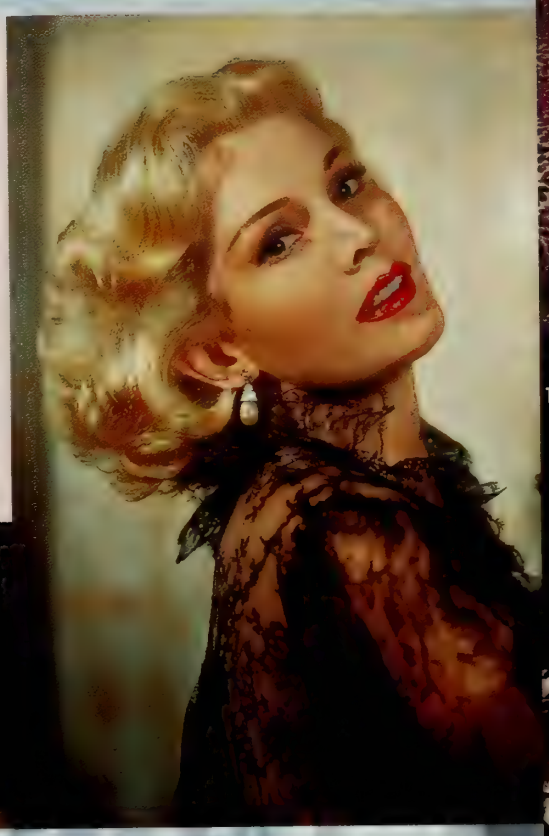






ZAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

Clockwise from above: *Zsa Zsa in the 1950s demonstrating what Conrad Hilton, George Sanders, et al. woke up to; Zsa Zsa puttering around the house, 1956; the 1958 poster for one of her more memorable films (she didn't have the title role but did get to speak the famous line "I hate zat evil queen!"); Eva, Zsa Zsa, and Jolie work variations on a fashion theme, 1960s; Zsa Zsa in the movie* Lili, *1953; a scene from Zsa Zsa's* Arrivederci, Baby, *1966; Zsa Zsa, 1958.*























ET THEM EAT LINZER

ockwise from above: *Jolie and Eva at an "Eva Gabor Look" fashion show, 1973; Zsa and one of her custom Rolls-Royces, 1982; Zsa Zsa in the kitchen, 1960s; an ening in for Zsa Zsa, 1954; Zsa Zsa demonstrates er pet purse, 1958; Magda, va, and Zsa Zsa headlining together in Las Vegas, 1953; Zsa Zsa amid Louis itton and dogs, 1991; Eva, 60s; Magda onstage, 1956; Zsa Zsa, 1950s.*













GET ME TO THE CHURCH ANYTIME!

From above: *Zsa Zsa with third husband George Sanders, early 1950s . . . lover Porfirio Rubirosa, 1955 . . . daughter Francesca Hilton and fourth husband Herbert Hutner (an industrialist), 1965.* Opposite: *even Noël Coward falls prey to the charms of Zsa Zsa and Eva, 1958.*



born at some point after the Crimean War), had herself been an aspiring actress; instead she married a major in the Hungarian Army who provided his family with a life of *haut bourgeois* comfort. Their three daughters were born in close succession: Magda followed by Zsa Zsa (whose birth name was Sari) followed by Eva. Then, with nursery fully stocked, Jolie began to make noises about finally pursuing a stage career. Her husband laughed at her: "You cannot be an actress now. Now you are too *old*." This was her Scarlett-O'Hara-and-the-turnip moment: "I looked at my beautiful daughters and decided, for good or bad, to live through them."

Not that the sisters became great actresses, but they had their assets. "They were blonder than anyone," says Cindy Adams (to whom Jolie's autobiography, *Jolie Gabor,* was "told"). "They wore jewelry larger than anyone. They had these wonderful accents which they all but went to teachers to make sure they didn't lose." They also had a kind of glamour that just doesn't exist anymore. They looked like money—or, more to the point, they looked like men spent money on *them*. Some younger celebrities can still pull this off—Catherine Zeta-Jones and Jennifer Lopez come to mind—but the Gabors weren't just playing at glamour or striking an attitude. They lived it.

They were also wits, at least within the narrow rows they hoed. "How many husbands have I had—you mean apart from my own?" Zsa Zsa famously remarked at a press conference. "Fundamentally," Eva once noted, "the major thing that divides the European male from the American male is the Atlantic Ocean." Her best line, however, was unintentional. "Do I know you?" she asked a man who greeted her in an elevator. "Yes," he replied, he being Dr. John Williams, a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon. "I was your third husband." It was an understandable mistake: the marriage had lasted only six months.

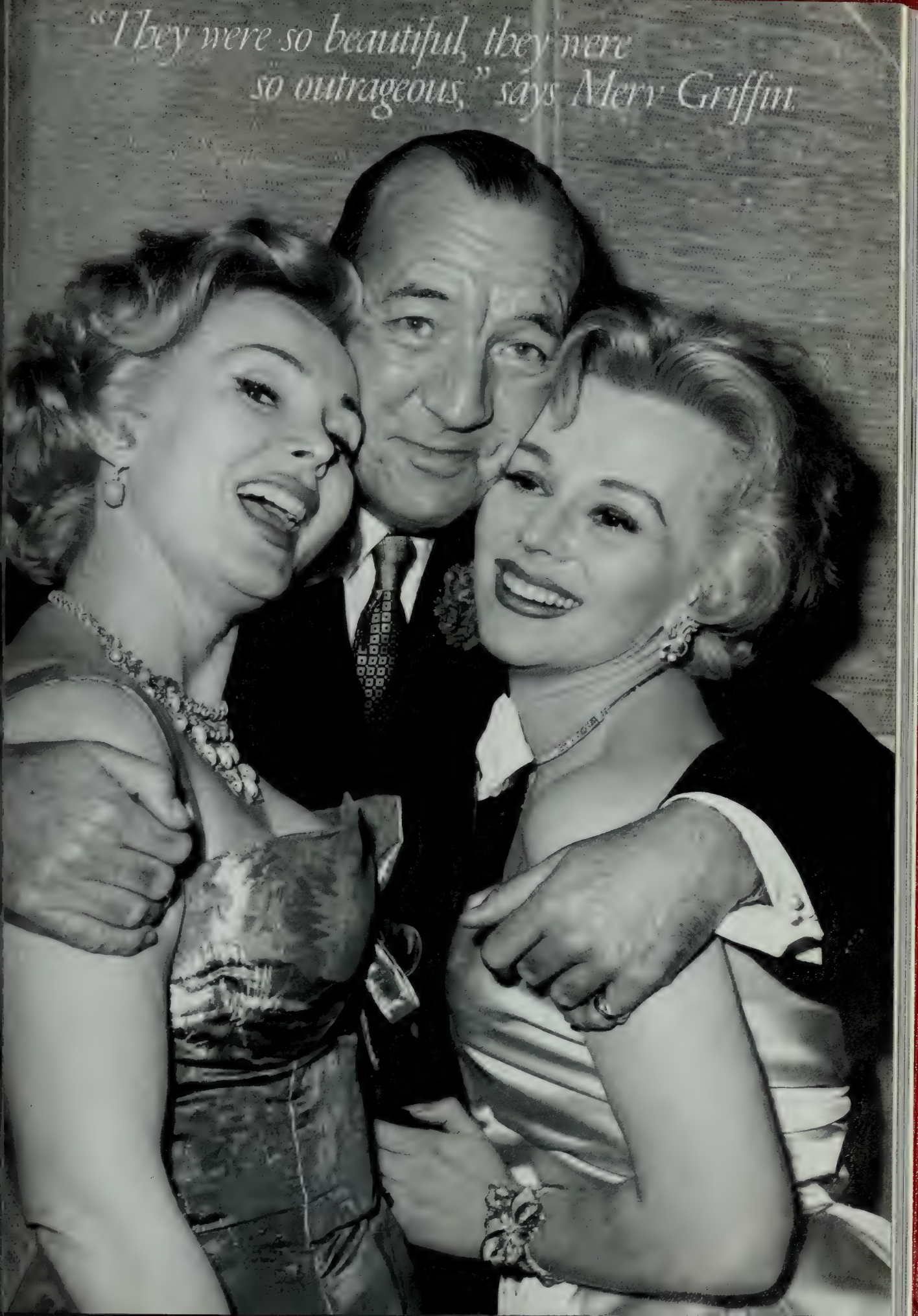
Alas, there aren't a lot of Magda sayings in the literature. She dabbled in the stage as her sisters' careers took off, and married with the same gusto—six trips down the aisle, versus nine for Zsa Zsa and Eva's paltry five—but from the mid-50s onward Magda devoted most of her professional energies to being a hostess in Palm Springs and the Hamptons. For the other two, however, especially Zsa Zsa, celebrity itself was their avocation. They may even have been the first public figures of whom it was observed, as the gossip columnist Elsa Maxwell did in 1952—and this is when they hadn't yet become caricatures of themselves, the "gabbling Gabors," filling afternoon hours in the 60s and 70s for Merv and Mike and Dinah, lighting candles against the darkness of dead air—that they were "famous for being famous." So much so that Oscar Hammerstein II rhymed "Zsa Zsa Gabor" with "nuclear war" in a number listing the absurdities of American life, from the 1958 musical *Flower Drum Song*.

"They were so beautiful, they were so outrageous," says Merv Griffin, struggling to explain their hold on the public. He not only had Zsa Zsa and Eva on his talk show countless times but was also a constant companion of Eva's for more than a dozen years, though the two never married. "I used to kid Eva all the time," he remembers. "I'd say, 'For God's sake, would you go to the locution teacher and clear up that whole accent of yours?' And she'd say, 'Oh, dahling, it's my *whole* life, it's my *business.*'"

"They said things, Zsa Zsa and Eva, that any American woman living an ordinary life would have loved to have said," says Mike Douglas. From a host's perspective, there was also a practical reason the sisters were so popular: "They were what I call self-starters," says Douglas. "'How's everything, Eva?' 'How's everything, Zsa Zsa?' And they were off."

During the years when the two sisters were ubiquitous on television—Zsa Zsa often bringing along one of her beloved Shih Tzus or Lhasa Apsos—it was considered a mark of Dick Cavett's urbane good taste that he never booked them on his own talk show. But he had been a talent coordinator and writer for Jack Paar, who had the Gabors on numerous times when he hosted *The Tonight Show,* between 1957 and 1962; Cavett also co-starred with Zsa Zsa in *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors.* He was, and is, an admirer of sorts: "I remember in the Paar days the general feeling was 'Oh God, the Gabors are boring.' But the studio audience, when Zsa Zsa in particular would walk out, it was as if some great patriotic float of a battleship had come into view in a parade. They just roared at the sight of her." So what accounted for the public's fascination? "I don't know. I think they must have wondered was there more to them than just their alleged talents? . . . Because the question arose, What in hell are these women famous for?"

That is a uniquely modern conundrum, a result of the echo-chamber nature of the communications industry, and of its geometrically increasing hunger for what we now call content. Not that the Gabors weren't accomplished in arts more traditional than simply feeding the electronic maw: Zsa Zsa made a total of 44 films and Eva 28; they both appeared on Broadway and as headliners in Las Vegas. But can you name any of their movies (aside from *A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: Dream Warriors*)? Have you read their books? (Eva's 1954 memoir, *Orchids and Salami,* was named for what she said were generally the sole contents of her refrigerator.) Elizabeth Taylor has married nearly as many times as Zsa Zsa, and was given bigger diamonds, and yet some dusty fold in our brains still stirs and makes the connection: Elizabeth Taylor = actress. *Place in the Sun.* CONTINUED ON PAGE


"They were so beautiful, they were
so outrageous," says Merv Griffin.

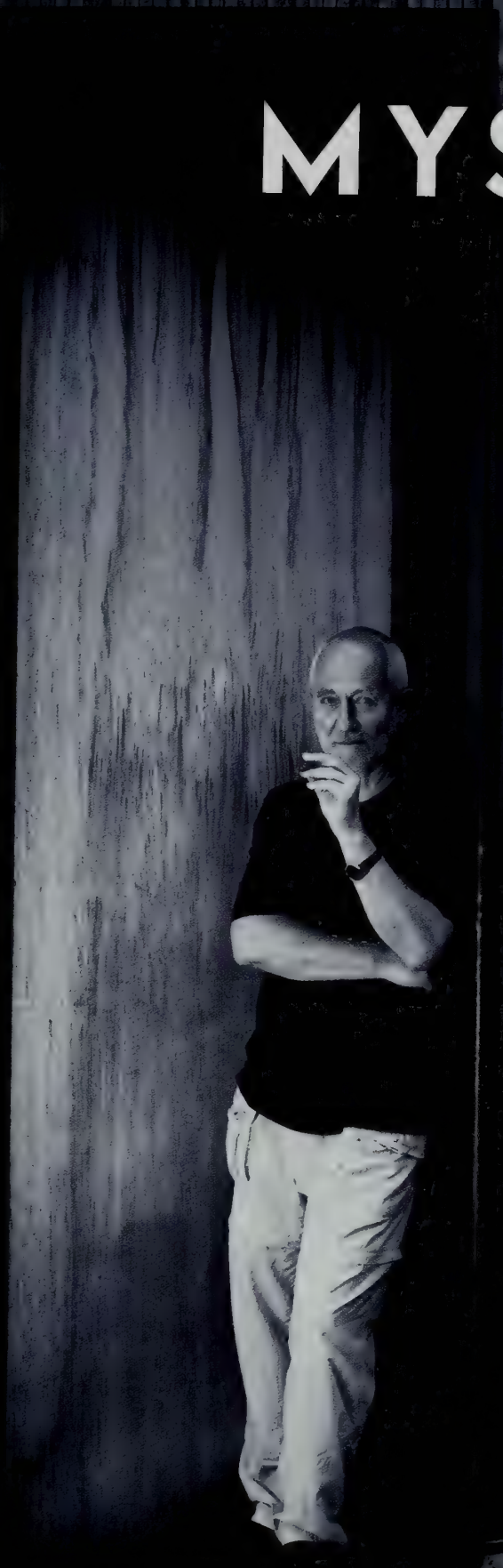


SWISS MIST

The view from a balcony at Swiss architect Peter Zumthor's spa in Vals, Switzerland, built in 1996 at the site of a thermal bath in use since 1893. *Opposite,* Zumthor at his studio in Haldenstein, Switzerland. The structure, made of larch-wood slats, opens to a grove of cherry trees.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TODD EBERLE

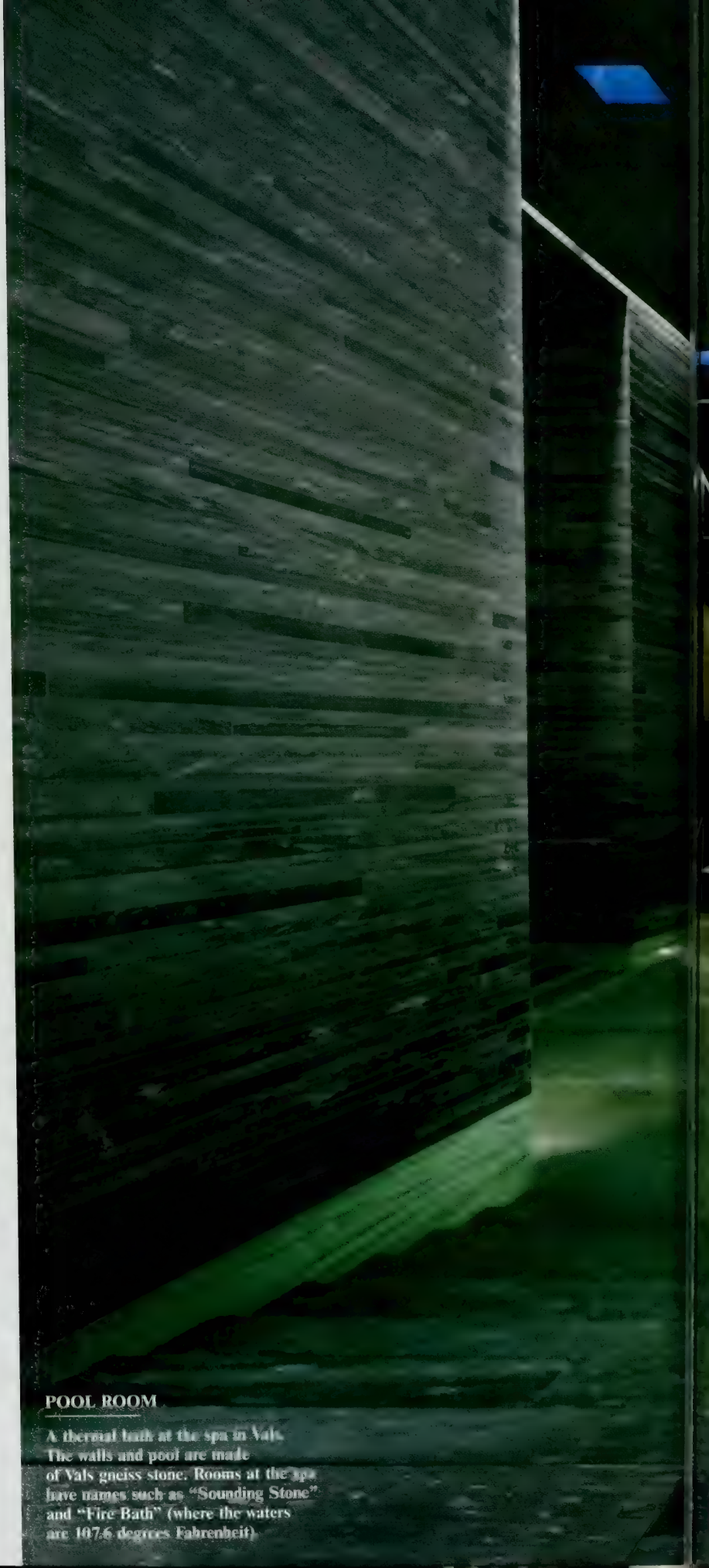
SWISS MYSTIQUE



Working out of a wooden barn in the Swiss Alps, Peter Zumthor has completed only a handful of buildings, none of them in the United States, yet at 58 he is something of a cult figure in architectural circles. With Zumthor's name on the shortlist of architects for most prestigious projects, PAUL GOLDBERGER examines the work—high-tech and sensual, hard-edged and serene, modernist and opulent—of a man who began life as a carpenter, experienced the world, and then retreated into his own quiet realm of deeply pragmatic, almost Proustian spirituality

You can tell a lot about an architect by where he chooses to put his office. Lord Norman Foster works in a vast, coolly sleek, glass-enclosed box overlooking the Thames in the heart of London. Frank Gehry operates out of a warehouse in a newly trendy, once derelict section of Santa Monica. Jean Nouvel has an atelier not far from the Bastille in Paris. And Peter Zumthor works out of a wooden barn in Haldenstein, Switzerland, a hamlet of 700 tucked so deep into the mountains that it takes the better part of a day to get there from Zurich. His studio has a grand piano, and its windows face out onto a grove of fruit trees. It is not surprising, then, that it took some time for the world to hear of him. But if Zumthor is not the sort of architect who jump-started his career by having lunch at Philip Johnson's table at the Four Seasons, he is now, at 58, one of the most sought-after members of his profession anywhere. He has a tiny oeuvre, and no desire to see it grow by leaps and bounds, which in and of itself makes him different from most of his colleagues. Zumthor has a kind of exotic aura about him. His buildings look as if they were made by hand, and while they are unabashedly modern, they bespeak craftsmanship more than high tech. Whatever happens to him in the next few years, you know that there are not going to be a lot of Zumthor buildings. A couple of projects at a time, done well, is all he seeks. He has yet to build in the United States; in April he was edged out by the New York partnership of Liz Diller and Ric Scofidio in a competition to design a new building for the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. Right now almost every institution planning an architecturally ambitious new building seems to have Zumthor on its radar screen, and it is a foregone conclusion that he will start building something in the United States in the next few years.

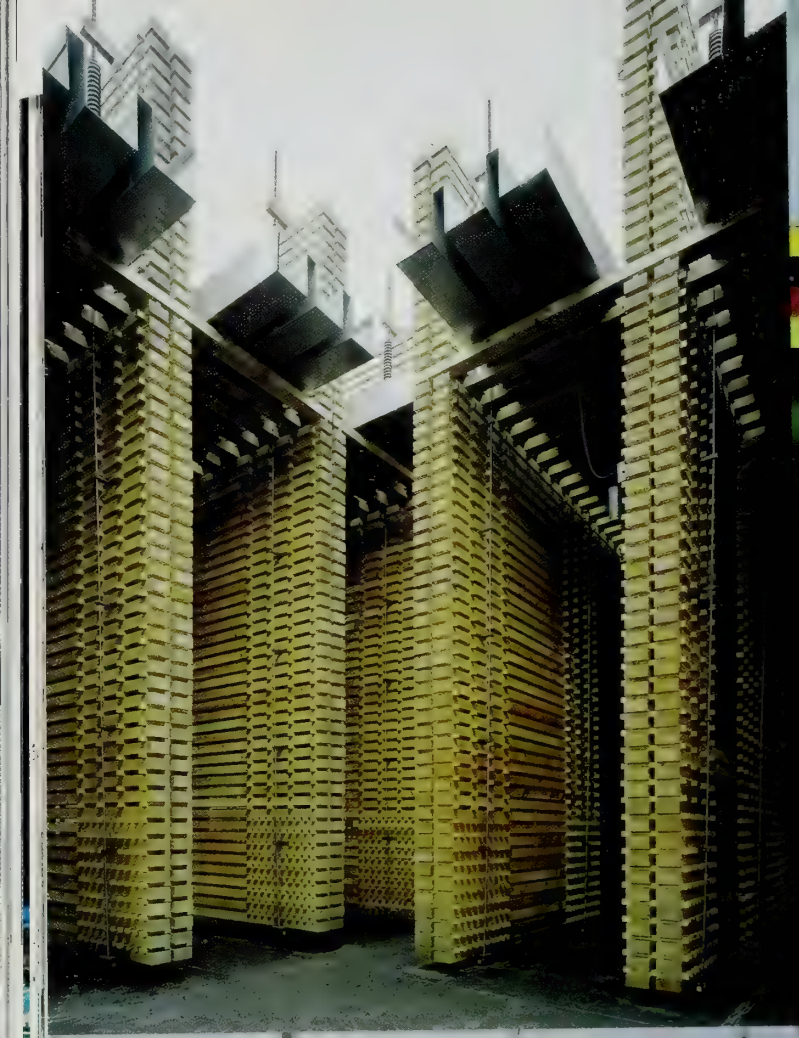
Zumthor's work is mostly within a few hours of his home in Switzerland, but ever since his two most famous buildings—an art museum in Bregenz, Austria, finished in 1997, and thermal baths in Vals, Switzerland, that he completed the year before—found their way into the architectural press and then into a pair of books he published, he has been something of a cult figure in architectural circles. When he lectured at



POOL ROOM

A thermal bath at the spa in Vals. The walls and pool are made of Vals gneiss stone. Rooms at the spa have names such as "Sounding Stone" and "Fire Bath" (where the waters are 107.6 degrees Fahrenheit).


ZUMTHOR'S BUILDINGS, LIKE ALL GREAT ART,
MAKE YOU THINK OF OTHER THINGS, BECAUSE
YOU WANT TO CONNECT THEM TO THE WHOLE
OF YOUR LIFE EXPERIENCE.





MIXED MEDIA

This page, clockwise from top left: Zumthor's Swiss Pavilion at Expo 2000 in Hannover, Germany, is made of wood and steel, and was assembled without nails or bolts; its interior floors (not shown) are video screens. A gallery at the Kunsthaus Bregenz art museum, on the shores of Lake Constance in Austria; the building has a skin of finely etched glass. Zumthor's housing for the Roman ruins in Chur, Switzerland, is made of timber that admits light and air. The Kunsthaus Bregenz's glass ceiling panels are held in place by metal clamps. The sculpture is by Donald Judd. *Opposite,* the leaf-shaped Benedictine Chapel in Sumvitg, Switzerland, surrounded by meadows, is meant to evoke the "mother church." Visitors "leave the land and climb into the wooden vessel as if into a boat," says Zumthor.





I HAVE COME INCREASINGLY TO THINK OF ZUMTHOR AS
A CROSS BETWEEN MIES VAN DER ROHE AND MARCEL PROUST,
WITH PERHAPS A TINY BIT OF BOB DYLAN THROWN IN.



the Architectural League of New York in 1999, the talk sold out and had to be moved to a larger auditorium, which was remarkable considering how few people outside of the profession had ever heard of Zumthor, and how little work he has actually done. His 1998 monograph *Peter Zumthor Works: Buildings and Projects 1979-1997,* includes just eight completed buildings and 12 other projects, three of which have since gone into construction.

"I'm not mainly interested in what buildings mean as symbols or vehicles for ideas," Zumthor told an interviewer for *The New York Times.* That statement makes his popularity among younger architects all the more striking, since the current generation of architects seems often to believe that impenetrable theory is a better sign of architectural gravitas than exquisite craftsmanship. What matters to him, Zumthor says, is the experience of a building, not the theory behind it. That's the kind of claim that is usually made by architects who design second-rate commercial buildings and like to denounce the work of their more serious colleagues as pretentious academic froufrou. But Zumthor is no philistine, and he isn't hiding behind practicality or function or economy. He is as far from a pragmatist, in his way, as Peter Eisenman. But where Eisenman is interested in seeing what kind of architectural experience you will end up with if you push an idea as far as it can go, Zumthor is doing the opposite—he starts by thinking about the physical, not the intellectual, aspects of architecture and pushes them as far into the realm of sensory experience as they can go. He wants to experiment with light and materials and texture and space, and his greatest passion appears to come from figuring out how to make us experience the most traditional materials—stone and wood and glass—in new ways.

Zumthor is an apostle of the real. "Architecture has its place in the concrete world," he has written. "This is where it exists. This is where it makes its statement." He began his career as a carpenter, and all of his architecture has the qualities a great cabinetmaker brings to his work: it is precise, and its glory lies in the perfection of its details and in the excellence of its materials. There is a lightness and a delicacy to most of Zumthor's buildings that make them different from those of Louis Kahn, but in other ways Kahn and Zumthor are not dissimilar: Kahn also had a reputation as something of a mystic, and he loved to talk about searching for an essential spirit of architecture, and about memory and light and the sensual quality of different materials, and Zumthor talks about all of these things, too. And like Kahn, Zumthor is a lot more practical—and significantly more ambitious—than the reputation he cultivates. Zumthor may choose to live in Haldenstein, but his world has never been confined by it. He was born in Basel, he spent the late 1960s as a visiting student at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and he has taught architecture at Santa Monica's SCI-Arc and Harvard. This man is not Rousseau's noble savage, untouched by the corruption of the world. He is more of an artist who has seen the world and chosen to withdraw just a little bit from it, all the better to have an impact on it.

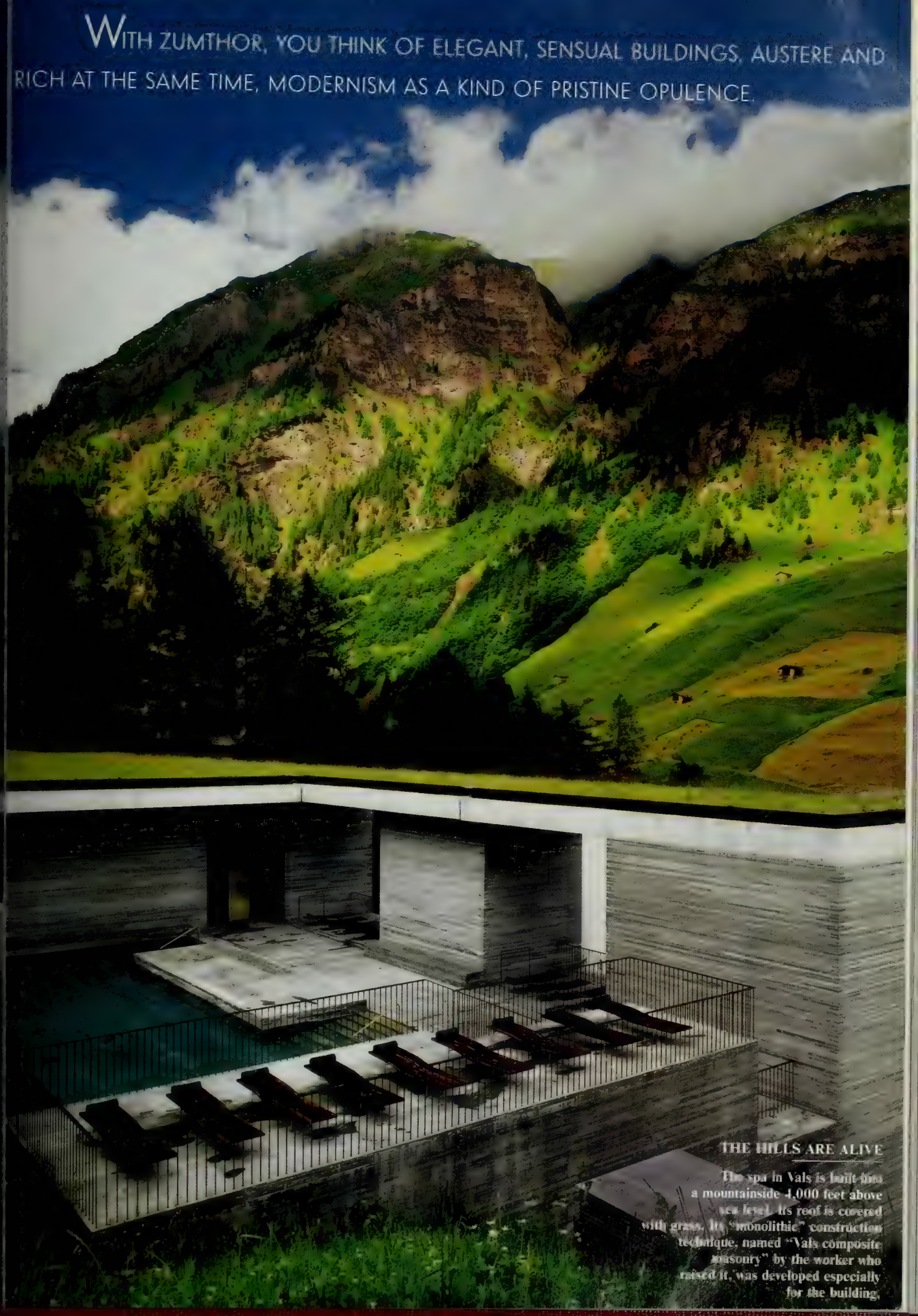
I have come increasingly to think of Zumthor as a cross between Mies van der Rohe and Marcel Proust, with perhaps a tiny bit of Bob Dylan thrown in. If you remember the beginnings of Mies, before the plague of banal glass office towers made his legacy less than perfect, you think of elegant, sensual buildings, austere and rich at the same time, modernism as a kind of pristine opulence. And so it is with Zumthor. The art museum in Bregenz is a shimmering box of glass, glowing, its panels almost like translucent shingles. There is not a single detail that is anything like Mies van der Rohe, but Zumthor's design merges lightness and technology with a grace that comes closer to Mies in spirit than most of the architecture that imitates him directly. The museum in Bregenz is not the architecture of the machine age or the architecture of the computer age, but one of those rare instances of modernism making a whole new way of seeing, at once hard-edged and utterly serene.

Zumthor is hardly the first architect to search for serenity in his work, but his determination to do it in combination with austerity makes him remarkable, at least among Westerners. The spareness of Zumthor's architecture makes for obvious comparisons to Japanese design, and while these aren't altogether wrong, they miss the point, which is how much Zumthor places the self at the heart of the architectural experience. He is interested less in transcendence than in forcing out of everyday experience a sense of grace. Not for nothing does he talk about the paintings of Edward Hopper and the poetry of William Carlos Williams. Zumthor, unlike the Japanese, seems to view his own memories as the defining elements in his aesthetic. "There was a time when I experienced architecture without thinking about it," he has written about his aunt's house. "Sometimes I can almost feel a particular door handle in my hand, a piece of metal shaped like the back of a spoon. That door handle still seems to me like a special sign of entry into a world of different moods and smells. I remember the sound of the gravel under my feet, the soft gleam of the waxed oak staircase, I can hear the heavy front door closing behind me. . . . Memories like these contain the deepest architectural experience that I know. They are the reservoirs of the architectural atmospheres and images that I explore in my work as an architect."

This Proustian side would be romantic, almost sentimental, if Zumthor were not so rigorous in his actual work. The interior of the art museum is concrete, beautifully made and stunning in its restraint. So, too, the thermal baths at Vals, whose interior of greenish striated stone slabs seems like a kind of Miesian cave, as if the Barcelona Pavilion had been placed underground and flooded with water, and whose exterior is open to the steep mountainside, a window to the land that is at once monumental and deferential. Zumthor's lines are not soft, but his ethos is. His Benedictine Chapel, near the baths at Vals, is a wooden barn set into the hillside, whose curves stand up to the mountains and are given their rhythms by the mist that swirls over them; Zumthor has balanced the boat-shaped mass of his building against the ephemera of the mist, and made it seem almost to sail across the mountain.

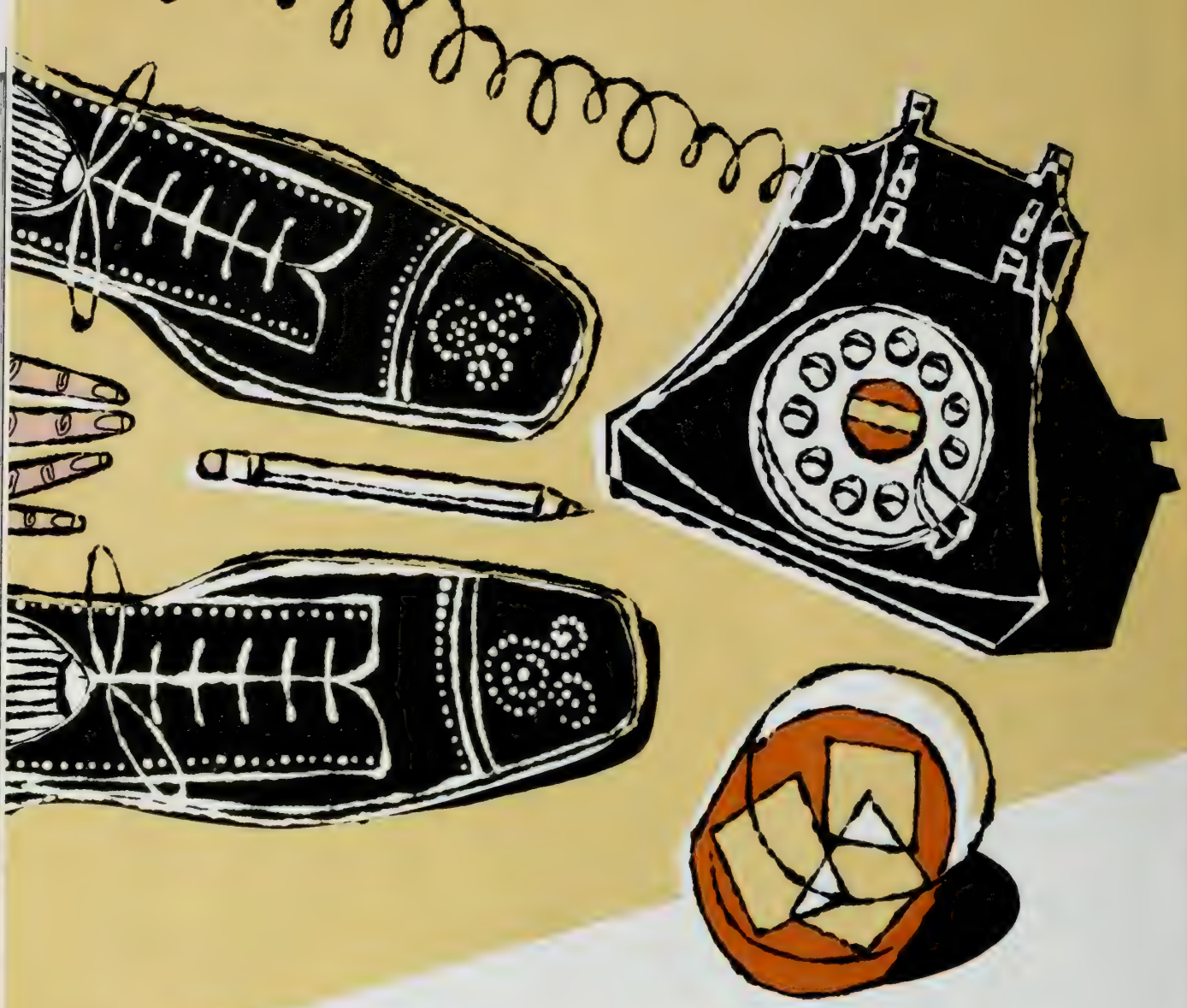
For the Swiss Pavilion at the 2000 world's fair, in Hannover, Germany, Zumthor produced a magnificent structure of open-jointed planks and beams of wood assembled without nails or bolts, whose lines and masses softly echo the early work of Frank Lloyd Wright, but which also calls to mind associations ranging from the pure and perfect joinery of classical Japanese architecture to the geometries of Sol LeWitt. Zumthor's buildings, like all great art, make you think of other things, because you want to connect them to the whole of your life experience. You want to be in them, to touch them, to feel how their reality ripples across everything else you know. Zumthor creates astonishingly beautiful objects, but they are never just objects. They get their meaning from the life that goes on within them. The greatest feeling a building can confer, Zumthor has written, is of "a consciousness of time passing and an awareness of the human lives that have been acted out in these places. At these moments, architecture's aesthetic and practical values, stylistic and historical significance are of secondary importance. What matters now is only the feeling of deep melancholy. Architecture is exposed to life." □

WITH ZUMTHOR, YOU THINK OF ELEGANT, SENSUAL BUILDINGS, AUSTERE AND RICH AT THE SAME TIME, MODERNISM AS A KIND OF PRISTINE OPULENCE.



THE HILLS ARE ALIVE

The spa in Vals is built into a mountainside 4,000 feet above sea level. Its roof is covered with grass. Its "monolithic" construction technique, named "Vals composite masonry" by the worker who raised it, was developed especially for the building.



Mr. Lonelyhearts

With his long-awaited first novel, *The Catsitters*, being published this month, JAMES WOLCOTT tells the story of a sensitive young actor's search for love in New York City. In the excerpt that follows, Johnny Downs gets some trenchant, unsolicited advice on packaging himself as marriage material from his friend Darlene as they plan a cast party for the play he's rehearsing

The story so far: Johnny Downs—part-time bartender by day, part-time actor by night—shares a bachelor apartment in downtown Manhattan with his moody and demanding cat, Slinky. After being betrayed and punted downfield by his latest girlfriend, a junior ad exec named Nicole, Downs enlists the support of his no-nonsense friend, dating adviser, crisis counselor, and interpreter of the female psyche, Darlene Ryder of Decatur, Georgia. Nicole's rejection has hit him hard, harder than he expected, and he needs Darlene's help. They spend hours on the phone, Darlene's voice crackling in his ear like a co-pilot's. She gives Johnny two weeks to mourn the loss of Nicole before putting him on a program to get his life in gear. During this period, he suffers an emotional meltdown; upon emerging, he forces himself to go on audition rounds, landing a supporting role in An Oasis for Fools, *a play set in the humid, lurid South. The lead actress is Claudia Prentiss, whose legs scissor the ground when she walks and whose mane of shiny black hair carries its own whip action. If he entertains any notions about making a move on her, he can forget it—Darlene has bigger plans in store*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

Darlene called from her mother's house in Athens, Georgia, where she was minding things while her mother was on a Caribbean cruise with a gentleman friend. "When's this so-called play open?" she asked. "If you hear something weird, it's just me shucking corn."

I told her the date.

"Will there be a cast party?"

"There may be one on the set after the show. We already have a bar built on the stage, so it's just a matter of stocking real booze and snacks."

"I was thinking, wouldn't it be *nice* to have the party at your place?"

"I haven't thrown a party since my humiliating 13th birthday, when my mother insisted we all play—"

"It's time you did. Host skills are essential in creating the image of a man at ease with himself and his home. Who usually gets invited to these things?"

"The cast and crew, their current sweeties, other actors."

"But if you're holding it in your apartment, you could invite outsiders too, right?"

"You mean Nicole?"

"Better than that. Does Nicole have a girlfriend that you got along with?"

"I met her friend Pavia a couple of times."

"Here's what you do. Pop an invite to Pavia. She'll be sure to mention it to Nicole. It'll annoy Nicole no end that you're throwing a party she hasn't been invited to so soon after your breakup. Then, a couple of days after you've sent Pavia the invitation, send Nicole one. By the time she gets her invitation, she'll *want* to come to the party."

"You think so?"

"I know so. Never discount female pride. The moment she gets the card she'll be on the phone with Pavia, BS-ing, 'Mine just arrived today—it must have gotten stuck in the mail.' This doesn't guarantee she'll show, but if she does, she'll see you being the center of attention and realize she could have been at your side on opening night rather than just another face."

"But, Darlene, if she walks through the door with a date, I'll have."

"If she walks through that door, it'll be with Pavia. They'll have up to compare notes later. God, Johnny, you know nothing about women."

"That's why I rely on you. My only concern is that Gleason thinks Nicole and I are still a couple, so if she—"

"Do you have to invite him?"

"He's my best friend."

"Friendship's overrated. You have your notebook handy? Here's what you're going to need. I may fax you some follow-up suggestions. I also want to fax some photos of myself I just took. Don't get excited, they're not nudies. I need your male input about the current state of my hair. Clete likes it long, but the humidity's wreaking havoc with it. I look like a blown mattress."

"Well, it should give the guys at the fax place a laugh."

"You be nice. Do you have a store nearby where you can get inflatable palm trees and animals for decorations? Goofy props always get a party going. Remember that one I took you to where everyone had to wear grass skirts? That was fun."

"I'm not having everyone wear hula outfits, Darlene. Besides, I'm not sure I can do all this—tend bar, rehearse a play, and throw a party at the same time. Why can't you come north and be my official party organizer? That way you could see the play, too."

"Wish I could, butter-butt, but it's important that you do this on your own. Just be sure to get lots of photos taken. Take some of the apartment before the guests arrive so I can see how the decorations look and then have someone shoot the guests once the party's in full swing. I want to study them and see if there're any future fiancées for you to pursue."

"By 'fiancées' I assume you mean girlfriends."

"No, I mean 'fiancées.' Frankly, I think it's time you thought about getting married. No offense, Johnny, but as a single man, you're getting stale, like an old potato chip. When you were younger, even up to just a few years ago, you could get away with being a likable fun guy. That won't cut it anymore. At your age, women suspect that if you haven't gotten married or at least engaged, there may be something wrong with you, some hidden defect or deep resistance. You have to start packaging yourself as marriage material. This party is the first step."

"Maybe I don't want to get married."

"Life isn't all about what you want. As a woman, I'm telling you that you need to be taken seriously as a man, and the only way for that to happen is for you to package yourself as a potential husband. All your life you've done what you wanted, and where are you? What do you have to look forward to?"

"You make me sound like a bowling ball headed for the gutter."

"If you have such a blazing future, how come Nicole blew you off so easily? I'll tell you why. She knew you weren't in the game for keeps. Since I've known you, Johnny, women have dumped you at a faster and faster rate. You've gone from being dumped by Katrina after three years to being dumped by Nicole after barely six months. It's as if the women you meet come equipped with the latest computer chip, enabling them to process the same information about you at faster speeds. After the next upgrade, women will be rejecting you before you say hello. Women don't need to compare notes on you. You're in the collective data bank."

"This may come as news to you, Darlene, but not every woman wants to be a wife. Nicole often said she didn't know if she ever wanted to get married."

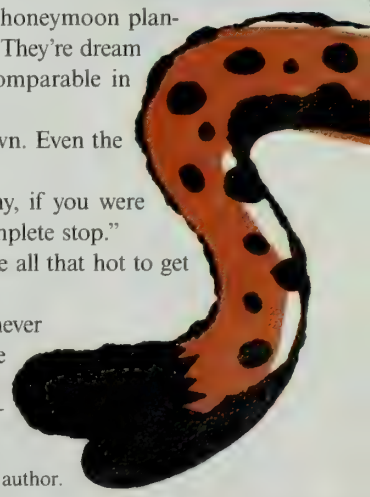
"And you *believed* her? Where have you been for the last 2,000 years? She was testing your attitude toward marriage, and whatever you said clearly landed in the loss column. If you really want to know how women regard matrimony, go to a newsstand and take a look at the bridal magazines. They're the biggest, fattest magazines in the country, packed with nothing but articles on weddings, engagement parties, honeymoon planning, the perfect wedding dress, etc. They're dream books, Johnny. There's nothing comparable in the male world."

"I just don't feel like settling down. Even the phrase makes me—"

"Makes you what? Jesus, Johnny, if you were any more settled, you'd reach a complete stop."

"You've never acted like you were all that hot to get married."

"I'm younger than you are, and never you mind. It's your misguided life we're talking CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

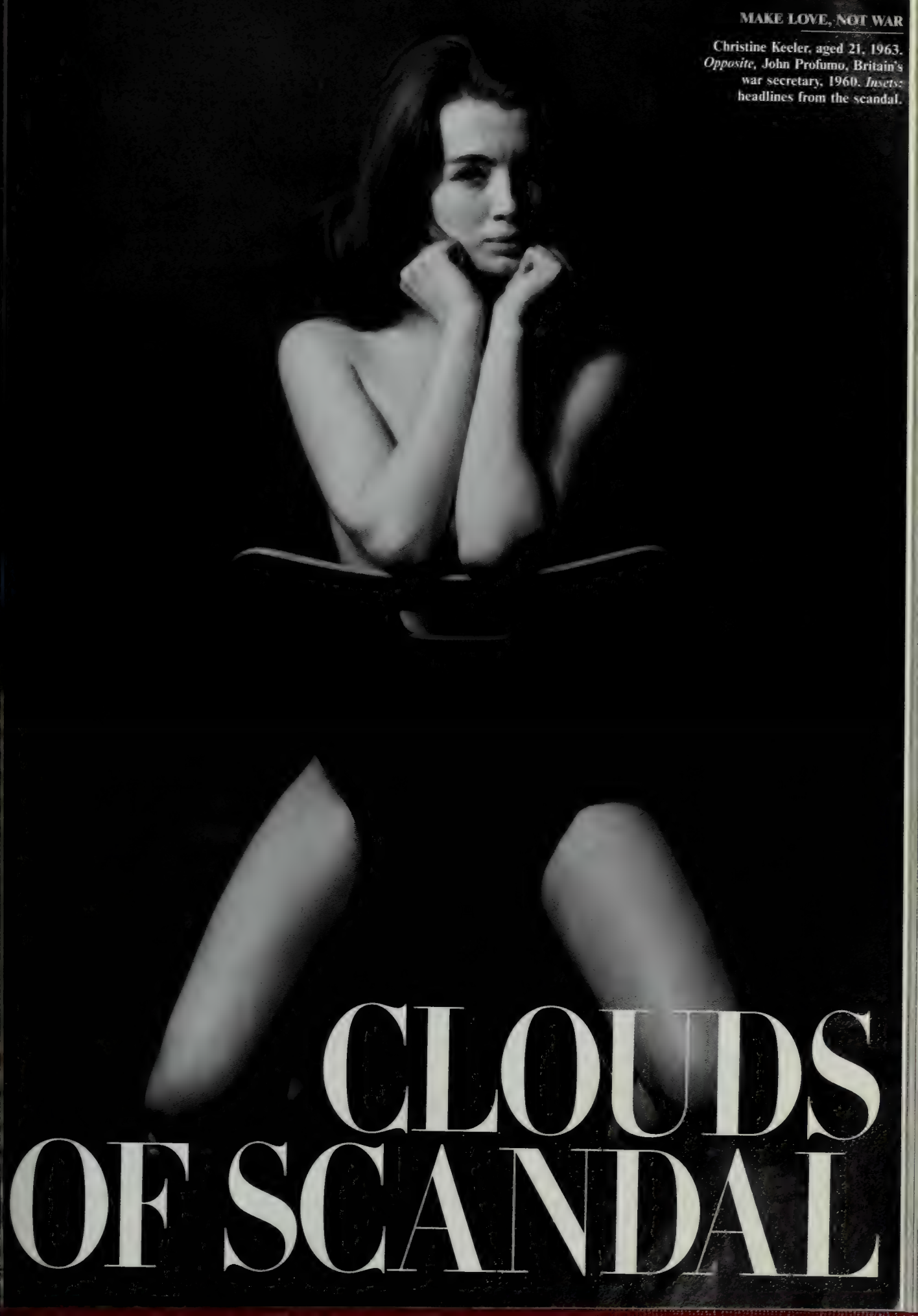


Excerpted from *The Catsitters*, by James Wolcott, to be published this month by HarperCollins; © 2001 by the author.

Over the decades, much has been written about Britain's most famous political sex scandal, in which John Profumo, the secretary of state for war, was disgraced as a result of his relationship with a 19-year-old party girl. Now, nearly 40 years later, the woman in question, CHRISTINE KEELER, tells of a naïve young girl's entanglements with a philandering politician and a Soviet spy—from the summer night in 1961 when she met Profumo at William Astor's Cliveden estate to her never-before-revealed pregnancy—and the powerful forces that turned an extramarital fling into the Profumo Affair



Christine Keeler, aged 21, 1963. *Opposite*, John Profumo, Britain's war secretary, 1960. *Insets:* headlines from the scandal.

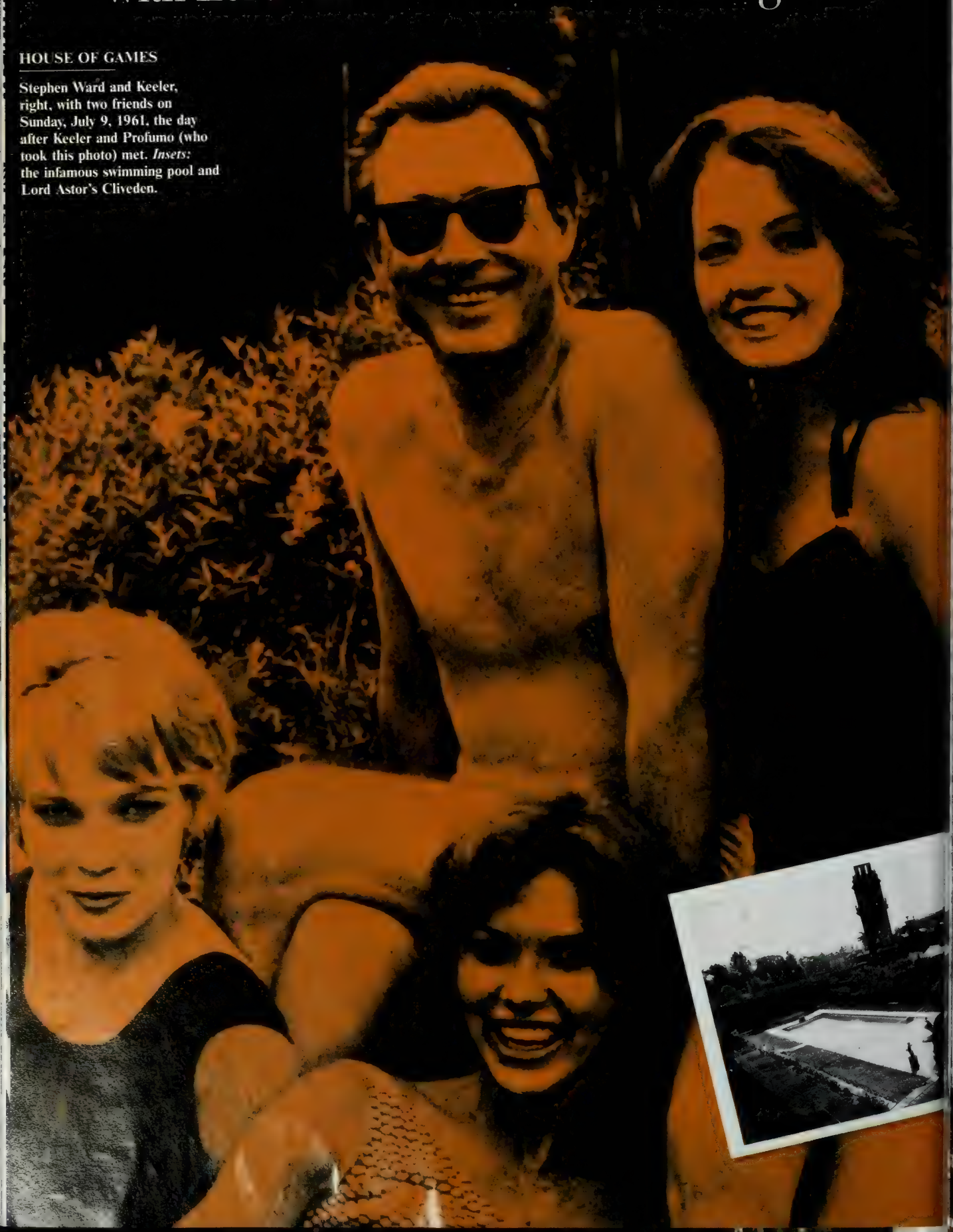


CLOUDS OF SCANDAL

"I could cover either my breasts or my backside … with Lord Astor and Profumo chasing me."

HOUSE OF GAMES

Stephen Ward and Keeler, right, with two friends on Sunday, July 9, 1961, the day after Keeler and Profumo (who took this photo) met. *Insets:* the infamous swimming pool and Lord Astor's Cliveden.



It was not John Profumo, Britain's secretary of state for war, who was the victim of a set-up at Cliveden on the weekend of Saturday, July 8, 1961. It was me.

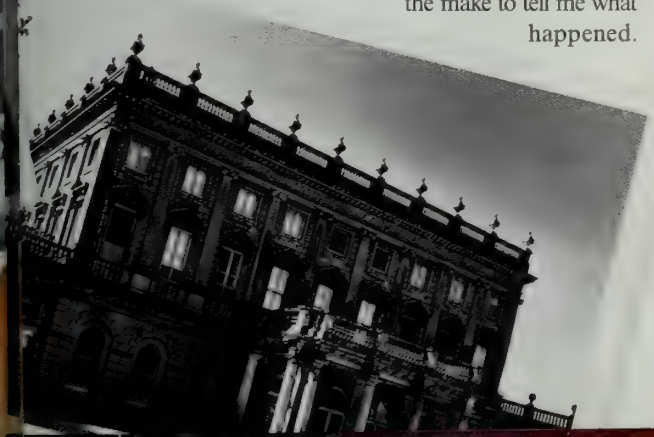
Stephen Ward and his spies wanted to know all about America's intentions, especially in regard to nuclear weapons. Stephen, 30 years my senior, was a society doctor I had met when I was just 17 and working as a performer and hostess at Murray's, a club in London. I lived on and off with him in a nonsexual relationship for a year and a half, and in that time I discovered he was a spy for the Russians.

In the early 60s, the balance of nuclear firepower, as we know, was of utmost importance. The secretary of state for war could, Stephen and his friends very reasonably anticipated, be of great help. "Jack" Profumo (family motto: Virtue and Work) was under pressure because British military resources were overstretched. Moscow and Washington were at the brink, playing chess with nuclear missiles. Prime Minister Harold "Super Mac" Macmillan had his own pressures, as his consumerist conservatism wasn't making times as good as he had promised. That filtered down as he shared the burden with his ministers.

But the Jack Profumo I knew was an easygoing man. He had a way about him, and he clearly liked women. He saw himself as a ladies' man and that may have come from his Italian background. When he met me he had been married for seven years, but I don't think he was scratching any seven-year itch.

He was comfortable having another woman. There had clearly been illicit affairs, dalliances, before he ever met me. He knew the technique, what to say and when to brush his hand on your arm or accidentally touch your breast. Later, when he was in purgatory, a friend of mine, an entertainer, told me how Jack had propositioned her, come on to her. The public thought he had learned all the lessons of the events which brought about his downfall, but clearly not. John Profumo, the onetime Tory M.P. for Kettering, and later for Stratford-on-Avon, was a man with wandering eyes—and hands to match.

But he entered my life at the right time. Over the years much has been said and written about our first and subsequent meetings. Some have tried to make more of it, produced theories and witnesses where there were none. I am the only one now who knows exactly what happened. I was there. People ask me if I've read such-and-such book about the events, and I have, but I never needed to. I lived it. Living through it is the miracle. I do not need spy buffs' fantasies or the polluted memories of those on the make to tell me what happened.



I was a mixed-up young girl that long, hot summer when the temperatures soared. It was perfect weather for the cottage at Cliveden and for Stephen to do his gardening. Cliveden was the ancestral estate of Lord Astor, one of Stephen's patients, who allowed him to use the cottage there. It was humid during those weeks in London, and I looked forward to taking off with Stephen for the weekends at Cliveden. Stephen seemed to live for them. It was where he could get to work. Lady Astor, Bronwen Pugh, had her attention focused on her future child. Stephen had his spy games to play. It was a busy place, a furtive time.

The weekend that all the world thinks it knows about began for me with a casual drink with a Persian friend, Leo Norell. Stephen had been nagging me about getting a girl for him for the weekend, saying that he could use more relaxation than ever because of the heat. But the right girl never materialized in London, and we took off for the cottage, just the two of us: Leo and me.

After passing Heathrow airport, we saw a girl waiting at a bus stop and pulled over. I thought it might be fun to have another girl along, someone to make it a crowd, a party. I knew Stephen wouldn't mind. I chatted with her, she got in the car with us, and we were on our way to Cliveden. We joined Stephen that evening. There were four of us at the cottage that night.

At the big house Lord and Lady Astor were entertaining nearly 30 people, including Ayub Khan, the president of Pakistan, Lord and Lady Dalkeith, a group of Conservative M.P.'s, and Profumo and his wife, the former leading actress Valerie Hobson. Before the war and his marriage, Jack, who had had a reputation as a man-about-town, ran Bill Astor's Conservative Association in East Fulham, so they were longtime, good friends. And they both liked girls.

The marvelously appointed house and its guests were glittering in their finery. I was happy at the cottage with a drink and the cool evening air. It was a perfect summer's night. Bill Astor allowed Stephen and his guests to use the swimming pool, a grand, walled pool. Stupidly, I had forgotten my swimsuit, but it didn't matter, as there were always spare clean suits in the pool house. I put on a black one-piece, but it was a bit old-fashioned and was tight around my bottom. I liked to swim with lots of energy and I just couldn't get going in that suit. I must have complained about it, for Stephen told me to take it off, as it was only us.

Nude, I felt a lot better. It was cool and free in the pool and I happily swam about. I had left the bathing suit by the deep end of the pool.

Stephen was lighting a cigarette when Bill Astor strolled in with Jack Profumo. I had water in my eyes and couldn't make them out at first, but then I recognized Bill. I had no idea who Profumo was. The two men were smiling and laughing. Stephen got up to greet them and at the same time threw my swimsuit into the hedge. I was stuck naked in the pool. There was a small towel at the deep end, and I quickly splashed over there and grabbed it. The men were all watching my mermaid act.

It was impossible to be dignified. I could cover either my breasts or my backside but not both. I tried for somewhere in the

Excerpted from *The Truth at Last*, by Christine Keeler with Douglas Thompson, published in the United Kingdom in February 2001 by Macmillan Publishers, Ltd.; © 2001 by the authors.

middle and attempted to walk out at the shallow end without giving them the full monty.

They had obviously had a few drinks and with Stephen's encouragement started trying to whip the tiny towel away from me. I ran around the pool with Lord Astor, head of a distinguished family, and John Profumo, one of Super Mac's most important government ministers, chasing me.

I had been drinking, too, and accepted this as great fun. I was giggling and enjoying the game. The towel would slip or I would let it slip a bit and there were schoolboy shrieks from the two of them. Bill Astor turned on the pool's floodlights and I didn't feel so brave in the spotlight.

Just then more of Bill's guests arrived, including Jack's wife. In their evening gowns and jewelry, the women were in stark contrast to me. All I had on was this sad square of toweling. With dripping-wet hair down my back and not much of me covered up I smiled and smiled and hoped the ground would swallow me up, but everybody was nice, so I said I was frightened of getting a chill and must change.

Before I went, Bill Astor glanced at his wife and then invited us to join the party up at the house for a drink. Jack nodded his approval of that idea. I was rather taken with him, impressed with him.

I had never been to the main house before and I was impressed; there were rooms galore, one after another after another. I wondered how much it cost to heat—especially with shillings in a gas meter. I felt like Cinderella, finally getting to the ball. Jack Profumo pointed out some of the paintings and photographs and invited me to look around with him. He said he would be my "tourist guide." As room led on to room, I would rush on to the next door.

It became a little game for the two of us: what was behind the next door? Jack suggested, "A kiss?" It got a little naughtier, with him stroking my back as we walked, and then he was chasing me around the furniture. I said I needed protection from him. There was a suit of armor in one room, and I put it on. It was a struggle, but Jack obviously enjoyed watching me pull it over my head. The others heard the noise as I clanked about, and, thankfully, Bill thought it was all great fun, a super party.

I hadn't noticed Stephen earlier, but he was suddenly there and he was watching Jack and Jack's eyes on me. He knew what had happened and what could happen—it was part of his tradecraft. Stephen started to make plans.

Leo and the girl we'd picked up at the bus stop—Joy was the name she gave us—had clearly become friendly. I don't think she ever realized what she had seen or how important it would be to the world, for she never surfaced again. She vanished into the night after returning to London with Leo in the early hours of July 9, 1961. We stayed at the cottage that night, but only after Stephen had gone to the village to use the phone, as the cottage, his beloved sanctuary, did not have one. After all the swimming and excitement, I slept well, but a couple of times in the night I thought I heard Stephen pacing around. I was too tired to get up and look for him. I slept on quite happily.

Stephen made coffee early the next morning, and on the way back to London we stopped at the main house; Stephen had arranged to give Bill a massage. I talked to Bronwen about the hot weather and how cooling the pool was. She didn't say anything about my running around half naked.

Stephen wanted to try and find out information from Bill about the delivery of nuclear weapons to Germany. It had been hinted at in previous conversations, and there was some paperwork at the house. While Bill was changing, Stephen stole some letters which he later handed over to Eugene Ivanov, his contact at the Soviet Embassy. The letters had useful information about the Skybolt missiles, which were, with the help of the Americans, to be Britain's nuclear weaponry. Jack Profumo was involved in the negotiations with the Kennedy administration, talks that would eventually see Polaris weapons in the U.K. and the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament on the march. Later, that plan would all go wrong and cause a great fuss between Washington and 10 Downing Street, but then, in the summer of 1961, it was a tremendous triumph for Stephen to get any information about the missile program. It was even more important that he was not found out, not betrayed.

Poor Bill never suspected Stephen, in all the years he had known him, of being a traitor, and over time had confided many things to him. They say spying is the second-oldest profession, and it seems to me that it is the least honorable because it can work only through treachery, deceit, and hurt.

But Stephen was a happy and busy man when we got back to his flat at Wimpole Mews. He phoned Roger Hollis, director-general of M.I.5, who was later investigated as a Russian spy, while I started to make some lunch, but he asked me to go into the bedroom while he was on a "private" call. Their plan was simple. I was to find out from Jack Profumo, through pillow talk, when nuclear warheads were to be moved to Germany.

Jack telephoned me on July 12, 1961. It was hot and he suggested a drive to anywhere I wanted to go. You have to remember I was only 19 years old, and this was a government minister. I wanted to show some respect, although I knew what he was after. I had no idea what to say and I blurted out, "We could drive by where you work."

I have no idea why I said that. I didn't care. I was just trying to be polite. It was like asking, "Do you think it will rain today?" But the secretary of state for war was not concerned. He just wanted to impress me. "I'll show you the army barracks too, where I inspect the men."

That day we went for a drive around London. Jack had collected me from Wimpole Mews and casually greeted Stephen, who, incredibly, was leaving for a meeting with Eugene, his Russian contact. Jack asked about Stephen, and I assured him that Stephen and I were just good friends. He was most polite. My 19-year-old self was impressed, flattered by the attention. We drove to the War Office and down Downing Street, which you could still do in those days. Jack was 46 then, more than twice my age, but he had a natural style about him, something you get with pedigree: confidence and an aura of being totally in control. I had climbed into Jack's polished, glistening black car without much thought other than keeping everybody happy.

And so I began the Profumo Affair.

Darling, In great haste and because I can get no reply from your phone— Alas something's blown up tomorrow night and I can't therefore make it. I'm terribly sorry especially as I leave the next day for various trips and then on a holiday so won't be able to see you again until sometime in September. Blast it. Please take great care of yourself, and don't run away.

—Love J

P.S. I'm writing this 'cos I know you're off for the day tomorrow

"We made love in his car, and I became pregnant. I didn't tell Jack about the baby."



WIFE SENTENCE

Keeler, July 1969. *Inset,* Profumo and his wife, the former actress Valerie Hobson, June 1962. "I've felt sad for Jack over the years, but never sorry for him," writes Keeler. "To me, it was Jack's wife who was the strong one."

and I want you to know before you go if I still can't reach you by phone.

—One of John Profumo's letters
to Christine Keeler, August 8, 1961,
quoted in the "Denning Report," September 1963.

I don't remember the sex with Jack that much, other than it was furtive at first and increasingly pleasant. It seems incredible looking back that our liaison could have resulted in so much tragedy and damage. It was no grand romance. I've felt sad for Jack over the years, but never sorry for him. He was a grown-up, much older man, and I was clearly not the first girl he had chased. Or the last.

To me, it was Jack's wife, who died in 1998, who was the strong one. She stayed with him for more than 40 years and never said a bad word. About anyone. The Profumos had a lot of family money, and Jack had a taste for luxury. He used to pick me up in a big black chauffeur-driven car with a flag on the front. The government car he took me around London in had soft leather seats you sank into and that smell of polish on the walnut finishings and the leather. It was like being in a Bond Street store.

When the car pulled up back at Wimpole Mews the only thing bothering Jack was running into Stephen. He was desperate to see me again, the next day if possible. But he wanted to know about Stephen, and we arranged for him to call me to make sure the coast was clear, as it were, before he arrived. It was "our plot," as he put it with a big smile. He didn't seem to think he was doing anything wrong or taking any risks. He was just looking for a good time.

Of course, Stephen wanted to know exactly what had happened with Jack, and I told him about driving along Downing Street and past the War Office, which Jack had been running since 1960, and how Jack had delighted in showing me around Regent's Park. Stephen wanted to know if we'd had sex, so I told him we hadn't, and accused him of having a "dirty mind," which, in the circumstances, was a bad joke. Stephen didn't care: he relished all of it. He called it dramatic, and I thought he just wanted to know all about the habits—sexual or otherwise—of a future prime minister.

Stephen subsequently spent more time than usual at his consulting rooms, and Jack and I became lovers. The first time was in the front room of Wimpole Mews. We had been talking, and he was being charming and flirtatious, and the next thing we were kissing, and then he was leaping on top of me.

Jack never gave me a chance to think about rejecting him. He was anxious to move on, and we were on the sofa. I enjoyed it, for he was kind and loving afterward. I never thought about the implications; it was all very agreeable and I began to look forward to his visits.

Stephen bumped into Jack a few nights after I had met the minister at Cliveden. Russia's first man in space, Major Yuri Gagarin, was in Britain. He had lunch with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and then attended a mobbed press conference in Earl's Court. It was like a Hollywood welcome for him.

The Russian Embassy went to town. They held a lavish reception for Gagarin, and Stephen was invited. He took another woman, not me, to the function. Jack was

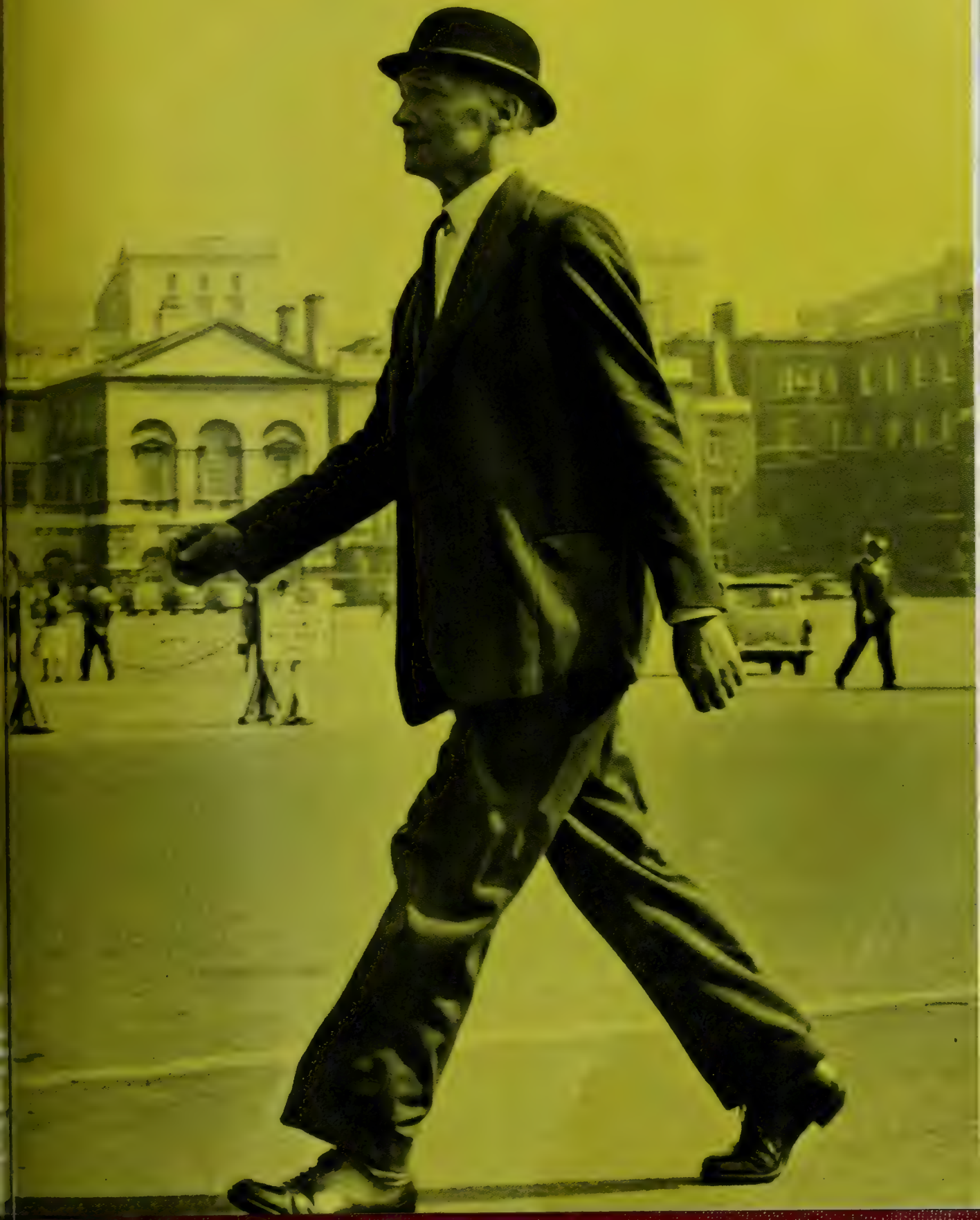
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REQUIRED READING

Lord Denning walks on London's Horse Guards Parade the day his report on the Profumo Affair was delivered to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, September 16, 1963. *Inset,* Keeler reads the "Denning Report."

ng Report' was: Blame Christine Keeler for everything."





"I was 20 years old, and it seemed my life was over. A



RED-HOT CENTER

Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies arrive at the Old Bailey for Stephen Ward's trial. *Inset,* Keeler, friend Paula Hamilton-Marshall, and housekeeper Olive Brooker on their way to court, 1963.

there with Valerie, and, naturally enough, Eugene was there. Stephen told me that he had met them all, and he and his date had had drinks—vodka—with Jack and Valerie, and also with Gagarin. Nothing was said about me, but Jack must have been thinking of me because I received word from him.

It was insane of him to write me notes, but he did. There would be a couple of lines like "Looking forward to getting to know you better . . . "—a little innuendo about our lovemaking. And there were a couple of notes changing arrangements, always signed "Love J.," and with a message for me to take care of myself for him. I did not keep the letters, as I never wanted to hurt Jack, and I never considered blackmailing him over them. The only letter that was ever published in full was the "Darling" letter, and that got its widest circulation through the "Denning Report."

That summer I was happy having our illicit love affair. It was exciting. I had the upper hand, for I could always get rid of Jack by saying that Stephen was scheduled to be home. That kept him away, for he was very wary of Stephen, but he never seemed concerned that others would find out about us. I later told Lord Denning, the man whom Harold Macmillan appointed to lead the inquiry into my involvement with Jack, that Jack was concerned about his wife's finding out, but if he was, he never showed it to me. He even borrowed his friend John Hare's Bentley to take me for a drive. And Viscount Hare was the minister of labor, whose car had a unique hood ornament, a silver hare. I don't know if Jack was being reckless or was just too arrogant and thought he could do what he wanted with impunity.

Also, it was not the sign of a worried man to take me to his marital bed and make love to me. He had turned up in his red Mini and was cheerful. We took a drive through Regent's Park, but this time we stopped at his home, an impressive Nash house. We rushed up the steps and into an oblong-shaped hall. At the bottom of a huge staircase were two big ornamental dogs, which Jack said Valerie had bought. He didn't sound too fond of them. Stephen had known Valerie before she married Jack, and he contacted her a couple of times during that summer of 1961. I believe he went to see her at their house in Regent's Park, but he never told me what had occurred between them. That surprised me, for he knew Jack had taken me to the house, and we would, in our "normal" circumstances, have gossiped about the size of the rooms and the interior decoration. It was fine and rich and tasteful, and Stephen would have adored it.

Jack, as he had done at Cliveden, offered me a tour of the house. He showed me the dining room. "We often have the Queen for dinner here." I stared at the table. He rolled his eyes: "She's my favorite girlfriend."

"The Queen?"

He laughed as he led me up the great staircase to where his office and the master bedroom were situated. We entered his office: "And this is where I work." He tried to kiss me. His desk looked like a telephone exchange, and one phone looked unusual. "Oh, that's a scrambler. I use that if I want to phone the

'phen was to blame."

prime minister. It scrambles our voices. No one except us can understand what we're saying." Then he took me into the next room, which was a grand *en suite* bedroom. Jack went into the bathroom as I looked around. When he came out he seemed to me a most powerful figure. Soon we were making love in his own bedroom. It was a great turn-on for both of us. I enjoyed being with him. Jack would try to buy me presents or give me money, but I always refused. I didn't want his money. I felt that what was happening between us was above that. Once, he gave me £20 for my mother, and I got perfume and a cigarette lighter from him. He said he wanted to be generous to me, as I was generous with my gifts to him. I didn't like taking the £20, but I did. Jack seemed oblivious to the danger of people finding out about us. The next time we went out, he headed to a club in St. James's to collect a package, and I waited in the car for him. But then we went to Chelsea to visit Georgie Ward, who was the former secretary of state for air. Jack told him about meeting me at Bill Astor's pool and they laughed about it. Georgie was a jolly sort of man and thought nothing of our being together. The following day Stephen took me for a drive, and I pointed out Georgie Ward's house to him.

Late one night Stephen came into my bedroom. I was half asleep, and he paced the room, puffing on a cigarette. It was his usual routine when he couldn't sleep, when he wanted to talk. But this time the talk was of world importance—and would affect the rest of our lives. It's extraordinary how a small moment in time, a half-awake moment, can transform your world. For you can never change what happened, take back the words, reverse the deeds. It's said, it's done. No matter how much you want it, things can never be unsaid, undone. That night in the bedroom, between drags on his cigarette, Stephen asked me straight out to ask Jack on what date the Germans were going to get nuclear weapons. I knew Stephen was a spy, but had not allowed myself to think how great his scope was or what his actions could mean. This seemed so bold. I had dropped off letters at the Russian Embassy, but that was just like posting a letter. This was different. This was gathering information. Spying. Properly. Or, rather, improperly.

I leaned over and put on the night-light, and I could see that Stephen looked worried. He lit another cigarette and went on: "We know they are going to have them, but we don't know when—you could find out, as Jack would have been invited to the ceremony."

Months later "Super Mac" Macmillan would suggest that Jack could not have known such details, but Jack was in negotiations with the Americans all the time over weapons and their placement. The Russians—and Stephen—knew Jack would have some inside information, if not every detail. And so did I—having heard Stephen and Eugene talking about it, and their heated discussions on the East-West battle of power.

I became afraid and begged him not to ask me to do such a thing, saying that I couldn't betray my country. He then told me not to worry, and abruptly left my room. I lay awake wondering what to do. I loved and I feared Stephen, for I knew what he was capable of. I knew that if I did not do what he asked my life would be in danger.

The next day I received the "Darling" letter from Jack, changing our plans, but not canceling out future meetings. The next meeting we did have was complicated: we sat outside Wimpole Mews in his distinctive red Mini, and we argued. He said he could no longer see me if I stayed with Stephen. I had no option: I had to either leave Stephen or never see Jack again. I got confused and angry, and he said, "Why don't you get a flat on your own somewhere, Christine? I could find one for you."

I thought of the movie *The Apartment,* where the girl, Shirley MacLaine, is used by some big-time business executive. It's Jack Lemmon's apartment and is always available for the executive and his girlfriends to come round. I thought my Jack wanted me to be available for all the Tory government, and I was livid. I shouted at him that he didn't own me. I said I didn't love him and I enjoyed living with Stephen, with our arrangement. I said he was being jealous and possessive, and it wasn't as if I loved him, although I did enjoy being with him, and I liked going to bed with him.

Jack again said he couldn't see me anymore if I stayed at Wimpole Mews. I jumped out of the Mini, saying, "Don't then," and slammed the car door. Without looking back, I also slammed the front door. I thought all was over with Jack Profumo.

In his last note Jack said to call. When I finally did he seemed pleased to hear from me. It was late October 1961, and the weather had turned very cold. We were more discreet, for he did not want Stephen to know, and neither did I.

We talked about lots of things, including where I might go to live away from Stephen. We drove around and stopped somewhere. I don't remember where—I wasn't paying attention to anything but Jack. We made love in his car, and that is where and when I became pregnant.

I didn't tell Jack about the baby, but I never heard from him again. About the flat. About anything. Maybe it had been one last fling with me, one last great risk, that excited him. I don't know, and I don't suppose I care that much now. At the time I was lost and didn't know where to turn.

One November weekend at the cottage I met a well-known show-business personality, a marvelous character. She had a great fan club of young men—not surprising, because she was very attractive, with a fabulous figure. She still looks wonderful today. But she was in trouble: she was pregnant.

Now she was going to have an abortion and asked if I would be with her. I went to her flat, where the baby was aborted. It was difficult and painful for her, and she kept thanking me for being with her. She also told me that a senior member of the royal family was the father.

For my own abortion I found a woman who would carry it out for £25, but I don't remember that much about it. It was a horrific experience. I was thankful to live through it. I was half asleep, almost in a coma, when my longtime friend Peter Lewin came around to see how I was. The abortionist woman had just left. Peter was shocked but took control. He knew I was in a terrible state—dying. Peter saved my life by getting me to the Chelsea Hospital for Women on Dovehouse Street, just in time.

In December of 1962 real trouble began when Johnnie Edgecombe, a West Indian man I'd been seeing, got into a jealous rage and came around to the Wimpole Mews apartment. By then, I had moved out and Mandy Rice-Davies, who had befriended me at Murray's, was living there. I went to visit Mandy, and Johnnie found out where I was. I had gotten together with Johnnie partly because he offered to protect me from Lucky Gordon, another West Indian, who had been violent with me and was stalking me. Unfortunately, Johnnie proved to be just as crazy as Lucky. When Mandy and I wouldn't let him in he tried to shoot the door down. Wimpole Mews became a sea of press and police. Johnnie was soon apprehended and charged with the shooting and for cutting up Lucky with a knife.

I found myself desperate for a shoulder to lean on. I needed advice, guidance. I needed someone to turn to. Stephen did not want to know. The press was pestering Mandy and me all the time, but she knew nothing and thought it was all a giggle, a bit of fun. Her ignorance did not help my feelings.

The fears to me were immediate ones and surrounded the trial of Johnnie Edgecombe, which was set to be heard a couple of months into the new year. The prospect of the trial at the Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey, dominated my thoughts. Everyone else seemed to be preparing for Christmas, and the lights were on in the West End. I had a stack of invites to pa

ties and to drinks get-togethers, but I was thinking about being asked in court if I had had sex with a black man, which in the early 1960s was a great stigma. It was like being an unmarried mother, a dreadful thing.

I did go out to a Christmas party, a sort of Murray's Club reunion with people like me who had worked there and with favored customers. It was a mistake, for there I met one of the most evil men of the whole affair, the vindictive John Lewis. Later, I was told, someone chewed off his nose as a reprisal for "putting your nose in my affairs"; I was not surprised. Lewis, who died in 1969, had been a Labour M.P. from 1945 to 1951, but was a rogue in business. Stephen had played a part in his bitter divorce from his wife, Joy, and Lewis was, even years later, after him. He believed revenge was best served cold.

On the surface, the man I met on Christmas Eve 1962 could not have been more helpful. I didn't know he was using me as a conduit to get to Stephen. He bragged about having gotten hundreds of thousands of pounds in legal actions against newspapers. My legal troubles involving Johnnie and Lucky were nothing. I was so grateful when he said he would get his lawyers to help, and even more pleased that he actually rang, as promised, the next day. He invited me to his house and bamboozled me with his confidence and connections: Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner had stayed in his flat. He pointed out the fat dossiers he kept on people. He was the same as Stephen but more deadly: he became more familiar with me and made a pass.

I told him about Stephen's asking me to get details about the bombs. I told him about Jack. He told George Wigg, the powerful Labour M.P. with the ear of Harold Wilson, the Labour Party leader. Wigg, who was Jack's opposite number in the Commons, started a Lewis-style dossier; it was the official beginning of the investigations and questions which would pull away the foundation of the Macmillan government.

I thought John Lewis was helping me, but he was trying to destroy Stephen. Over two or three weeks, Lewis, unknown to me, had been recording our conversations. I had a row with him and locked him out of his office while I searched for his files on me, Jack, and Stephen. He made such a fuss, I got nowhere. But neither did he when he offered me £500 to sleep with him. Did he want to tape that as well, as evidence of my easy virtue? I don't think so, not by his reaction. When I turned him down he called me all sorts of horrid names and shouted, "You're not going until I fuck you." I walked to the door, but he pushed me back and shouted what he wanted again and again. Then he locked me in his office and disappeared. When he came back he had a gun in his hand.

Astonishingly, he handed me the revolver, saying, "If you won't make love to me, you'll have to shoot me if you want to leave. It's loaded. Go ahead."

I would happily have shot him, and told him so. He wouldn't move, so I pointed the gun at him and pulled the trigger. The gun wasn't loaded. I will never forget the look on his face when he heard the click of the hammer. I left. One game appeared to be over. But it wouldn't be long before I had the urge to kill again.

The circus was about to start.



PEEP SHOW

Keeler's friend and roommate Mandy Rice-Davies in a London hotel suite during Stephen Ward's trial, July 1963.

The press had kept a vigil outside my new flat at Great Cumberland Place since Johnnie Edgecombe had played his version of the gunfight at the O.K. Corral at Wimpole Mews. About six weeks had gone by and the press was getting impatient. My friend Nina Gadd was, like Mandy, going into and out of the flat, but I had turned protectively reclusive and kept out of the way. The reporters and photographers seemed to be working in shifts, and it would not have surprised me if they had arrived squeezed into double-decker buses. They turned up in all different sizes and attitudes, some gruff and pushy, others relaxed and amiable; it was good guy, bad guy. What they all had in common was they were desperate for an exclusive interview with me.

Nina Gadd thought she was going to make a killing. She had been feeding the gossip columns and called herself a freelance journalist. I now suspect that Nina was the source of a snippet in the glossy magazine *Queen* in the late summer of 1962 which began the Profumo Affair rumors. It was so vague in linking Jack, Eugene, and me that it was understood only by cognoscenti who were working on equally vague, circumstantial evidence. Now that the hunt was on, Nina could be more provocative. She arrived at the flat as usual on January 22, 1963, but with a man she said was her fiancé. Of course, I allowed the guy in—he was engaged to my friend.

Mandy and my friend Paul Mann were present. It was a setup, the first of many. Nina started talking about Jack and the problems with Lucky. In front of her fiancé, whom I was meeting for the first time? But I was so wrapped up in my world that I did not see how ridiculous this was. When you are in a corner and the people facing you are, you believe, your close friends, you are blinded sometimes; it is sleight of mind because you can't think for thinking.

They all suggested I sell my story to the newspapers. What had I to lose? There was only profit in it—and my modeling prospects were nil.

Nina's man was very clued up, asking if I had evidence. I had the "Darling" letter from Jack, but I did not want to hurt him. That was not a problem, because the newspapers could not print his name. He would be an anonymous government minister. To Miss Naïve 1963, it all sounded so simple. The money certainly appealed to me, for it could bankroll an escape from all the problems. But how much would I get?

Nina's friend took out his business card and identified himself as from the *Sunday Pictorial,* which was a heavy-hitting competitor of the *News of the World,* the *People* and the *Sunday Mirror* of the time. He suggested I could make as much as £1,000, maybe more—a tantalizing figure at the time.

I justified it to myself. Lucky had been

seen near the flat, and what harm could it bring to Jack? I went to the *Sunday Pictorial* office the next day. Mandy went with me. We talked through my story and I showed them Jack's letter. The deal was done as long as I left the letter, the hard evidence. We haggled. I got £200, and the newspaper kept the letter. The agreement was that when I signed the story the rest of the money would be paid. They were going to write everything, I just had to put my name to the proofs.

Then the police arrived and more traps were set.

I had been having a good run with my modeling, but the publicity over Johnnie Edgecombe's shoot-out stopped all that. A photographic shoot for Knight's Castile soap was canceled, and so was a whisky promotion in Scotland. I was 20 years old, and it seemed my life was over, finished. And Stephen was to blame. I was determined to bring him down with me and I only knew one way to do that. I betrayed him to the police—I told them that Stephen had asked me to get the date of the bomb delivery from Jack. Detective Sergeant John Burrows from the Marylebone station came to interview Mandy and me about the shooting. He told us the magistrates would take evidence in early February 1963. He asked how I had met Jack, and I told him that I'd met him at Bill Astor's home, and I let him know that I had given Jack's letter to the *Sunday Pictorial*. I also told him that through Stephen I had met Eugene, the Russian, on a few occasions, and that was that, I thought. I had done my duty. However, Mandy blurted out, "He uses young girls—he's a sexual pervert."

Burrows went away and wrote a report using both my words and Mandy's. In a statement which he wrote, and which I never saw or signed, he said,

> She [Christine] said that Doctor Ward was a procurer of women for gentlemen in high places and was sexually perverted: that he had a country cottage at Cliveden to which some of these women were taken to meet important men—the cottage was on the estate of Lord Astor; that he had introduced her to Mr John Profumo and that she had an association with him; that Mr Profumo had written a number of letters to her on War Office notepaper and that she was still in possession of one of these letters which was being considered for publication in the *Sunday Pictorial* to whom she had sold her life story for £1,000. She also said that on one occasion when she was going to meet Mr Profumo, Ward had asked her to discover from him the date on which certain atomic secrets were to be handed to West Germany by the Americans, and that this was at the time of the Cuba crisis. She also said she had been introduced by Ward to the Naval Attaché of the Soviet Embassy and had met him on a number of occasions.

It was this initial report which became the key to the conspiracy to cover up. All my information about Stephen passing on documents and information to the Russians was ignored. As was my witnessing his meetings with Russian spies Anthony Blunt and Roger Hollis. It was all part of the plot to which Lord Denning gave official approval by deflecting questions about Stephen's espionage machinations and manipulations. The attitude that originated with that report was: Let's blame Christine Keeler for everything. Stephen Ward a spy? Never. The man was a pimp. That was a much better solution. Ward the pimp was much more acceptable than Ward the spy, another one missed by the Brits. How would the Atlantic "cousins" like that? They did not want another name to add to the famous Cambridge spy ring of Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, and Kim Philby. Certainly not Stephen Ward and—God forbid—Roger Hollis. Anthony Blunt's treason was discovered but remained secret for years. Stephen Ward as the pimp was best. That is what charges filed later in the year at the Old Bailey said. Stephen pleaded not guilty to five charges:

- That between June 1, 1961, and August 31, 1962, he knowingly lived wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution.
- That between September 1, 1962, and December 1962, he knowingly lived wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution.
- That between January 1, 1963, and June 8, 1963, he lived wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution.
- That between May 1, 1961, and June 30, 1961, he incited Christine Keeler to procure a girl under 21 years to have unlawful sexual intercourse with a third person.
- That on January 3, 1963, he attempted to procure a girl under 21 years to have unlawful sexual intercourse with a third person.

That such charges were even brought was one of the great miscarriages of British justice, something that many legal experts as well as scholars of the time now recognize. Stephen never lived off women like a pimp. The charges were just a weapon.

The story came out, most significantly for the authorities, that Stephen had introduced me to Jack and Eugene and Bill Astor. He was the one getting girls for the boys. Many of Stephen's former girlfriends had met their husbands through Stephen, but that didn't concern Burrows.

I was down as a witness at Johnnie Edgecombe's trial, which had been postponed until March 14, 1963, because a witness, the cabdriver who had taken him to and from Wimpole Mews, was ill. I was legally bound to attend, but with everything that was going on around me, that was not a great concern.

Stephen knew I would run. I had told him how terrified I was of going to court. Plus I was terrified of Lucky Gordon, who was still stalking me. Paul Mann and I drove down to Dover. It was Friday, March 8, 1963. After crossing the Channel, we stopped in Paris for a couple of days. Then we drove and drove until we were in southeastern Spain. We stopped at a fishing village called Altea, and for 30 shillings a week—we didn't have much money between us—we got ourselves a "villa," which was freezing. It had cold stone floors, bars on the windows, and little furniture. We sat in the sun and played cards. Alicante was the nearest place of any consequence. There was a phone at the café, but it was difficult to get through to London, to anywhere. I wanted to see the newspapers—what had happened to Johnnie Edgecombe?

On March 14, at the Old Bailey, Johnnie was charged with the slashing of Lucky and with shooting at and trying to kill me. I was the no-show witness and became in the next day's headlines THE MISSING MODEL. Later that day, Johnnie was cleared of these charges but convicted of possessing a firearm with intent to endanger life. He got seven years from Mr. Justice Thesiger and protested that it was all an Establishment fit-up. It certainly looks that way to me. Especially now, with hindsight, when you see how everyone was being taken, however harshly, out of the picture.

Except me. Despite all the efforts. On the second day of Johnnie's trial the *Daily Express* had a clever front page with a banner headline reading, WAR MINISTER SHOCK. There was a confusing story about Jack's resigning but not resigning. The paper couldn't put directly into print the rumors that were all over Whitehall and along Fleet Street. It was a journalistic device to link me and Jack. Across to the right on that front page was a photograph of me with the headline VANISHED: OLD BAILEY WITNESS.

So, as I sat winning pennies playing whis in Spain, Jack Profumo was the archi tect of his own downfall.

George Wigg brought up the rumor about Jack and me in the House of Com mons without specifying Jack's name. Bar bara Castle called me a tart under the protec tion of parliamentary privilege. There wer stories that Jack had paid for me to vanish Everyone was speculating about who ha paid for the "missing model" to go missing The inside gossip rattled on about Jack an Bill Astor and Stephen. Who had paid th bill? Harold Macmillan's government wa under siege from the Labour Party and th press. But it was all rumor because few kne

for certain that Jack and I had had sex. Or that I had also slept with Eugene. And nobody knew about Stephen's spy ring with Roger Hollis and Anthony Blunt. That would have been a story. But the whiff of scandal was now strong enough to encourage anyone who felt like it to join in a great banshee cry about morality and security.

Finally, Jack made his now legendary "personal statement" to the House of Commons just after 11 A.M. on Friday, March 22, 1963. Here it is, paragraph by paragraph:

I understand that in the debate on the Consolidated Fund Bill last night, under protection of parliamentary privilege, the Hon. Gentlemen the Members for Dudley (George Wigg) and for Coventry, East (Richard Crossman), and the Hon. Lady the Member for Blackburn (Barbara Castle), opposite, spoke of rumours connecting a Minister with a Miss Keeler and a recent trial at the Central Criminal Court. It was alleged that people in high places might have been responsible for concealing information concerning the disappearance of a witness and the perversion of justice.

I understand that my name has been connected with the rumours about the disappearance of Miss Keeler.

I would like to take this opportunity of making a personal statement about these matters.

I last saw Miss Keeler in December 1961, and I have not seen her since. I have no idea where she is now. Any suggestion that I was in any way connected with or responsible for her absence from the trial at the Old Bailey is wholly and completely untrue.

My wife and I first met Miss Keeler at a house party in July, 1961, at Cliveden. Among a number of people there was Dr. Stephen Ward, whom we already knew slightly, and a Mr. Ivanov, who was an attaché at the Russian Embassy.

The only other occasion that my wife or I met Mr. Ivanov was for a moment at the official reception for Major Gagarin at the Soviet Embassy.

My wife and I had a standing invitation to visit Dr. Ward.

Between July and December, 1961, I met Miss Keeler on about half a dozen occasions at Dr. Ward's flat, when I called to see him and his friends. Miss Keeler and I were on friendly terms. There was no impropriety whatsoever in my acquaintanceship with Miss Keeler.

Ironically, the pressure on Jack had been stirred up by my story for the *Sunday Pictorial*, which was never printed, because the newspaper had gotten nervous.

Ignorant of what had gone on in the Commons, Paul and I got a lift from two matadors and arrived in Madrid on March 23. When we went out dancing at a disco, an American looked at me and said, "You're the missing model, Christine Keeler. I've been reading all about you and Parliament." He produced the paper. I read the report of Jack's speech and my first question was "What's impropriety?"

Soon the international press discovered I was in Madrid, and I was pursued back to London by every means imaginable.

An investigation by the lord chancellor was scheduled to begin on May 30, and Jack was told he would be questioned the following week. It could not go on; there could be no more brinkmanship.

The game was up. Jack and his wife went to his beloved Italy, to the calming waters of Venice: it was the last act of bravado. After he confessed all to Valerie, he returned and confessed to Macmillan's private secretary: "I have to tell you that I did sleep with Miss Keeler and my statement in that respect was untrue."



SKETCHY CHARACTER

Stephen Ward at a gallery showing of his drawings in 1963, a few months before he died of a sleeping-pill overdose. Keeler believes he committed suicide.

He then wrote to Macmillan on June 4, 1963, with his resignation:

In my statement I said that there had been no impropriety in this association. To my very deep regret I have to admit that this was not true, and that I misled you, and my colleagues, and the House. I ask you to understand that I did this to protect, as I thought, my wife and family, who were equally misled, as were my professional advisers. I have come to realise that, by this deception, I have been guilty of a grave misdemeanour.

He got a "Dear Profumo" letter back accepting his resignation with alacrity. The news broke the next day. To sum up the madness of it, the leopardskin-wearing rock star Screaming Lord Sutch, who died in 1999, announced he was standing for Jack's constituency as a candidate from the Monster Raving Loony Party. It seemed appropriate. At the same time, all hell broke loose around me.

One of the characters I met at this time was Robin Drury, a friend of Stephen's who had been the personal manager to Lionel Bart, the composer of *Oliver!* Times were not so good for him and he borrowed money from me. Now he approached me about writing a book. He said he wanted to be my manager. He seemed O.K. It would be strictly business and I liked the idea of that. A lawyer named Walter Lyons was part of the deal with Robin. Even before Jack resigned they had been quietly talking to the *News of the World* about selling the paper my story. It was the heyday of checkbook journalism, with newspapers, especially the Sunday papers, fighting over the stories of those involved in big court cases and paying handsomely for their versions of events. It was a terrific deal—they were going to pay £23,000, a fortune in those days, maybe a quarter of a million pounds today. Robin produced a tape recorder and we set about doing the book. He kept me talking, feeding me coffee, for hours. I talked and talked. I wouldn't shut up. The day after Jack's resignation, Robin came around to clinch the deal with the *News of the World.* Reporters were constantly asking more questions, then writing the answers in the first person, as though I had written the story. And the madness was set to continue, for now there was even talk about making a movie of my life.

I was a victim of lies from the beginning, and they have just become more colossal over the years; the cumulative effect is that everyone has a blurred view of what really happened. It is why I have always wanted to tell the truth about Stephen and his spying and all the other horrors. It's just that I have not had the strength before, I was too frightened; but now that my sons are grown I want the world to know my real story. The plight of Monica Lewinsky brought it home to me again when in

Christine Keeler

1998 she became a dirty joke with all those smarmy remarks about cigars and President Clinton and racy sexual happenings in the Oval Office.

Knowing all of this and what I personally survived, I am one of only a few people in the world who could hope to understand something of the architecture of the shaky, nightmarish life that Monica Lewinsky endured at the height of that scandal. And will suffer forever. I only had to watch her being manipulated and turned into a scapegoat to think of Denning.

And Clinton's confidants and sharp-suited aides appearing on television with one story and then another and then a new version—it made me shudder. Sincerity? The truth? Sorry, I'd heard and seen it all before. I could empathize with what really happens to a young "scarlet" woman when the world is watching every moment: the constant whisperings, sniggering, finger-pointing, head turning, the simple surface signs that you are disturbingly different. Also, with the insecurities and fears, the paranoia of living around the clock with the certain knowledge that someone, somewhere, is always after you. There is no escape from such high-profile political scandal after the threshold between nonentity and notoriety has been crossed.

You can never be you again.

EPILOGUE

Stephen Ward took a fatal overdose of sleeping pills the night before he was convicted in 1963 of living off immoral earnings. Many believe it was suicide, though rumors of foul play persist. Documents from his trial have been sealed by the British government until 2046. Mandy Rice-Davies, now 57, is married to Ken Foreman, a retired businessman 9 years her senior. It is her third marriage. They live in Surrey, Miami, and the Bahamas. Eugene Ivanov escaped to Moscow in 1963. Partly as a result of the Profumo scandal, Harold Macmillan resigned in October 1963; Sir Alec Douglas-Home served as interim prime minister until Harold Wilson's Labour government took power in 1964. Lord Denning died in March 1999 at the age of 100.

John Profumo's wife, Valerie, died in 1998, at the age of 81. Profumo has led a quiet life, working for charity, since resigning in 1963. Last July, he was a guest at St. Paul's Cathedral for a tribute honoring the Queen Mother on her upcoming 100th birthday.

Christine Keeler, 59, lives in London. Twice married and twice divorced, she has two sons. She has lived alone since 1978. Quoting Oscar Wilde, she says, "The truth is rarely pure and never simple." □

Clinton and Gore

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89 Clinton," says a former Clinton staffer, "but Gore always *worked* to have a relationship."

Still, this achievement can't be underrated. The historic relationships among presidents, vice presidents, and their staffs offer an endless chronicle of mutual suspicion, contempt, alienation, and backbiting. Clinton and Gore did a remarkable job of containing the tensions inherent in the deal, and of wringing the best from their association.

On the president's side, you have to credit his intellectual security: Clinton knew that Gore knew things he didn't, and was happy to delegate specific areas of responsibility—technology, the environment, government reform, and several foreign-policy subjects—and to give great weight to Gore's advice across the board. When you put aside the uncertainties that make it so difficult for Gore to present a coherent political persona, the truest, most reliable parts of the man reside in his grasp of the substance of government. At his best, Gore can be formidably decisive, straightforward, and tough. He offered a desperately needed steadiness to the storm-tossed White House of Clinton's first term, and Clinton was smart enough to accept it.

Additionally, Clinton trusted Gore as a smart, bureaucratically savvy peer. "At the end of the day, a lot of being president is, you're in a meeting, and two smart guys say something, and three smart guys say something else, and it's really hard to decide," says a former Clinton adviser. "Gore was a huge player in this."

The relationship "didn't stretch beyond the kind of day-to-day business that they had to confront," says former Clinton chief of staff Leon Panetta. But even Clinton partisans who are now dumping on Gore's campaign grant him warm praise for his contributions to the administration's successes. When Clinton worked himself into a temper, only Gore could step in with his dry, ironic humor to lance the boil; press secretaries learned never to schedule a press conference when Gore wouldn't be in town for the "pre-brief."

"He had a really light touch with Clinton," recalls former press secretary Dee Dee Myers, describing the scene at a typical press-conference rehearsal. "Clinton would say, 'You sons of bitches don't care about the future of the country.' And Gore would go, 'I think that's exactly the right tone.'"

From the start, however, it was possible to see where the alliance began and ended. There was, for one thing, the past to consider: Clinton had declined to endorse Gore when he ran for president in 1988, and Gore had returned the favor during the early 1992 primaries. Some of those around Clinton were acutely aware that Gore had never been a particular help to them until he was tapped for vice president. And it must have been complicated for Gore to watch Clinton prosecute, successfully, the game plan Gore felt he'd pioneered in the 1988 campaign, running as a southern moderate "New Democrat." But it was a plus that the two men had never run against each other—indeed, while each had long eyed the other as a potential rival, Gore's 1988 endorsement request was the most substantive encounter they ever had before Clinton chose his running mate.

Gore came into the White House determined to hold the Clinton staff to every part of the bargain the two men had struck, which gave Gore unusual bureaucratic power: an inviolable weekly lunch alone with the president, a staff presence in all important West Wing meetings, and a say in all major appointments. Gore aides studied Clinton's schedule intently so that the vice president could be at any important meeting. "He had people there all day long telling him what was going on," says a former Clinton staffer. Under the rule that face time is all, Gore would cancel meetings of his own in order to shadow the president, accommodating himself to Clinton's unpredictable rhythms—even if it meant sprinting down the hall to make it to a meeting he had learned about at the last minute.

Gore especially policed the sanctity of his weekly lunch with the president, the one place he could sit down alone with Clinton to take up his own agenda. And Gore, as one might expect, came to these meetings armed with a multi-item memo and plenty of backup material. One Clinton aide remembers, "Clinton would come in, 'What's for lunch?' Gore would come in with a stack of work under his arm." On one Friday in January of 1996, Clinton aides cleared a room in a Nashville restaurant so that the president and vice president could have a belated meal after a day of joint political appearances. Gore insisted on it despite the fact that Air Force One was standing by to take the president to visit U.S.

roops in Bosnia. Aides eyed their watches ncredulously as Gore marched through his genda, not at all daunted by the knowledge that Clinton faced a nine-hour flight nto a tense situation.

"He wouldn't let Clinton skip one of hose lunches if the fucking missiles were oming in from Russia," says a former White House official. No one on Clinton's ide of the house blamed Gore for his insistence on these prerogatives, exactly: he as only doing the smart thing. But they id laugh at him a bit, and constantly ushed back for bureaucratic reasons of heir own.

For Gore, there was also the Milky Way roblem to contend with—the gargantuan ndiscipline of the president's work habits, is ability to talk a thing to death, the experience of thinking you'd talked him round only to discover the next morning hat he'd sought five more opinions in the middle of the night. "Clinton drove Gore uts," says a former Gore aide. "Gore's much more disciplined in terms of how he makes decisions and the way he demands things to happen. There's nothing more irritating as vice president than to be waiting around for a Clinton meeting that starts 45 minutes late."

The two men were, at bottom, as different as could be: Clinton had a thousand friends; Gore, former associates believe, had either few or none. Clinton's famous temper blew hard at anyone in his path, but then passed like a summer storm, whereas Gore did everything with a profound correctness, confiding in almost no one outside of his family, controlled by an inner thermostat that held his manner at a constant room temperature. "He was always very measured and disciplined about what he said around people he didn't trust, which was virtually everybody," says a former White House staffer. Aides learned to read Gore's feelings by small signs. He was careful about what he said [about Clinton], but didn't hide his feelings that much," says a former Clinton aide who remembers Gore's "winks, nods, facial expressions, sort of the rolling of the eyes.... The thing about him always leaching Clinton's anger out—that was true. But underneath that was a very real dismay about Clinton's weaknesses."

One of Gore's roles, from the outset, was to bring the president to closure. A famous episode chronicled in Bob Woodward's *The Agenda,* an account of Clinton's first year in office, had Gore admonishing the president to "get with the goddamn program!" White House staffers learned that this was one of the vice president's great uses. "It would be common to say, 'O.K., it's time to go see Gore,' and get him to tell the president to do something," says a former White House official who has ties to both men. "And it made a lot of sense at the time. 'This works well for everyone' was the feeling. But inside each man's head, it stops being cute after a while."

This source believes that "the abiding bathtub ring it left with Gore was 'Omigod, the guy is undisciplined, and now they're going to send me in there again.' And if you're Clinton, to read in every account that Gore always had to come in at every crucial moment and tell you what to do, that is going to create some real resentment."

Some associates also saw in Gore an occasional wistful awareness that, while Clinton trusted him, they weren't exactly friends. One official from the first term remembers Gore looking at a schedule that included one of the Clintons' movie nights at the White House, and saying, "You know, I've never been invited." This former senior aide continues, "There were so many emblems of uncertainty.... He felt Clinton genuinely cared about his success. But I think it was also really important to him that he feel needed, valued, and respected. And sometimes when your older brother doesn't show you need, value, and love, you yearn for it."

And there was, too, the question of Tipper Gore's role in the administration. Given Hillary Clinton's high profile, "Al was always trying to make sure Tipper had standing," says a former aide. "There was always a perception that Al was trying to give her standing that in Clinton's mind she didn't have."

While Tipper and Hillary had done a great job during the campaign of playing up their bond, the truth was that their relationship contained all the tensions that this era can create between women who have chosen radically different paths in life. "Hillary thinks that Tipper is an unintellectual, nice lady who doesn't have a brain in her head," says one source who watched them closely. "And Tipper thinks Hillary's an ambitious, rather uncoordinated, grasping, difficult woman." During the first term, says a former White House official, "there were little reminders that [Tipper] was not an equal, and they rankled. It would come up in discussions with Gore and the First Lady's staff about who was getting what plane to go somewhere."

It all added up to a delicate collaboration. In his every action, Gore reconciled himself to the hard truth that the best way for him to succeed was to help Clinton succeed. But "the fact that they managed to form an effective team professionally never really cured these tensions," says a former White House official with ties to both men. "And in some ways, Gore's approach to the job exacerbated them. The more Gore was rigidly disciplined, and rigidly played his part, the more his resentment grew.... This is a guy who, instead of blowing up sometimes and venting at all of the natural tensions in the vice-presidential role, is letting it accumulate and accumulate, and build and build.... There was just a lot of shit being built up inside."

Gore's frustrations had their pale mirror image on Clinton's side of the house. Most sources for this story insist that Clinton's grudges were shorter-lived than Gore's; Clinton is a more elastic, more forgiving soul than Gore—"His favorite saying," a Clinton supporter reminds me, "is 'He can't help it, he was born that way'"—and, significantly, he held the upper hand through the first six years in the White House.

But there were limits on his side, too. Sometimes he chafed under the relentlessness of Gore's help. "I never saw resentment on Clinton's part," says a key former staffer. "What I saw more was 'When is this guy just going to leave me alone? Give me a break!'"

In its best hours, the Gore staff was adept at mediating the relationship. "I always viewed my job as 80 percent prosecuting Gore's agenda with the Clinton team," says one former Gore aide. "But the other 20 percent was the hardest part: going into Gore's office and saying, '*Stop*—don't ask for more. Enough, you need to back off.'"

It is also worth remembering that the Clintons never successfully made peace with the Washington establishment—the same elite in which the Gores were utterly at home. And Gore got glowing press throughout Clinton's first term, while Clinton got hammered—for his administration's lack of discipline, for Hillary's health-care debacle, for the dreadful congressional losses of 1994, for Whitewater and Travelgate and Troopergate.

"Clinton felt he gave a lot to Gore, and did a lot for Gore, and tolerated a lot from Gore," recalls a well-placed observer. "And what he's reading in the paper are stories about how Gore did a lot for him."

"I think they had a good relationship early on," says a staffer from the first term. "And I think it was pretty good for quite a while. But I think the more stupid shit Clinton did, the more disapproving Gore got. And Clinton's attitude was 'Yeah, buddy, and when you can do what I do, then you can stand in judgment of me.'"

"They did a pretty good job of holding it together" throughout the first term, says a Clinton supporter. But then came the first serious tear in the fabric—the 1996 campaign-finance scandals.

Reports of Gore's fund-raising phone calls from his office, and of his visit to what turned out to be an illegal fund-raiser at a Buddhist temple in California, made him the emblem for the party's omnivorous attempts to evade

campaign-finance laws. Up to that point, Gore had been miraculously free of any taint from the scandals that followed Bill and Hillary Clinton like Pigpen's dirt cloud. Now, suddenly, Establishment Washington was arching its collective brow at the formerly golden vice president. When you lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas, they said—and Gore was receptive to this construction of his problem.

In truth, he had been an enthusiastic participant in both devising and carrying out the campaign's plan to raise huge amounts of "soft" money—large donations made to the party instead of the candidate—and then spend it on ads that would circumvent federal limits on the campaign's spending. But from the moment Gore read a March 2, 1997, Bob Woodward story in *The Washington Post* that termed him the "solicitor-in-chief," he seems to have begun to question whether he could survive his close association with Clinton. "The Woodward story really affected Gore's head a lot," says a former senior official. "It was the first time he'd gotten slapped down by the old guard inside the Beltway."

By September of that year, Gore's favorability rating was more than 20 points lower than Clinton's. And "he was envious that Clinton had gotten off scot-free," says another close associate. Most infuriating was the fact that Gore was in trouble because he had done what he'd said he'd do—dialing at least 45 donors from his desk—while Clinton had ducked the phone calls assigned to him. "It's the whole nature of his being—of Gore's, and Clinton's—writ large," says a former White House staffer. "'Cause Clinton's out there not doing what he's supposed to be doing, and somehow that protects him? Wait a minute—is that in the rule book? We all know people like that. We went to college with them. They never came to class, then they'd write a brilliant thesis and get an A.... You always think, Oh, it's going to catch up with guys like that. And somehow it never does."

The scandal unnerved Gore in a way that he never quite seemed to recover from, and it was amid this crisis of confidence that the Monica Lewinsky affair detonated.

We can't know exactly what Bill Clinton said to Al Gore, in the early days of the Lewinsky scandal, about what he had or hadn't done with the comely intern. The great likelihood, most observers feel, is that Clinton lied to him only indirectly, in the sense of including him in the great, finger-wagging lie he told the entire country. Gore knew his boss well by then, and sophisticated students of the relationship doubt that Gore would have sought a direct yes-or-no answer.

"I know that Gore deliberately never put Clinton in the position of having to lie to him," says a Gore confidant. "It was 'I'm not asking anything you don't want to tell me, but if I were you and I had anything to say, I would say it.'" When Clinton persisted in his cover-up strategy, this source says, Gore was "flabbergasted that Clinton would handle it in a way that was so contrary to logic. I know Gore thinks that if Clinton had just fessed up, apologized, said he'd made a mistake and moved on, it would have been a lot better for everybody."

Even with his closest staffers Gore had enormous discipline: no gossip, no words of anger, above all no speculation about whether Clinton might resign. Staffers, however, did see hints of his feelings—above all, incredulity. ("I think he can barely even comprehend why Clinton would behave the way he behaved," says a friend.) But, as always, Gore sucked it up and did what he had to do, which in this case was to express his full support.

And here is the fascinating thing about Gore's support for Clinton over the next difficult year—the tendency that explains almost everything about the bitterness with which Gore eventually turned on his patron: at every step in the Lewinsky saga, Gore went even farther than he had to in his statements of support. Faced with any repugnant task that he perceives as his duty, Al Gore will do it to the extreme. As a young man, he had enlisted to go to Vietnam. As a politician, he had prodded himself into being one of the best fund-raisers on Capitol Hill. This gritting of teeth is, in one way, an admirable trait. But it is also what drives him to the opposite extreme after the fact, when emotion has had a chance to catch up to duty and intellect.

The week after the scandal broke, Clinton and Gore traveled together to the Midwest. The trip had originally been planned as a way to shore up Gore politically, to let him share in the lift that Clinton's State of the Union addresses always brought. Instead, it turned out to be yet another chance for Gore to help his boss. At the University of Illinois, he delivered a full-throated defense of Clinton, writing the closing lines of the speech himself: "He is the president of the country," Gore told a roaring crowd in Champaign. "He is also my friend. And I want to ask you now, every single one of you, to join me in supporting him and standing by his side."

That August, when Clinton finally testified before a grand jury and admitted to his affair with Lewinsky, the Gores were on vacation in Hawaii, a trip that had been planned months before. When Gore's office wrote a statement of support, several aides questioned the wisdom of the words "I am proud of him," but Gore insisted on leaving them in.

And on the afternoon of December 19, when the House voted to impeach the president, Gore stood with him on the South Lawn and made his famous assertion that Clinton would be "regarded in the history books as one of our greatest presidents." That line was extemporized, despite the advice of anxious staffers that he not go too far.

But from Clinton's perspective, says another observer, it only made sense that Gore should be giving him cover. "Gore was simply helping him out in a way that seemed natural, given everything he'd done for Gore," says a former White House official. "Clinton just kind of felt like Gore was doing his job."

Al Gore may be slow to act on his feelings, but that makes them all the more forceful when he finally does. From the time he began seriously pressing his own campaign, in late 1998 and early 1999, Gore brooded about how Clinton's behavior might hurt him. The conventional wisdom at the time said it would not: Democrats had done very well in the 1998 midterm elections. The economy was flying high, and Clinton's job-approval ratings along with it. And many of Gore's advisers assumed that the vice president's straight-arrow personal life would insulate him from any association with the one part of Clinton that dismayed voters.

But Gore's poll numbers were stubbornly low. And one easy explanation was that the problem wasn't him. Sources say his family—both Tipper and the couple's oldest daughter, Karenna—felt strongly that Clinton was at fault. Smart observers suggest that there was more at work here than simple personal outrage at Clinton's behavior. Both of the Gores, after all, had gone into their partnership with the Clintons knowing of his "zipper problem," and both had spent decades in politics, where womanizing (if not on the presidential scale) was common—frowned on, to be sure, but common. As much as anything, sources say, Tipper's antipathy to Clinton was a means of loyally seeking a palatable explanation for why her husband left voters so cold. "What the Clinton people underestimated," says a former White House official, "was how much influence Gore's family had, and how much shit he was getting at home."

In any case, Gore had few outlets for his gathering concern: he and Clinton had done too good a job of knitting together their staffs—placing Gore people in the White House and Clinton people in Gore's cam-

paign, and essentially merging their political operations. Gore's pollster, Mark Penn, and media adviser, Bob Squier, both worked for Clinton too; his campaign manager, Craig Smith, was a Clinton loyalist whose ties dated back to Arkansas.

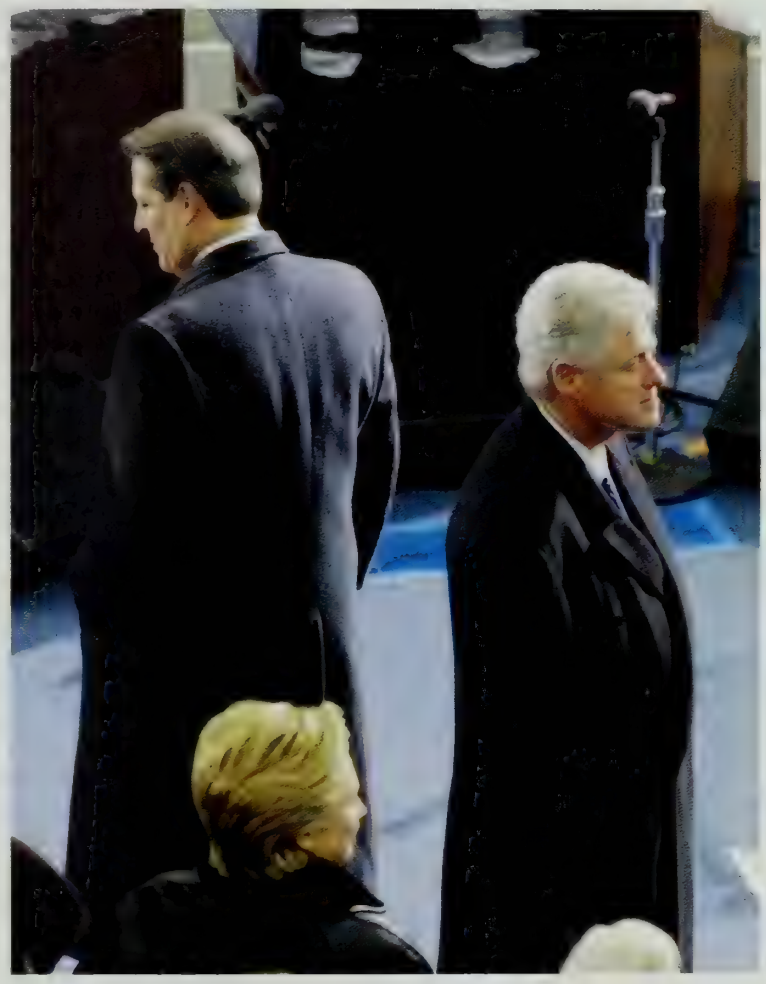
Enter Naomi Wolf, the feminist writer whose role in the campaign would eventually make Gore a laughingstock. In late 99, political reporters discovered that Wolf had been handsomely paid to advise Gore that he needed to shed his "beta male" image and adopt warm earth tones for his wardrobe. But this caricature of her advice greatly understated her true significance, which was her role in persuading Gore that his anguish over Clinton was well founded. Having started a full year earlier, she played an absolutely critical role in the unraveling of this relationship," says someone who observed Gore closely in this period. She is the Lady Macbeth of this drama."

It was Karenna who drew Wolf into Gore's orbit, and his early consultations with her took place outside the campaign's staff structure. Insiders sensed that she wowed him up: "Her biggest danger was that too often she told him what he wanted to hear," says a former Gore associate. "When he was pissed off, she'd tell him he was right to be pissed off."

"She becomes a tremendously powerful force in taking those dynamics and playing them up," says another insider. "It all resonated with Gore's sense that for all years he's been the guy cleaning up after Clinton."

In addition to hardening Gore's growing fury, Wolf had another important effect. Up to that time, success within GoreWorld, as it had come to be known by the White House, was defined by how well you could work with (and work) ClintonWorld. Wolf's example taught people coming into the Gore campaign that the fastest path to the candidate's heart was now anti-Clintonism. And within the White House, presidential staffers watched the shift in sentiment around Gore with growing alarm.

Throughout the summer and early fall of 99, Gore jettisoned advisers who had ties to Clinton, including Penn, Squier, and Smith. Many in the replacement cast had their own difficult history with Clinton, having either worked for candidates who had run against him or been cast out of the Clinton circle at some point. (One pollster, Harrison Hickman, while working for Senator Bob Kerrey's presidential-primary campaign in 1992, had urged reporters to dig into the story of Clinton's draft-dodging; another, Stan Greenberg, had been pushed aside by Clinton after the disastrous midterm elections of 1994.) And the new boss of the campaign, former congressman Tony Coelho, consolidated his own power by pushing out of Gore's circle many of the people—including his vice-presidential chief of staff, Ron Klain—who had the strongest working ties to ClintonWorld.



AFTER THE LOVE IS GONE
Gore and Clinton outside the Capitol building following George W. Bush's inaugural ceremony. Intimates say there has been little—if any—contact between the two since, though Clinton did try to reach Gore on his birthday.

At the same time, Gore pretty much vanished from the White House. "People would joke, 'Gore? I haven't seen him around here in decades,'" says a former Clinton staffer. "Gore really made a decision to get out of the White House in 1999—to stop being vice president. And Clinton thought he was kicking away another of his assets."

And so the relationship crumbled.

"You've got to look at it as a series of little, small breaks," says Gore campaign manager Donna Brazile. But the first break that was irreparable came with Gore's announcement speech on June 16, 1999. The same day he opened his campaign on the steps of the courthouse in his hometown of Carthage, Tennessee, ABC aired an interview with Diane Sawyer in which Gore said three times that the president's behavior had been "inexcusable."

"From then on, the antipathy was much more public," says someone with ties to both camps. "It was a match on the huge pool of gasoline that had been accumulated." The White House, which had received no warning, felt blindsided by the attack, and assumed it had been orchestrated. "We couldn't figure it out," says a Clinton partisan. "Why launch your candidacy that way? We were pissed because of how he was treating Clinton, and we were pissed because we thought it was stupid politically."

In truth, according to senior campaign officials, there was no grand strategy to make separation the theme of Gore's announcement. The choice of language, and its vehemence, seems to have come from Gore alone. This episode was the template for all that would follow in the campaign: Gore, by insisting on his independence from Clinton, seemed at every turn to tangle himself more fully in the drama of his difficult relationship with the president, all the while asserting that this was just the routine separation that every vice president goes through when it's his turn to run. It was at this stage that the Clinton factor became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

"It seems that this was something that really paralyzed the campaign internally," says someone who had a ringside seat. "They got further and further behind on that,

and it got away from them, fundamentally."

The confusion over Clinton went way beyond the question—heavily picked over in the press—of whether the president should have campaigned for Gore. Even many people on the Clinton side understood the risk of having Clinton out in public, given the importance, in several battleground states, of independent voters who had very negative feelings about the president.

The bigger problem was the campaign's resolve to steer clear of Clinton's record. "I would have done whatever was necessary to elect Al Gore," says pollster Stan Greenberg. "I would have had Bill Clinton carry Al Gore around on his back if I thought it would get Al Gore elected president." But, he insists, "what our research showed ... was that when Al Gore went out running on that record, he performed more weakly." It made a crude kind of sense, on paper: all the data said that talking about the past—even to brag about the unparalleled prosperity of the 90s—led voters to unwelcome thoughts of Bill Clinton.

The only thing this calculus omits is common sense, for it left Gore without a strong rationale for his run, making him a candidate who seemed less than the sum of his parts. "If Gore were to find in the polling data that having worked with Clinton was a negative, it doesn't mean that pretending *not* to have was a positive," says Bill Curry, a Connecticut politician and former Clinton aide. "He was so connected to Clinton that it was impossible to separate himself from Clinton.... And in his anxiousness to separate himself from Clinton, he separated himself from himself."

What Gore presented instead, starting with his convention speech, was a sort of diffuse neopopulism. It even worked for a time, producing spikes in the tracking polls. But it wasn't enough to counteract voters' larger impression that Al Gore wasn't a coherent figure whose real substance was available for examination. "With Gore, [voters] see this lurching back and forth, indecision, uncertainty about his relationship with Clinton," says a longtime Gore ally. "They see a guy who is, bottom line, in some ways unsteady."

Perhaps Gore would have faced this bedrock problem without the drama of the Clinton factor. But his anxiety over Clinton magnified it, making it the very backdrop of his entire campaign. He ended up wrapping himself in the most dangerous parts of the Clinton legacy—voters' doubts about values and trustworthiness—while getting no credit for the parts that had sustained Clinton's approval ratings throughout the impeachment process. Curry says flatly, "[The Gore campaign] skewed all their own data out of pique.... Someone had to misread the data horribly to choose that strategy. It was so much about people's grievances and wounds."

"The psychodrama overpowers everything," says someone who knows Gore well. "I think the guy just so much wanted for this to be *his* victory, and not Clinton's. He didn't want to wear the older sibling's jeans."

This, finally, is the other explanation for why Gore seemed so unnerved by his Clinton problem. As the son of a forceful father who had bragged of raising him for the presidency, Gore had struggled all his life with the assumption that he was wearing borrowed clothes. Even under the best of circumstances, it might have been harder for him than for others to manage with grace the eternal vice-presidential conundrum of how to stop looking like a second fiddle when his turn finally came. On some level, in addition to the real difficulties he posed, Bill Clinton was a very persuasive foil for Gore's drama of filial rebellion.

But try telling that to the squire of Chappaqua, who spent the entire campaign yearning—burning—to be part of the action. "Clinton is going nuts," says someone who spoke to him in the late stages of the campaign. "He's going, 'Don't use me, O.K. But, God knows, use my presidency. Use my record!'"

Clinton's frustration, says one observer, "ran infinitely deeper than just 'He isn't running on my record.' He felt he had spent eight years basically knocking obstacles out of Gore's way."

Staffers on both sides learned to manage a volatile, high-test battle of wills between Clinton and Gore, trying to satisfy Clinton's great hunger for information and a role in the campaign while also tiptoeing around Gore's great determination to exclude him.

"This dynamic developed," says a Clinton partisan, "where the Clinton guys thought the Gore guys were stupid, and the Gore guys thought the Clinton guys were assholes, that we weren't giving them enough room."

A constant struggle was being waged in which the White House pressed for a bigger role, and the Gore campaign labored to contain the 800-pound gorilla. Campaign chairman Bill Daley, who had served in the Clinton Cabinet as commerce secretary, fielded phone calls from the president as often as three times a week. Brazile recalls being buttonholed by the president at a White House social event: How were the polls? In Arkansas? In Pennsylvania? What about Michigan?

The Gore campaign sent occasional delegations to brief the president on the campaign's progress. On one occasion, Daley and strategist Tad Devine were primed to tell Clinton, in no uncertain terms, the limited number of appearances they wanted from him. Just before the meeting, Devine said to Daley, "You're the chairman, you're going to do it, right?" And Daley replied, "Oh, no, Tad, you're going to do it. The guy put me in the Cabinet."

Then there were the back channels. Even when the White House appeared to bow to the campaign's wishes, it was trying other angles of attack: Gore aides received constant phone calls saying that Congressman So-and-so was begging the president to come to his district, that Senate candidate Thus-and-such had demanded an appearance. "I believe Clinton used practically everyone he could get his hands on to send messages to Al Gore," says Donna Brazile.

Direct conversations between the president and the vice president had slowed to a trickle by the late summer of 2000, according to aides. And on the few occasions when they did talk—and the even rarer occasions when they met in person—Gore aides tied themselves in knots to conceal the contact from a press corps that had fixated on the story of the tension between the two men. "Sometimes they would just talk, without our scheduling it," says a former Clinton adviser. "Clinton would say, 'I need to talk to him,' and pick up the phone. And then [the Gore side] would get all in a lather about whether to tell anyone about it."

Tensions may have reached their apogee on October 20, when the Clintons and the Gores both attended the funeral of Missouri governor Mel Carnahan, who had died in a plane crash. That very morning, *The New York Times* had published a yeasty, highly detailed story about the disaffection between the two families. "So everyone had to go through the motions of being friendly," recalls a former Clinton aide. "It was a brutal article—it had everyone but the pets in the families at war with each other. It picked over every scab there was." Yet there they all were, sharing a motorcade together. "It was all very awkward and very weird," recalls the aide. "They didn't erupt or anything ... but it had a feel like, your family gets together over someone who died, and people haven't talked for a while, and they sort of have to go through the motions."

Gore's behavior seemed to those in the White House to ignore the plain fact that, had it not been for Clinton, it is unlikely Gore would have reached the nomination. "Clinton just felt, 'Suck it up, man!'" says a close associate.

But Gore's sense of grievance ran far deeper than Clinton's, for the obvious reason that he had much more at stake. "Look. He

kept his end of the bargain," says Marla Romash, a former Gore press secretary. "The deal was: I will do everything I can to make your presidency successful, and you'll try to help me get elected.... He stood by every decision, even the ones he didn't agree with, bless him. He carried Clinton's water politically, substantively, every way. And Clinton broke the deal in the one way that could undermine everything Gore had worked for."

In the wake of Gore's loss, recriminations flew almost immediately. On Gore's side, because he won the popular vote (and, many Democrats argued, the electoral vote too), there was a certain zany insistence that the operation had been a success if you could only overlook the fact that the patient had died. Of course our strategy was sensible, his argument ran; we won the campaign, didn't we? To the extent that we failed to actually get our guy inaugurated—well, that was Clinton's fault.

Gore strategist Carter Eskew published a *Washington Post* op-ed piece suggesting that Clinton had been "the elephant in the living room" during the campaign—the one insuperable obstacle. Eskew says Gore did not read the piece in advance, but he was told about it—and tacitly approved by not protesting Eskew's plans to publish it.

Clinton partisans responded to the piece and to other anti-Clinton analyses with contemptuous statements of their own. "[Gore's] failure in this last campaign is indicative of the fact that he can't carry himself," rails a Clinton supporter. "He didn't have the juice." They pointed out, too, that Gore's loss involved blunders—including his performance in the debates with Bush and his failure to carry his home state, Tennessee—that had little or nothing to do with Clinton.

Clinton himself considered but then dropped the idea of authorizing some response to the Eskew piece. Wrapped up in the drama of his own farewell to the White House, he didn't have nearly the level of rage that Gore did. "His feelings are hurt, he thinks he should have been used, he doesn't really understand why Gore didn't ask him to help, and he doesn't think Gore is a great politician," says a friend. "But under all that, he feels badly about what happened."

Moderate Democrats gathered in earnest confab to debate whether Gore lost because he turned away from the supple centrism of Clinton to a more "old Democratic" populism. And the pollsters who had worked for the party's two principals during the campaign—each of whom had at the time in his career been dumped by the other side—published contending polls supporting the wisdom of their own camp's view.

But this was really just the same Clinton-Gore divorce dressed up in ideological clothing. "It's a big intellectual debate that is being driven by the big personal stakes of the guys around them," says a former Clinton adviser. "As a party, if we want to spend the next decade the way we spent the 80s, we couldn't make a better start than creating a lot of false choices about why we lost the election."

And this, ultimately, is one of the reasons why the sour end to their relationship poses a larger problem for their party. Gore's campaign turned out to be the field on which Democrats in some sense thrashed out their ambivalence over what Clinton had cost them, and the ongoing bitterness of the debate about why Gore lost continues to obscure the party's path out of the Clinton years and into the next stage of its life.

A few days after Gore conceded the election, he and Clinton finally had it out themselves in their tense White House meeting. Clinton aides had the sense that Gore—who instigated the meeting—came in loaded for bear, with years' worth of anger to get off his chest. Both men laid out the nature of their grievances, including, on Gore's side, his fury that Clinton had spent the weeks after the election deriding the competence of Gore's campaign. But it was far too late for the meeting to do anything more than anatomize why the partnership lay in ruins.

Both men had some truth on their side. "It's not fair for Gore's people to say he lost because of Clinton," says one judicious soul. "And it's not fair for Clinton's people to say that Gore's loss had nothing to do with Clinton."

But it is fair to say that, to the extent that candidates' fears and feelings shape their campaigns, Al Gore's history with Bill Clinton cost him the 2000 election.

On the day of Bush's inauguration, Clinton and Gore walked together through the labyrinthine halls of the Capitol to take their places on the stage. Television cameras caught them in a last characteristic tableau of their partnership—Clinton glad-handing every guard along the route, waving and smiling, while at his side Gore gazed stoically ahead.

With that, the two men seem to have walked out of each other's life. In mid-February, guests at a dinner thrown by U.N. secretary-general Kofi Annan for Richard Holbrooke, Clinton's ambassador to the U.N., watched in fascination as the former president talked with Gore's daughter Karenna. "It was so weird," says one person who was there. "They didn't really speak to each other. And then, at the very end, Karenna went over to say good-bye to him, and it was very cordial, but there was sort of this weird tension you were aware of. He's saying, 'How's your dad doing, and how often does he get up to New York?,' and stuff like that. And you're just noticing how strange it is that he has to ask the guy's daughter, in passing."

The following month, Clinton asked another man who has dealings with Gore how the former vice president was doing, making it clear that the two hadn't spoken. "I don't think that relationship has gotten any better," says this source with some amazement. By the same token, Gore apparently sent Clinton no word during the winter and spring, when the former president was enduring his own mud bath of controversy.

Some Gore associates chuckle over the strange irony by which Gore's shunning of Clinton can now be seen as prescient. Clinton's gigantic shadow and his dominance of the Democratic Party have been violently dissipated by the Marc Rich pardon and all the other Milky Way bars the president consumed on his way out of office. "Oddly enough, distancing himself turned out to be a lucky stroke," says a friend—at least in the lower-stakes game of hindsight. "Every story about the bad blood between them sort of disconnects them more." Through Clinton's acts, Gore may finally be getting the separation he wanted.

But, characteristically, it is Gore who has nearly dropped from sight. Clinton—underemployed, alone in the big, underfurnished Chappaqua house that was bought to launch his wife's new career in another city—makes incessant calls to friends, acquaintances, former associates. "Clinton talks to everybody—he's very lonely," says a political associate of both men. "Everywhere I go, I've run into people who have talked to Clinton in the last three or four weeks. And I have trouble thinking of anyone who has heard from Gore, other than sort of a perfunctory call."

Friends say that Gore has thrown himself into the several teaching jobs he accepted in the wake of his defeat, and, with Tipper, into the writing of a book about families. He has gained something like 30 pounds, and has resisted all attempts to draw him into comment on the early acts of the Bush administration. "He's O.K. I wouldn't say he's great," says a friend. "I think about 70 percent of the time he's fine. And the other 30 percent of the time he realizes he's supposed to be president now."

In May, I asked Clinton's spokeswoman, Julia Payne, if the boys on the bus had had any kind of contact with each other. "I know [Clinton] tried to call him on his birthday, but I don't think they connected, and that was back in March," she said. "We weren't too sure where he was staying," she added. The only connection they've made, it appears, is a birthday note Clinton dropped in the mail. As Payne observed, "You never forget someone's birthday." □

Josh Hartnett

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 sensitivity about him, and a nobility," says Jerry Bruckheimer, who doesn't do Hartnett any favors by likening him to a cross between Gary Cooper and Montgomery Clift. Some burden, that. "I kept telling him," the producer continues, "'When this movie comes out, it will change your life.' He said, 'I know, I know.' But he doesn't really know. He has no idea what he's in for.... There'll be girls and people wanting his autograph running after him. I remember once with Cruise"—Tom Cruise, who starred in *Top Gun* and *Days of Thunder* for Bruckheimer—"we went to a movie in Westwood, the two of us, and I'm telling you, there was a throng of people that were chasing him. It was unbelievable. I've never seen anything like it. We had to duck and hide in a parking lot. It gets scary. That's going to happen to Josh. He's going to be really sorry," Bruckheimer adds with refreshing honesty, given that he makes a living putting people in that position.

"I remember what the tidal wave of publicity that accompanied *Good Will Hunting* did to my life," writes Ben Affleck via E-mail. "Simply put, Josh will get very famous very quickly and runs the very real risk of becoming a sort of one-man embodiment of the Backstreet Boys to hormone-crazed 15-year-old girls from Minnetonka to Tarzana. He is particularly at risk for this as he is so very PRETTY. I suspect he'll find the prospect of this (as well as that of becoming a pinup in prison cells everywhere—which is, I'd say, the 'downside') somewhat overwhelming. It's great and heady, but a little weird to say the least."

For good or ill, hormone-crazed girls were in short supply this spring in Morocco, where Hartnett had gone to shoot *Black Hawk Down* for director Ridley Scott. Based on the book by the journalist Mark Bowden, the film will recount the 15-hour battle that took place in Mogadishu, Somalia, in 1993 after several units of elite U.S. troops attempted to capture aides to a warlord who had run afoul of the U.N. Pinned down by militiamen, the Americans suffered 18 dead and more than 70 wounded; three American corpses were dragged through the city's dusty streets, images that were replayed endlessly on CNN. (Lest we forget, hundreds of Somalians were also killed.) If the film is faithful to Bowden's gruesome, minute-by-minute account of the battle, it will be something like the 25-minute D-day sequence in *Saving Private Ryan* expanded to feature length and well-nigh unendurable. Bruckheimer is producing this one, too.

Hartnett, who is rumored to be getting $2 million for the role, and who may soon be known as the John Wayne of U.S. military debacles, plays a staff sergeant whose men number among the battle's first casualties. His co-stars include Ewan McGregor, Tom Sizemore, and Jason Isaacs. On this sunny, temperate morning, they and 50 or so of their fellow cast members—a young, spirited group that includes Americans, Britons, Australians, Frenchmen, and at least one Dane—have gathered at one of the production's locations to rehearse some of the military maneuvers they will have to execute on film. The coastal city of Salé, which sits across an estuary from the Moroccan capital, Rabat, and which appears to have somewhat the same relationship to its sister municipality that Newark does to New York, is filling in for Mogadishu. It is a depressed-looking city of squalid markets, crumbling, low-rise concrete apartment buildings, and litter. Even the boho *Lonely Planet* guide dismisses it as "pretty grubby and worn out."

Four blocks have been cordoned off. As small crowds of Moroccan boys and men watch from behind the barriers, and neighborhood dogs roam the set barking at nothing in particular, the actors, all dressed in fatigues, dash about with plastic rifles pretending to "secure a perimeter." Others, including Hartnett, are jumping off the fourth-floor landing of an unfinished cinder-block apartment building, grabbing onto a thick nylon rope (which hangs from rigging suspended between two open floors), and then slithering to earth as if sliding down a wobbly fire pole. This last exercise doesn't look entirely safe; you'd think the limbs and spinal columns of million-dollar movie stars would rate more protection than the couple of thin mats placed on the ground below. But all this playing armyman seems designed, in part, to foster old-fashioned military esprit. Technical advisers—ex-soldiers and navy SEALS—put the actors through their paces and occasionally bark out halfhearted boot-camp threats along the lines of "From now on, you're eating shit together," and "You're in a shitstorm of trouble," and "I'm going to put you in a world of shit."

"We're on top of the world," Hartnett yells in response, the faux exhilaration in his voice indicating that this is to be taken ironically. But with *Pearl Harbor*'s release still months away, and the actor free to enjoy the promise of fame with little of the "downside" (he's been in the country for five days and been recognized only once, he says, by "a couple of French girls")—not to mention the fact that he's now working with a director who, in the wake of *Gladiator* and *Hannibal*, is probably second only to Steven Spielberg on industry A-lists—Hartnett *is* on top of the world. It must at least feel that way.

"Then I'm going to put you 'on top' of a world of shit," says the technical adviser, returning the discussion to excrement while inadvertently offering a nifty definition of fame.

That is the topography Hartnett will soon have to navigate. Already he seems to be adjusting to the subtle pecking order that inflects the camaraderie on the *Black Hawk Down* set. As rehearsals end, a couple of other actors hitch a ride back to the Rabat Hilton with Josh, his car, and his driver; almost everyone else is ferried to and fro in vans. (The hotel's lobby these days presents a curious mix of Japanese businessmen and what looks to be a bivouacing platoon of unusually photogenic soldiers.) En route, the conversation turns to the possibility of a Screen Actors Guild strike, a serious checkbook issue for many performers, and then to the question of whether working continuously is bad from a purely creative standpoint. "I want to keep big gaps between projects," says Hartnett, who, it appears, is already thinking about rationing himself. There's a brief moment of silence in the car as everyone drinks this in, including Josh. He looks out the window. "Of course," he adds, a little chagrined, "I'm grateful to be in that position."

"He wants to be a star, like anybody would, but he also recognizes that there's something detaching and something potentially very destructive about that," says Michael Lehmann, the director of *40 Days and 40 Nights*, a comedy about a man who gives up sex for Lent which Hartnett filmed immediately after finishing *Pearl Harbor* and which will be released this fall. "There's a genuine streak in Josh that's ambivalent about fame," says the film's producer, Michael London. "He wants it, he can sort of taste it, he's just trying to figure out if there's a way to have it on his own terms. He's still figuring out who he is and what it's all about. He's just—he's *young*."

It's true. "You really gotta know your shit," Hartnett says of working with Ridley Scott, then quickly adds, "I'm swearing a lot—my grandma's gonna kill me." Certainly you wouldn't expect to hear that out of Mickey Rourke's mouth. Hartnett smokes a little, but his main actorly affectation is a Michael Nesmith–style wool cap he wears everywhere and which makes him look even younger than he is—a freshman at Bard, say, on his first visit to the Village. Other than that, he seems unusually comfortable in his own skin for someone of his age and profession. *He's from Minnesota,* people say by way of explanation.

Colleagues portray an actor who is dedicated, scrupulous, unfailingly polite, and occasionally stubborn (*in a good way,* they insist). Searching for insight into his *Virgin Suicides* character he sought out not the screenwriter—that would have already been way beyond the call of duty—but the novelist on whose book the film was based. "It was clear he had given a lot of thought to the part," says the author, Jeffrey Eugenides.

who met Hartnett in a bar while the film was being shot in Toronto. "He wasn't taking the thing lightly, and it was gratifying to have one of the actors invest me with the kind of importance, well, the kind of importance writers of novels wish to have over films of their novels. Josh's concentration was also impressive in light of the two dozen or so women who were trying to get his attention while we were talking."

"He's earth-shatteringly handsome in a slightly surprised way—he can't quite believe when everyone is falling over him and teasing him about being so good-looking. He takes all of that very well," says Kate Beckinsale. During the filming of *Pearl Harbor,* she often brought her one-year-old daughter, Lily, to the set; for one of those arbitrary reasons known only to toddlers, Hartnett's presence upset her. "We all used to tease him that it was because he was so handsome and she couldn't handle it. He worked on her though, and she caved in the end. I think they all probably do." (On that score, Hartnett has reportedly dated, among others, the model Gisele Bundchen and the actress Monet Mazur.)

By most accounts, including his own, he doesn't party much. To the extent that he lives anywhere—he's basically been moving from one location to another over the past four years, and his possessions are in storage—he beds down in his "hippie-ish" parents' house in St. Paul, Minnesota. (Dad was a guitar player for Al Green before taking over a family real-estate business.) To date, Josh's big movie-star splurge has been buying a not particularly sexy Audi A4. "I was going to get a Volkswagen and I saw the Audi and I said, 'What's this money *for?*'" The car he says he really covets is an even less sexy Toyota Land Cruiser: "It's just this big box on wheels. It looks like a really big, wedgy mail truck." And that attracts him? "It's just a cool truck. And it's got so much power to it I could drag my house along if I really ever wanted to get a house."

It will probably not come as a surprise to learn that his favorite writers are the Beats—"my biggest influence when I was a kid," he explains with disarming, age-appropriate earnestness. "The only time I saw Josh really light up," says Michael London, was when Lawrence Ferlinghetti visited *40 Days and 40 Nights'* San Francisco set.

Just a few years ago, Hartnett was on the other end of the pipeline, working in a video store. "I'd take home like three or four films a night and at least start them," he remembers. "When you work in a video store, you go, 'That sucks, that sucks, that sucks, that's good, that's not really my taste.' You see so *many.* Then when you've been in it and you start working on them you realize, God, it's hard to make a really brilliant film. It's almost near impossible.'" Unlike a lot of actors, he can at least articulate what makes a movie brilliant. Here, for instance, is his take on the scene in *The Godfather* where Carlo, the brother-in-law, is garroted in the front seat of a sedan: "The shot of his foot coming through the windshield, it's so jarring because the movie at that point has been so quiet. Even the killing is quiet. And then *boom!*—kick in the windshield. That sums it up, and you don't need to see the strangulation as much as you need to see his feet go through the windshield." How many actors do you know who understand economy? Perhaps Hartnett's production company—he's already set one up—will actually amount to something.

When people in the industry talk about what separates genuine movie stars—the Tom Cruises and Julia Robertses—from the general run of actors, they invariably mention not only great looks, suitable roles, and "serious acting chops," but also a certain ill-defined and poorly understood "*it*"—industry shorthand for the way people such as Cruise and Roberts appear on film as if lit from within. Perhaps they emit gamma rays through their teeth; no one really knows. "There's this presence movie stars command on the screen," says Michael Bay. "You can't sometimes see it in the room, but when it's on film, it just has this power. It's like magic." Whether or not Hartnett has *it,* he certainly has something. As he runs through the military exercises in Salé, there's a precision to his movements that singles him out from his fellow "soldiers," a heightened articulation as he sidles warily into an empty room and sweeps it with his plastic rifle; he "clears a room of hostiles" the way Baryshnikov would.

But getting back to what people say about movie stars, a caveat is generally offered about their looks. Movie stars are supposed to be gorgeous but not *excessively* gorgeous. If their looks were blandly perfect, they'd be on soaps or, in the case of women, dating Hugh Hefner. It's as if a minor flaw or two—Clark Gable's jug ears would be the classic example—are just enough to give the camera traction, to allow a face to fill a big screen and hold our interest over the course of not just a couple of hours but a career. In this sense, Hartnett is blessed with a slightly simian set to his face and a winning gap between his front teeth. He's got a square jaw and broad shoulders, but he's also stoop-shouldered, slightly hollow-chested, and anemically whiskered—a fusion of hunky and motherable. And then there are those eyes, as narrow as Clint Eastwood's yet nearly as expressive as Lillian Gish's. In last year's otherwise awful *Here on Earth,* a teen romance in which Hartnett, saddled with yet another chunky bowl haircut, played a farm boy who loses Leelee Sobieski to a callous preppy played by Chris Klein (Sobieski's character then dies of knee cancer), Hartnett's scenes consisted almost entirely of reaction shots in which his eyes revealed reservoirs of pain so unwarranted by the script, and by the clumsy performances around him, that you may have felt moved in violation of all normal laws of moviegoing. Which is certainly one kind of *it.*

Hartnett got his first taste of being in front of an audience during grade school, as an altar boy. "Me and my friends used to serve every funeral because we'd get five bucks and we could get out of school. They'd treat it like it was an inconvenience for us. *Right.* We were like, 'Five bucks, get out of school? It's too bad these people had to die, but they did die, why don't we serve?'" Aside from a couple of junior-high-school plays, he began his formal career as an actor at the age of 16 after a knee injury forced him off the football team. Overcoming his suspicion that the stage was for "sissies," he tried out for a children's-theater production of *Tom Sawyer* and got the part of Huck Finn. A local talent booker subsequently noticed him as Sky Masterson during a high-school *Guys and Dolls,* passed him a card, and immediately after Josh graduated in 1996, he was doing TV commercials and had a manager, Nancy Kremer, who at the time specialized in funneling kids from Minnesota to Hollywood.

"I thought it was going to be this big picturesque Hollywood scene," Hartnett remembers of his greenhorn days. "I thought it was a bunch of guys in slouch hats carrying big planks, building sets, and singing, 'Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to work we go.' I thought it was all going to be a community. I thought all the studios were right next to each other." Needless to say, they aren't. But disappointing as that may have been for him to discover, Hartnett's story is remarkable for its lack of *Day of the Locust*–style humiliations—no roach-infested Gower Gulch apartments, or appearances in porno movies that aren't as obscure as their now bankable performers might hope. Even before Hartnett arrived in Hollywood in early 1997, the head of casting at the WB network had seen an audition tape and, according to Kremer, put "dibs" on him. (He was almost cast in *Dawson's Creek.*) The day after Kremer picked him up at LAX he signed with an agent and was soon going out on four auditions a day. (Four a week would be considered good.) "The thing is," says Kremer, "when he went out, every single call, he got a callback on, which is pretty much unheard of. And on top of that, casting directors were calling other casting directors telling them that they should meet him. That's a huge buzz you can't buy in Hollywood. That's just a gift from the heavens."

Hartnett did miss out on being cast in

Josh Hartnett

Terrence Malick's *The Thin Red Line,* one of his very first auditions, but within two months of going to Los Angeles he landed a part in the ABC crime series *Cracker.* Unfortunately, it was programmed on Thursday nights against the final season of *Seinfeld.* Nine episodes later, Hartnett was freed to work in films, where his hot streak continued. Sofia Coppola cast him in *The Virgin Suicides* without even meeting him, having seen him only on tape. "You just knew he had it," she says. The only real glitch in Hartnett's career has been that he won parts in two consecutive films that would become, as journalists like to say, "troubled": *Town and Country,* the choppy, painfully unfunny divorce comedy that finally made it into theaters last month after having seen its release date pushed back at least 12 times and its budget balloon to more than $80 million (Hartnett, probably to his benefit, barely registers in a handful of scenes as Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton's son); and *O,* the so-called "Othello in a high school," which Miramax's Dimension Films has put on hold for almost two years, fearing that the film's violence would prove bothersome to senators and pressure groups (Hartnett plays the Iago character, "Hugo," to Mekhi Phifer's "Odin"). Lions Gate Films, which previously took *Dogma* off Miramax's hands, acquired *O* this spring and plans to release it in August. It's a strange, uneven movie with powerful performances—especially Hartnett's portrait of haunted malevolence—which almost makes its reductive conceits work.

Though no one forced him to pursue the part in *Pearl Harbor* and submit to a screen test for Bay, Hartnett says he almost turned the role down because he was "scared of fame, really." At the time, he was slated to do *Get Over It,* a teen romance with Kirsten Dunst, for Miramax; after what some have characterized as difficult negotiations, the company released Hartnett while retaining an option for another film with the actor. It is a measure of his perceived allure at the box office that people at Miramax feel *Get Over It,* which flopped this spring, suffered for his absence.

He didn't take naturally to the more succinct and iconic sort of performance demanded by *Pearl Harbor,* a film in which he was lit like a Lexus and often had to act opposite explosions. "There were very specific things they wanted for my character," he says. "A movie like *Pearl Harbor,* they want it simple in a lot of ways. The plot can be a little more complex if you know the characters right off the bat. My job was to make the character as complex as possible within that simplicity." He mentions a scene with Kate Beckinsale that wasn't "exploding on the screen the way they wanted it to. So Michael was like, '*Smile.* Come on. Smile!' He showed it to me a few times [on the monitor] and I was like, 'Yeah, you're right, I should smile more.' But it was one of those directions that, as an actor, you go, 'How does that work for me as the character? I can't just go out there and smile.' So it was pretty frustrating." Bay joked on the set that if he could capture just one megawatt grin from Hartnett, whose smiles tend toward the wry and close-lipped, he would paste it throughout the rest of the film digitally. "I never really understood how the movie stars would do their charismatic thing," Hartnett says, "and they definitely tried to teach me." They also knew what they were doing: Hartnett's initial flirtation with Beckinsale is his best scene in the film.

Michael London, the producer of *40 Days and 40 Nights,* was an executive at Twentieth Century Fox in 1990 when the studio was making *Sleeping with the Enemy,* with Julia Roberts; her previous film, *Pretty Woman,* was released in the middle of the shoot. "When we started," London says, "she was just an actor that we cast. They probably paid her $500,000. And when *Sleeping with the Enemy* finished, she was on the cover of *People* magazine and *Rolling Stone* and everything. It was like watching stardom happen in slow motion. And the same thing we could feel happening with Josh, even though Josh, in the outside world, isn't Julia Roberts or Tom Cruise yet. But because of *Pearl Harbor* and because of the buzz, you could feel the sands shifting and this enorm s kind of personality being born. It's a w thing to watch, you know. It's both re kind of wonderful and also sort of frigh ing, because you can see the person won ing where they end and the stardom begi

"There are so many times when people anointed the next movie star," says Mich Bay, "and they lose it. They lose it beca they make the wrong choices. And it's a b ness that's pretty unforgiving." As it happ *40 Days and 40 Nights* represents a part lar risk for Hartnett, since it will be both first film he truly has to carry and his f stab at a romantic comedy.

For his part, Hartnett sloughs off ca concerns with a young actor's requisite ta it-or-leave-it shrug: "Personally, I don't c as long as I'm making enough to eat." stardom seems to be weighing on Hartne mind one evening at the Rabat Hilton, wh it happens to be karaoke night in the bar dozen or so of the other *Black Hawk Do* cast members—average age must be arou 21—are having a boisterous good time. Gi that there are virtually no women in cast, and that a Muslim country isn't the b place to pick up locals, there is a lot of cess energy, both generically masculine a specifically thespian, craving an outlet. Fu dance moves and comic pantomimed sodo ensue—it's as if everyone were the star of own movie. The non-actors in the bar ar sure how to take all this, though they do joy one fellow's flawless rendition of Bry Adams's "(Everything I Do) I Do It for Yo

Hartnett is in the back of the room w his wool cap pulled over his head, slouch on a love seat and quietly nursing a beer. H talking about one of his better-known co-st from an earlier film: "He's self-deprecati but he's also got a huge ego. That's why h so funny. It's that combination of the tw Hartnett mulls this insight over for a m ment while a Moroccan man murders " Bamba," then continues: "That's the thi about real movie stars that I'll never ha When real movie stars walk into a room, all about them. They know it and everybo else knows it. I like to fly under the rad I try, anyway." □

Catsitters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117 about for now. Forget possible fiancées for a moment—do you want to impress the woman who broke your heart or not? Don't you at least want to impress this Claudia you've been drooling over?"

"Well, when you put it that way . . . "

After I jotted down the rest of Darlene's to-do list, which included buying six-packs of Evian-water spray so that the guests could freshen themselves ("That's what all those dumb models do"), Darlene said, "If you know any nice women at work, see if they can help with the party. Women love to be asked for advice. And another thing. If any women at the party smoke, here's an opportunity for you to casually whip out that spiffy lighter I sent you. When whoever she is takes out a cigarette, don't immediately flick the flame under it, like most men do. Steady her wrist with one hand as you flick the lighter with the other, and make eye co tact as your heads converge. Make it see conspiratorial. When you click the ligh shut, take in her whole face. Practice this home so you can do it in one smooth quence. It's guaranteed to wow any woma

"I thought I was supposed to pursue ni girls."

"Nice girls smoke, too, you know. Y think nice girls don't pick up nervous ha its living in New York?"

"I'm just concerned about other people complaining about the smoke."

"Fuck 'em, it's your apartment. One more thing. *The host never sits.* I don't care how tired you are after the play, you stand the entire party, even if it means leaning propped up against a wall. The most important people in the room always stand."

In the days before opening night and the cast party, I pushed myself on five to six hours' sleep. Waving the old charge card, I bought ashtrays, glasses, plates, utensils, and strings of twinkly lights, installed a 9-foot inflatable palm tree, and made a major haul at the liquor store. I loaded my freezer with bottles of vodka. This was a trick I learned from my grandfather, who had been a bootlegger's errand boy back in the old days. Take an empty quart carton of milk, cut off the top, and fill with water. Then insert the bottle into the water and stick in the freezer. After the water freezes, cut away the carton, and, voilà, a bottle of vodka in a block of ice. Plant two of these babies on the bar, and you have yourself the beginnings of a certified blast. I priced caterers, arranged to have silver balloons delivered, and, failing to recruit any volunteers, hired a couple of day waiters from the restaurant to serve drinks and pass around finger food. At night I attended rehearsals that had entered the rocky phase (rehearsals always enter a rocky phase, which sometimes becomes permanent). Envious of the attention Claudia commanded, not to mention her ability to make the director wring his hands whenever she voiced her displeasure, Kenny—who was playing Dwayne the soulful drifter—began massaging his stomach muscles as he emoted, slowing things to a crawl. As Kenny's jeans became tighter, he dispensed with a belt, and his top button occasionally popped open, revealing a few zipper teeth. After we had gathered onstage one evening, the director said:

"People, I apologize for not addressing this earlier, but I didn't know quite how things were going to evolve. I ask that you put your egos aside for the moment. It's the issue of accents. We simply have no uniformity whatsoever with our southern accents. You sound like the same species in different stages of development. Downs, your accent is fine."

"I've spent a lot of time in the South."

"Excellent. Whatever. But the rest of you—Foster, you're fine too—the rest of you either have to bring your accents up to snuff or we'll have to do the play without accents, which would make no sense. I'm not asking for deep immersion in dialect here, just enough twang so that we recognize we're in the South, for God's sake." Moving from the general to the particular, he began to address Claudia, who cut him off at the pass.

"According to the text, Cerrisse left town as a teenager and traveled the world, so it makes more sense for her *not* to have an accent, given the company she's been keeping all these years. She only lets traces of it surface when she's with Dwayne, as the person she was peeks out from the person she is."

"That clarifies some things for me, though I do wonder if the audience will understand why it suddenly surfaces. They may not trace its connection to Dwayne. And speaking of Dwayne . . . "

Before the director could finish, Kenny explained: "I'm letting the accent find its own level. I don't want it to be fully formed too early and take on a life of its own. I'm still massaging it."

"Among other things," Claudia said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm just wondering if you can rub your stomach and pat your head at the same time, because you sure have mastered the first one."

"That's off-topic," the director said. "We're discussing accents."

"I'll have it nailed by performance," Kenny said.

"When are you planning to have your lines 'nailed'?" Claudia said.

"I know my lines."

"Oh, please."

"I know them internally, as words. It's just . . . "

"Then why am I stranded up here listening to your pregnant pauses? Maybe the dead spots mean nothing to you, but I might as well be waiting for a bus in the time it takes you to rummage around for what you're supposed to say. It makes me, if I may quote our director, *a tad uncomfortable.*"

A nervous laugh shot out of me like a sneeze.

"What's so funny, Downs?" Claudia said.

"I, uh, just couldn't picture you waiting for a bus."

"For your information, I've ridden the bus many a time. Don't patronize me. You took a legitimate point and trivialized it with your laughter. I've taken the subway too, for your information."

"Hey, it's Kenny you're mad at, remember?"

"Well," the director said, clapping his hands together a mite merrily, "I think it's healthy we're getting all this out of our systems rather than letting it sit and fester. Shall we resume? Let's pick up from the line 'The leaves have turned to rust.' And, Kenny, before we begin, I do think Claudia has a point, though she expressed it somewhat savagely. You do tend to hoard your lines. Let the horse out of the barn."

Being compared to a steed seemed to placate Kenny, who nodded as the rest of us shuffled to our proper places. □

DARLENE RYDER'S DOS AND DON'TS

(Mostly Don'ts) for Men Seeking Matrimony, or Something Reasonably Close

- **Strike the words "bachelor" and "single guy" from your vocabulary.** From now on your official title is "unmarried man."
- **Don't even think about dialing for that first date until you've got a plan.** Each date should be conceived as a chapter with a beginning, middle, and end—not one big glob of time that dribbles on indefinitely.
- **Never leave a woman sitting or standing alone in public longer than five minutes.** She'll wonder what happened to you, and when she stops wondering she'll want to brain you.
- **Never eat anything that can spatter or spill.** Once you've got mayonnaise on your shirt, the party's pretty much over for you.
- **Never generalize about women when talking to a woman.** She'll resent it, even if she agrees with you.
- **Never bad-mouth a former girlfriend (or moon over her as The One That Got Away).** Treat the past as a trip you once took—a trip that led to this moment, to the person across from you.
- **There's no such thing as a "three-date rule."** A lot of men think they're entitled to sleep with a woman on the third date, and too many women cave in to this expectation. Wait, and the wait will be worth it.
- **You can never say a woman's name too often.** Also, nothing's more romantic than whispering in bed.
- **Don't switch positions too much during sex.** It's annoying, and no woman enjoys having her legs wagging in the air.
- **Never smirk at men pushing strollers on the sidewalk or loading kiddie seats into cars.** You want her to think that could be you someday, picking up those dropped toys and damned mittens.
- **And to any woman who finds herself dating a man who's following my advice: Don't be a big mouth and blow his cover.** Let him think he's the one in control. Once you're married, you can set him straight.



Jeb Bush

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 of unanticipated Medicaid costs, but Jeb nonetheless forged ahead with his plan to eliminate the last vestige of the "intangibles" tax on stocks and investments—a cut that benefits Florida's wealthiest while jeopardizing a host of social programs: treatment of H.I.V. infection, epilepsy, and substance abuse; teacher bonuses; dental care and hearing aids for the poor; and grants to the Florida School for the Deaf and the Blind and the Florida Holocaust Museum. Even many in his own party couldn't stomach, or fathom, the move and resisted it. Normally it's no big deal to have a state senator say something like "I don't think the people of Florida believe in providing tax relief if it means leaving pregnant women out in the cold." What made it one is that the man who said it, Jim Horne, is a Republican. (While Republican moderates try to rein Jeb in, Republican extremists such as the cartoonish house speaker, Tom Feeney, who sought tax cuts five times as large as Jeb's, shove him to the right.)

They say that, of all the Bush sons, Jeb looks and acts the most like Barbara. Turn his hair gray—it's happening, though slowly—and the resemblance would be even more striking. There is the same stockiness, the disproportionately small smile, the same steel beneath the bonhomie. Unlike the other Bush men, there is little that is endearing or conciliatory or disarming about Jeb. He once said admiringly of his older brother that there is a political advantage to being underestimated. It is an advantage Jeb will never enjoy. Unlike Dubya, self-deprecation is not in his political arsenal; no one would believe it. Because Jeb seems to know exactly what he is doing and is so sure it is right, it is hard to cut him any slack.

Take "One Florida," the "race-neutral" plan he substituted for affirmative action. It provides that the top 20 percent of all those graduating from state high schools, regardless of race, be guaranteed a place in the state university system, and that minority quotas in state contracts be replaced by voluntary efforts. According to Jeb, the number of blacks in state universities has risen under it, as have minority judicial appointees and contracts. But most of black Florida isn't buying. A recent poll in the *St. Petersburg Times* shows that only 8 percent of the state's African-Americans support him.

There is real passion behind those numbers. Just as few people have ever loved the Bushes, few people have hated them; unlike Reagan and Clinton, they just don't stir the soul. But no Bush has ever earned such enmity about anything as Jeb has from Florida's African-Americans, not just for killing affirmative action but also for undermining civil-service protections, for pushing the death penalty, and for what they see as his hidden hand during the presidential election—everything from allegedly erecting roadblocks to discourage minority voters to stifling the recount. Exacerbating it all are feelings of betrayal, since Jeb campaigned aggressively in the black community three years ago and won substantial support, at least for a Republican: 14 percent. (His brother managed only 5 percent last fall.) "Bush tears evoke very little sympathy," an editorial in the *Capital Outlook,* Tallahassee's African-American newspaper, declared after Jeb's meeting in March with black Baptist educators, in which he choked up while defending a black staffer vilified for her association with him. "The governor must understand that his political philosophy and know-it-all attitude disturb most of Florida's blacks," it wrote.

Jeb's aides tick off his acts of retail kindness as if reciting *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi:* tending to an unhappy beekeeper in Marianna, tutoring a student in Tallahassee, regaining disability benefits for a 13-month-old child in Avon Park, helping a Tampa man obtain a Krispy Kreme franchise, finding state workers to get a 40-pound raccoon out of the attic of a Baptist day school in West Palm Beach. (One gesture they don't cite is Jeb's decision shortly before the 2000 presidential election to restore to Charles Colson, the White House "plumber" convicted of obstruction of justice during Watergate, the right to vote.) But Democrats counter with the wholesale havoc they say Jeb's programs—notably tax cuts that will have removed more than $6 billion from the state coffers by the end of his first term—have produced for Florida's poor, young, old, and sick. "For me the hard part is how such a nice guy can be wrong about so many things that hurt so many people," says Lois Frankel of West Palm Beach, Democratic leader in the Florida house.

Jeb's political future remains both stymied by Dubya and tied to him, past and future. It depends in part on how many people were enraged by the 2000 election and will remember it two years down the road. It also depends on how the second President Bush does, particularly on the economy and the environment. The two brothers could part company on drilling off the coast of Florida, which Dubya appears to favor and Jeb most definitely opposes. Democrats crow that to George W. Bush oil is even thicker than blood; here Jeb must walk another tightrope, using his new clout in Washington without being too blatant or obnoxious about it. Jeb has been treading lightly in the nation's capital over the past few months; he sleeps at the White House but goes out of his way to be inconspicu[ous] there. During the National Governors' C[onfe]rence in February, for instance, he sp[oke] only to Florida reporters, and only at so[me] out-of-the-way gate at the back of the Wh[ite] House lawn.

Jeb is due to announce his plans for n[ext] year soon. Most people assume he will r[un], but it's hard to be entirely sure. "He's [not] conventional," says Jim Towey, a former s[ec]retary of health and rehabilitative servi[ces] in Florida and a Democrat who is frien[dly] with him. "I stopped trying to figure [out] Jeb Bush about three months after I r[an] him.... He just doesn't share a lot."

Eager to break into the big-time Big Tir[e] most local politicians are soft touch[es] for the national press. But not Jeb. T[he] heavy hitters and glamour girls of pri[me] time—Larry King, Diane Sawyer, Katie C[our]ric, Connie Chung—all come acourtin', but [he] blows them off. Richard Berke of *The N[ew] York Times* had to wait a year for an int[er]view. To Jeb, appearing in glossy magazin[es] or on national television is no novelty. Wor[se] it brings the demands for the very pub[lic] introspection—"navel-gazing," he contemp[tu]ously calls it—that all the Bushes hate, or [at] least say they do. He's tired, too, of the usu[al] bait and switch: journalists claiming they wa[nt] to explore bond issues when their real agen[da] is to talk psychobabble and to stoke sibli[ng] rivalry. Forced to speak about his fami[ly], Jeb has perfected the pre-emptive platitud[e]. He loves his (pick it) brother/father/wi[fe]/children "more than life." He's "incredibl[y] proud" of them all. And no superlative is e[ver] too strong: he once said his father was "[as] close to perfection as a human being can b[e]."

I first approached Jeb electronically, [by] explaining that I'd be writing about him a[nd] asking for people to interview. If nothi[ng] else, I figured, I'd learn whether he rea[lly] does read, and answer, his E-mail. And, su[rely] enough, the reply came quickly: "David, w[hy] would you want to spend time writing abo[ut] me? :)" I explained why, and never hea[rd] from him again. Interviewing his frien[ds] and staff, it was clear that I, too, was bei[ng] vetted; I got as far as Sally Bradshaw, [the] closest confidante and former chief of sta[ff] before being rejected—or at least I was fl[at]tered into thinking I got that far. She [re]viewed for me the press's long history [of] unfairness to her man. Jeb, she said, was [a] policy wonk's policy wonk." But what w[as] written was "all George W.'s personality v[ersus] Jeb's personality and the Bush dynasty." "It is a no-win situation," she explained. "[If] the piece is favorable to him, it's inevitab[ly] not favorable to members of the family."

So one has to look elsewhere, and it isn['t] always easy. With few exceptions, Jeb's rel[a]tives don't speak. Jeb's staffers are young, i[n]experienced, and ferociously loyal; they a[re]

often compared to a cult. ("Shiite Republicans" is what one Democrat calls them.) Apart from the problem of finding people to talk is the problem of finding those with something to say, either because they are guarding his privacy, protecting their own livelihoods, have gleaned little about him, or are not the types to glean much about him or anyone else. Ever wary of opportunists, Jeb keeps his distance from people; John Thrasher, the former speaker of the Florida House of Representatives, says that he and Jeb grew close precisely because Thrasher didn't want anything from him. (Thrasher's case turns out to be merely one of delayed gratification, as S. V. Date has written in *The Palm Beach Post;* obviously trading on his ties to the governor, Thrasher now makes a fortune as a lobbyist. This is Florida, after all; Sally Bradshaw's husband runs Thrasher's lobbying firm, and her sister just got a $77,000-a-year job at the State Department of Education.)

"There are lots of people who spend a lot of time with Bush, who are good friends," one key Republican operative assures me. I ask him who. "Good question," he replies after a pause. "I have a hard time picturing him unburdening himself to anyone."

John Ellis Bush was born in 1953 in Midland, Texas, the dusty frontier town where his father had gone to make his fortune in oil. He was actually the third child of George and Barbara Bush; an older sister, Robin, died of leukemia only eight months after Jeb came along, and some speculate that his closeness to his mother could reflect the new life he'd brought into a grieving household. He attended school in Houston. Where the family had moved when he was six; he stayed there with friends for ninth grade when, in 1966, George senior was elected to Congress and, along with Barbara and Jeb's three younger siblings, moved to Washington. "Even then I had the wisdom to dislike Washington," he later remarked.

As a boy Jeb is said to have worshiped his older, funnier brother; Jeb laughingly told reporters of one childhood episode in which, as Lucy Morgan of the *St. Petersburg Times* tactfully put it, George W. was caught finger painting with a body part other than his finger. But nearly seven years divided them, and once George went away to Phillips Academy, the venerable prep school in Andover, Massachusetts, where Poppy Bush had also gone, their time together grew even more limited. In 1967 Jeb went to Andover as well, repeating ninth grade there. He did not distinguish himself academically and, like his older brother, steered clear of politics—no mean feat in the Vietnam era. "He seemed like a thoughtful person, totally unpretentious and good-natured," says one classmate, the artist Peter Halley. "I wouldn't associate ideas with Jeb. He was laid-back, a little bit goofy.... He really didn't give the impression of being someone from great wealth and power."

Andover in the late 1960s was a thoroughly cliquish place, divided neatly into "jocks," "nerds," "freaks," and "zeroes." Bush became captain of the tennis team but generally bridged the gaps between the groups. He had several black friends, a significant achievement at a time when Andover's African-Americans were militant enough to demand their own clubhouse. "There were some guys who were right-wing even then," says one of Jeb's black classmates, a North Carolina lawyer named Grover Burthey. "Jeb was never one of that crew. He was always a fellow you didn't mind having around."

Jeb was not a straight arrow; at least once he was caught drinking, but was placed on probation rather than kicked out—to some classmates, their first sign of his connections. When a few of his buddies organized a clandestine liquor business, Jeb was at least at the periphery. "There was something about Jeb that wanted to break out of the tried-and-true," says Lincoln Chafee, another classmate, now a Republican senator from Rhode Island. "When all of us were listening to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, he liked Sly and the Family Stone." As time passed, Jeb became "a budding hippie," according to another classmate, hanging out with longhairs and dabbling in marijuana (something Jeb himself has acknowledged). That might account, classmate Harry Chandler, now the executive vice president of Goto.com, theorizes, for his regular absence from reunions: "His wild past and his Republican present aren't necessarily good bedfellows." Although he is warmly recalled by most who knew him at Andover, one classmate says he was a "bully," and another remembers "something slightly snarly and spoiled about him." Jeb himself seems to agree with the minority opinion, or else he is trying to shore up his regular-guy image by distancing himself from elite preppydom. "I was a cynical little turd at a cynical little school," he once said.

His life changed dramatically senior year, when, along with 11 classmates, he spent three months on an exchange program in central Mexico, living with a local family, helping build a school, drinking lots of beer and tequila, flirting and then some with Mexican women. Jeb became something of a ringleader for the group, handling translations and finances. But the wild times came to an abrupt end one Sunday night when he met Columba Gallo, a tiny—five feet tall—16-year-old girl whose sister had already begun dating one of Jeb's classmates. "I was sitting in the backseat when he looked into the car and said, 'Oh, I am falling in love with her,'" Columba later recalled. Jeb returned to Andover a changed man, more serious about growing up and getting out. "It had a huge impact on him," one classmate recalls. "Up until that time, it was 'How little do I have to do to get through Andover?'" His father detected a malaise in his second son. "Jebby is going to need some help I am sure," Poppy wrote in a diary entry in May 1971. "Jebby is a deep sensitive kid with lots of compassion and love in his heart, but I worry that he might take on some crazy idea." Forgoing the familiar family path to Yale—its admissions standards having tightened in the meantime, it's not clear that he could have sailed in as easily as Dubya had—and anxious to be close to Mexico, he applied only to the University of Texas.

The Vietnam War was still raging and he toyed with becoming a conscientious objector. "Was I for the war? Um. I don't think I was really much of either," he told *The Miami Herald* in 1994. "I was more concerned about graduating as soon as possible. I wanted to get married, work, and have a family. I had no compelling reason to go to Vietnam." It was all moot anyway; the draft ended shortly after he registered.

For all their talk of familial inseparability, Jeb sprang his fiancée, who still spoke little English, on his parents shortly before the wedding. "How I worry about Jeb and Columba. Does she love him? I know when I meet her, I'll stop worrying," Barbara Bush confided to her diary around Christmas 1973, shortly after helping Jeb buy an engagement ring. But if George and Barbara Bush had any misgivings about the marriage, they kept them to themselves. "She has made Jeb very happy, and we love her dearly," Barbara wrote in her memoirs. The two married in a chapel at the University of Texas in February 1974. He was 21, she 20. None of his friends were invited to the wedding. "She came from a totally different culture, a different planet from our perspective," one college classmate recalls.

Jeb earned a degree in Latin-American studies, then took a job—at about $8,000 a year—with the Texas Commerce Bank, a place owned partly by veteran Bush-family *consigliere* James Baker III, later secretary of state and Dubya's top lawyer during the Florida recount. In 1977, by now the father of two and making $22,000 a year, he moved to the bank's branch in Caracas, Venezuela. Lionel Margolick, another American businessman there at the time (and my cousin), recalls Jeb as a good guy, a fine tennis player, and a hard worker, though with no particular aptitude for banking. He also remembers Jeb's saying that there were periods in his adult life when he seldom saw his

Jeb Bush

father, maybe once or twice a year, and then only on the steps of the Capitol.

Jeb returned to Houston in 1979 and took a leave from the bank to work on his father's run for the Republican presidential nomination. But after determining he had no future at the bank and intent upon both making it on his own and finding a more substantially Hispanic environment for Columba, he moved to Miami. There he briefly became what he called a "gofer" for the same campaign and plotted out his own professional future. Eager to escape his father's long shadow, he was still content to profit from his old man's even longer tentacles. He met Armando Codina, a prominent Cuban-American real-estate developer and one of the senior Bush's earliest supporters; Codina made him an extraordinary offer, particularly for someone with no experience in real estate: join him, invest no money, and have "Bush" added to the company name (at the very time that Bush Sr. became vice president). In return, Jeb became the junior partner in the Codina-Bush Group, receiving 40 percent of the profits. His goal was clear. "I'd like to be very wealthy," he told the *Miami News* in 1983.

Through a series of deals, that soon came to pass. One deal, for an office building in downtown Miami, rivaled Hillary Clinton's payday with cattle futures: in 1984, Jeb invested $1,000 for a 20 percent stake in Museum Tower; six years and what Jeb called "a lot of sweat equity" later, he sold his interest for about $346,000. Quickly, Jeb also became a political presence in South Florida. He went on Hispanic radio, wooing voters for the Republicans. By 1984 he was the Republican chairman of Dade County. He became a stalwart of Latino right-wing groups and was their man to call for favors with the Feds.

By far the most notorious of his interventions was on behalf of Miguel Recarey, the Cuban-American head of International Medical Centers (I.M.C.) of Miami, one of the nation's largest health-maintenance organizations. Recarey, who is said to have had ties to Santo Trafficante Jr., the onetime Mafia boss of Florida, and who was convicted of income-tax evasion in the 1970s, gave money to the Dade County Republican Party in 1984, while Jeb was chairman. Shortly thereafter, Jeb called Margaret Heckler, then secretary of health and human services, to ask that I.M.C. be exempted from the federal requirement that no more than half of an H.M.O.'s patients be on Medicaid. The waiver was granted (though Jeb later denied that it was), enabling Recarey to collect a fortune in federal funds. At the same time, Codina-Bush received $75,000 in fees, ostensibly for attempting to find I.M.C. a new corporate home.

I.M.C. never did make the move. Instead, in 1987 regulators shut it down. Some $200 million in Medicaid funds was missing, and Recarey was indicted for conspiracy, bribery, obstruction of justice, and illegal wiretapping. He fled the country in September 1987 and is still listed as a fugitive. Asked about Recarey in 1998, Jeb said he's less gullible now. Similarly, in 1990, Jeb lobbied his father's administration and helped win parole for Orlando Bosch, an anti-Castro terrorist widely suspected of blowing up a Cuban jetliner in 1976 with 73 passengers aboard. "He is one of us," Jorge Mas Canosa, the late strongman of Miami's Cuban community, said of Jeb.

Jeb was a political comer. But it was a family tradition to make one's fortune before running for office, and as he later told *The Miami Herald,* in the early 1980s he was "leveraged up my ying yang." In 1986 his father persuaded him to pass up a run for Congress. It turned out to be a wise move, at least financially. The following year Bob Martinez, the newly elected Republican governor in Florida, named Jeb his secretary of commerce. Jeb held the job for only 20 months, leaving in 1988 to work on the Florida end of his father's successful presidential campaign. (After President Bush the First was elected, he named Martinez his new "drug czar"; state Republicans wary of Jeb's political aspirations assumed it was a quid pro quo.) But in that short time Jeb established the connections that made him a millionaire.

One was Richard Lawless, a former C.I.A. agent to whom Jeb's Commerce Department awarded a $160,000 state contract to promote Florida in the Far East. Later, after Jeb had quit, Lawless paid him a total of $528,000 for various real-estate services rendered, and donated $35,000 to the Republican Party and $5,000 to Jeb's first gubernatorial campaign. With David Eller, another associate from his pit stop in Tallahassee, Jeb formed Bush-El, which, along with Eller's other company M&W Pump, manufactured water pumps in Nigeria and sold them there and abroad. The sales were backed by a $74 million loan to the Nigerians from the federally financed Export-Import Bank in Washington. Jeb insisted he had had nothing to do with the loan; the $648,250 he made at Bush-El—after having invested no money of his own—came from other deals, he claimed.

By the early 1990s, Jeb had amassed a nest egg of more than $2 million, including the nearly $800,000 Codina paid him to buy out his share of the Codina-Bush Group. Jeb had his fortune; now he could run for governor. It was a cheeky move: a neophyte leapfrogging over mo senior Republicans who'd inched their wa up the political ladder for years or decade then taking on the venerable Democrat incumbent, Lawton Chiles. Jeb's Republica primary opponents portrayed him as a arriviste—a spoiled, unqualified, interlo ing mommy-and-daddy's boy; one, Secr tary of State Jim Smith, assembled a Davi Letterman–style Top 10 list to explain ho Jeb had managed to grow so rich durin his father's presidency. (E.g., "He pawne his silver spoon"; "He managed the Whi House Rose Garden for a huge increase i his allowance.") But Jeb raised money a few in Florida had done before—his pa ents made three fund-raising trips to th state, picking up as much as $1 million day on each—and blew everyone else awa "I can run against one Bush, but he expec us to run against three Bushes," Smit lamented.

The only discordant note for Jeb cam when Dubya threw his cowboy hat into th ring in Texas. "It turns it into a *People* magazine story," Jeb grumbled to Maureen Dowd of *The New York Times.* Soon, h older brother was stealing not only som of Jeb's thunder but also some of his be lines: "I am running for governor no because I am George and Barbara Bush' son; I am running because I am George and Noelle and Jeb's father" was prompt retrofitted with the names of Dubya's twi daughters.

It was the year of the Gingrich revolutio the high-water mark of Limbaughism, an Jeb ran as a self-described "head-bangin conservative." His governing credo, he sai echoed "that famous British philosopher Mic Jagger: 'You can't always get what you want.' He spoke of "blowing up" state agencies, cr ating "more boot camps and fewer baske weaving classes," signing more death warrant telling welfare mothers "to get their life t gether and find a husband." Asked what H would do for Florida's blacks, Bush gave slightly longer and more nuanced answer tha was reduced to an oft cited, poisonous soun bite: "probably nothing." Although Jeb him self had used plenty of government help amas ing his own fortune, he questioned how muc anyone else needed it.

It was a close race—tipped, Bush loyalis say, by Chiles's misleading polling pra tices in the homestretch, tipped, accordin to Democrats, when Chiles observed cry tically in their last debate that "the old h coon walks just before the light of day Hardly anybody, including Jeb, knew wha he meant, but in one stroke Chiles had u derscored his cracker wisdom and Bush callow foreignness. Chiles won by fewer tha 75,000 votes, the closest governor's race i Florida history.

The loss was devastating to Jeb, more so than one might have expected for a first-time candidate starting at the top. A reporter recalled seeing him anguished, smoking his first cigarette in years that night. Surely making things more difficult was the fact that in Texas his brother, the free-spirited cutup, had actually beaten another wily incumbent, Ann Richards. Having studied a picture taken at his inauguration, Dubya told *The New York Times* that in the photo Jeb looked "happy and proud, but also . . . maybe a little sad, too." Ma and Pa Bush were as surprised as anyone. "Can you believe *this?*" Barbara said at a party celebrating Dubya's victory.

Making matters worse for Jeb, he admitted that his marriage was coming apart and he'd grown estranged from his own children, at least one of whom had gotten into drugs. (Jeb has never specified which one, nor has anyone in the capital press corps ever said, though everyone knows the answer. Indeed, these same reporters have declined to cover other embarrassing episodes involving Jeb's children, making their father's testy relationship with the press that much harder to fathom.) His family went into therapy. And Jeb began attending classes in Catholicism. His children had all been raised in the faith, but he himself had never formally converted. "It's amazing how the Holy Spirit works in all of us," says Ed Easton, a Miami developer and one of Jeb's closest friends. "He just did some inner searching. . . . I think he got closer to God."

And to Mammon, as represented by the Republican Party plutocracy. Jeb insisted that his political plans were unclear, and returned to Codina's real-estate company. But even Al Cardenas, the G.O.P. chairman in Florida, says that from the moment Jeb lost in 1994 he was running in 1998, when he would not face a tough incumbent, and his status both as a Bush and as a governor-in-waiting brought him several lucrative opportunities. These included various corporate directorships and a small piece of the Jaguars, the new N.F.L. entry in Jacksonville.

Jeb parked himself and key members of his campaign staff at something he called "the Foundation for Florida's Future." Officially, it was a think tank, where Bush could mull over the great issues facing the state. Skeptics considered it a continuation of the Bush campaign. In one piece, *The Tampa Tribune* referred to it variously as "The Foundation for Jeb Bush's Future," "The Foundation for Someplace for Jeb Bush to Hide Out in Before He Runs for Office Again," "The Foundation to Provide Political Operatives Off-Year Employment," and "The Foundation for Sibling Rivalry." Jeb gave speeches throughout the state. He worked with the Urban League of Greater Miami to found a charter school in the poor Liberty City section of the city. And with a conservative-firebrand staffer named Brian Yablonski—who likes to boast that as a baby he'd once spit up on Lyndon Johnson—he wrote a book called *Profiles in Character.*

Jeb listed contributors, but did not say who gave what—which let him create the illusion that he was leading a sort of grassroots movement. But the Foundation for Florida's Future was more the Parade of Plutocrats than the March of Dimes: most of the money came in chunks of $5,000 or more. Asked who had made the largest single contribution in 1995—$70,000—Jeb said he couldn't remember. Thanks only to some dogged reporting by the *Orlando Weekly* and Tim Nickens of the *St. Petersburg Times,* it became clear that most benefactors were Republican Party stalwarts: U.S. Sugar, Outback Steakhouse, Philip Morris, Eckerd Corp., Blockbuster founder and Florida Marlins owner Wayne Huizenga, and Al Hoffman Jr., later general finance chairman of Jeb's second gubernatorial campaign and now finance chairman of the Republican National Committee. At one point Jeb's parents kicked in at least $30,000. The $70,000 turned out to have come from Odebrecht Contractors (the firm that had renovated Miami International Airport), ostensibly to cover the costs of *Profiles in Character.* Oddly enough, while the book lists other businessmen and businesses as "copublishers," Odebrecht is never acknowledged.

To no one's surprise, in 1997, Jeb again threw his hat into the ring—this time as a moderate. Once, he had threatened to get rid of the State Department of Education; now he chose the education commissioner as his running mate. Facing no Republican challengers and running against a weak Democrat, Lieutenant Governor Buddy MacKay, Bush had the luxury of going after traditional Democratic constituencies—the elderly, Jews, and particularly blacks. He wooed—and won over—black politicians such as Chris Smith of Fort Lauderdale, then running for the state House of Representatives. "I really didn't see Jeb as the kind of Bush his father is," Smith recalls. "I thought he had a real comfort level with African-Americans."

The candidate was awash in money. Corporations, allowed under Florida's porous campaign-finance laws to donate unlimited amounts to political parties, lavished money on Jeb. Tobacco and health-care companies donated nearly $500,000 apiece, sugar another $389,000. Even some trial lawyers, usually the first target of conservative Republicans out to cap damages and limit lawsuits, gave to him once he'd assured them he was his own man rather than a family clone. "He was rather insulted that we would lump his policies in with his father and brother," one donor recalled.

Jeb took his show on the road: for the first three months of 1998, he raised more money outside of Florida than the hapless Florida Democrats raised *in toto* in the same period. A million dollars came from Texas, nearly half of it from oil interests alone. In New York, Donald Trump opened up his Trump Tower penthouse for a fund-raiser, which brought in almost $500,000. Eager to expand into Florida, Trump Hotels & Casino Resorts chipped in $50,000 more.

At times, Jeb confronted questions about his career and the role his name and his connections had played in it. "I live my own life," he told Michael Griffin of the *Orlando Sentinel.* "I'm not some kind of empty suit. I've got a record of service to others, a commitment to my community, a successful business." Other times, he swatted the questions aside with a contempt few unpedigreed politicians would ever dare display. "You either trust me or you don't," he told one reporter. Or "I'm not hiding anything. I promise."

Jeb won walking away. The Foundation for Florida's Future quickly atrophied. And Jeb came into office with what he likes to call a set of "BHAGs": big, hairy, audacious goals. Helping to fund new programs and expand old ones, even as taxes were cut, was $3 billion in new money—pension surpluses, funds from the gigantic multi-state settlement with the tobacco industry, the fruits of the Clinton economy. Jeb started quickly, and well. But threatening it all was the debacle over "One Florida."

Jeb has his defenses: some black leaders had approved the plan, at least until the heat got too great; something had to be done to stop Ward Connerly, the black conservative who'd put anti-affirmative-action initiatives on the ballots of California and Washington and was threatening to do the same in Florida; Jeb has appointed women and minorities in unprecedented numbers. "On this issue he's probably way ahead of his time," says Sally Bradshaw. "He was looking for a third way to improve race relations: not the Ward Connerly way or the N.A.A.C.P. way but a new way, in which people could be judged on their experience and their character. Black politicians unfortunately are not ready for that." T. Willard Fair, head of the Urban League, with whom Jeb launched the Miami charter school, agrees. "If Bill Clinton or some other Democrat person were talking about a new direction, they'd be jumping in the street," he said.

But Jeb clearly underestimated affirma-

tive action's sacredness in the black community, which views it as payback for white society's as yet undischarged debt for centuries of violence and discrimination. Even worse than eliminating affirmative action was how Jeb did it: by the stroke of a pen. Blacks felt not just wronged, but dissed.

"One Florida" led to a sit-in at the capitol in January 2000, staged by two state legislators, Kendrick Meek and Tony Hill, with whom Jeb had refused to meet for several weeks. That in turn led to what is in Florida the most famous footage ever of Jeb Bush, in which, talking to an aide and unaware that the cameras are rolling, the smoldering governor hisses, "*Kick . . . their . . . asses . . . out!*" Jeb later said that it was to the press, and not to the two black legislators, that he had been referring. But few blacks believe him. When Jeb finally consented to a meeting, he acted "like an angry father coming into a room where some five-year-old children had scattered toys all over," Meek recalls. A series of Jeb peace offerings—including his decision to take down Florida's version of the Confederate flag—has not placated them.

"Once you've been hit by the racist tag, it's hard to shake," says Chris Smith. "Jeb's a rich-white-boy Republican, so you naturally would like to dislike him, and then he up and gift-wrapped a reason for us to." I ask Smith how he could have turned so dramatically against the man he had endorsed only three years earlier. That earlier version, he replies, was only 70 percent of Jeb Bush; the remainder, he says, heads the state Republican Party and bends to its will. George W. wants to be controlled, Smith says; Jeb Bush allows himself to be. "He's different, because he knows better," he says.

At the Republican convention last August, Jeb arrived late and lay low. When Dubya made campaign stops in Florida, Jeb sometimes seemed prone to scheduling conflicts. Asked once whether his brother was sufficiently involved in his campaign, the Republican nominee equivocated, then floundered, then wisecracked. "Well, that's a loaded question," he said. "Are you suggesting that maybe my brother is, uh . . . I don't think there is anybody in Florida who wants me to carry Florida and win the presidency more than Jeb. I'll pass on that at a roundtable discussion with the senior political reporters in the state there was some concern that he wasn't working hard enough." Jeb admitted to Richard Berke of *The New York Times* that he'd "been almost reclusive."

Among reporters, Jeb's low profile was no mystery: he was afraid of showing up his brother. Another possible reason—gleaned, admittedly, purely from body language, facial expressions, atmospherics—is that the two just aren't that tight. "For all the warmth and family values they exude and Barbara's charm, for all the love they express, I don't think they're all that close," says Mark Silva, political editor of the *Orlando Sentinel,* a reporter Jeb Bush's aides regularly praise for his fairness. Alan Judd, then of the *Sarasota Herald-Tribune,* was flabbergasted to learn that three years after it came out Jeb still hadn't read his own mother's autobiography.

When Dubya talked about Jeb he often sounded patronizing, in the way that only an older brother can. Conversely, Jeb's praise for his "older, smarter, and wiser brother" sounded uncharacteristically inarticulate, faint, and robotic during the presidential campaign. On the morning of Dubya's convention acceptance speech, Diane Sawyer asked Jeb if he knew what his brother was going to say. No, but "I'm very proud of him." Did he know whether his brother was nervous? "He looks like a president to me now. I'm just so proud of him. And a year ago I wouldn't have told you this. . . . He's got the right stuff." In case it wasn't clear, he added one more point: "I'm incredibly proud of him. I really am."

The Bushes were dining together in Austin on Election Night when the networks initially put Florida in Gore's column. Jeb went to his brother in tears. "I decided after, frankly, apologizing to my brother, that I didn't do what I hoped I would be able to do . . . which is to help him carry the state," he said the next day. He called some radio talk shows on the West Coast, angling for a few last-minute votes. And he phoned Florida and was told the networks' prognostication was premature. Then, with only an hour's sleep, he flew home to work—or not work—on the recount.

Officially, he recused himself from the proceedings. Democrats assume that he was active behind the scenes but can't point to anything concrete. Whatever it amounted to, it really wasn't necessary in a state firmly under Republican control. "None of us fell off the turnip truck yesterday," says one Republican leader. "We knew what had to be done and we didn't have to ask him. . . . Whoever was in power would have won the election. No one needed to be instructed in where their interests lay."

"I think people will say, 'Job well done,'" Jeb later predicted of the recount. His popularity stands at 56 percent, down slightly but not perilously; party officials predict he can win re-election easily. "The half-life of the memory of the average voter is typically one baseball season," one county G.O.P. chairman noted. Those angriest with Jeb Bush, the thinking goes, would never have voted for him anyway.

Nonetheless, Democrats who had once written off the 2002 race are now far more optimistic. Blacks and Jews still stinging from the election could turn out in multitudes, bringing with them some of the soccer moms and moderates who went for Jeb the last time around. One recent poll showed Jeb leading an unnamed generic Democrat by only nine points. (Possible candidates include Congressmen Robert Wexler of Boca Raton and Jim Davis of Tampa, Tallahassee mayor Maddox, Clinton attorney general Janet Reno, and Pete Peterson, a former Florida congressman and prisoner of war who is now ambassador to Vietnam. For what it's worth, President Bush has told Peterson he's welcome to extend his stay in Hanoi.)

The opposition will certainly have issues. "If I were the Democrats, I'd have a big newspaper ad at the end of the session saying, 'Jeb Bush has cut $1 billion in taxes. How much did you get?' And maybe I'd have a picture of a yacht in the background," said Brian Crowley of *The Palm Beach Post.* Already, Democratic television advertisements link Jeb to his older brother's views on Medicaid and Social Security. "Jeb Bush delivered Florida to his brother George," one recent advertisement states ambiguously. "And now we're paying the price."

On one thing, the two sides agree: "It will be a very negative, very vicious campaign," as Al Cardenas puts it.

All of this presupposes that Jeb will actually run for re-election. And that may hinge not on Jeb but on Columba.

They are the most incongruous of couples, as I saw during a reception one evening at the Governor's Mansion, where photographs of their beautiful children are displayed throughout the public area beneath the faux Vermeers and Frederic Churches on the walls. Deeply religious and reticent, Columba Bush has all but vanished since customs officials detained her in Atlanta two years ago for failing to declare $19,000 in clothes and jewelry she'd bought during a five-day Parisian shopping spree. (She later said it was an "error in judgment," though she offered no explanation for her lavishness; Jeb professed surprise and added, "What she does with our money is our business; she can deal with that with me." Columba is said to be something of a spendthrift and a world-class shopper.) Ever since then her public schedule, already light, has grown even thinner; and reporters approaching her, even to ask innocuous First Lady–type questions, risk incurring extreme gubernatorial wrath. When, for instance, a wire service began working on a story about Columba's estranged father in Mexico—he'd hoped to see Dubya in March during his first presidential visit there—it got an urgent plea from Jeb's press secretary: did the piece *really* have to run in Florida?

Columba is said to favor urbane, Hispan-

ic Miami and chic South Beach over Tallahassee, a hollowed-out North Florida town of bureaucrats, empty downtown storefronts, and strip malls, whose nightlife consists, as one relieved ex-resident puts it (referring to two favorite local watering holes), of "a bunch of old, fat white guys at the Silver Slipper and Clyde's." The Republican leader in the state senate, Jim King, says he has met Columba only two or three times since Jeb became governor, and even then only fleetingly. "I would think she has to be miserable," he observes. For a time, rumors that Columba had moved back to Miami, where her mother and sister live, were so pervasive that legislators were actually surprised to see her show up at Jeb's State of the State speech in March. In fact, she's usually in town, holed up at the Governor's Mansion.

The state of Jeb's private life, and whether it accounts in part for his relentless drive, is discussed frequently but surreptitiously in Tallahassee Republican circles, where, for all of his success, he remains something of an exotic import among longtime political operatives. "There are always people in public service who have sacrificed family for the calling of service, like Golda Meir," King tells me. I mention to him a story I once wrote about a judge whose legendary work habits, I learned, stemmed at least in part from unhappiness at home. "My own suspicion is that there's some of that," King says. Another top Republican operative is even more blunt. "Why start playing golf at seven so you can finish at nine so you can read this whole stack of shit?" he asks. "The hardest I ever worked in my life was when I was not happy, and I would much rather not have stayed at home.... If you mention [his wife] he will just expound, 'The love of my life,' 'The mother of my children.' I love my wife deeply, but I never feel the need to tell the world how much." Jeb's protestations of pre-marital abstinence and marital fealty strike this man as equally odd. "Why was it necessary that we know it, and if it's true, how can that be?" he asks.

People who know Jeb well say that he is actually a devoted family man—pathologically faithful to his wife, as one put it. Nonetheless, suggestions that Jeb and Cynthia Henderson were an item were all over Tallahassee when I was there; even an outsider encountered them quickly. I never really pursued the matter, which I considered to be both of dubious relevance and almost impossible to prove. I never had any plans to write about it. But the story pursued me: at least three of Jeb's buddies called to learn whether *Vanity Fair* would cover the story. (One of these calls produced the only real insight I received from anyone close to Jeb Bush, a refreshing break after weeks of stonewalling.)

There are three possible explanations for the rumor. The first is that the Democrats planted the story, just as they had with Harris. (In fact, the man who told me about it was a supporter of Jeb's.) Second, Henderson has led a charmed life under Jeb; she kept moving up in his administration despite a set of scandals and ethical lapses that would have doomed anyone else. (As head of the Department of Business and Professional Regulation, it was discovered, she flew to the Kentucky Derby aboard a charter jet owned by Outback Steakhouse, a company regulated by her agency; she used her influence to procure government jobs for her nanny and her nanny's boyfriend; she gave a favorite restaurant a $184,000 tax credit; and she was accused of choking an employee with whom she'd had a disagreement over a real-estate investigation.) The third explanation is that Jeb's marriage appears to be in trouble, making such extracurricular activities that much more plausible.

Even Jeb's allies say that he and Columba have little in common and that she is abusive both to him and to his aides, especially if they happen to be pretty women. When the Katherine Harris rumors surfaced, Columba is said to have blown up and confronted her. Evidently Columba shows scant interest in or enthusiasm for the work her husband so relishes. Nonetheless, when the elusive First Lady finally granted an interview in late April to the *St. Petersburg Times,* she said that she would like her husband to run again "because I think he's doing a good job." She also said that she loved him "like the first time we met."

Asked last month about his relationship with Henderson, Jeb said, "I cannot tell you how hurtful this is. I love my wife. There is nothing to this rumor." That he confronted the issue so squarely, says Steven Uhlfelder, a Tallahassee lawyer and Democrat who supports Jeb, was "a clear signal that he is running for re-election." But some Republicans have their doubts. They predict that Jeb, ever anxious to please his wife and save his marriage, will play Edward VIII and abdicate his throne for "the woman I love." But Jeb has problems that the Duke of Windsor never faced. Florida will be no less crucial to the Republicans in 2004 than it was in 2000, and without him on the scene, they will be pressed to hold the governorship in 2002 and Florida itself two years later. Once again, then, Jeb Bush could find himself held hostage to the family's political fortunes. Or, conversely, he could once more play the family rebel, take his marbles, and go back home to Miami, leaving Dubya to fend for himself. It is a question he must answer soon, probably this month.

Such topics are all too radioactive for Sally Bradshaw. She's happier describing all of the things Jeb Bush is, which are, though she can never say it, so many of the things Dubya isn't. Not that there's anything wrong with that. What, I finally ask her, do you say to those who believe that the wrong Bush was elected president last November?

"Nothing," she replies. □

The Gabors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106 *Butterfield 8. Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Eva did have *Green Acres* to her credit, the 1960s sitcom about Park Avenue nobs who move to the sticks; it lasted for six seasons on CBS. For this she will always have a place on TV Land and in baby-boomers' hearts. But Eva was hindered by the fact that she actually wanted to be known as an actress, a good one. Zsa Zsa, the brasher sister, the bigger lollapalooza, just wanted to be known, and that proved to be her genius.

In case you're wondering, there is no shame in confusing Zsa Zsa and Eva. "They look the same, sound the same, and act the same," Jolie said in her memoir. "They are often mistaken for each other and both hate it. Even I mix them up." Naturally, this led to a rivalry between the two, both in public and in private. (They began to look even more alike at some point in the late 40s or early 50s when their noses, judging from pictorial evidence, mysteriously grew less broad and more perky.) One often told anecdote has Eva, in her later years, being spotted by a telephone lineman while she was swimming nude in the backyard of her Beverly Hills home. "Good morning, Eva," the lineman supposedly said. "No, dahling," she replied with stealth cattiness. "It's Zsa Zsa." On the other hand, one of her co-stars on *Green Acres* once remarked, having seen Zsa Zsa the night before on a talk show, "You know, Miss Gabor, in a certain bad light Zsa Zsa looks like ... Jack Palance." This was probably intended as a harmless bit of workplace sucking-up, but Eva reportedly snapped, "Don't you ever criticize my sister again—ever!" As Jolie wrote, "When any of us is in trouble we are a team; we close ranks."

Jolie was by all accounts an exacting taskmistress. As Zsa Zsa once complained, "It was not enough for us to be simply beautiful. We had to be the most beautiful. It was never enough for us to be chic. We had to be the most fashionable. Our goals remained constantly out of reach." Jolie's own book

offers even more pointed testimony to her parenting style: "I was on Fifth Avenue [recently] looking very young in an antelope pants suit from Paris with suede boots and lush furs and Magda, who was then very fat, shouted at me, 'Mother . . . Mother . . . ' I was so ashamed because she looked so fat. I said, 'Now, look here, Magduska, you must lose weight because when you are thirty pounds too heavy and you call me "mother," you put on me another ten years!'" To the end of her life, her daughters would seek her approval. "Mama ruled the roost and they were terrified of her," says Merv Griffin. "She was a wonderful old lady," he explains, "but crazed."

"She was the smart one, really," says Francesca Hilton, the daughter of Zsa Zsa and Conrad Hilton—the only issue of a Gabor sister.

"From the time they were girls their mother had taught them to always be very conscious of their appearance," says Kevin Sasaki, a publicist who worked with Eva for the last dozen or so years of her life. "Eva never left the house without full hair and makeup. That was something you just didn't see. Even when people came to the door with messages or packages, I don't think she answered unless she was properly put together."

Ask Francesca Hilton if she ever saw her mother come down for breakfast in an old bathrobe and fuzzy slippers. "Come *down* for breakfast?! She had breakfast in bed! And I was usually in school by then anyway . . . "

It is important to make a distinction between beauty and glamour. Beauty is luck. Glamour is an art form. The sisters knew what worked for them: cantilevered hair, pipe-cleaner eyelashes, feathers, diamonds, and bosoms displayed with all the care one would lavish on a Titian—a look that they never really altered after the mid-60s. "They weren't chameleonlike," says Sasaki. "You never saw Eva with a new hairstyle, you never saw her totally follow a new trend. She did the same style of makeup for 30 years."

"When the rest of the celebrities went into the natural look," Griffin remembers, "they were *disgusted* by that."

Eva was the first Gabor to immigrate to the U.S., arriving in Hollywood in 1939 with her first husband, a Swedish osteopath. Determined to become a movie star, she quickly landed a contract with Paramount, but whiled away the next decade in bit parts and B movies such as 1949's *Love Island,* in which she wore a dark wig and played probably the only Balinese temptress in movie history with a Hungarian accent. (The ads billed her as "luscious Eva Gabor.") Zsa Zsa made it to the U.S. in 1941 by way of Turkey. Her first husband had been a Turkish diplomat twice her age whom she had met in Budapest, though she claims she lost her virginity in Ankara to Kemal Atatürk, the founder of the modern Turkish nation, who is that country's George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Warren Beatty rolled into one. "He dazzled me with his sexual prowess and seduced me with his perversion," she writes in her second autobiography, *One Lifetime Is Not Enough.* But on arrival in Southern California, she quickly cultivated American tastes, marrying Conrad Hilton, the Texan whom she had met at Ciro's, the now vanished Sunset Strip nightclub, a few months after disembarkation.

Magda and Jolie, along with the girls' father, Vilmos, whom Jolie had divorced in 1939, made it to the U.S. after the war, having fled both the Nazis and the Russian Army by way of Portugal. Magda, though married to a Polish count, had been having an affair with the Portuguese ambassador to Hungary; it was under his auspices that the family, which was partly Jewish, had been spirited out of the country. (The girls' grandparents and other family members were killed by the Nazis.) Safely settled in America, and having divorced her count, Magda married a screenwriter named William Rankin, whose story credits included *Love in a Bungalow* (1937) and *Hi, Beautiful* (1944). This relationship lasted a matter of months. Magda then set her sights on bigger game, eventually bagging a financier. Her fifth husband would be the man who was Zsa Zsa's third: George Sanders. That lasted six weeks. Jolie herself married twice more while opening successful costume-jewelry stores on Madison Avenue and in Palm Beach. And if it all sounds like the preamble to a math problem, imagine what it was like to live.

The turning point in Eva's career came in 1950 with her appearance on Broadway as a flirty maid in the hit play *The Happy Time.* Her positive notices in this "folksy comedy" landed her on the cover of *Life.* Zsa Zsa's professional life, meanwhile, had been virtually nonexistent—depending, that is, on what one considers her profession to be. She made her first noise in show business in 1951 with an appearance as a last-minute substitute on a Los Angeles panel show, *Bachelor's Haven,* on which the wives of celebrities dispensed romantic advice. Zsa Zsa showed up at the studio in a black Balenciaga gown. On air, one of the hosts whistled at her diamond bracelet and 20-carat solitaire ring. "Oh, dahling," she cooed, "these are just my working diamonds." In the space of an ad-lib, she had found her calling, or, rather, her persona—or actually both, since for Zsa Zsa calling and persona were one and the same. The producers offered her a long-term contract on the spot. Within two weeks she had a part in the MGM musical *Lovely to Look At.* She made the cover of *Life,* too.

The Gabor filmographies are not in need of re-evaluation. Eva's reveals a game performer with a wholesome, even cheerful sensuality that can undercut the Continental sophistication that was supposedly her calling card—she can come across like Sally Field doing a party impression of Marlene Dietrich. You can see the effort. She was probably at her best on television in *Green Acres,* playing a cross between Gracie Allen and herself.

You wouldn't really say that Zsa Zsa holds the screen in *Lovely to Look At,* released in 1952, though she's certainly vivacious. John Huston, the director of her third film, *Moulin Rouge,* also released in 1952, set the tenor for her movie career when, after struggling to get a performance out of her, he finally gave in and commanded, "Zsa Zsa, forget about acting. Just make love to the camera." Her big entrance in that film is made as she descends a staircase while lip-synching badly and wearing a big white hat that makes her face look like the yolk in a fried egg. She gazes straight into the camera, waggles her eyebrows, and looks to be having a hell of a time. She's figuratively winking at us—*It's me, dahlings*—sending herself up and selling herself at the same time. It's that quality that makes her seem so contemporary. Drag queens don't generally do Zsa Zsa, because she's in on the joke—*she's* doing Zsa Zsa. "I'm a very serious person," she told *The New Yorker* in 1960. "I couldn't have built up this idiotic image of myself all these years if I hadn't been serious."

Madonna's debt to Marilyn Monroe has often been remarked upon, but rarely if ever has her perhaps even greater debt to Zsa Zsa, and to a lesser extent Eva, been acknowledged. Like Monroe, both Zsa Zsa and Eva presented exaggerations of 50s and early-60s femininity, but unlike Monroe there was nóthing in the least vulnerable about them. With their multiple marriages and many affairs—Zsa Zsa most notoriously with the equinely endowed Dominican playboy Porfirio Rubirosa, Eva with the likes of Frank Sinatra, Tyrone Power, and Glenn Ford—the Gabors made no bones about their own needs. To put it squarely, they liked sex. Discarding husbands as casually as expired credit cards, the sisters were female counterparts to Hugh Hefner, that other iconic forerunner of the sexual revolution. The Gabor philosophy may be antithetical to traditional feminism—the sis-

ters were contemptuous of the movement—but surely, on their own terms, they were self-actualized. They only looked kept. "My mother always used to tell me, 'Let the man *think* he's the boss,'" says Francesca Hilton, who makes an interesting Freudian slip while explaining Zsa Zsa's emotional makeup: "I think she loved her animals as much as her dogs—I mean *husbands*."

Cindy Adams first met the family when Zsa Zsa and Adams's late husband, the comedian Joey Adams, were doing an act together in Las Vegas. One night, Joey noticed Zsa Zsa was distracted onstage. "After the show he said, 'What the hell is it with you?' And she said, 'I'm madly in love.' Who was it? It was the headwaiter. A Greek headwaiter with a big palm. He must have had something else big. But he was just a headwaiter, and she says, 'That bastard. I am so angry vit him I cannot concentrate on the act.' So Joey says, 'What are you mad about?' She says, 'Son of a bitch! I don't mind going to *bed* vit him, but he wants to be seen vit me now in PUBLIC! Can you imagine?! A head-VAITER!'"

Eva, the youngest, was the first to die—of respiratory failure—in 1995; her grave is marked in Pierce Brothers Westwood Memorial Park by a headstone with no birth date on it—a Gabor to the end. Magda had had a stroke in 1966 that confined her to a wheelchair and left her with a limited vocabulary (according to Griffin, "The only word she could say was 'superb'"); she died in 1997 of kidney failure. Jolie outlived only one of her daughters, passing away two months before Magda. Her epitaph might be the penultimate sentence from her autobiography: "There are no wrinkles on the heart."

Zsa Zsa has become something of a recluse in the years since, rarely venturing from her home in Bel Air, where she lives with her ninth husband, an alleged member of the German aristocracy named Prince Frederick von Anhalt. Zsa Zsa didn't so much decline to be interviewed for this article as avoid it, putting off a number of scheduled conversations and, in the end, simply hanging up the telephone. "She's been very quiet and doesn't see anybody," says Griffin. "She said to me, 'Why am I still here?' She said, 'There's no need for me here.' And I said, 'Oh, for God's sake.'" Perhaps the real marriage, the most enduring union, had been among Zsa Zsa, Magda, Eva, and Jolie.

"They were early divas," says Francesca Hilton, referencing the current show-business cliché. "It's funny, I met Courtney Love the other day at the market. I was getting her autograph for my stepdaughter, and I told her my mother is Zsa Zsa Gabor. She said, 'Oh my *God!* How cool is that?'" □

CREDITS

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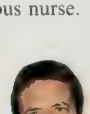
Michael Lutin tells Cancers to enjoy the bolt from the blue



Mel Brooks

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

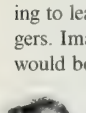
Although you seem destined to go on feeding the thousand hungry mouths that are never satisfied and that give back little in return, Saturn in your 12th house is telling you to escape them all for a bit of well-deserved rest. Fortunately, the universe is poised this month to grant you a reprieve. However, even if you could step into a machine and beam yourself over to a hassle-free world for good, you could never be content just dangling your feet in cool water and taking tea and toast served by a gorgeous nurse. It does sound good, though, doesn't it?



Tom Green

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

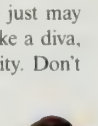
After what you've been through over the past few years, you should be accustomed to catastrophic changes in your relationships. The good news is that reversals can also work in your favor, as you will discover before summer kicks into high gear. With so much 11th-house activity lighting up your solar chart, it's possible that the life of freedom you have been yearning to lead for so long may finally become a reality in the snap of God's fingers. Imagine: a day without crushing responsibilities. Then your biggest job would be to figure out what to do with yourself.



Lyndon Johnson

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

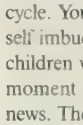
Opportunities that you could have sworn had long ago gone kaput could be resurrected suddenly through the positively divine intervention of aspects between your 6th house and an elevated Jupiter in your solar midheaven. In fact, this should be one hell of a successful month for your career. In the areas of health and home life too, the angels up above just may give you a break. If some people here on earth start to treat you like a diva, however, remember that you were born and bred to serve humanity. Don't get a big head. You are still a Virgo.



Lorraine Bracco

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

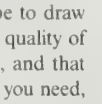
Jupiter is now transiting your 9th house, which is truly one of the most beneficial things it can do for you in the course of its 12-year cycle. Your consciousness is lifted and your perspective grows. You find yourself imbued with creative inspiration and loving feelings toward everyone—even children who have been impossible to control. The most positive effect of this moment is that your rage level sinks to an all-time low, and for you that's news. The trick will be to hold on to this feeling of serenity once the euphoria wears off. And don't worry—it will.



Sean "P. Diddy" Combs

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

If a once-in-a-blue-moon chance to take a quantum leap forward and make a revolutionary change in your living situation comes around, should you take it or should you pass? You're not the type to draw "Get out of Jail Free" cards very often, but trying to improve your quality of life by raising the stakes of the game could put you deep in debt, and that would be stupid. One could argue that you already have everything you need, but a quick look at your horoscope reveals that when planets are transiting your 8th house you're as hungry as a coyote. Maybe even hungrier.



George Eliot

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

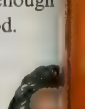
Despite the brave resistance you have been putting up to the ever growing pressure to deepen your commitments and increase your involvement in complex relationships, all your kicking and screaming can't stop that very thing from happening. In your defense, however, it is tough to continue fighting for your independence when the people you are trying to avoid getting mixed up with (and controlled by) are the same souls who keep offering you lots of fun, fun, fun. But take this friendly little word of advice: look at the price tag.



Joan of Arc

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN.

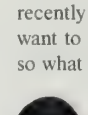
Some Capricorns have spent the last two years doting on babies pouring out their hearts in bursts of creative expressio Unfortunately, many others have merely had their hearts broken. Although may not be romantic, from now on good fortune will come in the form work. Don't groan. Your purse will be fattened substantially through Jupite influence on your 2nd house, and the security you glean from regularity a consistency will stabilize you emotionally. You have to be healthy enough benefit from all this, though, so please stop eating all that crappy food.



Linda Wachner

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

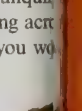
Be proud of yourself. Just a few months ago you were holed up like one of America's Most Wanted, peering out the window and gathering the family around you for protection from a world that got scarier by the minute. Now you're actually dancing again. It's a blessing when you've g enough going for you that you can bet the farm on a life force which u recently seemed to be working against you. Although you certainly do want to blow your whole wad on a stupid gamble, you *are* ruled by Uran so what the hell?



Olympia Snowe

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

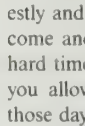
There have been many compelling reasons for you either to go m from the pressure or to fold up your tent and quietly move off some deserted place where the politics of living can't defeat you. When y hang in there, though, your inner turmoil can vanish in the wink of an e Where you were once quivering with insecurity, you can now feel tranquil the understanding that thoughts are merely evanescent shadows flitting acr the screen of the human mind. Let's hope that lofty notion helps you w out your father issue. You've got a whopper.



Vincent van Gogh

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

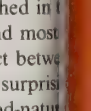
Freedom of expression and physical mobility mean a lot to you. With such a busy mind, you need to feel comfortable speaking honestly and openly, and since you are the restless type, you have to be able come and go as you please without fearing that somebody will give you hard time about it. Even if, back before your liberation and enlightenme you allowed yourself to become an attention-seeking, beaten-down wu those days are over. From now on there will be no need to account for ev breath you take. Or very little, anyway.



George Lucas

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY

When capricious Lady Luck finally blows on your dice (and if s hasn't already, you can bet the last dollar you've got stashed in t coffee can that she will), your faith in humanity, in your career, and most all in yourself will be gloriously restored. A rather rare trine aspect betw Jupiter and Uranus from your 2nd to your 10th house portends a surpris windfall. While today this event may trigger in you a blast of good-natu but manic generosity toward others, Saturn's presence is likely to temper y zeal with a healthy fear of tomorrow.



Heidi Klum

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Although you'll never completely shed your breezy, easygoing demeanor, you are undergoing a strange transformation. Despite your uncanny knack for being able to dance your way out of danger and perform 11th-hour magic tricks, a darker version of yourself is beginn to emerge as the ruler of your solar 8th house enters Gemini. In orde take greater control of your life you have to assume more responsibility. A as you become older, deeper, and wiser, you may even gain some sexual turity. Heavens! Is Peter Pan reaching puberty at last?

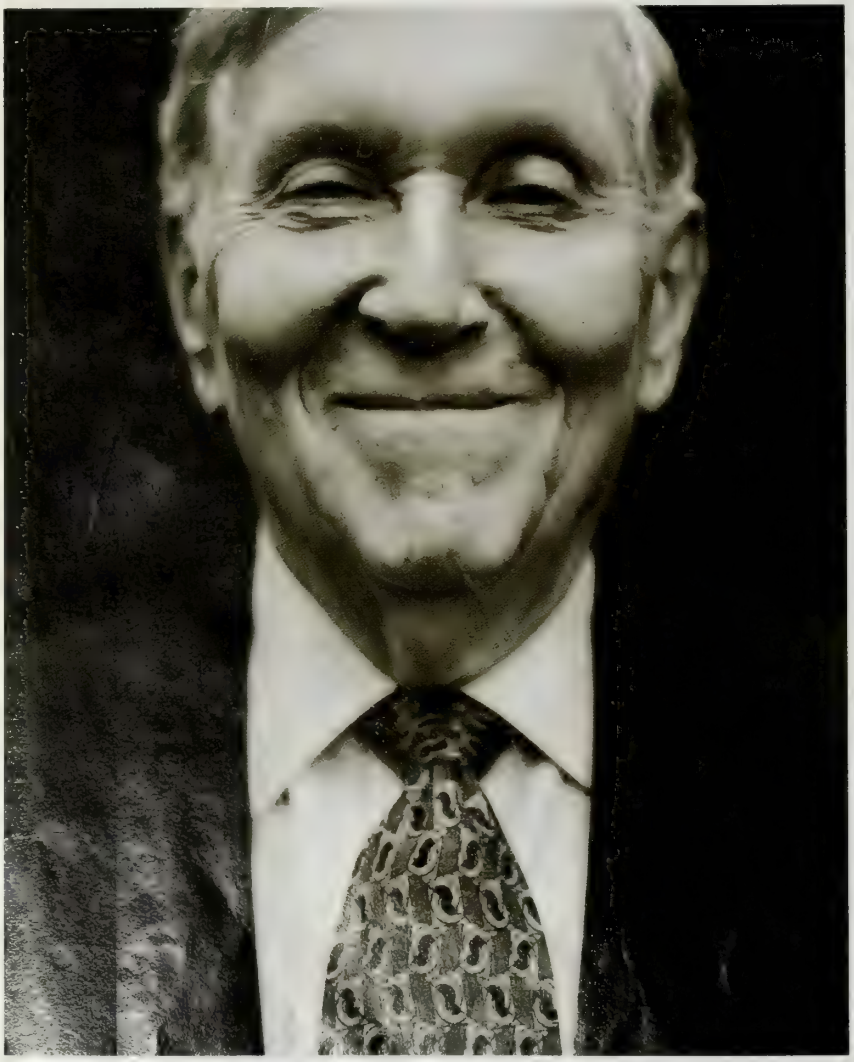
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SUMNER REDSTONE

Sumner Redstone's media conglomerate, Viacom, is now the world's second-largest, encompassing everything from MTV, Paramount Pictures, and Simon & Schuster to a little show called *Survivor.* With a voracious appetite for mixing it up in the boardroom, the larger-than-life billionaire and author of the new *A Passion to Win* sounds off on Tommy Pickles and Dostoyevsky, and saves a few choice words for the short sellers

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES



What is your greatest fear?
A day without a challenge or purpose—and that I won't be here tomorrow.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
A lack of commitment.

What is your greatest extravagance?
A great meal and a nice hotel room.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Patience.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Who are the assholes who are selling our stock?"

What is your greatest regret?
That my parents didn't live long enough to see the success of Viacom.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My family, closely followed by my work.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
That from a few drive-in theaters I have built one of the world's largest entertainment companies.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Reincarnation is overrated. If I never leave, I won't have to come back.

What is your most treasured possession?
I don't treasure possessions. The greatest treasure is living life to the fullest.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Viacom's stock undervalued in a bear market.

What is your most marked characteristic?
An obsessive drive to win.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Great character, loyalty, trust—and, of course, competence.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
The quality I like most in women is women.

What do you most value in your friends?
The willingness to tell me what I may not enjoy hearing.

Who are your favorite writers?
Just what you might expect, Dostoyevsky and Mary Higgins Clark.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
My favorite Rugrat, Tommy Pickles.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The doctors and nurses at Mass. General who saved my life.

What is it that you most dislike?
Waiting . . . for anything.

How would you like to die?
I would not like it at all.

What is your motto?
"Never give up; never say never; nothing is impossible."

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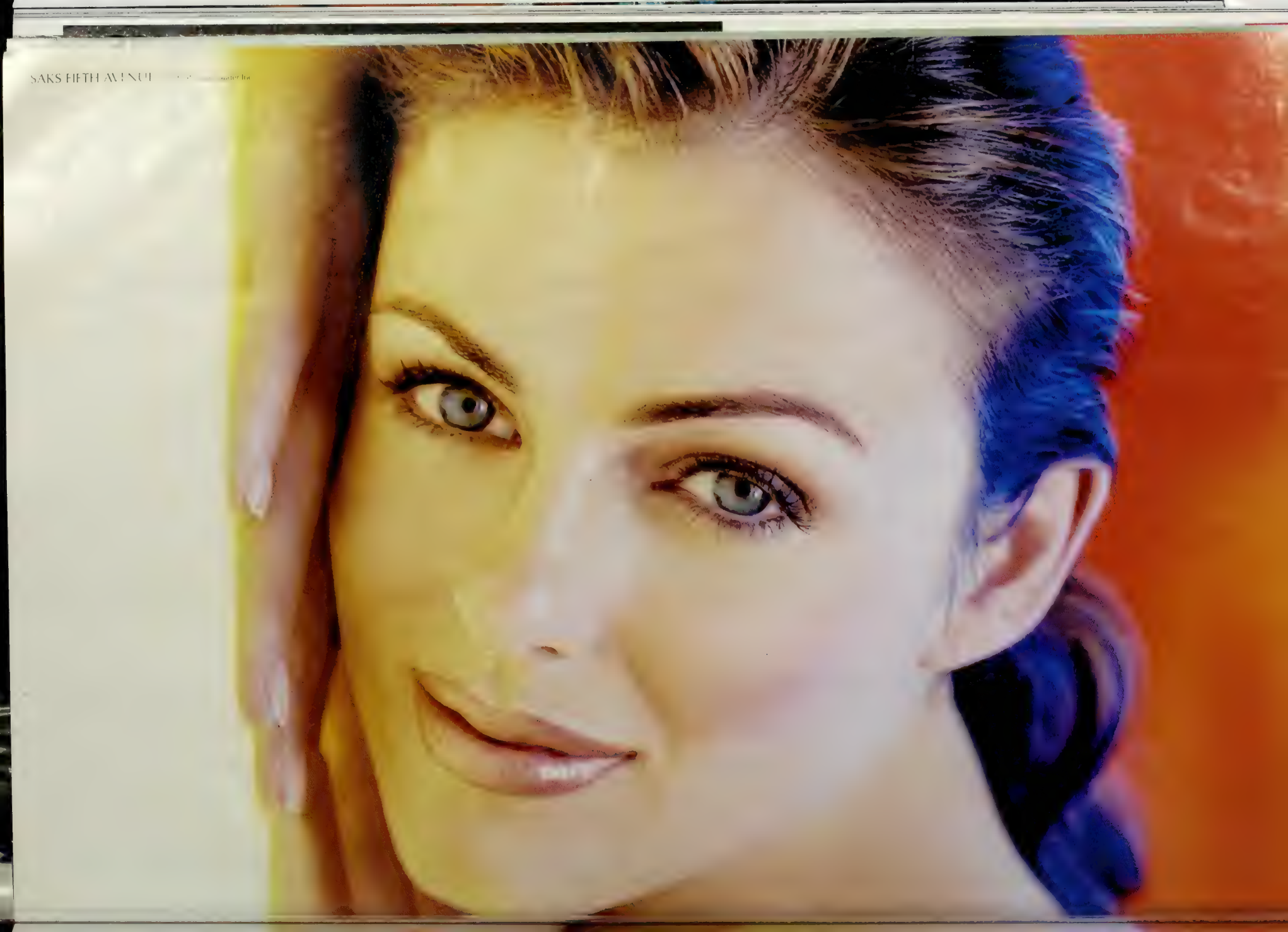
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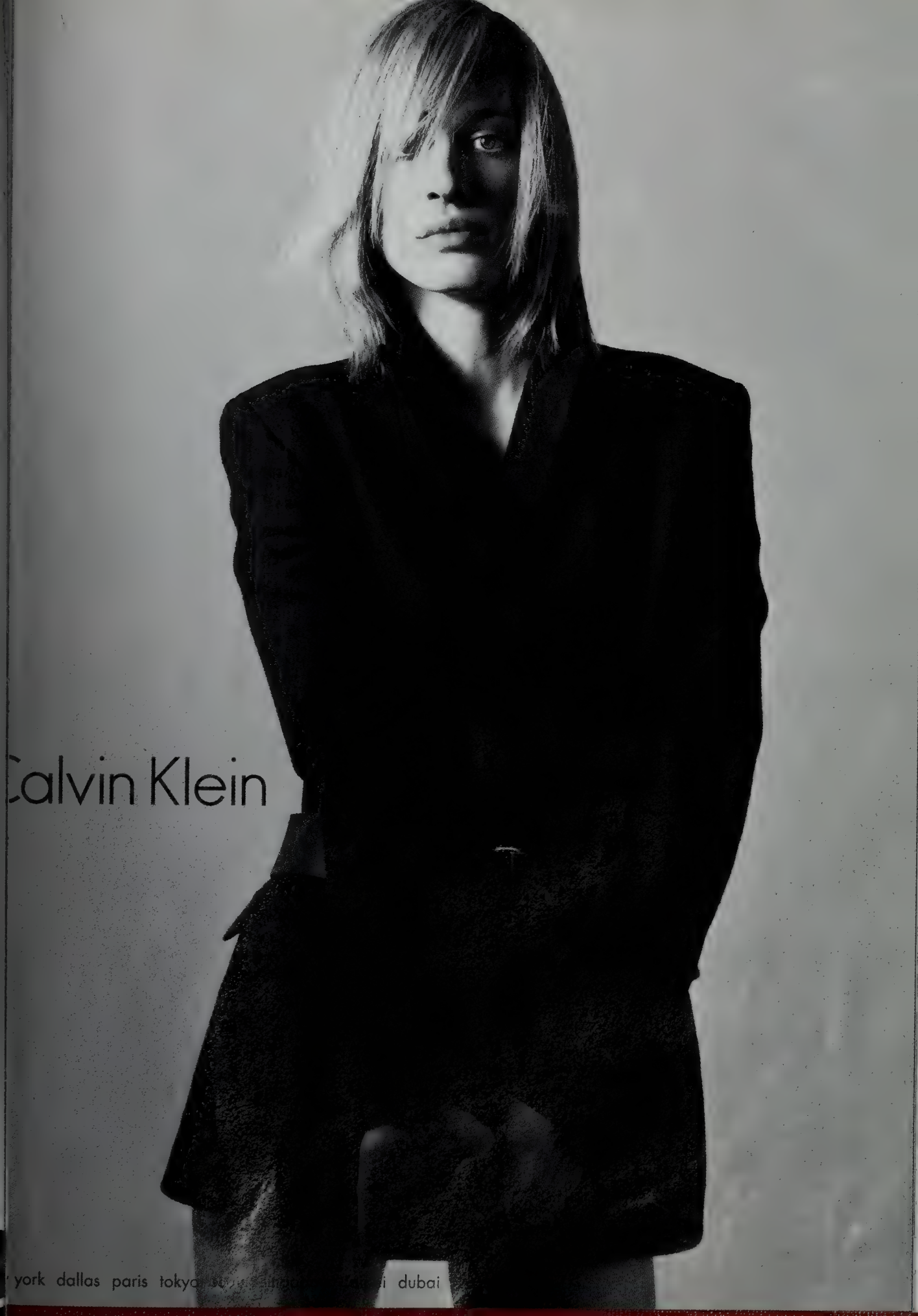
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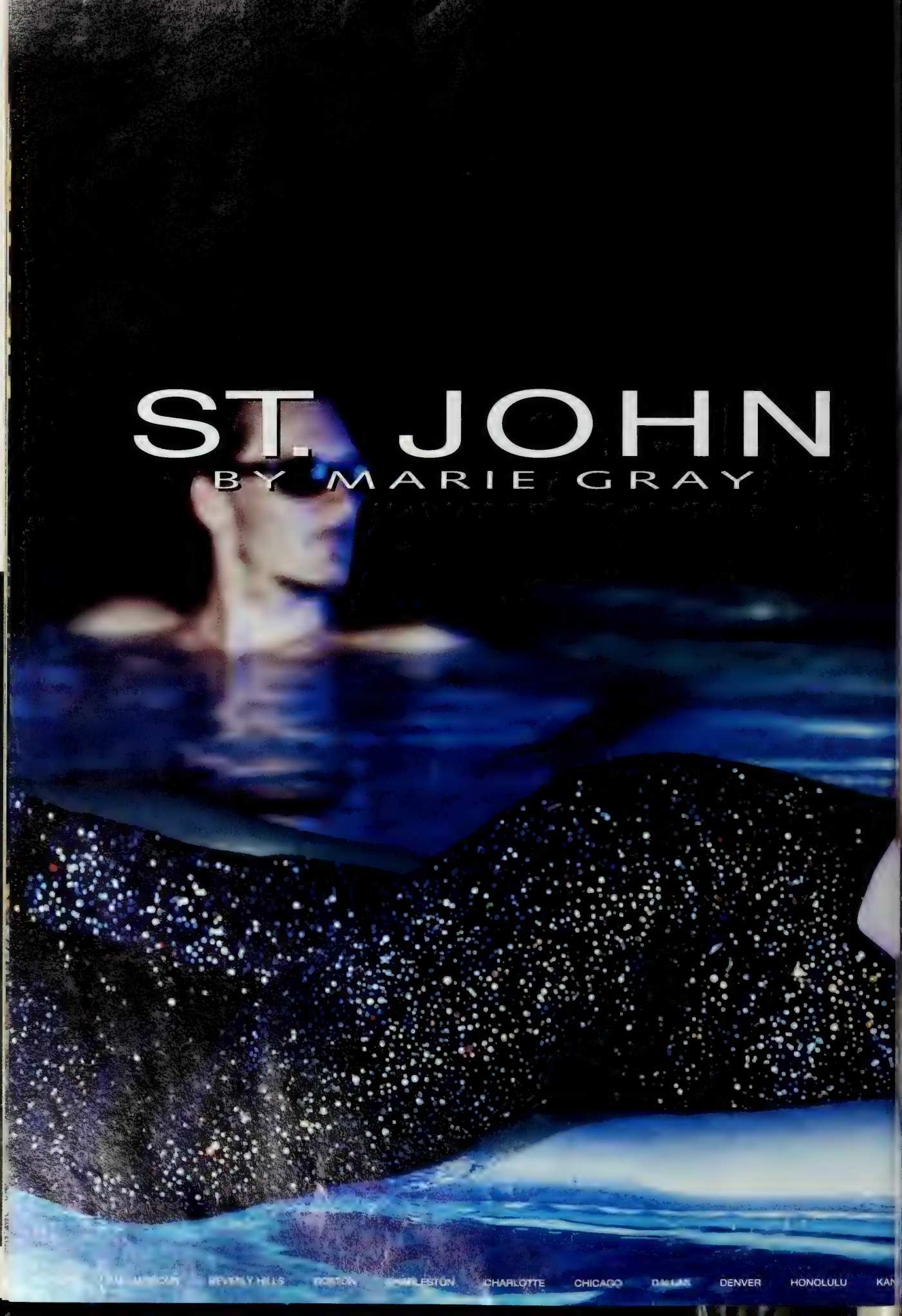

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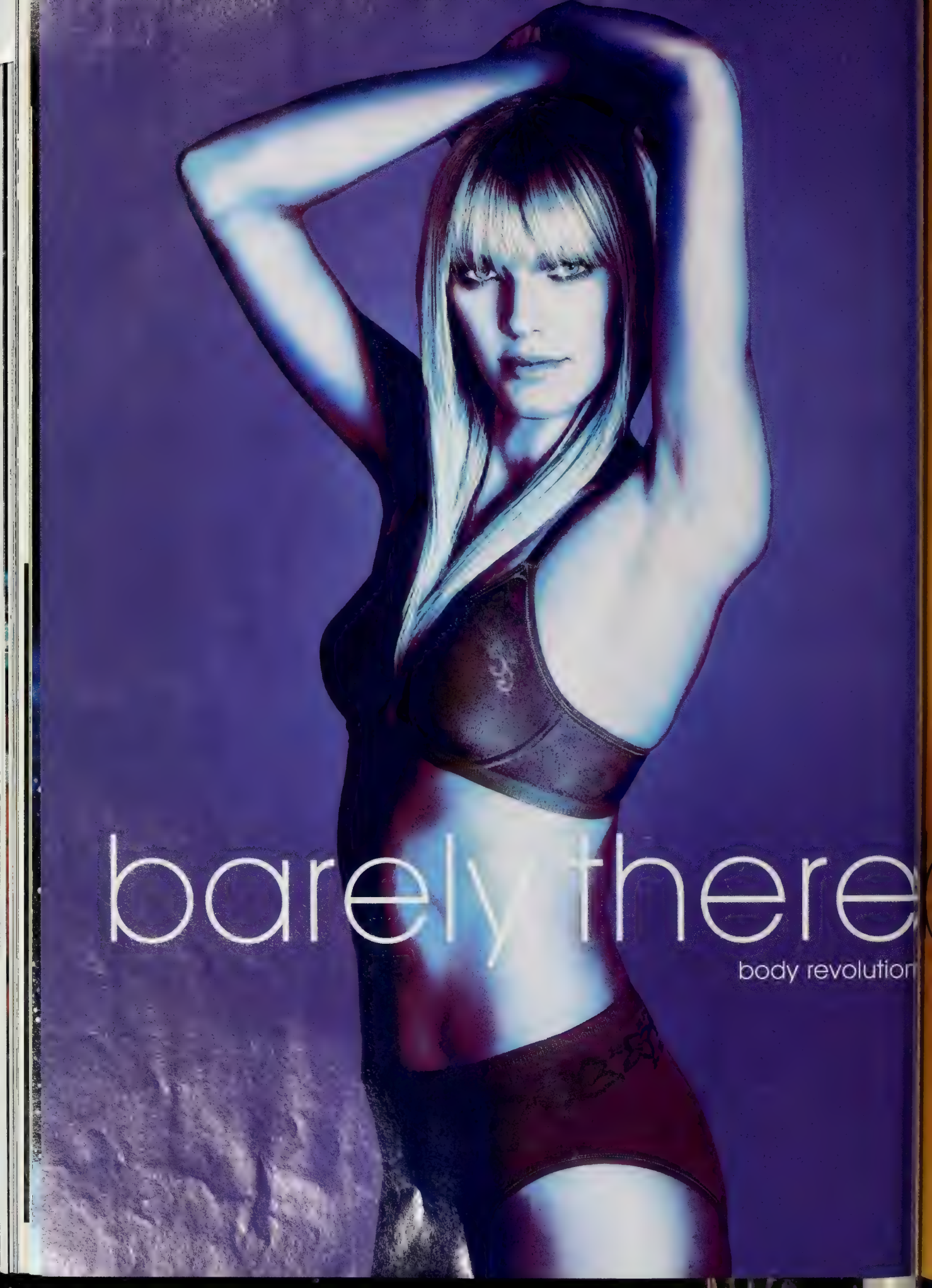

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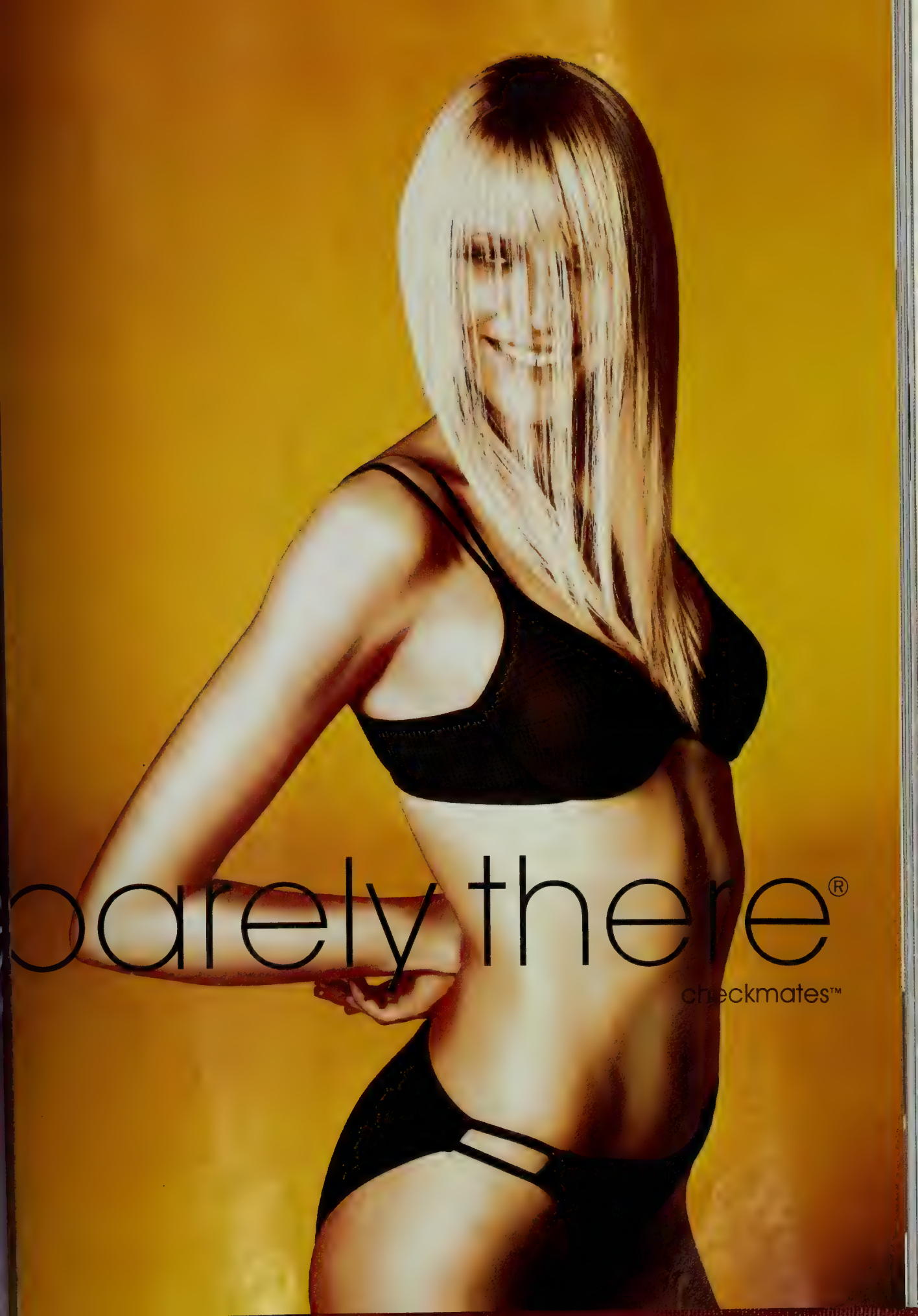

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Kelly Gray in New South Wales, on the East Coast of Australia, wearing St. John evening.

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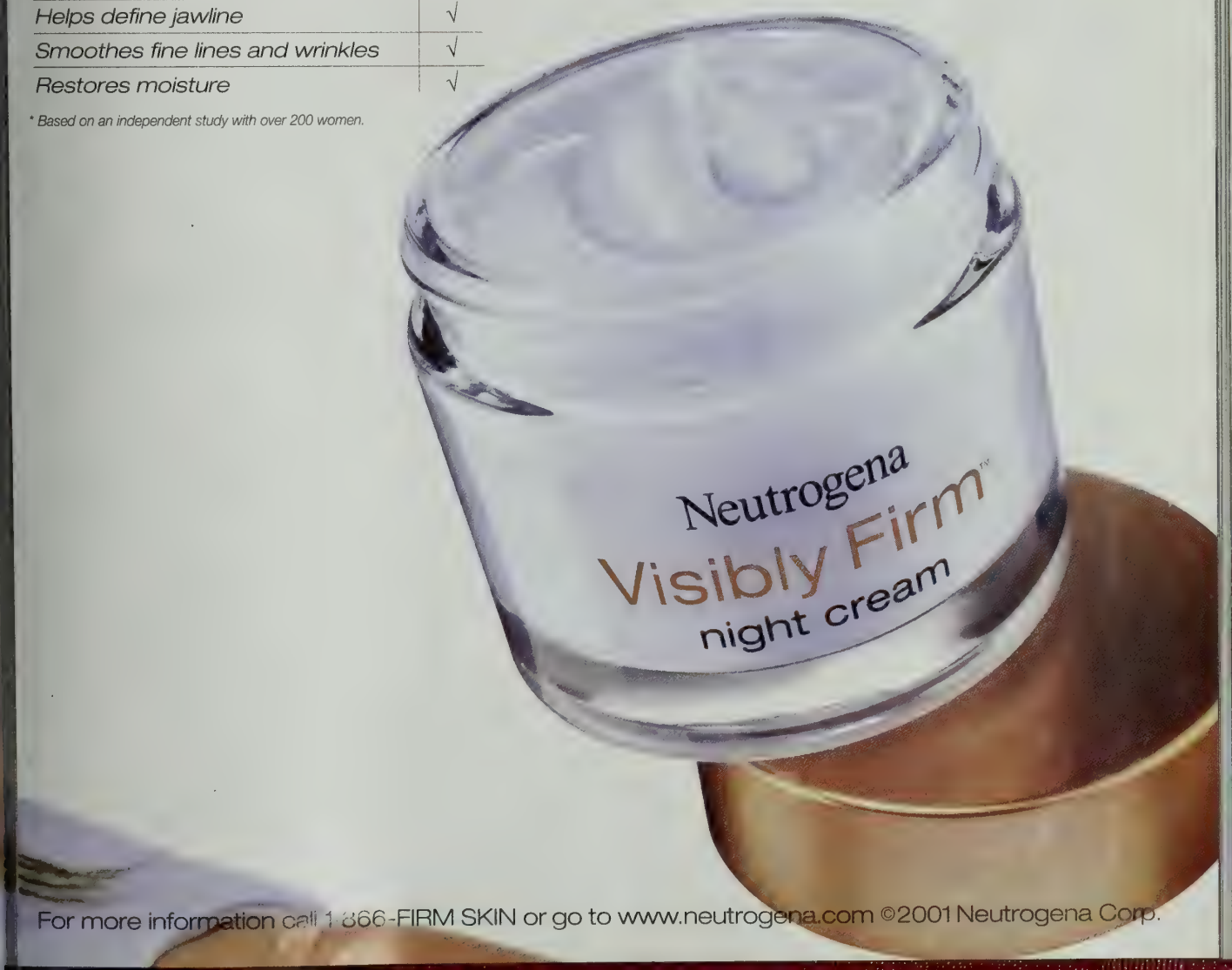
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VANITY FAIR

August 2001 No. 49



Back-Lot Beauty
ACTRESS ALI LARTER STEERS FOR SUCCESS IN L.A. 115

Features

ROGUE STAR Poised for box-office stardom in this month's $100 million must-see, *Planet of the Apes,* Mark Wahlberg has come a long way from the mean streets of Boston, where drugs and violence landed him in prison. On location in Paris for the remake of *Charade,* the ex-rapper who earned his sultry fame as Marky Mark gives Leslie Bennetts his take on sex, God, and filling Cary Grant's shoes. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz 12

HILLARY'S SOLO ACT A formerly combative, even paranoid First Lady is now the toast of the clubby, male-dominated Senate, her White House "war room" tactics abandoned for seductive alliances with such noted Clinton-bashers as Orrin Hatch and Arlen Specter. Gail Sheehy analyzes the forces behind Hillary's unexpected success, from her role as media magnet to—believe it or not—the love and support of her husband 131

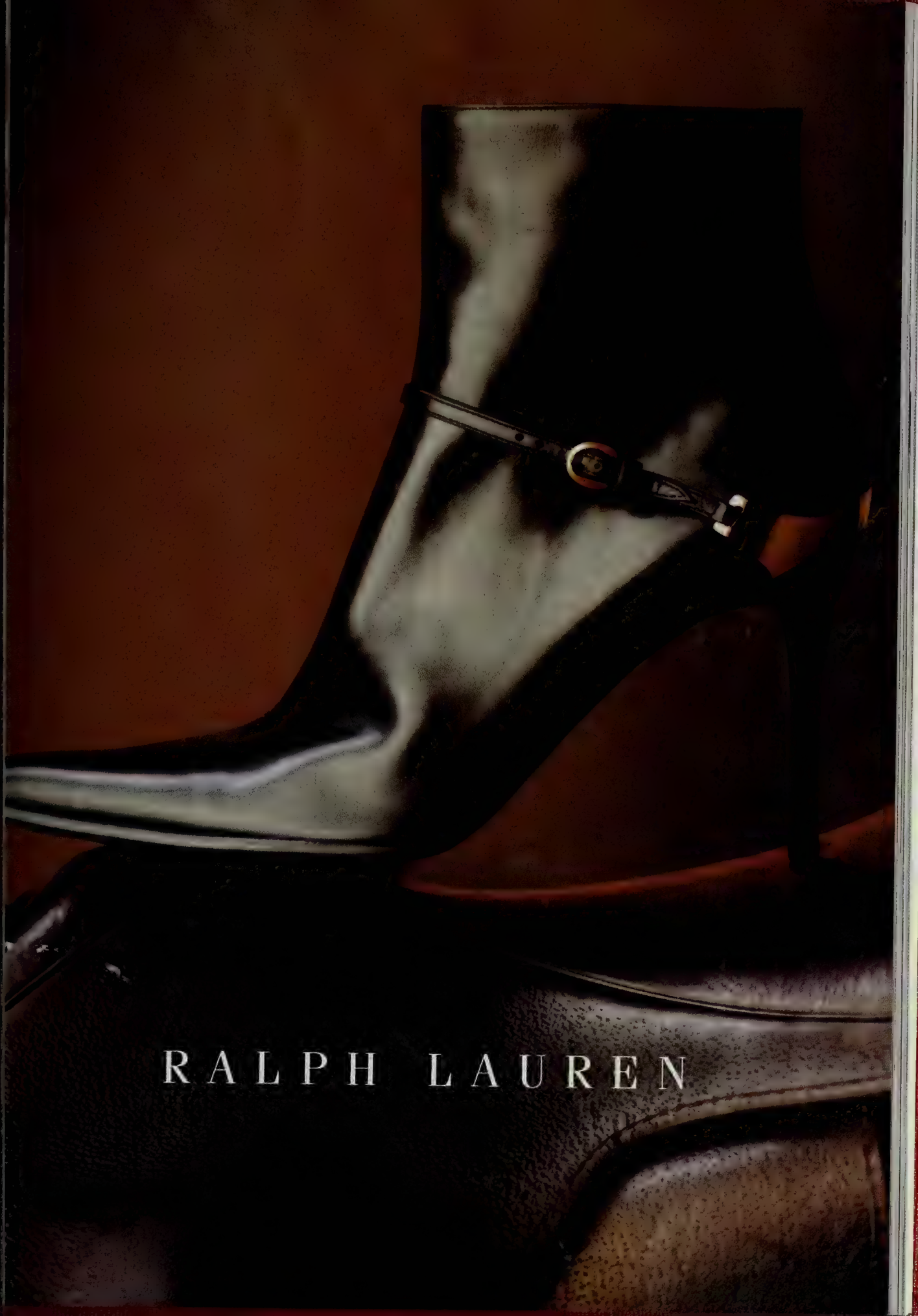
TROUBLE NEXT DOOR Families in the wealthy Maryland enclave of Fishing Creek Farm may be safe from the perils of crime and poverty, but no gates could protect them from the poison spread by an anonymous letter. What's the worst that can happen when the neighbors turn against you? Start with a straitjacket, a lawsuit, and a Web site that airs the community's dirty laundry, reports Bryan Burrough 13

WHEN DYNASTIES COLLIDE Much of London society has saved the date for the August wedding of Matthew Freud, *Über*-publicist and great-grandson of Sigmund, and Rupert Murdoch's beautiful TV-executive daughter, Elisabeth. At their country digs on the grounds of Blenheim Palace, Judith Newman gets New Britain's most flamboyant power couple to talk about the tabloid twists and shocking rumors that were strewn along their path to the altar. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson. 14

BLONDE ON BLONDE David LaChapelle and Michael Hogan spotlight Czech-born supermodel Karolina Kurkova, whose Slavic beauty and milelong legs have made her a fashionista favorite at only 17 14

VISIONS OF MAJESTY Ansel Adams's breathtaking landscapes of the American West earned him fame and public adulation, but for decades critics dismissed his work as too grand, too romantic—too *popular.* Now, with the approaching centennial of the photographer's birth, Vicki Goldberg heralds a traveling retrospective that shows him to have been a true 20th-century modernist 14

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26


RALPH LAUREN


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

THE BIRLEY TOUCH From the man who gave London such expensively exclusive meccas as Harry's Bar, Mark's Club, and the eternally glamorous Annabel's comes a new private supper club called, simply, George. Kate Reardon visits Mark Birley and learns why café society is making a beeline for his latest bastion of chic. Photographs by Jonathan Becker. 1

THE BELLE OF BOHEMIA Beautiful, dashing, and dangerous, Edna St. Vincent Millay was the romantic icon of early-20th-century America as well as the first woman to receive a Pulitzer Prize for poetry. In an excerpt from her biography *Savage Beauty,* Nancy Milford follows Millay's conque of Greenwich Village and Paris, where the poet's unconventiona entanglements included Edmund Wilson, John Bishop, and the mysterious Frenchman she almost married. 14

Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Venetian lotusland—sculptor Maurizio Cattelan brings Hollywood to the Biennale. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on Jon Favreau's Mob-lite comedy, *Made,* and Chris Mitchell on the Polish brothers' *Jackpot;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn takes a monkeyshine to *Planet of the Apes.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. A. M. Homes takes in the pants-dropping show *Puppetry of the Penis;* bring on Duchamp—Henry Porter on the Tate Modern's Surrealism exhibition 1

Columns

FOX POPULI? Launched five years ago as a just-the-facts alternative to the supposed liberal bias of the established media, Rupert Murdoch's Fox News Channel has been a solid ratings winner. But beneath the surface appeal to an audience of Angry White Males, James Wolcott argues, its anchors push the corporate agenda of a country-club Republican elite 3

HOLLYWOOD *NOIR* In the latest pages from his diary, Dominick Dunne puts the shooting of Robert Blake's wife on his list of crimes to investigate, picks Mark Fuhrman's brain about rumored evidence in the Skakel trial, addresses a controversial Simpson-murder theory, and gets a surprise visit from an alleged emissary in the Safra case 8

CANNES DO At that flash point of Cannes Film Festival glitter, the fabulous Hôtel du Cap, Eden-Roc, *Vanity Fair*'s A-list dined and danced its way toward a Riviera dawn. Krista Smith mingled with a cast including Barry Diller, Kirk Kerkorian, Natasha Richardson, and Ethan Hawke, while Jonathan Becker and Richard Young snapped the scene 6

Gin and Tonic
UBER-PUBLICIST MATTHEW FREUD AT HOME IN ENGLAND 142

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32



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VANITY FAIR

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

DEAR DAME EDNA ... A soon-to-be-unemployed politician sharing living quarters with his estranged wife, a divorcée in search of the perfect parade attire, a president's troublesome twins—is there any dilemma to which Dame Edna Everage *doesn't* have the perfect solution? She thinks not .....

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS During the 1990s boom, Wall Street research analysts were transformed from low-status number crunchers into highly paid celebrity gurus. When they talked, America invested. Now, with their reputations as battered as the portfolios of those who trusted them, the likes of Mary Meeker, Jack Grubman, and Henry Blodget face charges of greed, conflict of interest, and even fraud. Nina Munk has the bottom line..... 10

Vanities

LARTER ARDOR Henry Alford charts some unlikely intersections. Q&A—George Wayne's fantastic voyage with Raquel Welch. Ed Coaster seeks refuge at a writers' colony. Out & In—crumpled paper, cheese cave; Geoffrey Zakarian, chef at New York's Town, on his speed-dial menu.....

Et Cetera

EDITOR'S LETTER.....

CONTRIBUTORS.....

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PLANETARIUM: It's not a tumor, Leo .....

PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE: Brian Wilson.....

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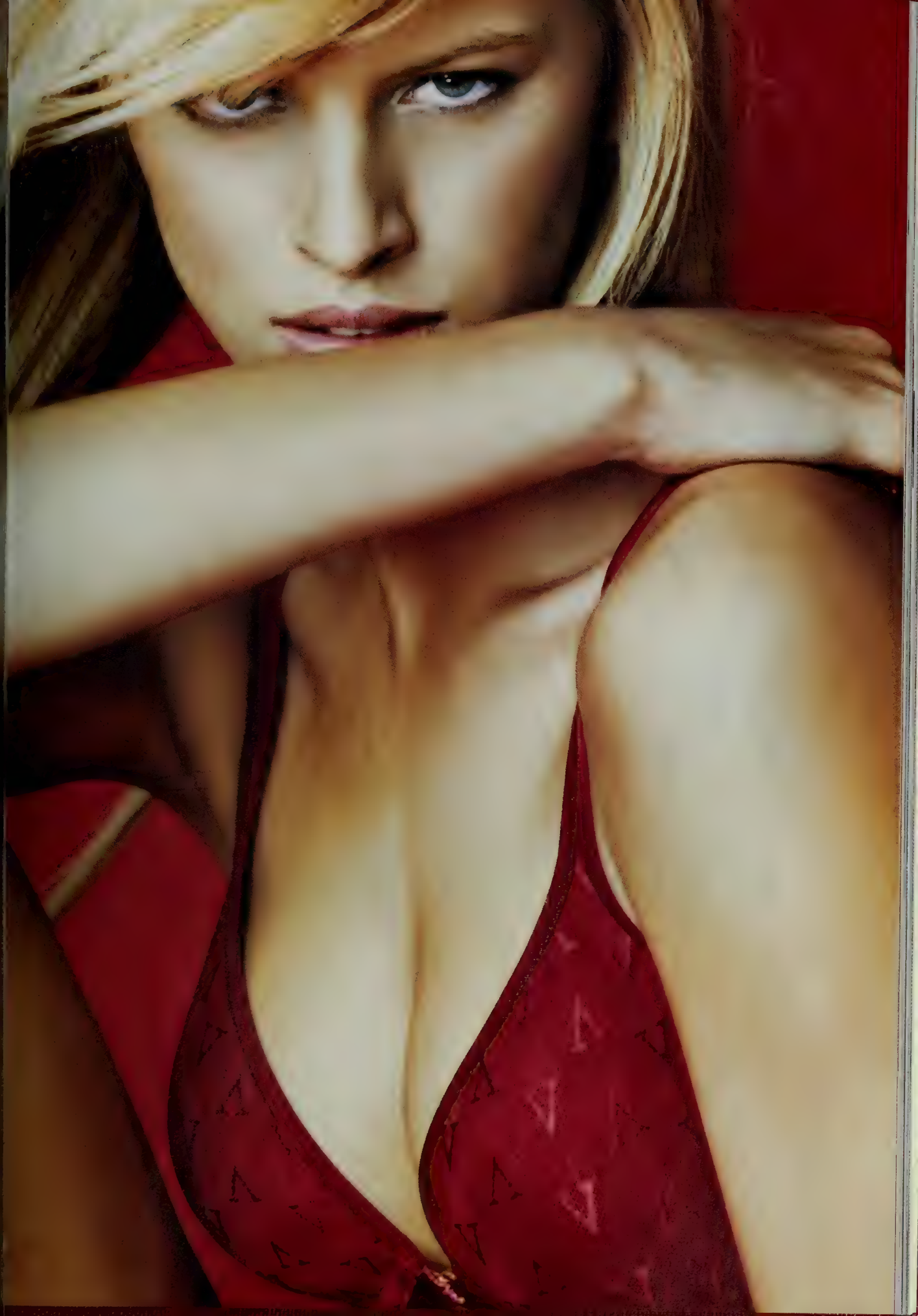
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Please see page 184 for complete rules.

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EDITOR'S LETTER

The Phone Thing



Ten, even five years ago, I would have thought myself a complete ass for being proud of the fact that I actually place all of my own phone calls. Like I'm able to perform complex surgery or something. Children dial phone numbers; I'm sure there are dogs that do. Now I mention this only because in the hothouse professional world I drag myself through each day almost nobody places their own phone calls anymore. They have their assistant dial the number, get you on the phone, make you wait, then pick up the phone themselves. Here's another way of looking at it: I'm coming over to your house. Unannounced. I have one of my people call you to say I'm just about there and could you be waiting for me at the door when I arrive.

There are people in Southern California—I won't mention any names; oh hell, Jonathan Dolgen, the head of Paramount, for one—who "roll" calls. This is when a person in a position of high importance sets aside a parcel of time each day to phone business associates or return calls. While the executive is still on the phone with one person, the assistant, armed with a long list of numbers, gets the next call on the line and basically puts that person in a holding pattern until the executive is finished with the current party. The wait can sometimes last half a minute—an eon in telephone time.

I'm such a sucker that when I get a phone call during office hours I still think that the person will be on the line. I pick up the phone and overeagerly say the caller's name, only to have the assistant say, "Hold on—I'll put him on." I always feel slight deflated when this happens, like I'm o of those losers who always choose magician's hand that doesn't contain t coin. During an average day, I get may two dozen calls, and except for ones fr friends and family, almost all are n placed by an assistant. Aside from w ing this stupid and rather pointless c tor's letter each month, it is one of the most annoying aspects of my j

I get home. It's a little after seven—dinnertime when I was gr ing up, coming onto cocktailtime in New York. I get a call. It's fr a long-distance phone carrier. On the other end of the line is so poor soul who needs the job, is paid almost nothing, and probab has kids at home in need of their parent. Equipped with written j ter and a rudimentary pronunciation of my name, he or she asks would be interested in . . . I begin to reel. I sometimes get three these calls in a single night, from companies such as MCI and Spr This ever happen to you?

Here's the plan. Every time you get one of these calls, don't angry with the person on the other end of the line. It's not his her fault. Pick up the phone and dial the person's boss. To mak easier, here are the names of their bosses and their office pho numbers: Ronald T. LeMay, president and C.O.O. of Sprint, 9 624-6000, and Bernard Ebbers, president and C.E.O. of MCI, 6 460-8602. And if you have access to an assistant, get him to m the call for you.

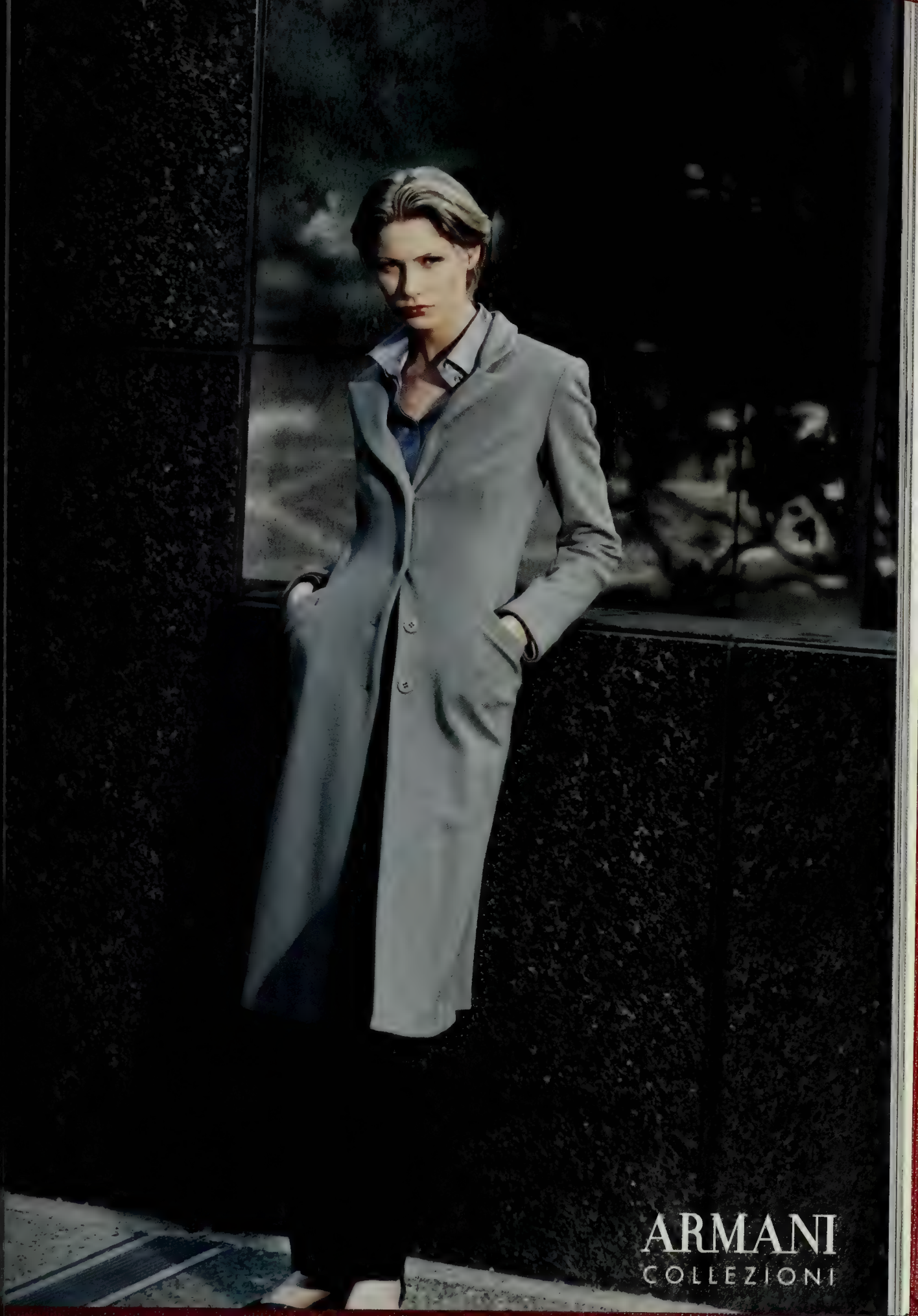
—GRAYDON CART

Bon Homey

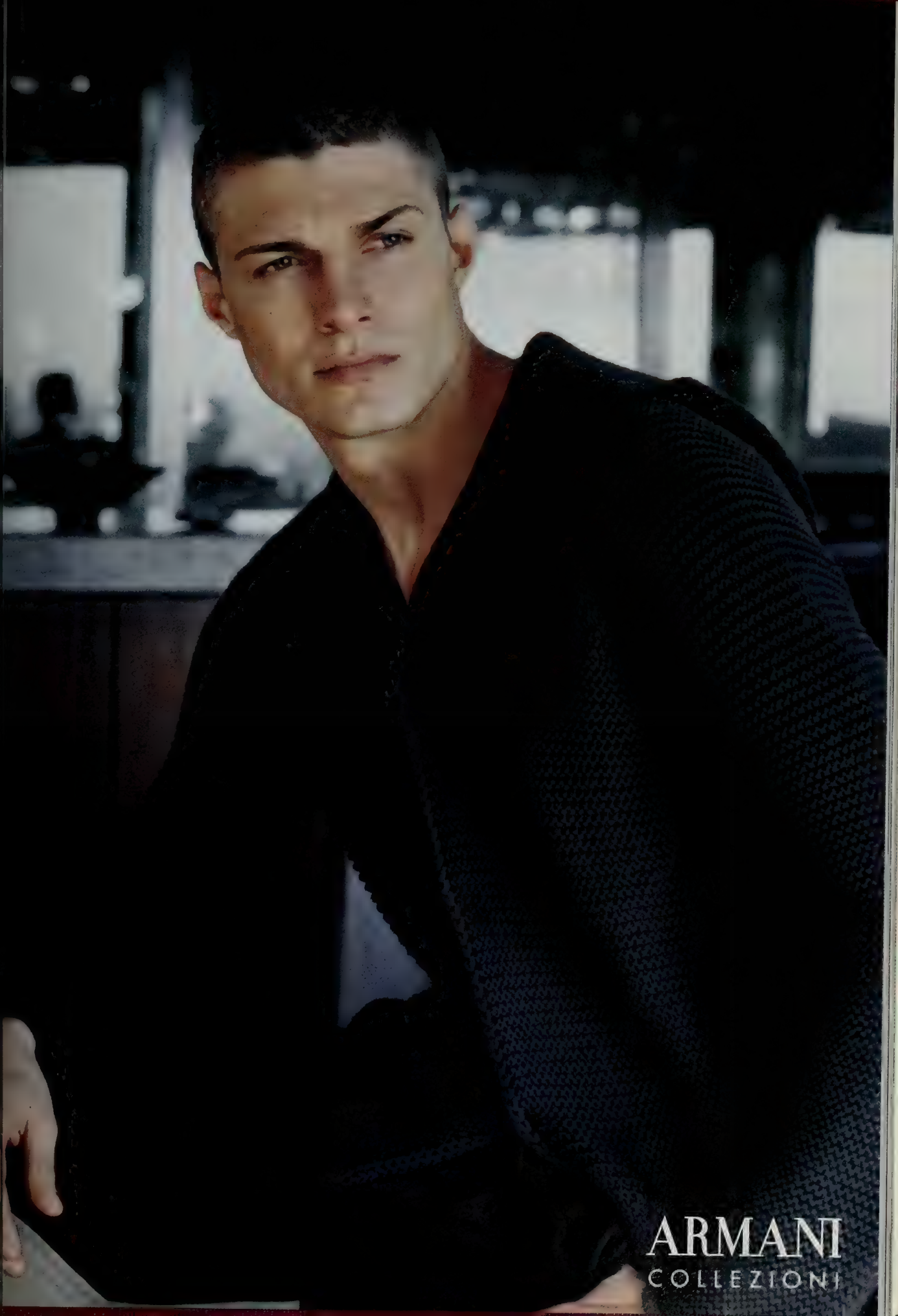


ON THE COVER

Mark Wahlberg wea[rs] a [suit] a trench coat by Hermes, a [shirt] and a tie by Paul Smith. Hair [by] Grooming by Donald Mowat. P[hotographed] Jean Hugues de Chatillon. Styled by Bill Mullen. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Annie Leibo[vitz] at La Palette in Paris on April 21, 2001


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Telluride Film Festival

The 28th Telluride Film Festival
August 31 - September 3

Each year, thousands of movie fans make their way to a small town in the Colorado Rocky Mountains for an annual adventure in film. The Telluride Film Festival keeps its program secret until opening day, but each year festival guests are rewarded with the best the cinema has to offer. Last year, Telluride hosted the World or North American premieres of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon, Quills* and *Shadow of the Vampire*—and the presence of such artists as Ang Lee, Al Pacino, Willem Dafoe, Angela Bassett, Danny Glover, Ken Burns, and many more.

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SHOW



Since her unusually candid first interview with Hillary Clinton, during the 1992 presidential campaign, contributing editor **Gail Sheehy** has found that writing about Clinton has become increasingly difficult. "Hillary doesn't trust any journalist unless she owns him," says Sheehy. Having now written four articles for *V.F.* about Hillary, as well as the 1999 unauthorized biography *Hillary's Choice,* Sheehy says she has "come to appreciate a much more complex personality than that so-easily-parodied figure. What impressed her most in reporting on the freshman senator's first semester is that "the warmer, more flirtatious, and even fun side of Hillary seems to be coming out now that she's no longer stuck in the role of First Lady."



For this issue, contributing photographer **Jonathan Becker** traveled from Cannes, where he shot *Vanity Fair*'s film-festival party at the Hôtel du Cap, to London for a piece on private-club impresario Mark Birley, and to Maryland for, as he puts it, "Bryan Burrough's dissection of a peculiar little peninsula where people are squabbling on the Internet." Becker, whose 1972 summer-school paper "Brassaï and Surrealism" led to a lifelong friendship with the esteemed French photographer, has shot for *V.F.* since 1982. He is now starting work on a London sequel to his 2000 book, *Bright Young Things* (Assouline), both collaborations with Brooke de Ocampo.



Author of *Zelda,* the classic 1970 biography of Zelda Fitzgerald, **Nancy Milford** once swore she'd never write another biography. Yet she was drawn to the life of Edna St. Vincent Millay, a major American poet who she felt had been largely ignored. "I think it's quite clear from the beginning that it was 5,000 years of hard labor," says Milford of *Savage Beauty: A Biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay* (Random House), which is excerpted on page 160 and is due out in September. It was also an opportunity for Milford to meet some of the extraordinary people who knew Millay and who have since died, such as Man Ray and Berenice Abbott. "It was a chance to see these people on their own ground," Milford says. "Theirs were the voices of the past, and I could just reach them."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52


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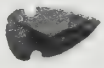
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"I've always been interested in the way pictures and words go together," says deputy art director **Julie Weiss.** Upon the writer's delivery of the story she's responsible for laying out, Weiss begins poring over hundreds of photographs that the photo department has culled. "Designing a magazine article is really about finding the right place to show the right photograph," says Weiss, who's been with *V.F.* for almost five years and designs about 30 pages a month. "As you're reading, you're thinking, I want to see that person, I wonder what they look like, and then they're right there on the page."



JONATHAN BECKER

Vicki Goldberg, whose article on the re-appraisal of Ansel Adams appears on page 148, was once one of those skeptical about the photographer's significance. "I reviewed him about 15 years ago and said that he was too 19th-century, too symphonic." A regular contributor to *The New York Times* and *American Photo,* and a frequent lecturer on photography, Goldberg finds the subject of her scholarship almost too tempting in practice. "If I go out with a camera, I never get anyplace on time, because I'm so busy photographing."

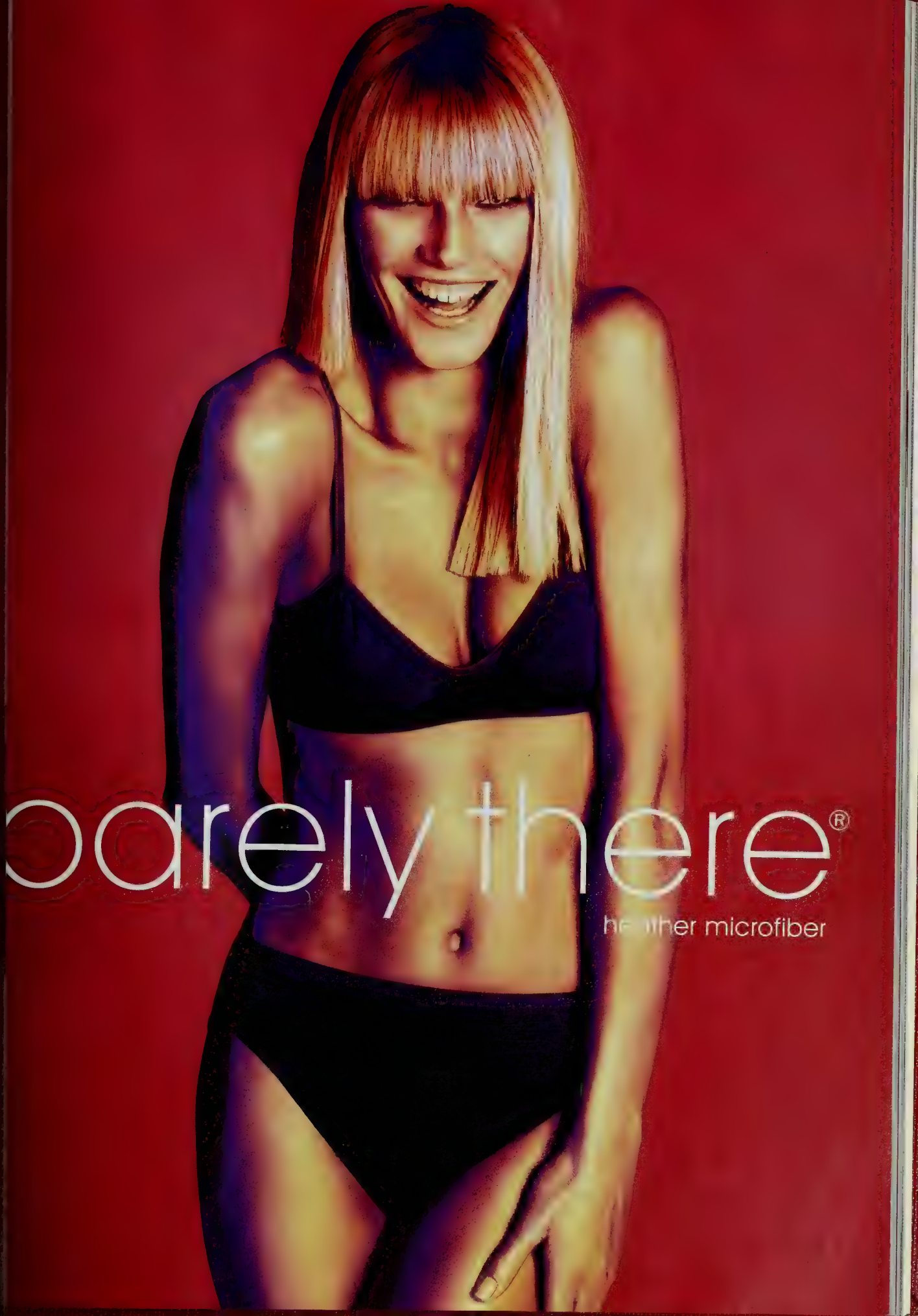
According to special correspondent **Bryan Burrough,** what happened to Fishing Creek Farm in Maryland is one of the oldest tales in the world: "It's a story of neighbors in a village who can't get along." Only, in this case, thanks to the Internet, "everyone in the global village can read about it now and for eternity." For Burrough, who usually relishes tackling a good mystery, reporting this story has been particularly taxing. "The people of the community have ripped Fishing Creek Farm apart," says Burrough, whose article starts on page 136. "It is the worst thing that can happen to a community." Burrough is at work on a book and an accompanying HBO mini-series about the 1930s crime wave in the Midwest.





GASPER TRINGALE

"When Marky Mark first became famous, it was as much for his muscles and his underpants as for his music," says contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts** of cover subject Mark Wahlberg. "These days he's one of the hottest young actors in Hollywood." After visiting Wahlberg in Paris, where he's starring in Jonathan Demme's remake of the Cary Grant–Audrey Hepburn movie, *Charade,* Bennetts admits, "It's a leap from the roles he's done so far to Cary Grant, but this guy is full of surprises. He used to be a total punk, and he has completely remade himself. Who knows what else he can do?"


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THE GHOSTS OF BILL CLINTON

The parsing of the pardons; the ballad of Lauren Hutton and Bob Williamson; Christopher Hitchens, David Horowitz, and the problem of our history; *Movieline* takes it to the mat with J.Lo





THE VIEW FROM HERE
Denise Rich in her New York City penthouse on March 9, 2001. Webster Hubbell in his bedroom in Washington, D.C., on March 14, 2001.

In your superb June issue, Marie Brenner ["The Price of Loyalty"] created much sympathy for Webb Hubbell and told us what we've long known about the Clintons: they are partners in serious wrongdoings and nobody's friends but their own. I wonder, however, if the Hubbells would have continued their support of the Clintons had Webb been granted a pardon. I hope not.

As for Denise Rich, if she was looking for sympathy from Maureen Orth ["The Face of Scandal"], she must be pulling out her straightened hair and grimacing with her "altered" features. She seems to forget that she's the ex-wife of a fugitive felon with whom she's still obviously involved. Not even her wizard public-relations man, Howard Rubenstein, can make her anything more than a photo-op-waiting-to-happen.

DAVID A. POWERS
New York, New York

AS ONE WHO figured out the Clintons 10 years ago, I remain perplexed that those who were closest to them, and were ultimately thrown to the wolves, remain virtually mum on the subject of why it happened.

For the Clintons, everything is about them. If you have nothing to contribute to their stature, well-being, or bank account, you're history. Though clearly one who dabbled in criminal and questionable activities after he got sucked into the Clinton web, Mr. Hubbell is probably a pretty remorseful and decent chap. But here he is in what appears to be total denial. On the other hand, Mr. Rich, who is by any standard one of the most scurrilous and unworthy recipients of a presidential pardon in the history of the act, thumbs his nose at any kind of decency and walks after renouncing his American citizenship, paying off the Israelis, and working his complicit ex-wife. Just another chapter in the Clinton legacy.

JACK WEISS
Wilmington, North Carolina

IF BILL OR HILLARY called Webb Hubbell today, he would, I imagine, bow down as he always did. Maybe this country would have some respect for him if he would tell the truth about the Clintons and stop whining because they dumped him.

MARY JOHNSON
Boone, North Carolina

"THE FACE OF SCANDAL" was a terrifically researched, written, and photographed article. I found that Denise Rich reminded me of Gennifer Flowers. She is a good-hearted person, but thanks to statements such as "[Bill Clinton] has so much charisma, who wouldn't be attracted?" she also comes across as a major ditz.

I noticed, however, that twice Ms. Orth seems to blame other people for choices that Bill Clinton alone is responsible for, just as he himself is wont to do. She refers to Beth Dozoretz as "another shoulder Clinton could cry on after Monica Lewinsky messed up his place in history." Then it's Marc Rich attorney Jack Quinn, who "put the party and President Clinton in such a compromised position." The buck stopped with Bill. *He* chose to pardon Marc Rich—no one made him do it.

GEORGIA B. MAKIVER
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania

HUTTON ON WHEELS

REGARDING "Lauren Hutton's Crash Landing" [by Leslie Bennetts, June], what does Hutton mean, she has "enormous


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common sense"? Hutton amassed millions of dollars and yet paid her first bill at age 47. She cheerily recounts the details of her near-fatal motorcycle accident with the odd enthusiasm of a child showing off a scar. At the time of the crash she was traveling at 105 m.p.h. and wearing life-saving protective gear thanks only to the practical concerns of her friends. She was filled with murderous rage following the death of her longtime love, Bob Williamson, the man whom she called "Bob God" and who had swindled her fortune right under her nose. Yet she says she'd "do it all again in a second" because, after all, Bob God could talk at length about weevils. And, despite her dismal romantic track record, the only criterion she has for a future boyfriend is that he know where Molepolole, Botswana, is. If she is indeed so sensible, one would think she'd unpack her bags and use this God-given second chance at life for grown-up decision-making rather than the adolescent wanderlust that obviously has gotten her nowhere.

MELISSA LANG
Buffalo, New York

AS THE PERSON who introduced Lauren Hutton to Bob Williamson, I read with particular interest Lauren's very candid recollection of those first exciting years with Bob and of the ensuing ones, which were fraught with deception and pain. In a far less catastrophic way, I too was a victim of the Lothario Mr. Williamson and his Machiavellian ways. I too lost something valuable: Lauren Hutton's friendship. Since Bob's death, she and I have taken a step toward repairing a decades-old misunderstanding that was a direct result of his formidable hypnotic control over Lauren and others. That she remembers and embraces the good times and is not mired in the bad ones is surely a testament to her stellar nature. I wish her a rapid and complete recovery and I extend to her my fondest regards. Thank you for a fine article.

LINDA DURHAM
Galisteo, New Mexico

REPAIRING HISTORY

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S piece on the controversy over slavery reparations ["Debt of Honor," June] was the best-written and most thought-provoking magazine article I've read in a long time. There is, however, one important aspect of the dispute that is never fully realized in these dialogues. If there is ever going to be an honest and affirming solution to ease both the guil and the pain of this country, then we mus eliminate the notion of handouts and look at this issue from a more inclusive and historically accurate standpoint. In cendiary rhetoric from David Horowitz such as "If not for the sacrifices of white soldiers and a white American presiden who gave his life to sign the Emanci pation Proclamation, blacks in America would still be slaves," and seemingly in nocent comments from Hitchens, such a "Black Americans benefit from the over all prosperity of the United States," are dangerous.

African-Americans fought (frequently on the front lines) their own way out o slavery by sacrificing themselves in the war and playing a key, and often forgotten role in the Union victory. And Lincoln's "freeing" of the slaves was more a politi cal move than a moral one. As for blacks profiting from this country's wealth, let' not forget that this is a country that wouldn't exist as we now know it if i hadn't been for hundreds of years of free African labor.

Obviously, there is no clear and practi cal way of settling such a temper-flaring debate. Like it or not, all of us here today



however we got here, are reaping the benefits of an American history of theft, murder, and brutality. Denial of that is denial of what makes us all uniquely American.

KIMBERLY REYES
Forest Hills, New York

THERE ARE a couple of dimensions which have been neglected in the arguments surrounding reparations.

Number one: all Americans, regardless of ethnic affiliation or color, are currently taking advantage of slave culture in a variety of countries—China first and foremost. I think it ethically gross to look for back pay for the dead prior to seeing to those now living under unconscionable conditions. Number two: All Americans, regardless of ethnic affiliation or color, are currently and have historically been taking advantage of those whose land we inhabit—the Native Americans, to whom we owe a debt far greater than that owed to the descendants of slaves. It is time for us Americans of color to spread our freedom and take up the white man's burden vis-à-vis Native Americans and those enslaved abroad.

S. GODDARD FOXE
Chicago, Illinois

THE J.LOWDOWN

WHAT JENNIFER LOPEZ said in your June cover story ["Every Move She Makes," by Ned Zeman] about her February 1998 interview with *Movieline* was inaccurate and self-serving. Her assertion that "what they wrote in that article hurt people" was particularly absurd. What Stephen Rebello wrote was, in fact, generous, in both his amused take on Jennifer's penchant for playing the diva and his assessment of her capabilities. It is what *Jennifer* said that "hurt people." She was not misquoted. As it happens, we did not present the full bounty of her peer assessments. As for her statements' being taken out of context, the only context in which her comments about Winona Ryder, Gwyneth Paltrow, Wesley Snipes, et al. could reflect less badly on her would be if they'd come out of someone else's mouth. They didn't.

VIRGINIA CAMPBELL
Editor in chief, *Movieline*
Los Angeles, California

CORRECTIONS: On page 95 of "Brother Dearest," in the July issue, David Margolick included this quote: "When the rumors about Jeb and Katherine Harris arose . . . I remember thinking that I'd be as shocked to hear that Jeb Bush was fooling around as I'd be if someone told me Bill Clinton wasn't." It was misattributed to Florida state senator Buddy Dyer; it was actually said by Bill Cotterell of the Tallahassee Democrat. *David Margolick sincerely regrets the error. Also, in the Editor's Letter of the July issue ("Mourning Glory," page 20), the CBS News unit that John Scanlon advised in a libel suit brought by General William Westmoreland was misidentified. The news unit was* CBS Reports, *not* 60 Minutes.

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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

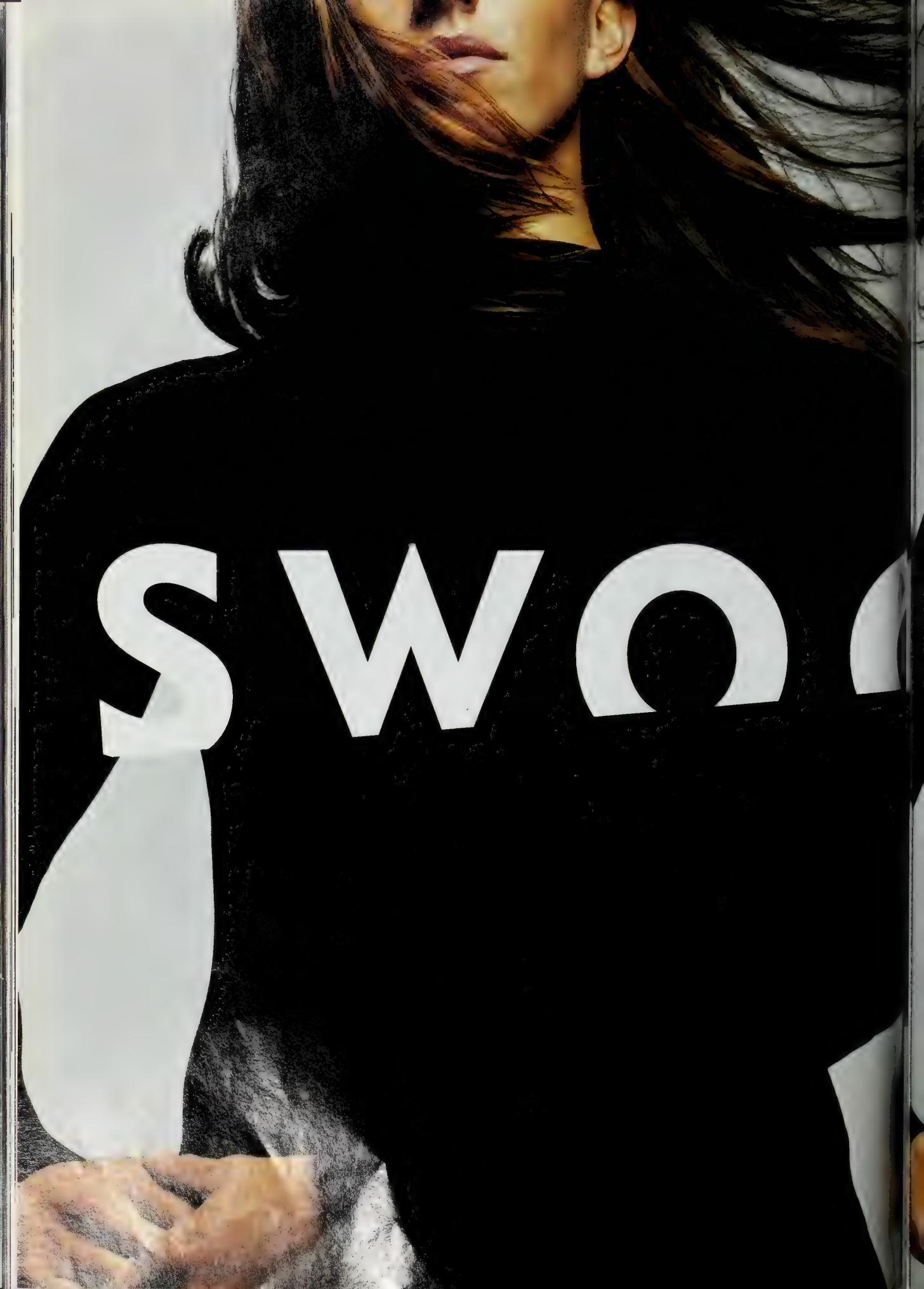
August 2001



Viva Hollywood

Italian artist Maurizio Cattelan's replica of the "Hollywood" sign, built on a hill of garbage in Palermo, Italy, for the 2001 Venice Biennale. The 150 or so guests who flew to Sicily for the unveiling in June were given copies of *Vanity Fair's Hollywood* (Viking Studio) wrapped in a new cover designed by the artist, featuring an image of the sign and a new title–*Maurizio Cattelan Hollywood*. Photographed on June 8, 2001.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE


SWO

SWOOSH

Sara Whalen, midfielder, wears the Seamless All Sport Mock.

FANFAIR

August

MADONNA IN THE MOTOR CITY, BENTLEYS IN PEBBLE BEACH, AND A FOOD FIGHT IN SPAIN

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



1
The Universal Ballet of Korea performs at New York City's Lincoln Center. The company has 120 members—*imagine* the possibilities for tutu-based mishap.

2
The Emerson String Quartet performs, also at Lincoln Center. 8:47 A.M.: guard discovers leftover Ballet of Korea audience member in seat, tutu'd to standstill.

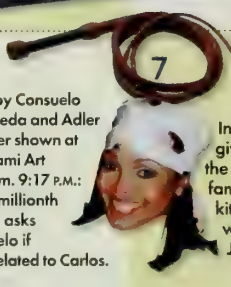
3
Tomorrow the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art commemorates Ansel Adams's centenary—or, as we like to say, C(A.A.)@SFMoMA!

4
Day No. 4 of Comden and Green and Styne's satirical musical re the jukebox industry, *Do Re Mi*, in San Francisc Jukeboxes: very ripe for satire; someon ought take them down peg.



5
Today's shopping list: white T-shirt, ciggies, hair goo. Tonight's activity: watch TNT's biopic on James Dean. Tomorrow's bearing: intense, unshaven.

6
Work by Consuelo Castañeda and Adler Guerrier shown at the Miami Art Museum. 9:17 P.M.: seven-millionth person asks Consuelo if she's related to Carlos.



7
Indianapolis gives way to the Jackson family's own kitten with a whip, Janet.

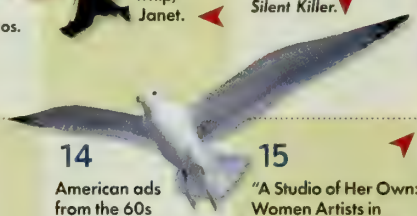
8
Rhode Island International Film Festival starts. 8:17 P.M.: local director unveils documentary debut, *Seagull Poop: The Silent Killer.*



10
The "Debussy and His World" concert at Bard College in Annandale-on-Hudson. Wouldn't *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* actually be *Morning of a Faun*? Or *Faun, Noonish*?

11
Jared Harri plays Hamle at the New Jersey Shakespeare Festival; Harris's father, the great Sir Richard, will play Hamlet's dad via digital-video installation. (Let's hop Jared's mother isn't remarried and living in Trenton.)





14
American ads from the 60s and 70s at the Eisner Museum of Advertising and Design. Show is called "You've Come a Long Way, Baby": the museum is located in Milwaukee.

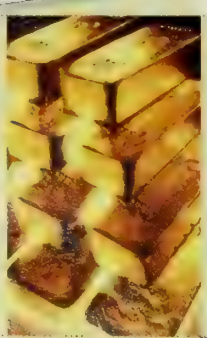
15
"A Studio of Her Own: Women Artists in Boston 1870–1940" at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. Bluestockings, Brahmins, Back Bay folk convene.

16
Hong Kongers prepare for the Hong Kong Ballet's *Mulan*. Backstage, 7:23 P.M.: Prima ballerina makes veiled reference to "that two-dimensional Disney bitch."

17
The Chicago Underground Film Festival continues. Our expectations: drag queens, body odor, piercings, lattes.



18
Hilarious stud monkey John Leguizamo stand up at N.Y.C.'s Beacon Theatre. 9:38 P.M.: stonec attendee tells friend that "Leguizamo" is Spanish for "exciting legume."



19
Fifty-first annual Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance features classic Mercedeses and Bentleys: not a place to wear your T-shirt bearing comic depiction of formalwear.

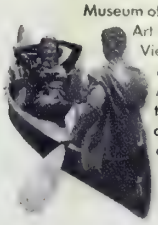
21
The History Channel's four-parter on gold, called, curiously, *Gold!*, begins tonight. Expect heavy Pizarro and Cortés besmirchment.

22
Some 150,000 tomatoes are hurled during La Tomatina, the annual outdoor food fight in Buñol, Spain. Bugs descend.



25
Madonna plays her hometown, Auburn Hills, Michigan. Headline in local paper: PRODIGAL DAUGHTER RETURNS HOME BEARING MUCH TALENT, NO BRA.

26
"Defining Modern: European Design 1880–1930" at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. Art Nouveau, Vienna Moderne, Art Deco: things you covet but cannot afford.



27
Sophocles' *Oedipus* opens tomorrow at Washington, D.C.'s Shakespeare Theatre. Bring Mom, protective eyewear.



29
Houston Grand Opera's *Little Women*, on PBS: reclaiming the lilac-scented innocence of Alcott's classic now that the film remake's Laurie (Christian Bale) went nutso in *American Psycho*.

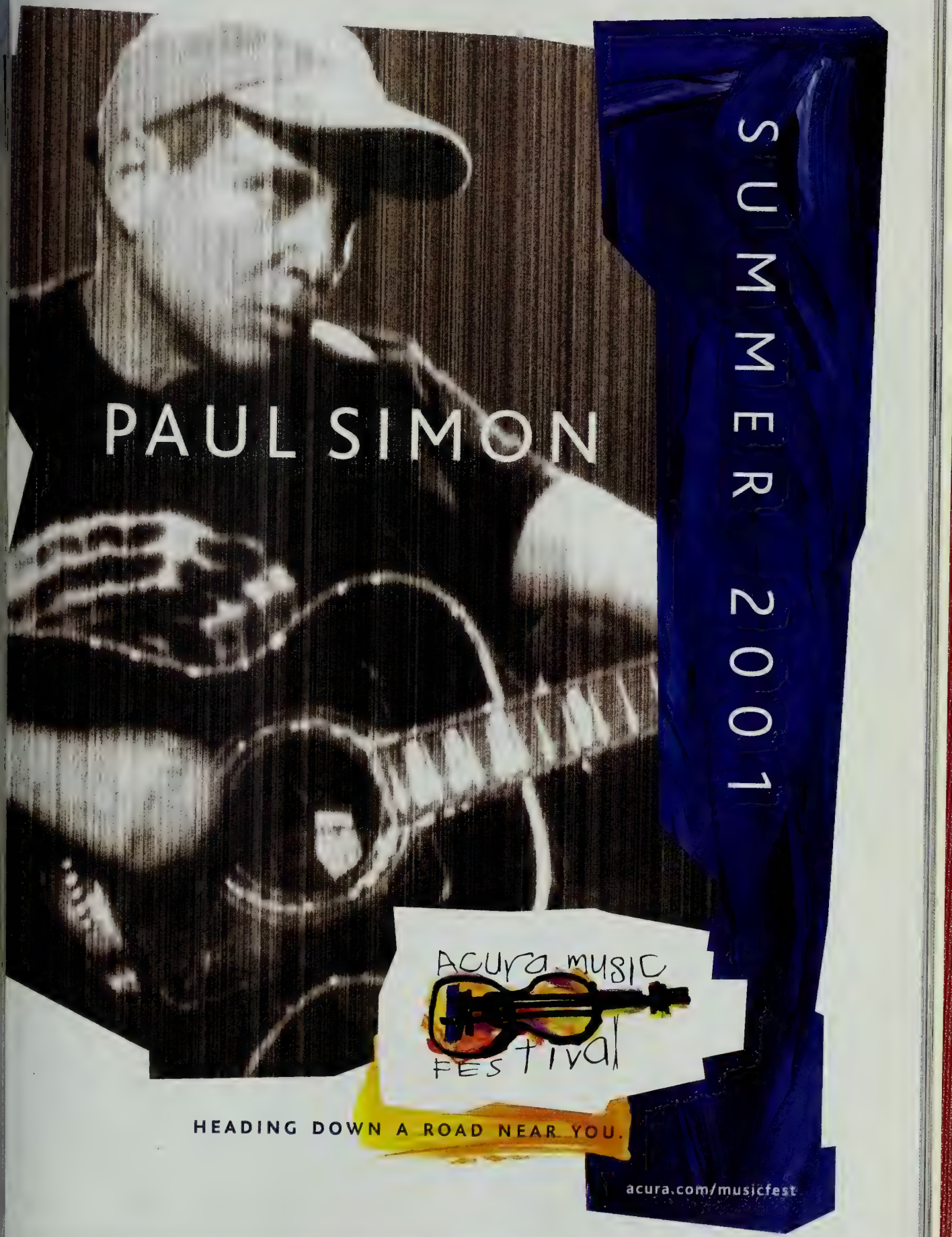
30
Venice International Film Festival, Day No. 2. 2:30 P.M.: producer invites bombshell actress to quiet café for Cinzano, pouting.

31
The Telluride Film Festival, described as "the world's most intimate and special festival": it's as if you, Eric Stoltz, and 15 Miramax publicists were trapped in a Starbucks bathroom.





—BY HENRY ALFO



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HIT MEN. Director and star Jon Favreau in *Made*. Below, clockwise from left, Vince Vaughn, Faizon Love, Sean Combs, and Favreau have a sit-down.



Thick as Thieves

JON FAVREAU AND VINCE VAUGHN SWING AGAIN IN *MADE*

It's been five years since *Swingers,* and *Made* is only **Jon Favreau** and **Vince Vaughn's** second picture as co-stars, and yet they have the seemingly reflexive chemistry of an old vaudeville act. In *Swingers* the boys played aspiring Hollywood actors. Here they're aspiring Hollywood hoods, dispatched on an errand to New York, where they meet SoHo bellboys and Harlem motorcycle gangs in much the same casually plotted way that **Abbott** and **Costello** once met Frankenstein and the Mummy. Favreau—anxious, earnest, with a beat-up face that could have played for **Knute Rockne**—is the straight man. Vaughn's character—neither as pretty nor as smart as he thinks—is the one who gets them into messes. They bicker, they wrestle, they goad each other. Vaughn says things such as "If you don't own your own shit, they're going to smell you coming a mile away," which may or may not have the cultural impact of the refrain "You're so money" from *Swingers.* Favreau, who wrote that film, wrote this one too—plus he directs, with only occasional bouts of cinematic mirror-gazing. The find is **Sean Combs,** the former Puff Daddy, who in his film debut shows off an unexpected gift for comic timing; he may soon be to **Don Cheadle** what **Brooke Adams** once was to **Karen Allen.** Obligatory nod to *The Sopranos:* **Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore** plays a limo driver more knowing than he lets on. Obligatory nod to *Saved by the Bell:* **Dustin Diamond,** who played Screech on the beloved NBC Saturday-morning series, appears as himself and provokes one of Vaughn's more amusing flights of incredulity. (**Rating:** ★★★) —BRUCE HANDY

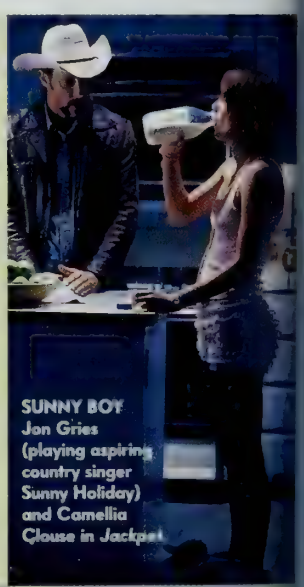
HOT REELS

Even Cowboys Get the Blues

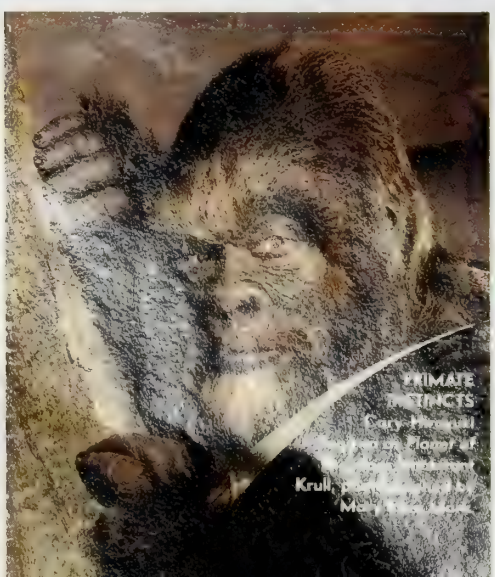
THE POLISH BROTHERS HIT THE ROAD IN *JACKPOT*

Let's be honest: a movie that fails to simulate the proverbial "roller-coaster ride" usually isn't a very good movie. *Jackpot,* a unique road picture from twin brothers **Michael** and **Mark Polish,** demonstrates that some filmmakers don't much need traditional narrative. Critics likened the brothers' debut feature, 1999's eerily still *Twin Falls Idaho,* to a Hopper painting. This, their sophomore effort, renders a state of mind.

Balding cowboy singer Sunny Holiday (**Jon Gries**) wants to hit the big time. But his absurd strategy for getting there—an apprenticeship on the karaoke circuit that turns into a nine-month, 43-stop "tour" of feebly populated desert towns—makes him something less than an underdog. For Sunny, the drone of the road is mightier than the dream, so he lets his idling brain grow fat on the sideways wisdom dispensed nonstop by his devoted manager, Lester "Les" Irving (**Garrett Morris**). With re-themed celebs such as **Daryl Hannah, Mac Davis,** and **Peggy Lipton** spooned in at regular intervals, the whole odyssey of embarrassing pop songs, one-night liaisons, and dumb thinking looks at times to be heading toward nothing but irony. A surprise ending, though, offers the characters back their dignity and reveals the promising Polish brothers to be more interested in Sunny's quiet despair and the therapeutic power of friendship than in hollow displays of cultural savvy. The first truly great film from Michael and Mark Polish still lies a bit up the road. This one proves there will be plenty to enjoy along the way. (**Rating:** ★★★) —CHRIS MITCHELL



SUNNY BOY. Jon Gries (playing aspiring country singer Sunny Holiday) and Camellia Clouse in *Jackpot*.



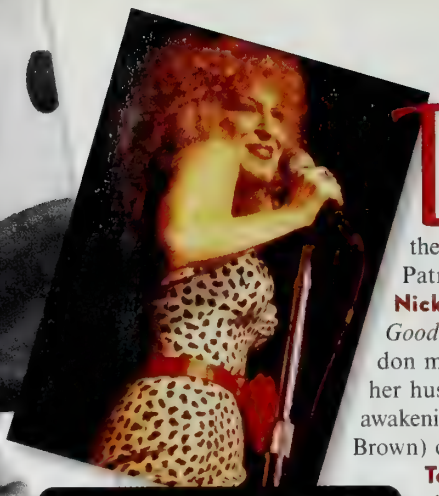
COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Planet of the Apes.* **Directed by:** Tim Burton. **Starring:** Mark Wahlberg, Helena Bonham Carter, Tim Roth. **Coming to a theater near you:** July 27. **The skinny:** In this high-dollar remake of the low-rent 1968 classic, a generic *Homo sapiens* white male (Wahlberg) crash-lands a spacecraft on another world, teaming up with a tawny blonde Ur-female (Estella Warren) to battle a race of monkey men on horseback. **Why this version's better than the first:** Curious George, meet Furious George! These apes are scarier, fiercer, and more expressive, and their torchlit, medieval-looking cities appear to have been constructed from actual rock rather than lightweight polystyrene rock substitute. **Crouching mandrill, hidden orangutan:** Supernaturally agile simians backflip, leap, and somersault like mad, yet can't outmaneuver Wahlberg's opposable thumbs. **Where the budget went:** Hyperrealistic ape suits featuring convincing yellow teeth, seamless eyeholes, supple latex jowls, and natural hair composed of separate strands instead of epoxied-together synthetic swatches. **The anxiety of influence:** Though no one wears a loincloth like Charlton Heston, who originated the role, Wahlberg is suitably hunky, expressionless, and comfortable waging battle clad in just a tattered space suit. (**Rating:** ★★★★) —WALTER KIRN

Often forgets it's a camera. The new Spectra.

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HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Don't kick sand in anybody's face—the bad boys of the beach books are here. Patron saint of ne'er-do-well nice boys **Nick Hornby** finds religion in *How to Be Good* (Riverhead), in which a liberal London mom struggles to save her family after her husband suddenly undergoes a spiritual awakening. *Where Dead Voices Gather* (Little, Brown) captures *V.F.* contributing editor **Nick Tosches's** 20-year odyssey puzzling out the life of the long-lost Emmet Miller, a yodeling blackface performer whose music foreshadowed jazz, country, and blues. And pugnacious wrestling aficionado **John Irving** goes for the pin and the bloody hand in his 10th novel, *The Fourth Hand* (Random House), which gets off to a rip-roaring start with a journalist's paw being devoured by a lion on live TV (oh God, I see a fall pilot . . .).

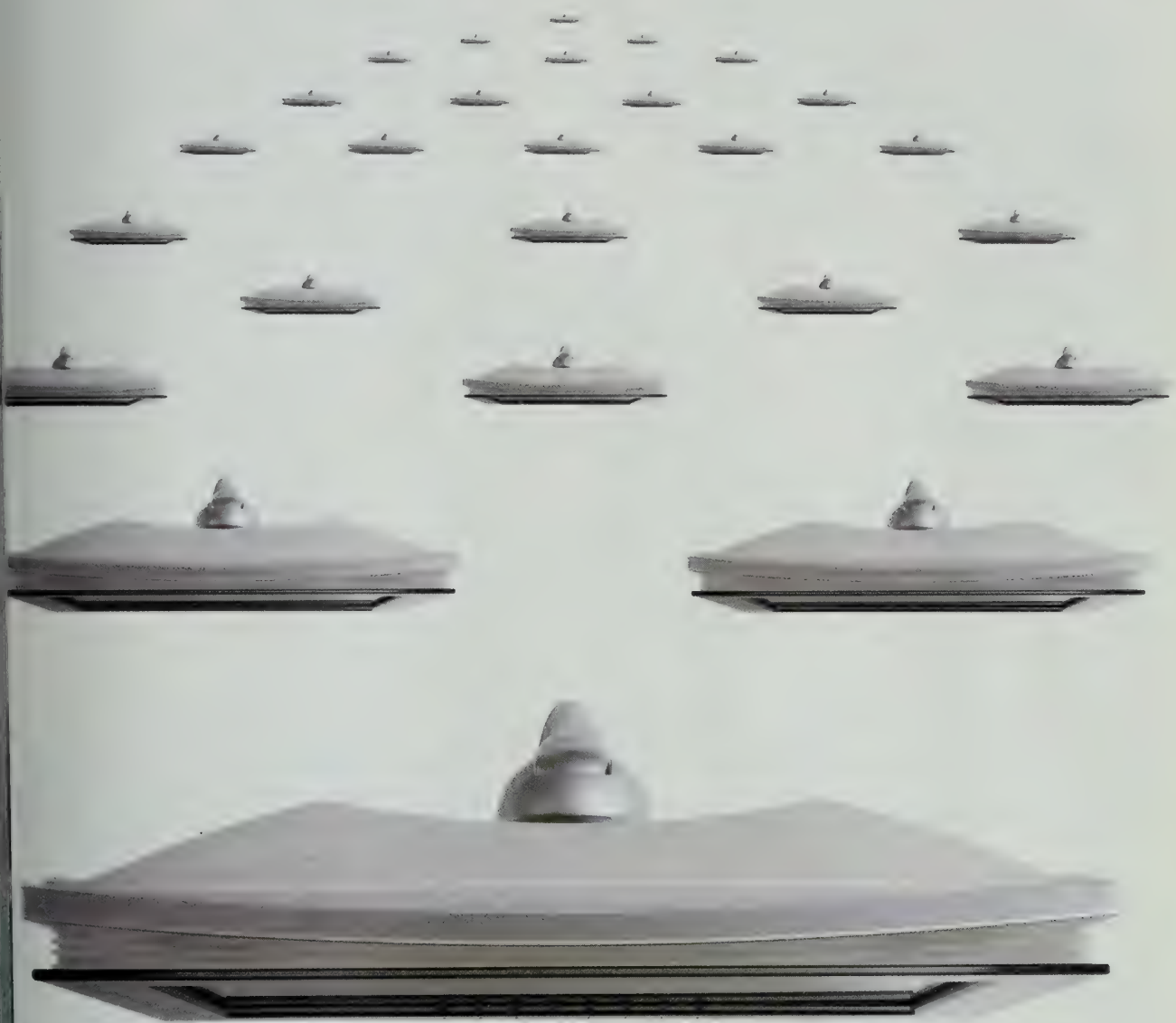
Also this month: From Renaissance sky gazers to astronauts bobbing on the moon, **Rinker Buck** lives out our enduring dream of flight in the interactive *If We Had Wings* (Crown). Among the collected essays in reasoned intellectual **Edward Said's** *Power, Politics, and Culture* (Pantheon) are those on the Oslo peace accord, Saddam Hussein, and the author's ardor for Glenn Gould. Media icon **Walter Cronkite** tours our magnificent coastline in *Around America* (Norton). **Keith L. Eggener** offers a panoramic view of modern Mexican architect *Luis Barragán's Gardens of El Pedregal* (Princeton Architectural Press), a wonder of Latin America. **Michael Azerrad's** rock-out *Our Band Could Be Your Life* (Little, Brown) is a mosh pit of 80s indie I've-got-a-garage-let's-put-on-a-show bands such as Black Flag, Minor Threat, and Sonic Youth. First arrested at age eight (for 27 counts), novelist **Sandro Meallet** debuts with the *Edgewater Angels* (Doubleday), a crushingly honest tale of a poor kid growing up in the violent, gang-ridden projects of San Pedro, California. In *The Map That Changed the World* (HarperCollins), geologist **Simon Winchester** digs up the dirt on William Smith, a 19th-century canal digger who became the paterfamilias of modern geology, despite a nymphomaniac wife and a stint in debtors' prison. **Ahmet Ertegun's** *"What'd I Say"* (Welcome Rain) puts his own spin on his life and times as founder and chairman of Atlantic Records. **Caleb Crain's** *American Sympathy: Men, Friendship, and Literature in the New Nation* (Yale University Press) breaks through the he-man-writer's wall to expose how literary friendships between men inspired their work. In a voice both zingy and knowing, short-story wrangler **Bobbie Ann Mason** is back with *Zigzagging down a Wild Trail* (Random House). **Nancy Schoenberger's** *Dangerous Muse* (Doubleday) introduces us to Lady Caroline Blackwood, writer and inspiration *extraordinaire* to artistic gents such as Lucian Freud and Robert Lowell. Lovely **Elizabeth McCracken's** *Niagara Falls All Over Again* (Dial), set during the golden age of Hollywood, is the tale of a charming straight man in the mode of Stan Laurel who finds a friend and mentor in a charming but utterly self-destructive Oliver Hardy. Want to be invited back? Then banish the guest soaps in the shape of seashells and give your hosts **Richard Eyre** and **Nicholas Wright's** *Changing Stages* (Knopf), a thrilling view of British and American theater in the 20th century, and the quintessential house gift for that special Fire Island host(ess). Oh, bury me at sea!

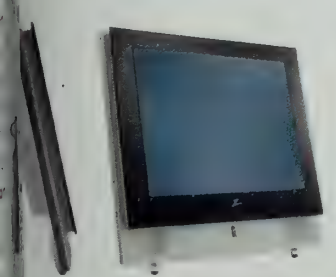






Clockwise from top left: Mick Jagger and Charlie Watts in the early 1980s, and Bette Midler from the same era, both in *"What'd I Say"*; Nick Tosches; the living room of a 1949 demonstration house by Luis Barragán, Mexico City; keepsake luggage stickers from *If We Had Wings*.





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MEMBERS ONLY
Simon Morley and David Friend, photographed in London, June 2001.

A Puppet Regime

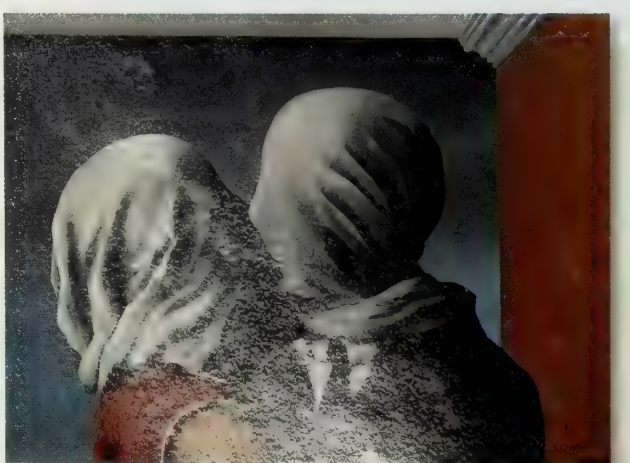
PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS: THE NAKED TRUTH

Theirs is "the Ancient Australian Art of Genital Origami," the molding of the marbles, the arrangement of the family jewels. Australian natives and beer-garden tricksters **Simon Morley,** 34, and **David Friend,** 32, have made their private parts public, casting their wares into a theatrical mini-sensation, *Puppetry of the Penis.* A hit in London's West End and at Edinburgh's Fringe Festival, this dynamic duo is en route to America. "We keep waiting for someone to tell us to stop," says Morley.

It begins with a warning: this is not your average puppet show, and, yes, they really are naked. The theater fills with nervous laughter. "People are anxious about the male body in all its glory," says Morley. "I think of the show as educational; it demystifies the penis." Each of the tricks, dubbed "installations," consists of the puppeteers manipulating their privates into objects (e.g., Ayers Rock), animals (the Loch Ness Monster, a slowly emerging mollusk), and popular foods. For "Wind Surfer," the scrotum becomes a sail and a whirring fan propels the puppeteer across the stage as he rides a skateboard. Unabashedly juvenile, decidedly anti-erotic, it's dementedly good fun—you can pretend to be appalled, but at a certain point you can't help but laugh. Don't worry if you don't have front-row seats; the goings-on are projected onto a large screen. There's even an opportunity for audience participation—"Fruit Bat"—as well as an instructional manual for those who'd like to give it a try at home. "It's a good laugh at the human body," Friend says. "Performance art that everyone should see at least once." —A. M. HOMES

WORLD BEAT

They love car bars in **Sydney**—the latest is Tow Bar (488 Crown Street), which opened right next to MG Garage and features an Aston Martin center stage.... The Société des Bains de Mer (Place du Casino), the government-owned casino in **Monaco,** has just invested in 200 new slot machines designed by Microsoft.... The chocolate martini has arrived in **Jakarta,** served in the Majapahit Lounge of the Dharmawangsa Hotel (Jalan Brawijaya Raya 26).



LOVE IS BLIND
The Lovers, by René Magritte, oil on canvas, 1928.

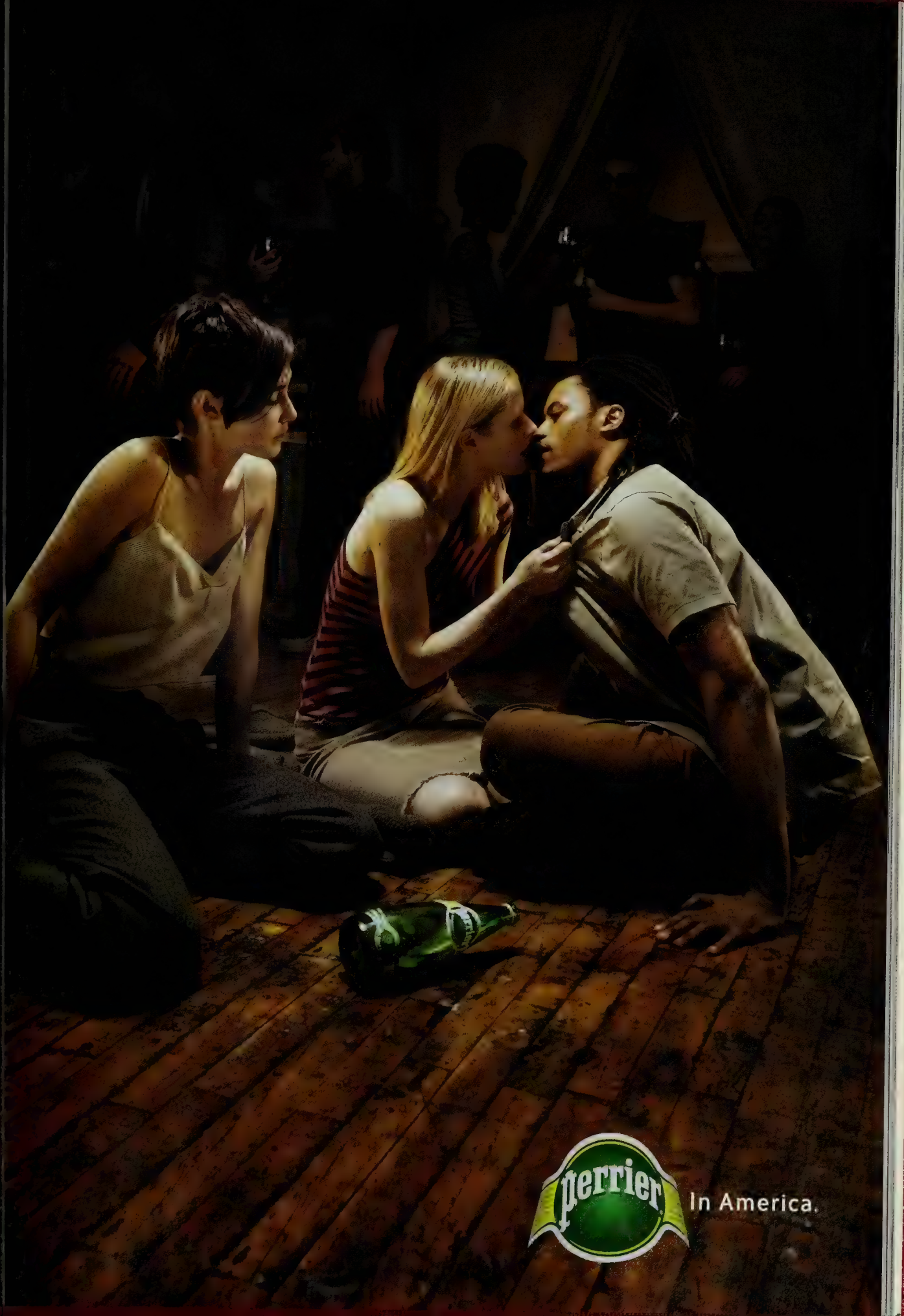
Ceci N'est Pas un Art Show

HELLO, DALÍ! THE TATE MODERN GOES SURREAL

When the Surrealists appeared in Paris during the early 20s, they provoked such mockery and bourgeois horror that the point of their work was often missed. The movement was an act of rebellion—primarily against the generation which had plunged Europe into the bloodiest war in history, but also against the Catholic Church, to which most of the main Surrealists at some stage had belonged.

Surrealism was an Oedipal convulsion that sought liberation in the breaking of taboos, both religious and sexual, and in the investigation of the subconscious. It is the relationship between **Freud** and the Surrealists that has inspired the "Desire [illegible]" exhibition at London's hugely successful Tate Modern (September 20 through December 16).

Many of the great works by **Dalí, Magritte, Ernst, Duchamp,** and **de Chirico** will be on view, and all are in some way [illegible] forbidden yearning and fulfillment. But we should never be too solemn about the Surrealists. Unlike most [illegible]ments, they applauded wit, puns, mischief, comedic incongruity, and downright bawdiness. Take **Meret Oppenhei[illegible]** fur-covered cup and spoon (*Luncheon in Fur*), which the art critic **Robert Hughes** called the most durable of Surrealist su[illegible] *Shock of the New,* "The action it implies, the artist bringing her lips to a hairy receptacle full of warm fluid, makes Op[illegible] cup the most intense and abrupt image of lesbian sex in the history of art." Her cup runneth over with meaning, [illegible] also funny. Even **Rudolph Giuliani** may permit himself a straitlaced smile when, together with the rest of "Desire [illegible]" goes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in January of next year. —HENRY PORTER


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JAMES WOLCOTT

FOX POPULI?

Five years ago, Rupert Murdoch's Fox News Channel was launched as an anti-Establishment antidote to the mainstream media's perceived liberal bias. Instead, its blowhard anchors—Bill O'Reilly, Neil Cavuto, Brit Hume, et al.—cater to the Angry White Male, spewing a conservatism that is fundamentally elitist



Live on Fox News, clockwise from top left: Brit Hume, host of *Special Report;* Bill O'Reilly, of *The O'Reilly Factor;* Neil Cavuto, of *Cavuto on Business;* and *The Edge* host Paula Zahn.

What ever happened to the Angry White Male? Where did all that apoplexy go? In the early 90s, an irate mob of palefaces seemed to materialize out of the crackling static of talk radio, their fists and faces clenched, intent on righting the crooked path America had taken. This posse was riled. Jutting their jaws like Charlton Heston accepting an ovation from gun nuts, taking their marching orders from Rush Limbaugh, its members were fed up with the entire menu of liberal intrusion: high taxes, gay rights, feminist scolding, yuppie snobbery, multiculturalism, affirmative action, political correctness, sexual-harassment suits, speed limits, seat-belt laws, immigrants flooding the borders and stealing jobs nobody else wanted, restrictions on assault weapons, and the incense aroma of Oprah. They felt like a persecuted minority themselves as the complexion of America began to shade from white to beige. The Angry White Male insurgence crested with the Republican sweep of the Congress in 1994, when voters seemed to rise up like a militant sack of marshmallows—the pudgy-wudgy Newt Gingrich their rebel leader—and mutinied against a political system that had too long discounted their complaints and stigmatized them as the poster boys of patriarchy.

How swiftly this macho uprising went poof. Like Bigfoot, the Angry White Male showed himself only to retreat into the berry bushes, replaced on the political stage by the Soccer Mom. The most popular and plausible explanation for this rapid fade is that the public turned against A.W.M.'s after Republican freshmen on the Hill overplayed their hand with the government shutdown of 1995, as a foolhardy Gingrich was rope-a-doped by the wily Bill Clinton. What appeared at the time to be a temporary defeat dissolved into a complete rout. Not only did Gingrich's switchblade gang of budget cutters and regulations slashers lose the "big mo" (momentum) until they were left with no mo' mo, their followers also seemed to take a powder. As John DiIulio, President Bush's current adviser on faith-based initiatives, said later in a panel discussion, "Despite this earthquake election, within two years this supposedly new, cohesive, powerful block


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of angry white male voters had disappeared. They were gone."

No, not gone. The A.W.M.'s had only beaten a strategic retreat to bandage their egos and regroup. In October of 1996, a month before Bill Clinton beat Bob Dole in the presidential election, Rupert Murdoch launched Fox News Channel, a 24-hour news service that would provide a punchy alternative to the liberal mush of mainstream media. Named as Fox News czar was Roger Ailes, a former Republican strategist who produced Rush Limbaugh's TV show and prides himself on being a man of robust appetites and convictions in a world of salad-eating, do-goody conformists. He told *Newsweek* earlier this year, "The media elite think they're smarter than the rest of those stupid bastards, and they'll tell you what to think. To a working-class guy, that's bulls—t." (Rush Limbaugh is what Roger Ailes would be if he had Limbaugh's golden pipes and a richer vocabulary.) Despite his track record, Ailes assured doubters and cynics that Fox News Channel wouldn't function as a conservative propaganda spout. He told a reporter from E! Online News that Fox News would be a fat-free, no-frills operation. "We're going to provide straight, factual information," he said, "with less 'spin' and less 'face time' for anchors." Its motto—"We Report. You Decide"—proclaimed that Fox would be the Joe Friday of news coverage, just the facts, ma'am. Perhaps Ailes found himself snowballed by the realities of broadcasting, or perhaps he was casting a reverse spell, for Fox News Channel couldn't bear less resemblance to his original outline. Some of its star anchors could give Sufi dancers spinning tips, and if they grabbed any more "face time," they would have to be fed intravenously on the set. Fox News Channel has become a vanity showcase catering to the Angry White Male in his autumn plumage.

Since its inception, Fox News has been a solid winner on cable, its ratings gains boosted in part by the hapless competition, which opened up a passing lane. Like the Baltimore Orioles, CNN is in an awkward rebuilding phase, patching its age-cracks with a youth injection of somewhat untried talent. For unfathomable reasons, MSNBC pads its prime-time weekday schedule with clip-job filler such as *Headliners & Legends,* which is introduced by Matt Lauer as if he rued the day he didn't read the fine print in his contract, and has allowed its entire weekend lineup to molder with recycled junkeroo. This is not to deny or play down Fox News's brash accomplishments as it prepares to celebrate its fifth birthday. In an otherwise lackluster period for Murdoch's News Corp., the channel has profitably thrived. "The home of brash talker Bill O'Reilly stayed in the black a second quarter in a row and saw its ratings soar by 120%," the New York *Daily News* reported in May. Ailes's outfit works fast, hits hard, stamps its stories with its own identity, and exudes button-popping confidence, an esprit de corps CNN is groping to regain.

Individually, however, this confidence has inflated into camera-hog hubris. Before long, Fox News may have to add more headroom in the studio to accommodate hosts such as O'Reilly, Nei Cavuto, Brit Hume, Sean Hannity, and Tony Snow, who editori alize as if dictating a stern memo to God. (They have more opin ions than thoughts, and more thoughts than ideas.) Years of bein massaged with the perks and sweets lavished on a well-known talk ing head—cocktail parties, rising lecture fees, proximity to powe brokers, beckoning glances on the shuttle—have rounded off thei anger into a sleek contempt for those who don't share their views a complacent sneer. Just as Rush Limbaugh has turned into the country-club Republican he routinely scorns (listen to his celebrity golf-tournament stories), the anchors at Fox News are elitist who act as if they're fighting for you, the average bozo. Like Gin grich, they're corporate apologists posing as populists—inside the-Beltway outsiders. How apt that after Gingrich stepped dow as Speaker of the House he was hired by Fox as an on-air politi cal consultant. The first network with an agenda, Fox News Chan nel is the continuation of the Gingrich Revolution by other means

Folks in Tonopah, Ariz., and other hamlets from Bangor, Maine, to Gold Beach, Ore., don't expect very much from the federal government—only that it be respectful of their beliefs.

—Bill O'Reilly, in his syndicated column (*New York Post,* April 29, 2001)

Then again, these folks could get a mite upset if a flood or tor nado tore into their hamlet and federal assistance were slow t arrive while they were snoring on cots in the high-school gym They might flip their John Deere caps or pop their hair curlers i their Social Security checks or tax refunds failed to make it to th mailbox, or their Medicare benefits stopped, or lax oversight led t brown drinking water and salmonella du jour. As Republicans dis covered when they were smacked sideways by the outcry over th government shutdown, folks also expect Washington museums an national parks to be open when they visit—that's part of their be liefs, too. However, the marching-band refrain of Fox News is that th majority of Americans want less government less regulation, and a stringier safety net.

Beating the bass drum is its biggest sta Bill O'Reilly, host of *The O'Reilly Factor* an the channel's craggiest rock formation of Rug ged Individualism. A former TV newsman a CBS and ABC, O'Reilly first came to promi nent notice on the syndicated tabloid show *In side Edition.* A tall, imposing man who use his size and gruff, mercurial manner to desta bilize the normally dead air of the studi (imagine Tom Snyder with a broader sense o mission, Snyder being content to complai about freeway traffic and slow elevators) O'Reilly is willing to scrap with anyone, which often makes for good TV. In the middle of question or response, his eyes sometimes flip an existential switch that says, "Ah, what's the point? This is all a farce anyway," and hi voice tails off into annoyed futility. His unpredictability extends to his political opinions—but only so far. Although not a doctrinaire Republican like Snow, Hume, Fred Barnes, and Hannity, a barber shop quartet of Bushspeak, O'Reilly proclaims through his every word and defiant cock of the head that he made it where he is today without any handouts from those bleeding hearts in Wash ington, and if he succeeded without any coddling, so can you Stand up, be a man! You too, lady! Following the Rush Limbaugh personality-cult playbook, O'Reilly has capitalized on his Fox News success by repackaging his on-air sound bites—he begins each show with a "Talking Points" memo—into No. 1 bestsellerdom with his straight-shooting, back-patting manifesto, *The O'Reilly Factor*

O'Reilly's posturing as a working-class hero has been derided

Fox hosts such as O'Reilly, Cavuto, Hume, Hannity, and Snow editorialize as if dictating a stern memo to God.

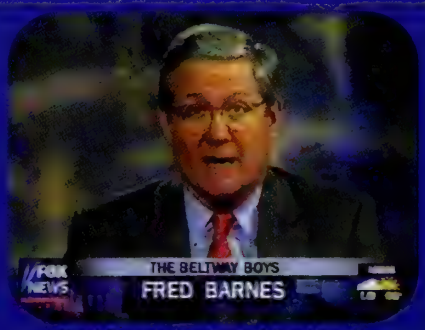


Tony Snow, hosting *Special Report,* on Fox News.


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as pure salami. His background, as Michael Kinsley pointed out in *Slate,* is middle-class. He grew up in Levittown, New York, and his father's salary as an accountant, $35,000 a year in the 60s, would translate as a six-figure salary today. Kinsley took his funniest swipes at O'Reilly's account of being a graduate student at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, where he felt like a pair of brown shoes in a sea of tasseled loafers. "The notion that the Kennedy School of Government, populated by swells out of P. G. Wodehouse, reached out to O'Reilly, a poor orphan out of Dickens," beggars credulity, Kinsley wrote. He accused O'Reilly of reverse snobbery, quoting as evidence a passage in a *Newsweek* profile (the same article where Ailes positioned himself as a John Lennon defender of the working class) in which O'Reilly spurned Starbucks for a Long Island coffee shop, "where cops and firemen hang out." You know, real guys like him, not those latte punks. (O'Reilly invited Kinsley on his show to rebut the *Slate* editor's contentions, subjecting him to a rough cross-examination and hoping to reduce him to coffee grounds.)

Fox News Channel has become a vanity showcase catering to the Angry White Male in his autumn plumage.



Fred Barnes, co-host of Fox News's *The Beltway Boys.*

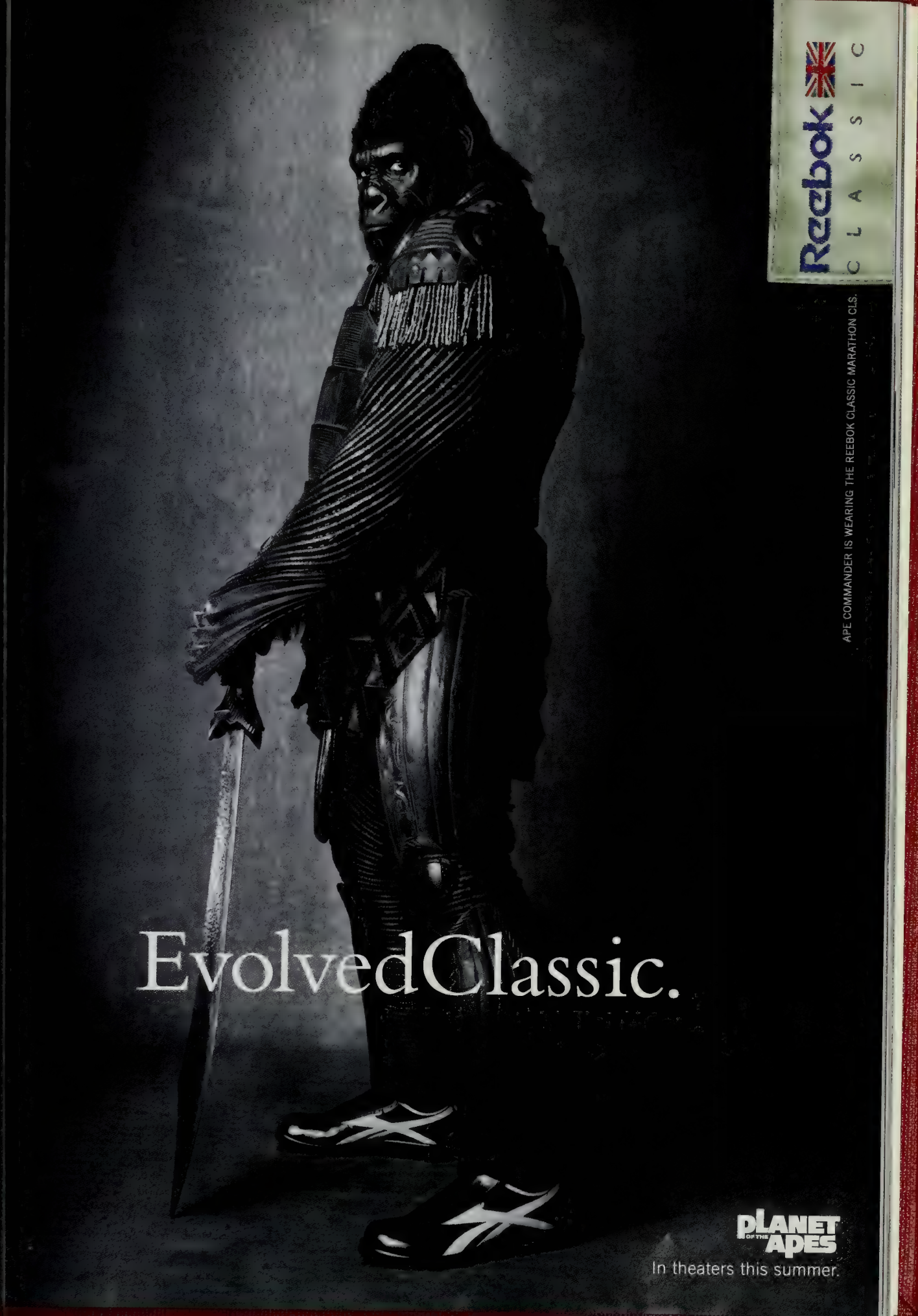
Like O'Reilly, Neil Cavuto, the host of Fox's afternoon business-news hour and of his own weekend show, *Cavuto on Business,* also buttonholes the camera like a regular guy who's had it up to here with these fancy-cuff-link types who think they can tell us how to run our lives. His "Common Sense" commentaries, like O'Reilly's "Talking Points" memos to the viewer, are sprinkled with barstool icebreakers such as "Hey, maybe it's just me, but . . . " and "I don't care how the heck I sound saying this, but I gotta tell ya . . . " But, unlike O'Reilly, Cavuto doesn't use his soapbox simply to pipe up for the little guy; he uses it also to stick up for America's most mistreated and unloved minority, the oppressed rich. Irked over the trimming and second-guessing of President Bush's tax cut, Cavuto squawked that those in the higher brackets were being penalized by these moves. "Why? Because they're rich, that's why, and because they can take it, that's why. And because no one will defend them, that's really why. I mean, when is the last time you saw a lobbying group for rich folks, or the last time you heard anyone say anything good about rich people? Think hard, I dare ya, it ain't gonna happen." Cavuto's weeping-violin cantata for downtrodden billionaires whose wealth can't buy them love or influence was almost touching in its pathos and lack of contact with planet Earth. Had he occupied a tree stump in Sherwood Forest, Cavuto would no doubt have preached, "Take from the rich, give to the poor—that's all anybody in the woods is talkin' about. And you won't hear it from this humble hut dweller that Robin Hood doesn't cut a dashing figure in his feathered cap. But let's get real—do you have any idea on the upkeep of a castle these days? Believe me, all that armor and all those 12-course banquets don't come cheap. To me, Prince John is the real victim here. And if that upsets some of you 'merry men,' too bad—because when I see a worthy nobleman getting robbed, I, for one, don't feel very merry."

Bossy as he can be, Bill O'Reilly will at least lean back now and then and let a guest finish an occasional sentence. Cavuto has an itchier trigger finger. He's a chronic, smart-aleck interrupter, breaking his guests' answers into bits of peanut brittle and always trying to top them with quippy comebacks. He interrupts everyone, but steps up his fragmentation campaign with liberals less besotted with yacht owners than he. Former secretary of labor Robert Reich, vainly trying to have a grown-up conversation about Bush's tax proposals, was peppered with darts from Cavuto that were capped with the parting question "Admit it, you hate rich people, don't you?" "Oh, Neil," Reich sighed. In fairness, Cavuto can be amiable as well, parrying viewer E-mails about his wardrobe choices and how large his head is with self-deprecating humor. When his pet causes are involved, however, he reverts to Mr. Prosecutor.

Fox News might argue that it is within its hosts' prerogative to belt out their opinions through their interviews, commentaries, and responses to viewer feedback. At least their political bias is honestly out in the open and not masked by subtle eyebrow semaphores—Peter Jennings's virtuoso specialty. Personal advocacy is one thing, corporate advocacy another, and when the topic bar in a discussion of Bush's tax proposals urges, "Cut 'Em Already!" (as it did when Cavuto interviewed Senator Charles Grassley), such propagandizing gives lie to the boast "Fair and Balanced." To Fox News fans, its conservative slant is vital and necessary to offset the liberal bias saturating the news media, but, spank my brain as I may, I can't recall a moment on CNN when Judy Woodruff buttered up a liberal Democrat as the words "Soak the Rich!" were bannered across the screen, or PBS's Jim Lehrer waved a six-shooter and demanded that the Fed lower interest rates (a thumping refrain from both O'Reilly and Cavuto). Whatever the political leanings of their on-air talent, traditional news outlets still believe in the formal appearance of objectivity, in letting the audience draw its own conclusions after hearing both boring sides, which is why their broadcasts look so namby-pamby pitted against the partisan thrust and pugilistics of Fox News, whose slogan ought to be "We Exhort. You Comply."

Today the Angry White Male may be more cranky than angry, but he's still male, which leads one to speculate about the existence of a special chromosome for pompous conviction, an undiscovered blowhard gene. Notably, the only anchor in the prime-time Fox News team who does not begin or end the broadcast with an editorial sermonette is its only woman, Paula Zahn, the host of *The Edge.* Perhaps Zahn's reluctance to hotdog the issues of the day is a personal reticence, or reflects her network broadcast experience on CBS, where she was backup anchor to Dan Rather on the evening news and co-host of *CBS This Morning,* not the sort of jobs conducive to Mau-Mauing. Whatever the reason, Zahn is the Fox host who listens most, interrupts least, and doesn't ask questions as if she already knew the answers, then flash disapproval when the answer isn't to her liking. She's Fox's golden fig leaf—her show is the sole hour in the prime-time lineup that doesn't play like a dramatic reading of that morning's Republican National Committee memo. (In between her show and O'Reilly's comes *Hannity & Colmes,* dominated by Republican parrot Sean Hannity.) While no one would wish Zahn to turn pundit, her political self-effacement reinforces the impression that on Fox News brainwashing the audience—er, influencing public opinion—is serious man's work, rhetorical heavy lifting.

If one program could serve as proxy for all others, it would be *Special Report* with Brit Hume, a nightly hour-long political-news


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show that is hosted in Hume's absence by Tony Snow, who looks like Hume's younger, more outgoing brother. Whoever is sitting in the host's chair, it is a program that bleeds Republican blue. A former White House correspondent for ABC News, Hume was an occasional contributor to *The American Spectator,* outlet for the infamous "Arkansas Project," and a longtime critic of liberal bias in the news. Snow, who also writes a syndicated column, served in George Bush Sr.'s administration in a number of capacities, including Deputy Assistant to the President for Media Affairs; he also did his bit in the politics of personal destruction by playing matchmaker, introducing Linda Tripp, an acquaintance from his Bush days, to literary agent Lucianne Goldberg. Two of the regulars among the "Fox all-stars" who jaw at the sum-up of each show are *McLaughlin Group* alumni and co-hosts of Fox News's *The Beltway Boys,* Fred Barnes and Mort Kondracke. Barnes is also the executive editor of *The Weekly Standard,* a perishingly thin opinion journal whose frequent ads on Hume's program tout its inside status with the Bush administration. (Like Fox News, *The Weekly Standard* is owned by Rupert Murdoch.) Other rotating pundits include Bill Sammon, a correspondent for *The Washington Times* and author of that impartial, poetic study *At Any Cost: How Al Gore Tried to Steal the Election,* and Jeff Birnbaum of *Fortune* magazine, who's gravitating so far to the right he'll soon be sitting on Fred Barnes's lap.

One of the absurdities of Hume's *Special Report* is that it is so claustrophobically right-wing that anyone who appears on the panel contracts a slow-moving case of Stockholm syndrome. For diversity of opinion and complexion, the all-stars call upon the presence of Juan Williams, host of daily call-in show *Talk of the Nation* on National Public Radio. To Yosemite Sam conservatives, always hopping mad about something, the soothing voices of NPR—where the women sound like they're making a clay pot on the turntable and the men sound as if they want to help—are the pigeon coos of modestly upscale liberalism, progressivism as a tone poem. When the camera is on Williams, however, he starts to wobble, unsure of himself, trapped in enemy territory and grappling with a shallow identity crisis—wait, I'm an NPR guy ... drilling in Alaska, that's gotta be bad for the caribou or whatever's up there ... but, hey, these conservatives make a lotta sense ... I can't see me driving a solar car anytime soon ... I wish the other guys would quit glaring at me—before choking at the plate and coughing up conventional twaddle such as (actual quote): "You know what? If Americans driving around in their S.U.V.'s with their bumper stickers that say SAVE THE EARTH say ..., 'Wait a minute, I can't get gasoline,' or 'Gasoline prices are going up—I'm goin' with Dick Cheney.'" (Dick Cheney, he's our man, if he can't find oil, no one can.) If this indoctrination through osmosis persists, Williams is going to walk into the Washington studio one day as a black man and walk out a disgruntled honky—then he'll really blend. Another familiar is Mara Liasson, White House correspondent for NPR and likewise an amenable moderate, though more willing to contest Fred Barnes's smug, supremely self-deluded complacencies. Only in the Mir-space-station confinement of the Fox News studio could mild, occasional demurrers such as Kondracke, Williams, and Liasson be considered foils. (The dour Hume sometimes scowls as if even this lukewarm moderation is more than he can stomach.)

Ailes's outfit works fast, hits hard, stamps its stories with its own identity, and exudes button-popping confidence.



Roger Ailes, left, chairman and C.E.O. of Fox News Channel, and his boss, Rupert Murdoch.

Not every show on Fox News hews or skews to a party line. *Bulls & Bears,* a stock-market roundup hosted by Brenda Buttner, has a lively serve-and-volley that makes *Wall Street Week with Louis Rukeyser* seem like sands trickling through the hourglass. (Fox News has fortified its business coverage with a new show hosted by Terry Keenan, a recent defector from CNN, and a tie-in program with *Forbes* magazine.) *Fox News Watch,* a media-analysis roundtable moderated by Eric Burns, is sharper and more creatively angled than CNN's *Reliable Sources,* one of Fox's beat cops being Jeff Cohen of Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting (FAIR), who's farther to the left than any other talking head on cable. Cohen's presence is a credit to Fox News, even if he is outnumbered by one-note johnnies Cal Thomas and Jim Pinkerton, syndicated columnists who appear to keep their brains in a jar between broadcasts. Fox's morning show, *Fox & Friends,* which has been eating into Don Imus's simulcast on MSNBC, has a jumpy rhythm and silly irreverence, ducking the sob stories and fawning celebrity interviews that constipate most network morning shows. John Gibson, a high-profile import from MSNBC, is too freewheeling and contrary a host to pin down politically (he's more of a Groucho Marxist: "Whatever it is, I'm against it"), and the daytime anchors have that special spray-on shine that you could find on any anchorperson.

At the knuckled core, however, Fox News Channel is an ideological animal, which gives it a more aggressive pounce than its competitors have and a more coherent identity. Unlike CNN, it doesn't have to look in the mirror and re-arrange its features to figure out what it is and wants to be. Fox News only looks in the mirror to adjust its samurai stare in its role as right-wing enforcer. It isn't the conservatism of Fox News Channel that chafes, it's how narrow, philistine, and unself-reflective that conservatism is. It represents the complete reversal of a conservatism once devoted to tradition, civic ideals, stewardship of natural resources, personal tolerance, and cultural aspiration—the quest for enduring, sustaining roots reflected in G. K. Chesterton, Russell Kirk, and, once upon a time, William F. Buckley Jr.'s *National Review*—to a power politics intent on giving corporate interests complete reign, even if it means despoiling the environment, militarizing space, and cramming the entire lardass country into one giant S.U.V. As a viewer watches Fox News Channel regularly, the other dominoes of the game plan click into place: an end to legal abortion, the privatization of Social Security, a never questioning support of Israeli might, a salivating worship of weaponry (a *Forbes on Fox* guest jovially raved about a new assault rifle, "It's gonna bring all the fun back in killing people"), crediting the economic success of the Clinton presidency to anyone but Bill Clinton, and glorifying Ronald Reagan as the quintessence of American majesty—our Great White Father rosily enshrined in permanent sunset. Say this for Hume, O'Reilly, and company, they don't pretend to be "compassionate conservatives." Their populism may be fraudulent, but their objectives and determination are, to lift a phrase from Saul Bellow, baked in their faces. At Fox News Channel, it takes a bully to run a bully pulpit. □

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Hollywood *Noir*

As *V.F.*'s sleuth-at-large delves into L.A.'s latest murder–the shooting of actor Robert Blake's wife–this month's rumors and revelations multiply: Mark Fuhrman weighs in on the Skakel case, a controversial theory surfaces in the O. J. Simpson saga, and a fictional corpse comes back to life

I'd like to be in Nepal this month, trying to find out what really happened at that Friday-night family pizza dinner in the palace in Kathmandu where the king, the queen, and seven other members of the royal family were wiped out—some of them with shots to their heads—allegedly by the crown prince, Dipendra, because the queen didn't approve of his choice for a wife. Instead, I'm concerning myself with a far less exalted individual, an American woman at the other end of the social scale, who was also shot in the head. As everybody who reads or listens to the trash news is aware, there's been another Hollywood murder. Anothe wife of another formerly famous star cam to an untimely end on May 4, possibly a the hands of a husband who hated her, bu there has been no arrest. Through a pre emptive strike, word quickly spread on wha a low-class bitch the wife had been, and- opposed as I am to the blame-the-victir

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defense—the unattractive allegations made against Mrs. Blake appeared to be justified. She was a two-bit chiseler, and she had conned a lot of guys in her day. The husband, Robert Blake, best remembered as the star of a 70s television show called *Baretta,* on which he played a detective for three and a half seasons, once gave a great performance in the film of Truman Capote's book *In Cold Blood,* which was directed by Richard Brooks. I was at the first screening of that movie, in the Directors Guild projection room in Hollywood. The executions of Robert Blake and Scott Wilson were so extraordinarily moving that there was stunned silence for several minutes after the film ended. Blake never hit that height again.

The decimation of his late wife's character was not invented gossip. A tackier life has rarely been lived. A lot of men in Bonny Lee Bakley's past were probably thrilled when they heard that she had received a bullet in the head while sitting in her husband's car, parked a block from a restaurant called Vitello's, where the couple had just had dinner, and to which Blake returned to pick up his gun, which he had left behind. Bonny and Bobby were celebs at Vitello's, located on Tujunga Avenue in Studio City—not exactly in the same league as Spago or Mortons, although it has become enormously popular since the murder. One dish on the menu was named Fusilli à la Robert Blake. Bonny Bakley had become Mrs. Robert Blake only after DNA proved that Blake, not Christian Brando—whom she might have preferred for a husband—was the father of the child she was carrying. For a woman who always wanted to marry big, these two guys on the skids were the best she was ever going to get, and she knew it. Christian Brando, in case you've forgotten, is the son of Marlon Brando. He had his moment of fame when he shot and killed his half-sister Cheyenne's lover in their father's house on Mulholland Drive in 1990, after having gone to his girlfriend's home to get the gun to kill him with. Christian, who pleaded guilty and served nearly half of his 10-year sentence before being released, was represented by Robert Shapiro, who would become nationally famous in 1994 as the publicity-loving lawyer who put together O. J. Simpson's legal Dream Team. Cheyenne later committed suicide. I happened to be with Shapiro when he got the news of her death. He wept, and I remember being extremely moved by that.

The Blake story doesn't begin to match the glamour of the Simpson case. This is a low-rent version, but it has all the elements of a *film noir,* that genre of black-and-white films made so well during the 40s and 50s at RKO with stars such as Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer, and Gloria Grahame, any one of whom could have played Bonny Lee Bakley Blake.

I have a lawyer friend in Los Angeles named Harvey Levin, who is a well-known television reporter specializing in crime and trial stories. He interviewed me in 1983, when he was covering the trial of the man who killed my daughter. We have met in many courtrooms since then, and we think alike in these matters. During the Simpson trial, we did a Sunday-night television show together, about the characters in the case. He called me the day after the Blake story hit the headlines and said, "I bet if someone went through all the episodes of *Baretta* he'd find this story." It turns out that in the first episode a woman was shot to death as she arrived at an Italian restaurant.

The Robert Blake story has all the elements of a *film noir.*

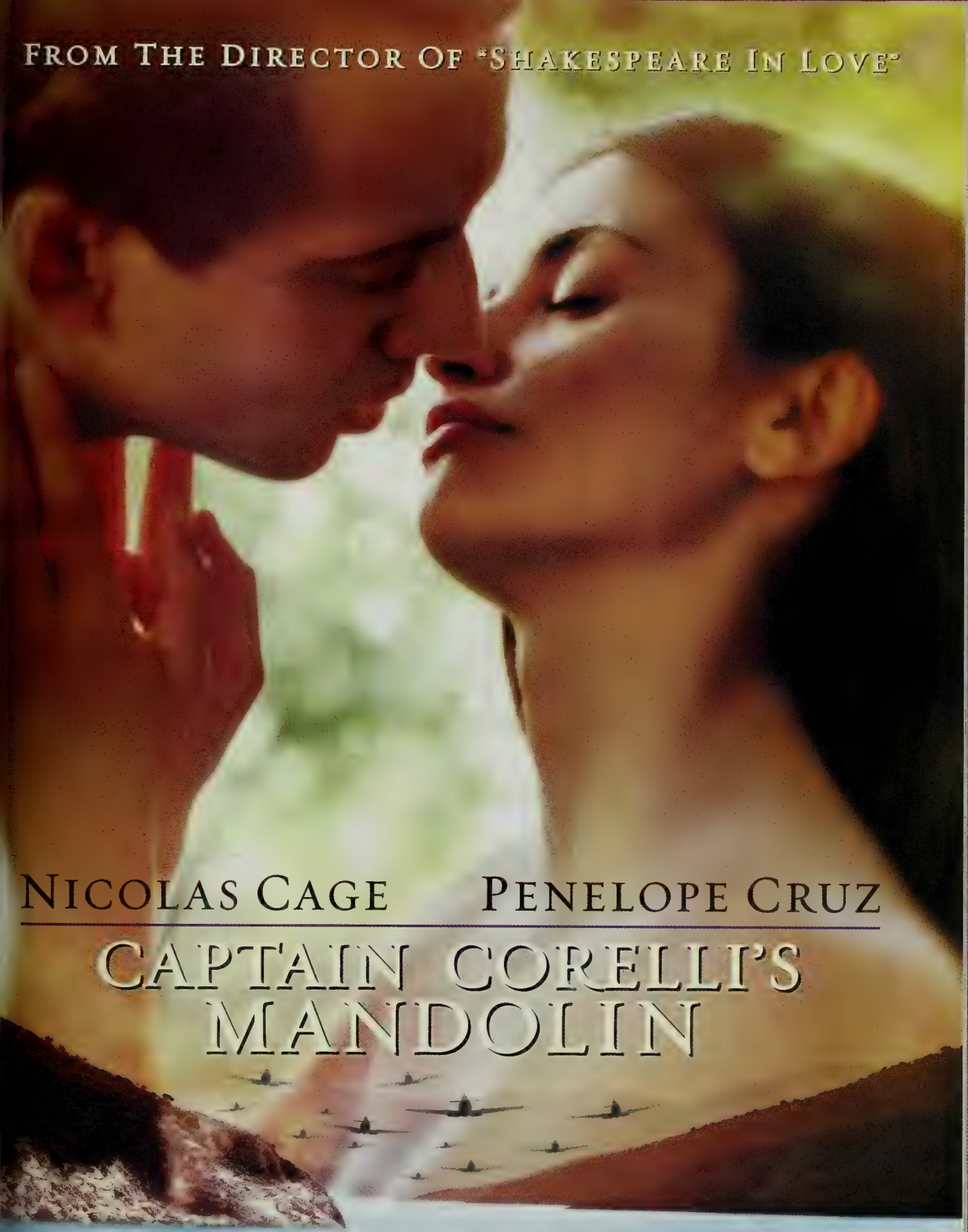


FUNERAL RITES
Actor Robert Blake, who was with his wife, Bonny, the night she was murdered, lays his hand on the coffin at her interment in Forest Lawn, which her family declined to attend.

Bonny Lee Bakley's family declined to attend her funeral in Forest Lawn, which was probably just as well. One of her brothers and her sister had said on *Extra* that they believed Blake had killed Bonny, so the air would have been charged. In addition, a friend of Bonny's had said that Blake threatened Bonny while she was pregnant. One paper reported that Blake had gone to visit Marlon Brando at his house a few days before the murder. That's a conversation I'd like to have heard. At the funeral, Blake, who has had a very apparent face-lift, held his and Bonny's year-old baby, Rosie, with one hand and touched the casket with the other. As the cameras rolled, he thanked his wife's family for allowing Bonny to be buried there so that little Rosie could visit her grave as she grew up. Meanwhile, the tabs kept delivering salacious information. One said that when Blake was divorcing his first wife, Sondra, he put a gun to her head and made her tell their two children over the telephone that she didn't want them anymore so that Blake could have full custody.

Sondra, looking terrified, was interviewed by Matt Lauer on the *Today* show, along with her lawyer, Gloria Allred, who had represented Sondra in what she called a "family law matter in reference to Mr. Blake" in the 1980s. Lauer was remarkably patient with Sondra, I thought, considering what an uncooperative guest she turned out to be. She said she had been married to Blake for 22 years but she would not describe the end of the marriage. Lauer brought up the incident of the gun being held to her head. All she would say was that she was not the source of the story. She refused to comment on whether it was true or untrue. As morning entertainment, she was a bust. Lauer turned to Gloria Allred, who had represented Denise Brown during the O. J. Simpson trial and is never shy in front of a camera. Allred said she could not comment on the private details of Sondra's relationship with Blake, but she had a great deal to say about the similarities between the Blake case and the Simpson case, stressing mainly that they both had celebrity husbands. Again, boring. Then Lauer gave it a last try with Sondra. "Did you have any thought when you heard about the murder that your ex-husband had been involved?" he asked. "Again, that's personal and private, and I don't wish to continue to talk about that," she replied. Stay home, Sondra, I thought.

I called Harland Braun, Blake's lawyer. Much admired as a defense attorney in Los Angeles, Braun won a great deal of publicity for defending film director John Landis in the *Twilight Zone* case, after actor Vic Morrow was killed on the set. He turned out to be charming, complimentary, willing to talk, and well aware that he's got a big case on his hands, one that is going to bring him a lot more publicity. I've seen him on *Extra* and heard him on the Gloria Allred radio show in Los Angeles, which my friend Tita Cahn, the widow of the



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lyricist Sammy Cahn, let me listen to over her telephone from Beverly Hills. Like any good defense attorney, Braun said that Blake couldn't have done it. He denied that Blake had spent an evening with Marlon Brando, and said that all the stories in the tabloids were false. He suggested that a lot of men had been eager to see the last of Bonny. I asked Braun whether a hit man could have killed her while Blake went back to Vitello's to get his gun, and he had a really interesting answer. He said it was possible that Bonny had hired a hit man to kill Blake, and that she was so mean and hateful that the hit man turned on her and killed her. I don't think he really believed what he was saying. I certainly didn't.

There's no actress I'd rather sit next to at dinner than Joan Collins, and I had that great pleasure recently when she was in New York, where she's thinking of moving after she does a play in London. Joan and I go back to the late 50s, when my wife and I were renting the silent-film star Harold Lloyd's beach house in Santa Monica. One day this utterly ravishing creature came off the beach wearing the first bikini I had ever seen and asked if she could use the bathroom. She was under contract to Twentieth Century Fox then. She was also having a major romance with Warren Beatty, and they were the hottest couple in Hollywood. The years go by, and times change. Here we were sitting next to each other 40-some years later. There had been a time when her career was all washed up, but then along came *Dynasty* and a whole second stardom. Joan creates a stir around her. When she walked into Mr. Chow for dinner, everyone stopped talking and stared. She is of the old school that believes a star should always look like a star in public, and she looked like a star that night, wearing a great dress and lots of diamonds. She is hilariously funny, but we talked mostly about serious things. First we discussed the Robert Blake story. "I was in an episode of *Baretta* once, and everyone on the set was afraid of him, he had such a terrible temper. He punched out the wall of his trailer," she told me. And then we got around to the main topic of her life these days.

For 13 years she has had a boyfriend named Robin Hurlstone, an antiques dealer and a classy guy who is greatly liked by all her friends, including me. They seemed like the perfect couple, but she recently broke off with him. What happened was she fell in love, madly, passionately in love, with a man named Percy Gibson, the company manager on her tour of *Love Letters,* the two-character play by A. R. Gurney, in which she starred first with George Hamilton and then with Stacy Keach. Percy is 36. Joan is 68. I never got to talk to Percy, but he was dazzling his dinner companions on the other side of the table, and he and Joan couldn't stop looking at each other. He's one year older than Joan's son, Sacha, with her second husband, Anthony Newley, and Sacha is not pleased with the change of men in his mother's life. Neither are a number of her Hollywood and London friends, who are furious with her for dumping Robin. She named them and told me it bothered her. Then she said, "Listen, I never thought I could feel this way again. You remember me and Warren. It's like that. I just can't let it go. I have to take a chance. People say to me, 'In 10 years you'll be 78.' I don't care about 10 years from now. *Now* is what's important."

I went to a small dinner in Greenwich Village in honor of my sometime difficult pal Mark Fuhrman, who was in town from Idaho to publicize his latest book, *Murder in Spokane,* about a serial killer of at least 18 prostitutes, named Robert Yates, who has just been brought to justice. As Fuhrman did in his last book, *Murder in Greenwich,* about the Martha Moxley murder, he blames terrible detective work for the delay in getting an indictment. He claims the police had enough evidence two years ago to arrest Yates. "The last nine prostitutes didn't have to die, if the Spokane police had followed up on the clues," he told me. Fuhrman had experienced a bummer after being hired by *Good Morning America* as a television commentator to cover the upcoming Michael Skakel trial and then fired a few days later. Because of the racist tag he had acquired during the O. J. Simpson trial, there were complaints from some minority members at the network. He's over that downer, and he was in great form and high spirits the night I saw him. He's going to be the commentator on Court TV when the Skakel trial starts, and he's really excited about his new book, which he wrote with his regular writing partner, Steve Weeks, who was also at the party.

Fuhrman may be a best-selling author these days, and a promising television personality, but first and foremost he's a detective, and always will be. That's the way his mind works. I couldn't let the opportunity pass to tell him some gossip I'd heard about the Skakel case. Apparently, at the time of the murder, a dead apple tree on the grounds of the Skakel estate had been cut down and sawed into logs for burning, but they hadn't as yet been put into the woodshed, or garage, or wherever the groundskeeper kept the firewood. Now a piece of that firewood has allegedly been found in the bowels of the Greenwich Police Station, where it has lain, forgotten, all these years. As I heard the story, on one end of the stick there was a dark, dried-out substance that could have been blood, which may mean that the stick was used as a second murder weapon. The piece of wood had been sent out to a forensic lab, I was told, but I do not know the results of the tests as to whether it was Martha Moxley's blood or not. The information bothered me because I have always believed that a golf club was the sole murder weapon, and I told the story to Fuhrman when we were standing at the bar before dinner. It didn't surprise him that the piece of wood had been left forgotten for decades in the basement of the Greenwich Police Station. He hadn't gotten along well with the Greenwich police when he was investigating Martha Moxley's murder for his book, which, I firmly believe, brought about the grand jury that ultimately indicted Michael Skakel. Now his detective's mind went right to work, and he came up with an explanation I would not have thought of. "[The killer] didn't use it for a weapon to kill Martha," he said. "He killed her with the golf club. That's a fact. He used the stick to poke at her body to see if she was dead." He made the gesture of poking a stick at a body. "That's how the blood got on the end of the stick. There was blood all over her body." The Skakel trial has most likely been postponed until 2002, after the Connecticut Appellate Court agreed to hear an appeal by Michael Skakel, who is hoping to overturn a ruling that he be tried as an adult, since the 40-year-old Skakel was 15 at the time of the murder. If he is tried as an adult, he could face a sentence of 65 years. Poor Dorthy Moxley, doomed to wait another year by her rich former neighbors.

O.J. went on *Extra* to give some unsolicited advice to Blak

I'm in the process of writing a new novel, called *A Solo Act.* It takes place in the same Upper East Side world of Manhattan as my 1992 novel, *People Like Us,* only a decade and a half later. That book got me into a lot of trouble with certain prominent New York figures. There are some repeat characters in the new novel, but most of them are new. I had grown to rely on a character named Gus Bailey as my spokesperson, and I stupidly killed him off in my last novel, *Another City, Not My Own,* in order to rid myself of my obsession with O. J. Simpson. It didn't work, and I missed

Gus. One day I walked into the Madison Avenue Bookshop on the Upper East Side, where the sort of people who are characters in my fiction buy their books. Arthur Loeb, a member of the famous Loeb family, who have long been prominent in the financial, philanthropic, and social circles of New York, owned the shop until very recently and always sat at a desk in the back. The first thing he said to me that day was "*Why* did you kill off Gus Bailey?" I wish I hadn't, I told him; it was a terrible mistake. Then he told me that Arthur Conan Doyle had once killed off Sherlock Holmes, but there was such a public outcry that he brought him back to life. There had been no comparable outcry for Gus, but nevertheless I thought, If Conan Doyle can do it, so can I. Therefore, Gus is alive again, and I am making no explanation whatsoever. This time, Gus is in the Marcel Proust Suite at the Ritz Hotel in Paris when he gets a call saying that an international celebrity has been killed in a terrible fire.

"You remember me and Warren. It's like that. I can't let it go."

There is a ludicrous theory going around that it was not O. J. Simpson but his son Jason, a sous-chef in a restaurant called Jackson's on Beverly Boulevard, who murdered Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman. A book out called *O.J. Is Guilty but Not of Murder,* written and published by a private investigator named William C. Dear, attempts to prove the point. Ron Shipp, a former police officer with the L.A.P.D. and a former close friend of Simpson's, who was a very effective witness against him during the trial, was quoted commenting favorably on the book, and Shipp is furious. He told me he said to Dear, "You know that I know that O.J. did it."

Some of the points Dear raises are indeed stunning. For instance: "Jason had in his possession a set of chef knives when he left Jackson's restaurant at approximately 9:45 on the night of the murders." However, I am not buying into the Jason theory. I don't think that O.J. has it in him to take the rap for anyone. His whole life has been about putting himself first. I've checked with other reporters who sat through the trial, and we are in agreement. I simply cannot believe that he would put himself through the national humiliation that his trial became. He loves fame too much. He may have escaped prison, but he lost what meant more to him than anything else: the roar of the crowd. He wouldn't give that up for anyone.

There was a lot of cleaning up to do after the murder, both at Nicole's place, the scene of the crime, and on Rockingham, where O.J. went to shower and change before getting on a plane to Chicago. Certainly other people helped. There were at least four people who could have helped with the disposal of the murder weapon and the bloody clothes, but from the very beginning I have never veered from my belief that O.J. did it.

Jason Simpson, O.J.'s son from his first marriage, was an odd and charmless fellow. During the trial, it was accepted that he had been on duty at Jackson's the night of the murders. In the criminal-courts building in Los Angeles, there weren't enough elevators for all the people going in and out, so there was always a wait, with people getting mad at one another for cutting into the line. Only once, a few days before the end of the trial, did I get into what I thought was an empty elevator. But then I realized there was another person on it, pressing the button to close the door so that no one else could get



SIREN CALL
Joan Collins and her new boyfriend, Percy Gibson, 36, at a party for her 68th birthday in New York, May 23, 2001.

on. It was Jason Simpson. There was something surly about him. He had none of the charm or looks of his beautiful sister or his handsome father. He never smiled. He never spoke to anyone except his immediate family. When O.J. would look over at his children, Arnelle always smiled and mouthed some loving words. Jason would just stare at his father, and not in a friendly way, at least from my point of view. I wrote at the time that you could tell they had a complicated relationship. That day in the elevator, I decided not to take advantage of the situation, as most reporters would have. I didn't take out my pad and start asking him questions. He hadn't spoken for nine months, so now I decided to snub *him.* Then he said, "How was the dinner at Norman Lear's?" A few nights earlier, I had been to a dinner party at the home of producer Norman Lear and his wife, Lyn, where I had been quite vocal about O. J. Simpson. Suddenly I remembered that I had told an awful story about O.J.'s father—how he left the family because he was gay and had become a drag queen in a club act, which was true but little known. I was stunned that Jason was aware I had been there. "How did you know I was at Norman Lear's?" I asked. "I cooked for the catering service," he replied. I experienced a moment of panic, but just then we came to the ninth floor, where the trial was. The doors opened, and he got out. I followed. We didn't speak again.

Two or three days later, I had a second intimate moment with him, but this one I witnessed from four feet away. It was the morning of the verdict, before the jury came in. They had reached the verdict the day before, in record time. The reporter Shoreen Maghame sat in the first seat of the first row, and I sat next to her. Directly across from us was the entire Simpson family. The ladies were all uniformly dressed in pink. Suddenly, Jason Simpson began to cry. He bent over in two to hide his sobs, then fell to the floor and lay on his back at the feet of his mother, his aunts, and his sister. They tried to comfort him, but he was inconsolable. I have seen only one other man cry like that, and that was Michael Skakel, in the corridor of the courthouse in Stamford last year, after hearing a witness say that he had once admitted that he killed Martha Moxley.

O. J. Simpson must miss the spotlight very much. Recently he went on *Extra* to give some unsolicited advice to Robert Blake. He told Blake not to take a lie-detector test, not to watch the news reports on television, and not to dis his late wife. O.J. has a road-rage trial coming up in Miami. He is charged with burglary of an occupied conveyance, a felony, and with battery for snatching the other driver's glasses, a misdemeanor. A judge has said it could take weeks to find an impartial jury.

"How many people are here, do you suppose?" I asked the lady seated to my left at an Upper East Side dinner party a few weeks ago.

"They usually have 90," she replied, not bothering to look.

Alfred Taubman, the beleaguered for-


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ner chairman of Sotheby's, came up to me it one point. There was a time when Al vas going to sue me because of the above-nentioned novel *People Like Us,* but we got past that and became friends, even hough I had to make a few changes in the novel before its publication. In the pleas-intest way, he told me he thought I was being unfair to Lily Safra in my coverage of Edmond Safra's death. "She didn't have anything to do with this," he said. "I've known her for years." I said, "I didn't say he did." He said, "You insinuated it. I usually agree with what you write, but not on this." What he thinks I think is not what I think. I think it's far too simple to blame the male nurse or the widow, but didn't go into it. I like Al Taubman, who's going through his own hell with the Sotheby's-Christie's scandal, and I admired him for sticking up for his friend Lily. He s an enormously popular man, and all of his friends have been hugely supportive. He told me he had received 250 letters.

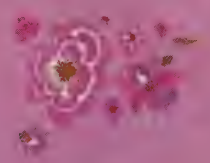
I don't have any Safra updates of consequence this month, but people from all over continue to seek me out, because they like to talk about Lily Safra. There are so many subplots in that story. It turns out that the nephews of Edmond Safra did not know they had been in a will that was changed in the year before Edmond died until they read it in *Vanity Fair.* At least that is what I was told by a heavily accented man claiming to be their emissary who came to see me recently. He thought I could get ahold of a copy of the earlier will, but I don't have that kind of access. I gave him the address of Marc Bonnant, Lily Safra's lawyer in Geneva, but I found out later that Bonnant had not drawn up the new will.

I was nervous having a person I didn't know come into my apartment, because I've alone and my secretary had left for the day. I asked the superintendent if he and another of the men could do some work on my terrace so that they would be out of hearing but in plain sight while the stranger was there. However, nothing untoward happened. In fact, I'm not sure I really understood the point of the visit. "Do you know Marcos in Geneva, the friend of Lily's?" the visitor asked. I told him no. Later I found out he was talking about Ezra Marcos, a Lebanese trustee who had once worked for Joseph Safra in Brazil and had then been sent to Geneva. The thought occurred to me that I might be being cased.

After they had made their presence known on the terrace, Gerry Clark, the super, and Philip Rodriguez went back to their duties downstairs. The super later told me that while my visitor was upstairs with me, an official-looking unmarked car waited in front of the building. A traffic policeman went over to write a ticket, but the driver got out and flashed a badge. The policeman cordially tipped his hat, and the driver got back in the car. Then the emissary who had been in my apartment got into the car, and it drove off. Hearing about it gave me the creeps.

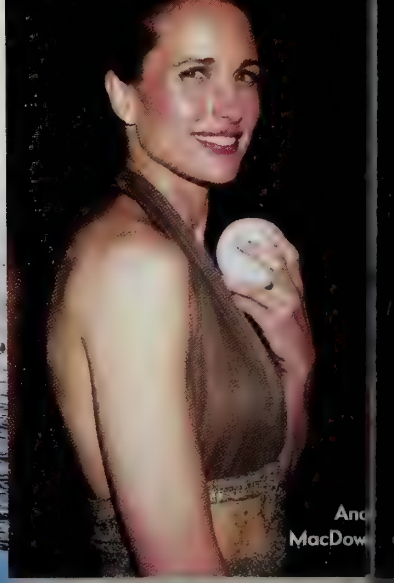
Lily Safra has left New York again, and not a second too soon for one of her neighbors in the same grand building on Fifth Avenue, whom I happened to be sitting next to at dinner one night. "All those guards in the lobby, and you can't park anywhere near the building, because all her cars have taken all the places, and I had to have my driver let me off in the middle of the street, practically, so I could get in," she complained. An international public-relations campaign is under way. Nigel Dempster, in his column in the *Daily Mail,* has been laudatory about Lily Safra's magnificent new mansion in London and has given her a heroine's role on the night of the tragedy. Lily Safra continues to give generously to charity. Manhattan district attorney Robert Morgenthau just announced that she has donated $6 million from the Edmond Safra foundation toward a new auditorium at the Museum of Jewish Heritage in downtown New York. Further, people are saying that she has taken 50 rooms in a hotel in St. Petersburg, Russia, for guests attending the dedication of a restored synagogue in her husband's honor.

Over the rainy Memorial Day weekend, I was sitting under a tent at a country barbecue when a woman came up to my table and said, "Would it be of any interest to you to know that I was Lily Safra's dental hygienist for 13 years?" I have to admit, I couldn't stop laughing, and neither could she or the other people at the table. "I knew her way back when she was still Mrs. Monteverde," she said. "I knew all three of her children, even the one who was later killed in the automobile accident—Claudio. They all came to me. I never met Edmond Safra. Lily had tiny little teeth, but she took very good care of them. She came regularly. The session cost $75, and she sometimes tipped me $300. I couldn't believe it. One time, when I was talking to her during the treatment, I told her that I was going to get married. The first thing she said was 'Where are you registered?' I wasn't registered anywhere, but I said, 'Bloomingdale's.' Nothing ever came. Then the next time she came was the last time I saw her, because I was leaving. She asked, 'Did my secretary ever send you a wedding present?' I said no, but that it didn't matter. She opened her purse and handed me 10 $100 bills. She gave me a thousand dollars for a wedding present! I never forgot her. She was so nice. I hadn't heard about her in all these years, and then I read your story." □


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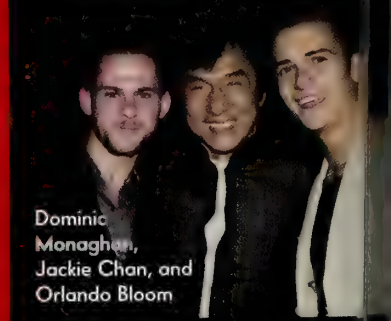
A Riviera sunset, a starlit guest list, the rainbow-hued magic of *V.F.*'s party maestros—the stage was set at the Hôtel du Cap, Eden-Roc, for an evening of divinely Gallic decadence. Jonathan Becker and Richard Young caught the Cannes Film Festival's most glamorous act



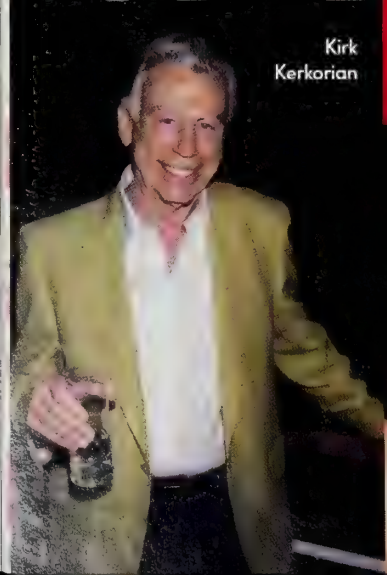
Dia
Von Furstenberg a
Helmut Newt



Dominick Dunne and Nicky Haslam



Dominic
Monaghan,
Jackie Chan, and
Orlando Bloom



Kirk Kerkorian



Natasha Richardson



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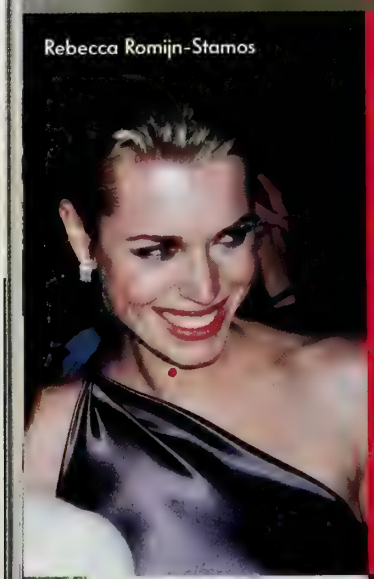




Dominick Dunne and Liv Ullman

Under an ever changing sky and surrounded by an enchanted forest at the Hôtel du Cap, Eden-Roc, in Cap d'Antibes, France, *Vanity Fair* threw the hot party of the 2001 Cannes Film Festival. The same team that creates *V.F.*'s annual Oscar party in Los Angeles flew in from all over to work its magic on the French Riviera and transformed an already breathtaking location into a jaw-dropping scene straight out of a Noël Coward play. Lighting maestro Patrick Woodroffe filled the air with a rainbow of colors, much to the delight of the dinner guests, including Liv Tyler, Ethan Hawke, Kirk Kerkorian, June and Helmut Newton, Natasha Richardson, Bryan Lourd, Julia Ormond, Liv Ullman, Diane Von Furstenberg, Dominick Dunne, and the boys from *The Lord of the Rings*, the most talked-about film of the festival (even though only 25 minutes was shown). The poolside patio was the setting after dinner, where the diners were joined by an equally glamorous group, among them Andie MacDowell, Jackie Chan, and Ethan Coen. Barry Diller changed into shorts as only a billionaire can—on his sailboat, moored off the coast—and as the evening wore on, the guests began tossing glowing bubble lights, spread around the pool like a hallucinogen-induced Easter-egg hunt, into the sea while they danced, drank, mingled, and smoked. This is France, after all. —KRISTA SMITH

Rebecca Romijn-Stamos





Bryan Lourd and Barry D



Elizabeth Saltzman and Christian Louboutin



Marilla Frostrup and Alek Keshishian

Rosanna Arquette and Curtis Hanson

Sean Bean

Chaz and Roger E



Jean-Claude Van Damme

Roc 'n

I love that he knows what kind of day I had just by the way I say "hello."



that certain something™

Dear Dame Edna...

"...which of my favorite outfits is better for marching inconspicuously yet dazzlingly on a warm summer's day..."



Always game for a fresh challenge, tha 21st-century Solomon DAME EDNA EVERAGE bestows her gentl guidance on a moder triangle: a politicia with health and marita woes, a wife who share his public home and a divorcée wh needs help choosin parade outfi

Dear Dame Edna,

I am an uncommonly vigorous public figure. However, this has been, let me make very clear, so you understand me and I don't have to repeat myself, a time of duress for me. I have been having both marital and health problems, but standing by me throughout this difficult period has been one very good friend, a special, beautiful person who has only ever known me as a public figure. Soon, I will be leaving my post and retreating into semi-privacy. I'm all too mindful of the words of my fellow Republican Henry Kissinger, who said, "Power is the great aphrodisiac." Dame Edna, will my very good friend still be a very good friend to me even after the power is gone?

Sincerely, Good-Night Gracie

Dear Good-Night,

Unlikely, I fear. Forgive me, Good-Night, for sounding a bit like my more cynical feminist sisters, but there are some pretty tough girls around who do a serious disservice to the fundamental niceness of our sex. I'm sorry but there are.

Remember, marriage is also an excellent aphrodisiac, and some single women are attracted only to a man wearing a wedding band. It is only when he has parted with several million dollars, three penthouses, two BMWs, a Chagall, a Lichtenstein, and a Lempicka, and when the ring is finally off his finger and he says, "I am all yours at last, darling!" that the minx usually runs a mile. Stay married as long as you can. It's never going to get any better.

Dear Dame Edna,

In recent months I've suspected my husband of sneaking his girlfriend into the large house that he, our children and I still share. One day, in fact, I thought I had her cornered in the guest bathroom but it turned out to be one of my husband's golfing buddies toweling off after a day on the links. I won't mince words; I saw *everything*—the poor fellow was so stunned he was practically oblivious to the fact that his nether parts were jinglejangling right before my eyes. So I ask you (a) if I should send him a note of apology, and (b) am I within my rights to continue to patrol our large house for signs of that hose-monkey's illicit presence?

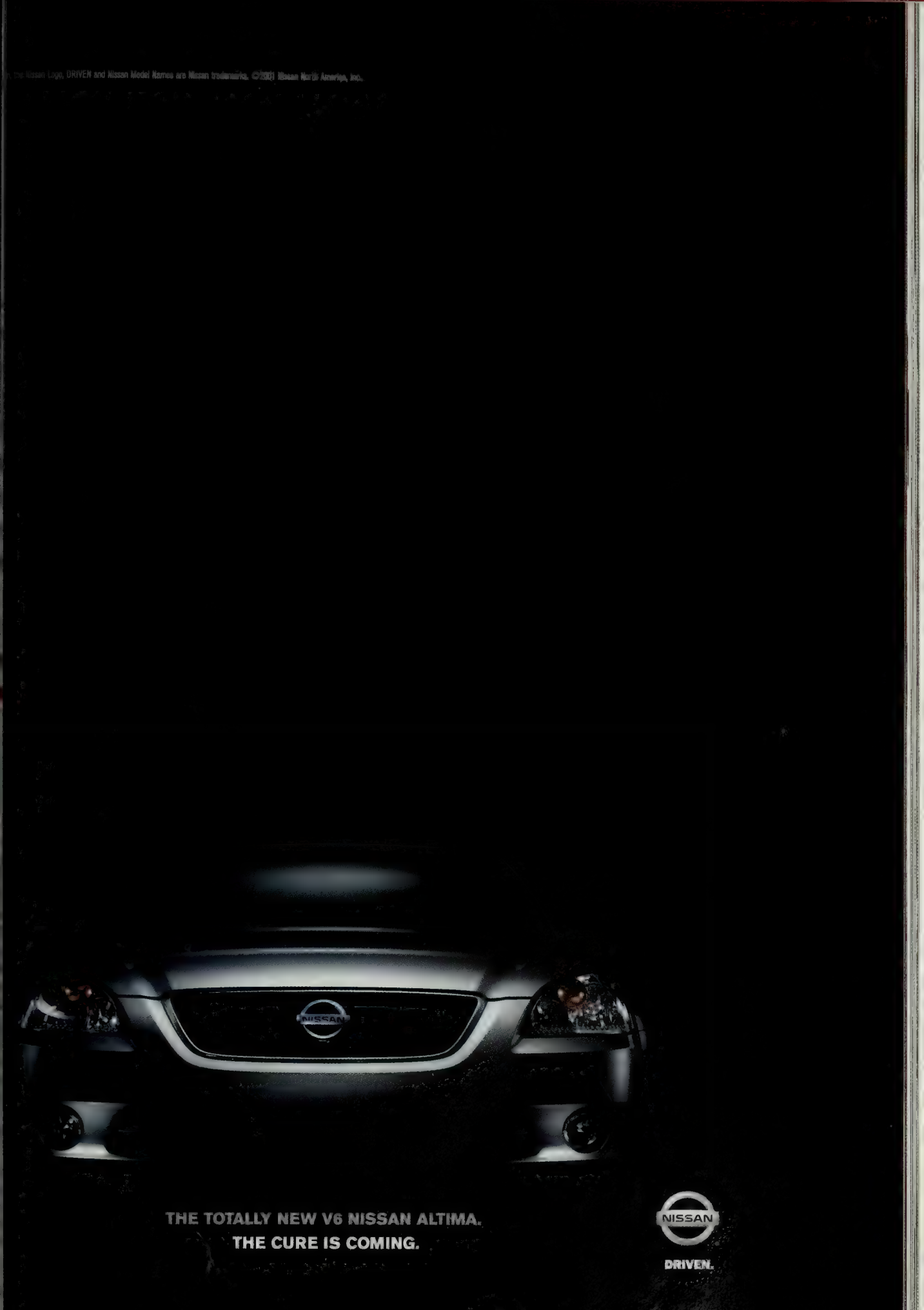
Help, please, House of Pai

Dear Pain,

I can identify with your anguish. I once discovered that my late husband, Norm, was seeing another woman under our very roof and in our bedroom! I actually once came home unexpectedly CONTINUED ON PAGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HILARY KNIGHT

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THE TOTALLY NEW V6 NISSAN ALTIMA.
THE CURE IS COMING.

NISSAN

DRIVEN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 *from one of my fabulous theatrical tours and found them in an extremely intimate situation. Admittedly, Norm was pretty much out of action, hooked up to some rather sophisticated prostatalogical technology, and the woman in question was a flashy young urological nurse who was tinkering with my helpless husband's ducting.*

I could see through his Plexiglas visor that my beloved invalid had a silly smile on his face, so I fired Nurse Eisenhuth on the spot and from then on I made sure his prostate was serviced exclusively by male technicians.

Your self-esteem is obviously very low and you are forgetting that you are at liberty to enter any room in your house without knocking. If you stumble upon naked golfers doing things to themselves it is they who should apologize to you.



As for the intruder whom you describe as your husband's "girlfriend," are you absolutely certain she is not a hard-working urologist on the night shift popping in to collect a routine specimen?

P.S. What is a hose monkey?

Dear Dame Edna,

My newish beau is a powerful man who frequently marches in parades. Sometimes he invites me to march along, which is a hoot for me because I'm really just a private gal who walks her tiny dogs on the street like anyone else, security detail notwithstanding. The problem is, owing to the fact that my guy is still married, I've got to be inconspicuous and march three paces or so behind him. Now, I pride myself on always looking very well "put together," and I want to know which of my favorite outfits is better for marching inconspicuously yet dazzlingly on a warm summer's day—my backless navy halter dress with white lapels from Loehmann's (which looks so kicky with my costume pearls!) or the cornflower-pattern sundress I picked up at Daffy's (which goes perfectly with my wide-brimmed Ascot-style chapeau!)?

Sincerely, East Side Divorcée

Dear East Side,

I've never been a mistress and I hate marching. I know most American women are born twirling batons in pleated white miniskirts, but frankly I don't think I've been in a parade of any kind since I was Queen Nefertiti of the Nile in a former life. Then I wore a simple lime-green G-string, lotus-stained hands, and rouged nipples, an outfit I wouldn't be seen dead or reincarnated in these days.

Think of the outfits favored by other members of the mistress community. I wouldn't recommend the Jessica Hahn look, and you would be foolish to splash out on Monica's little navy-blue dress, as others may have done.

Remember, cast-aside wives always ask the same anguished question: "What does she do that I don't do?" Why not go for the money and get the media really guessing. Slip into your local adult boutique and invest in a black rubber, chrome-studded dominatrix outfit with all the optional extras. The media will love you and even your beau will at last begin to seem interesting.

Dear Dame Edna,

I am increasingly disturbed by the lack of cell-phone etiquette among young people. They answer their tiny phones during dinner parties and office meetings. They shout into them while doing the StairMaster at the gym. Sometimes you even hear the "Grande Valse" go off at the theater! How do you suggest I get them to shut up?

Hung Up, Manhattan

Dear Hung Up,

I agree—those cell phones are a curse, and it is spooky to think that only a few years ago we managed perfectly well without them. However, they are a fact of life I'm afraid, at least until the time comes when they all have to carry a warning from the surgeon general telling us they cause brain rot and earlobe mutation.

Long before people had cell phones, I pioneered the world's first in-purse fax, given to me by Toshiba, and for months I would walk around with yards of thermal paper trailing behind me. But now I have a gorgeous evening cell phone, made especially for me by Van Cleef & Arpels, and I've got another stunning one by Kenny Lane for lunch.

I was at Harry's Bar in London not long ago, where cell phones are banned, and that saturnine old darling Mark Birley, the owner, strode across the restaurant and tetchily asked me what I was doing on the phone. "I'm calling this restaurant, Possum," I exclaimed. "I've been sitting here for half an hour without my cocktail and if it wasn't for this jewel-encrusted instrument I might well die of starvation. Bring me my virgin screwdriver and the beluga soufflé!"

Dear Dame Edna,

My girlfriends and I live in a posh suburban neighborhood. We all enjoy decorating—and redecorating—our lovely homes. Much to my dismay, one friend, who shall remain unnamed, keeps copying my signature touches, such as spriggy floral wallpaper and elaborate window swags. Of course, her results are not as stylish as mine, but I am rather offended. What would you do if you were in my situation?

Imitated but Not Flattered, New Jersey

Dear Not Flattered,

I hate copycats and I am surrounded by them. But you sound comfortably off. Perhaps you could even afford to throw her off the scent by having your home hideously redecorated and secretly live somewhere else. Why not a green-and-yellow tartan wall fabric in the living room, with big, ostentatiously framed and triple-matted Mapplethorpe photos from his unacceptable S&M period, gold picture lights, beige vertical blinds, 70s ceiling spots on dimmers, repro Frank Lloyd Wright dollhouse furniture, and at least one Gallé or Tiffany table lamp. Oh, and a display case crammed with malachite obelisks and a tiny Jim Dine "bathrobe" painting above a Ruhlmann side table groaning with enormous books on Jim Dine.

The only problem you could have is that your friend might copy it exactly and end up in a decorating magazine before you.

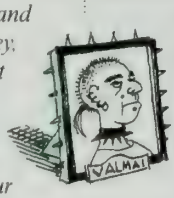
Dear Dame Edna,

I am a lifelong, third-generation Republican who was thrilled to see the Bush dynasty continue. However, I am quite concerned about the next generation. Does President Bush's inability to govern his children reflect on his capacity to govern this country?

Flagging Faith, Philadelphia

Dear Flagging,

Speaking as the mother of a dysfunctional family, I can tell you that what my children get up to is absolutely no fault of mine and no reflection on my exceptional abilities in all fields, including parenting. I carried a burden of guilt for many years when my daughter Valmai was arrested on shoplifting charges, followed by subsequent scuffles with the police at a Dykes-on-Bikes rally (whatever that might be). But I took the problem to the Los Angeles chapter of Mega-Stars Anonymous—an organization which I founded, incidentally—and they all recommended tough love and detachment. Naturally, I would not want to break President Bush's anonymity, but I am sure he has received similar advice in handling his wayward kiddies.



*We movers and shakers cannot be held accountable for the behavior of our attention-seeking, substance-abusing, spill-the-beans-to-the-*National Enquirer *rug rats. If parental ineffectuality is human, then the President is very very human.*

Dame Edna's Final Thought: To the home of a friend the road is never long.

Letters to Dame Edna Everage should be sent c/o *Vanity Fair*, 4 Times Square, New York, New York 10036, or E-mailed to DameEdna@vf.com.

VANITY FAIR agenda

ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION • EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Lap of Luxury

Overlooking Biscayne Bay, the Spa at Mandarin Oriental in Miami was a breathtaking setting for *Vanity Fair*'s April 12 event. More than 400 people attended the elegant party, with models demonstrating some of the Spa's luxurious treatments. Guests received private tours of the Spa and class demonstrations. Others relaxed by the pool and enjoyed cocktails, music, and the spectacular view.





From Top: **Models perform in a yoga class demonstration; Guests enjoy the relaxing ambiance of the Spa at Mandarin Oriental in Miami.**

A Grand Event

On June 2, The Mansion at the MGM Grand opened its doors to *Vanity Fair* for an exclusive cocktail reception. Celebrating the annual JCK trade show in Las Vegas, *Vanity Fair* invited jewelry and watch industry notables to experience this luxurious enclave. Phyllis McGuire and Robert Goulet were among those fascinated by the magic tricks of a sleight-of-hand artist, who made their watches and jewels vanish into thin air.







Left to right: **Sybil Yurman of Yurman Design, Inc., Jim Kerwin of Kerwin Communications, David Yurman of Yurman Design, Inc., Koichi Takahashi of Mikimoto; Phyllis McGuire and Benny Shabtai of Raymond Weil; Stacie Orloff of Corum, Al Rahm of Mayors, Deborah Scarpa of D.J.S. Marketing, Isaac Arguetty of Mayors, Aida Alvarez of Mayors, and Michael Fankhauser of Zenith Watch.**

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VOX® Martini Week

Dirty and dry, shaken and stirred, VOX martinis are a sensation at the nation's hottest restaurants. Ultra premium VOX Vodka redefines the common martini. Give in to the ultimate temptation of VOX Martini Week as it hits the scene in San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Seattle, Boston, Dallas, and Miami through October. Stop by for a taste. Visit www.vanityfair.com for more details. drink smart.



Marshall Field's Fash Bash®

Brooke Shields will join Marshall Field's and *Vanity Fair* to host Marshall Field's Fash Bash®, an annual celebration of haute couture. This extraordinary production raises money to support children's cancer research and the arts, and begins its tri-city tour on August 3 in Minneapolis, before moving on to Detroit on August 10, and Chicago on August 17. As host, Shields will wear a Badgley Mischka design at each event. Guests will enjoy musical performances by Semisonic, Don McLean, and others. In 2001, all event proceeds will benefit The Founders Junior Council of The Detroit Institute of Arts, the Children's Cancer Research Fund of Minneapolis, and the Auxiliary Board and the Evening Associates Board of The Art Institute of Chicago.



Illustration by: **Robert Risko**



Nordstrom welcomes Dominick Dunne

Dominick Dunne drew an eager crowd to the May 2 Nordstrom luncheon in Chicago. More than 200 Nordstrom shoppers and *Vanity Fair* subscribers attended the event at Spiaggia where Dominick entertained with stories about his life and work. Guests enjoyed the chance to talk personally with Dominick, and he signed copies of his celebrated books.

Left to right: **Dominick Dunne and Greg Holland of Nordstrom.**

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS

Internet-stock mania made powerful stars out of Wall Street research analysts such as Mary Meeker, Henry Blodget, and Jack Grubman. Then the techno-bubble burst, and investors who'd followed their advice lost serious money. Now celebrity analysts are facing death threats, investigations, and lawsuits

BY NINA MUNK

In retrospect, the tip-off that the reputations of Wall Street research analysts had become as inflated as the stocks they followed was the April 26 & May 3, 1999, "Money Issue" of *The New Yorker.* Along with a nostalgic essay on pocket change by John Updike and a poem by Richard Wilbur ("The Gambler"), the magazine featured an 11-page profile of a research analyst with Morgan Stanley Dean Witter named Mary Meeker. The article described Meeker, a 39-year-old midwesterner, as plainspoken and unpretentious: she liked to Rollerblade and she hoped one day to marry and have children. It also presented her as one of the most important players in the Internet-stock bubble, aggressively courted by executives, venture capitalists, journalists, and investors. "The forces driving the Internet stock phenomenon remain somewhat mysterious," the writer concluded, less than a year before the bubble burst, "but Mary Meeker has undoubtedly played a crucial role."

Meeker was by no means an unknown. In 1998 she had been featured on the cover of *Barron's* as "Queen of the 'Net" because of her influence on the stocks of such companies as America Online, Yahoo, and Amazon.com. Being in *The New Yorker* was different, though; it established that research analysts had become celebrities of a sort, known not only on Wall Street but also among people interested in John Updike's musings on pennies and nickels.

Jack Grubman, a 47-year-old telecommunications analyst with Salomon Smith Barney, was widely heralded as a "guru" whose predictions, dutifully reported by the media, instantly affected stock prices. ("He's almost a demigod," one worshipful C.E.O. told *Business Week* in May 2000.) Dan Niles, 33, a technology analyst, then with the investment bank Robertson Stephens, was compared by a newspaper reporter to Michael Jordan. Merrill Lynch's entertainment analyst, Jessica Reif Cohen, 45, was "The Queen of All Media," according to *Fortune:* "Reif Cohen's words can instantly add—or subtract—billions in market value."

Before the 1990s, research analysts were neither queens nor demigods, nor even stars. Instead of being featured in the media, they quietly advised clients on the long-term prospects of public companies. However, with the emergence of the bull market of the 1990s, and especially the mania for technology stocks, that all changed. As record numbers of Americans began investing in the market, what counted was not a company's balance sheet



LOSS LEADERS Were they speaking with forked tongues? From left, Mary Meeker, Jessica Reif Cohen, Henry Blodget, Holly Becker, and Jack Grubman.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE



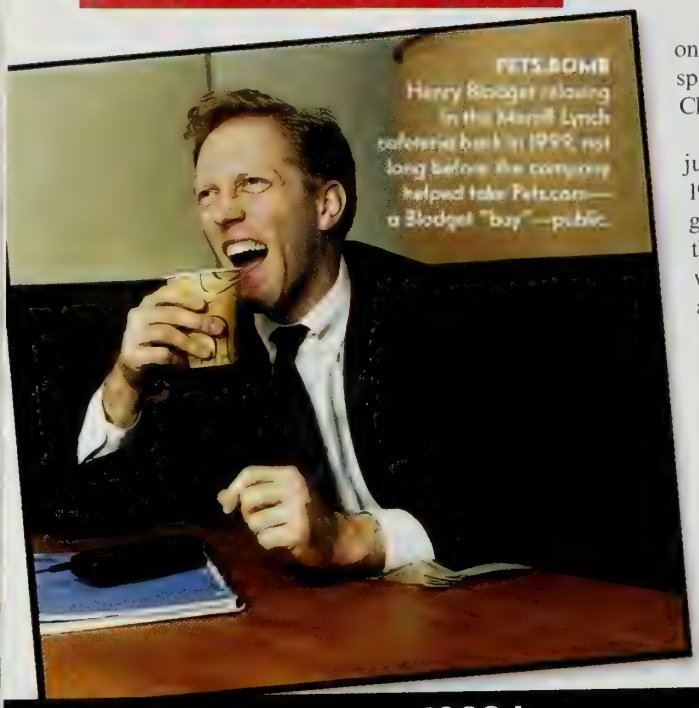
Not much has changed since Don Julio Gonzalez distilled his first tequila over 50 years ago. He still uses the finest blue agave. Still slow-cooks it in traditional masonry ovens. And still bottles it by hand. As for the horse? Let's just say he's moved on to greener pastures.

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PETS.BOMB
Henry Blodget relaxing in the Merrill Lynch cafeteria back in 1999, not long before the company helped take Pets.com—a Blodget "buy"—public.

Blodget became a star in 1998 by announcing that Amazon.com's stock price could so hit $400. "It was like touching a match to a bucket of gasoline," he later said.

but the short-term performance of its stock. Who had time to be patient?

Financial-news outlets—particularly CNBC, the cable network watched obsessively by traders—needed provocative sound bites; analysts whose views could send a stock soaring quickly became media stars. SG Cowen's Thomas Bock made a name for himself in April 2000 by predicting that QXL.com's stock, then trading at $112 (adjusted for splits), would hit $1,665, a prophecy that more than doubled the price of the on-line auction house in a single day. Henry Blodget, then with the second-tier firm CIBC Oppenheimer, became a star in 1998 by announcing that Amazon.com, which was trading at $243, could hit an astonishing $400 within a year. Before that, no one had heard of Blodget. He was 32 years old, a history major from Yale who'd taught English for a year in Japan and worked as a proofreader at *Harper's* before landing on Wall Street in 1994. But his audacious Amazon prediction created a sensation: within three weeks the stock had indeed hit $400—up 65 percent from the day Blodget made his call. "It was like touching a match to a bucket of gasoline," he later told a reporter.

That was then. Now (as of mid-June) QXL.com trades at $2; it never came anywhere near Bock's target price. Amazon.com is down 84 percent since early 2000. Quokka Sports, an on-line sports-information network whose stock Blodget once predicted would hit a split-adjusted $1,250, is in Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

Mary Meeker has done just as badly. In March 1999, her employer, Morgan Stanley, underwrote the I.P.O. of Priceline.com, which sells discounted airline tickets and hotel rooms over the Internet. Despite the company's enormous losses, its I.P.O. was strongly promoted by Meeker. "This is a time to be rationally reckless," she explained to *The New Yorker.* Rational? Not exactly, but reckless she was. Since the *New Yorker* article appeared, Priceline.com's stock price has dropped 96 percent. Yahoo, the Internet portal, was another stock favored by Meeker and underwritten by Morgan Stanley; it is down 92 percent since reaching its peak in January 2000. As for Jack Grubman, the "demigod," in November 1999 he advised investors to buy AT&T, then $57 a share, predicting the stock would soon reach $75. One year later, he changed his mind. Too late: AT&T was at $29.

So what's the bottom line, as they say in the trade? Investors lost huge sums of money by following the advice of so-called celebrity analysts; the analysts, meanwhile, got famous and rich. "They get paid a ton of money," notes a New York hedge-fund manager. "But they don't take any risk."

Other than the risk of losing their reputation. Nowadays it's hard to find anyone willing to say anything kind about analysts. "You should talk about what assholes they are," one money manager advised me. "They walked all over people for two years. They believed their own bullshit." Written with a rearview mirror, a May 2001 *Fortune* cover story, "Where Mary Meeker Went Wrong," names the analyst "the single most powerful symbol of how Wall Street can lead investors astray." Michael Wolff, the media columnist for *New York* magazine, recently observed that "Mary Meeker seems almost demented."

Small and naïve investors are outraged. "I think these analysts are just used-car salesmen in a new field," reads one typical posting on an Internet message board. At least two prominent analysts, Dan Niles of Lehman Brothers and Jonathan Joseph of Salomon, have received death threats, presumably from investors. Henry Blodget, now "the clown prince of 'Net analysts," according to a recent article in the *New York Post,* is being sued for fraud. In Washington, Representative Richard Baker, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Capital Markets, has launched a congressional investigation of analysts; specifically, he wants to know if some manipulated the market for their own gain. New York State's attorney general is studying conflicts of interest among analysts. And the Securities and Exchange Commission is looking into possible unethical conduct by analysts who may have received pre-I.P.O. shares in companies they covered.

Which leads us to the heart of the matter: many of the picks and predictions of analysts weren't just dead wrong—they were compromised. As long as they made money, few investors bothered to consider that Meeker, Blodget, Grubman, and the other superstar analysts were no longer objective observers of the market: they were insiders with inherent conflicts of interest, making money for themselves and their firms by promoting their banks' clients, bringing in deals, pushing big I.P.O.'s, and even owning shares in the companies they covered and recommended. The official position of investment banks is that a "Chinese wall" separates their research and banking departments. Unofficially, everyone knows the wall crumbled long ago. Meeker, for one, had earned big fees for helping to take Yahoo and Priceline.com public. It was in her and other analysts' interest to drive stock prices up. Which is to say that analysts and stock promoters may have become one and the same—shills, either directly or indirectly.

"Wall Street tends to have fairly flexible mores," notes a New York hedge-fund manager. "But a lot of people from the outside, seeing what some analysts did, would say it's deeply wrong, it's borderline criminal. No one expects bankers to be anything but myopic and greedy, but analysts have a duty, and they failed, failed miserably."

Not that this was a secret. Only the most credulous could not have been aware that


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Meeker and other analysts were serving interests different from the investors' own. But in a market where seemingly everyone was making gobs of money, who cared?

As professionals on Wall Street know, analysts rarely issue "sell" recommendations. Why? Because the company concerned could get petulant. Which, in turn, could have repercussions: (a) the company could cut off the analyst's access to information; (b) the company could refuse to do its investment banking with the analyst's employer; (c) the analyst could get fired for undermining one of his firm's important clients. "The safe route is to shut up, take the press release on quarterly earnings, get guidance from the C.F.O., and put it out in a report," says a Connecticut money manager. "The best thing to do is just keep a 'buy' rating on the stock."

euphemisms such as "neutral" and "hold" are preferred. This is one reason why Lehman Brothers bond analyst Ravi Suria attracted so much attention in June 2000 when he bluntly warned that Amazon.com was running out of cash and might never be profitable.

When an analyst thinks a stock is in trouble, he rarely puts his thoughts in his reports, which are typically E-mailed to investors. Instead, he personally telephones his top clients—big institutions such as mutual funds, pension funds, and hedge funds—to pass on his concerns. Small investors are shut out of the inner circle. "What analysts tell me is completely different than what they're writing," explains one money manager. As an example, he recounts a recent conversation with an analyst at a prominent firm about a stock that the analyst had recommend-

by investment bankers with comparable experience; a top analyst at a top firm could pull in $1 million, but no more. Using dry, precise language and complex math, they wrote detailed reports analyzing the prospects of public companies. Their reports were then sent out—by mail, with stamps—to pension-fund managers and other clients. Now and again, analysts were quoted in the business press, but in the same colorless way that mid-level bureaucrats might appear in an article about State Department policy.

Because commissions on stock trades were high, and fixed, money was generated by high-quality research that attracted clients to an analyst's brokerage firm. But this all began to change in 1975, when the securities business was deregulated: the result, over the next 20 years, was that commissions on stock trading

"The corruption is so unavoidable, analysts are almost blasé about it. It's like, 'Look, you know I'm corrupt, I know I'm corrupt, so let's cut the crap,'" says one money man

This is not news. Back in 1990, Marvin Roffman, an analyst with Janney Montgomery Scott, said that Donald Trump's new Taj Mahal casino in Atlantic City wouldn't make enough money to cover the interest payments on its junk bonds. Trump, being Trump, threatened a "major" lawsuit. Roffman sent Trump a letter of apology, but he retracted it the following day. Then he was fired. "They're lucky," Trump told a reporter a few months later, referring to Janney Montgomery. "They got rid of a bad analyst, a man with little talent."

As Roffman predicted, Trump's Taj Mahal casino defaulted on its junk-bond payments in 1991. In an arbitration case, Roffman was awarded $750,000 from Janney Montgomery; his defamation suit against Trump was settled for an undisclosed amount.

It's not an isolated story, the firing or intimidation of an analyst for issuing a negative recommendation. More recently, an internal J. P. Morgan memo, which was leaked to the press this past March, reminded the firm's analysts that any changes in stock recommendations must first be vetted by the company in question as well as by Morgan's own investment-banking department. So much for analysts' supposed independence. Perhaps this is why, out of the tens of thousands of analysts' recommendations floating around at any one time, somewhere between 0.3 and 0.8 percent are "sells," depending on who's doing the counting. At some banks, the word "sell" is not even part of their vocabulary. Instead, polite

ed in a report. "I said, 'I'm looking at it as a short,'" the hedge-fund manager recalled, meaning that he believed the stock was likely to tank. "He said, 'Yeah, it could be a short.' And I said, 'But you've got a "buy" on it!'" As another money manager put it, "The corruption is so unavoidable, the analysts are almost blasé about it. It's like, 'Look, you know I'm corrupt, I know I'm corrupt, so let's cut the crap.'"

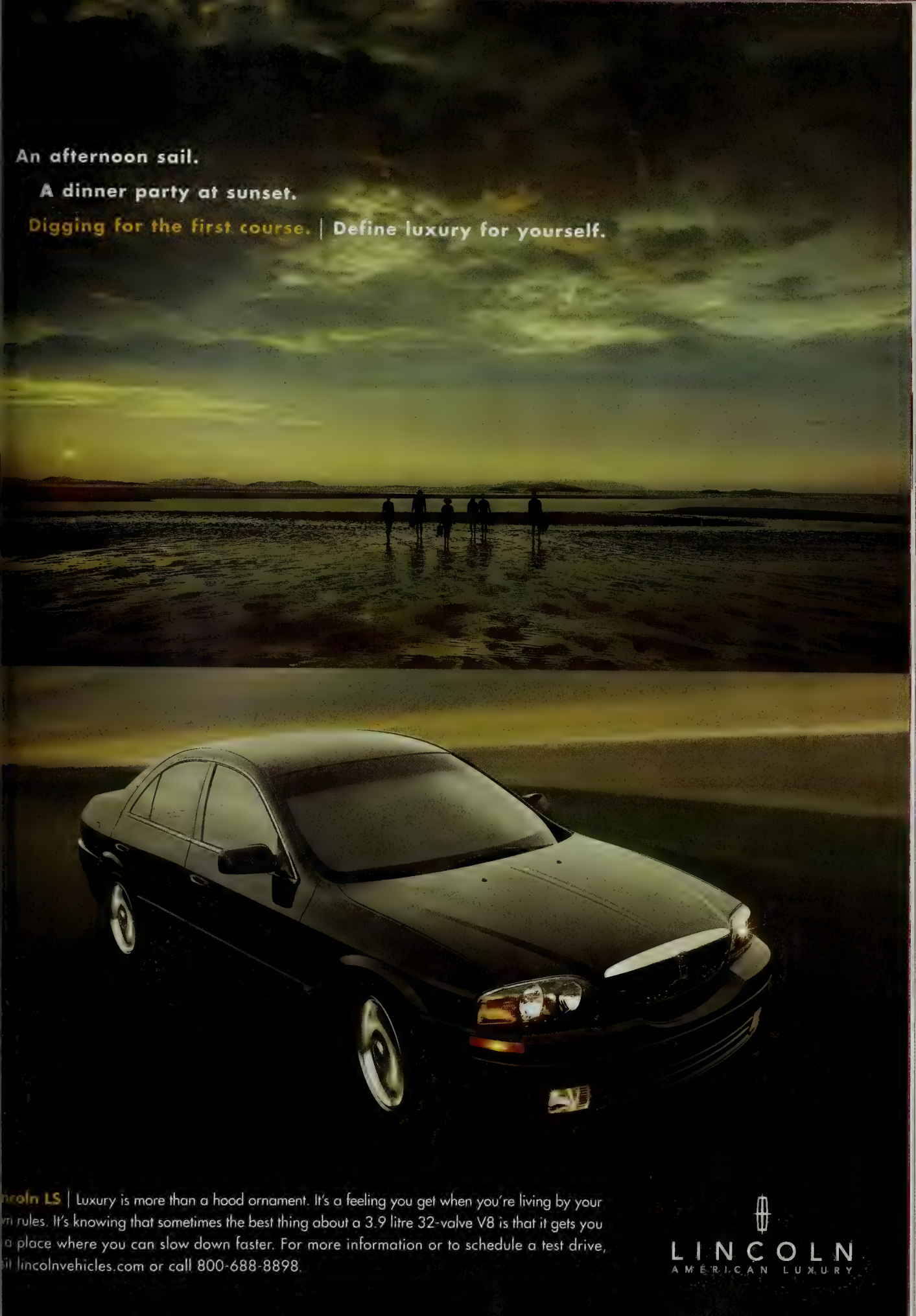
Here's another open secret about Wall Street analysts: they're bad stock pickers. Big institutional investors know that, which is why Fidelity Investments, with about $800 billion invested in its mutual funds, and California Public Employees' Retirement System, the huge pension fund better known as CalPERS, have teams of in-house analysts whose job is not to promote themselves by making media appearances, or to attract underwriting deals. Their sole job is to analyze public companies, dispassionately.

Once upon a time, that is what all analysts did. They were the academics of Wall Street: poorly paid, unglamorous, respectable if not always respected. "To be an analyst in research—only retards and losers went there. You know, guys from tier-two schools," remarks someone who joined Salomon's mergers-and-acquisitions department in 1992 and now runs a hedge fund. Most analysts were then earning salaries in the neighborhood of $150,000 to $200,000, a fraction of the money made

dropped 80 percent and research reports no longer paid for themselves. Today the big fees are made from investment-banking services—mergers, acquisitions, and initial public offerings, for example. Thus, for an analyst to justify his paycheck, he has to sell himself and his firm, persuading the companies he supposedly covers dispassionately to do business with his firm. In a sense, analysts have become marketing tools—the Betty Crockers, Uncle Bens, and Tony the Tigers of Wall Street. Depending on their range of influence, the top analysts now easily command $5 million a year, and, in the case of Grubman or Meeker, as much as $25 million.

Those are investment-banker salaries, and that's what analysts have essentially become.

"Stock picking is one of the least important things that an analyst does. At the end of the day, our clients make their own decisions. We just provide them with information," Holly Becker, Lehman Brothers' 34-year-old senior Internet analyst, told me. It's a telling remark, seeing as Becker is best known for her stock picks; she's famous for turning negative on Yahoo and Amazon last summer—months after those stocks had started their fall but ahead of most of her colleagues. What's more, in early April, just two weeks before I spoke to her, Becker was in the news again for her call on Yahoo, but this time it was a "buy" recommendation that sent the stock soaring 23 percent in a single day. (LEHMAN'S BECKER UPGRAD



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YAHOO! INC., screamed a headline in *The Wall Street Journal.* BUT BIGGEST BOOST MAY BE TO HER CLOUT.) With her three-year, guaranteed-$5-million-a-year contract with Lehman, what does Becker consider to be an analyst's most important qualities? Lots of energy, the ability to work well with people, and good juggling skills are three she mentions.

I see just what she means during my visit to Merrill Lynch's star media-and-entertainment analyst, Jessica Reif Cohen. It's eight o'clock in the morning. Reif Cohen, who's been at the game for 18 of her 45 years, is desperately hurrying to downgrade a company's stock before the market opens, and, since the company has already announced a disastrous first quarter, she's annoyed she didn't downgrade sooner. Yelling into the phone ("We're downgrading.... We've got to get this done A.S.A.P.") and goading a junior analyst ("You need to get this paperwork in *now;* they're changing the rating *now*"), she's also checking E-mails on her Blackberry pager and answering calls from important clients ("My guess is the stock gets cratered today"). She barely notices my presence ("I'm sorry, who are you?").

Stacks of books, binders, and spiral-bound documents block the three windows in her office. She looks surprisingly composed for someone who got up at 4:30 A.M., went to the gym, made her four-and-a-half-year-old daughter breakfast, read the *Journal* front to back, and arrived at work by 7 A.M. Her brown hair is perfectly styled, her makeup is well in place, her nails are lacquered pale pink. As if it were still the 80s, she's wearing an expensive black suit with soft ruffles at the lapel, a gold Cartier Panthère watch with matching Cartier bracelets, a heavy gold choker, and, on each hand, an emerald-and-diamond ring.

Asked about the current demonizing of research analysts, Reif Cohen puts down the phone for the briefest moment: "It's almost like a stock. Things tend to swing a little too much one way, and then they swing back. No analyst has ever been 100 percent right." Reif Cohen has been lucky: she hasn't been called out on any obvious conflicts of interest (it helps that she's not an Internet analyst but covers less volatile companies like Viacom and Disney). But even she concedes that a tension is always there. "A lot of analysts write one thing and say another because they're afraid of the company. Realistically, you should be consistent, but it's difficult to do."

Suddenly, she remembers a 9:15 meeting she'd scheduled in Midtown. She calls out to her assistant: "Helen! Helen!" There's no reply. Reif Cohen returns to the topic. "You could be a perfect stock picker and not do well in this business. You need to handle institutional buyers, salespeople, bankers. An analyst's goal should be to ring as many cash registers as possible—and to have integrity." Talking to me does not ring cash registers. Helen! Helen! "We need the car now!"

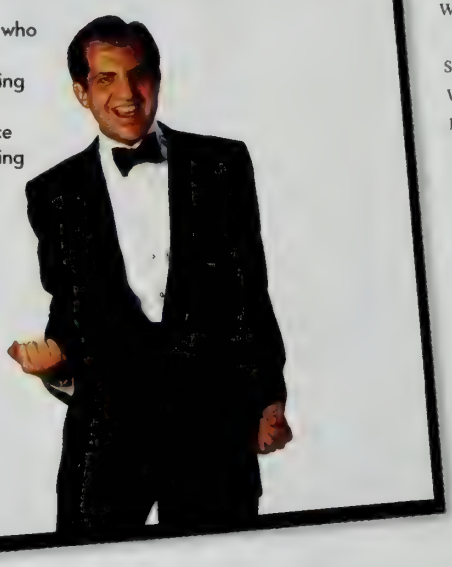
Just a few months ago, in April and May, some of the angriest postings on Internet message boards were directed at Jack Grubman, the powerful telecommunications analyst with Salomon Smith Barney. For the past four years, Grubman, 47, has been ranked the No. 1 analyst in his sector by the trade publication *Institutional Investor.* He earns a reported $25 million a year. Nevertheless, Grubman is now under attack. "Grubman is a f#*%ing crook," reads a message on Yahoo Finance, complaining about his "buy" recommendation maintained on a company that recently went bankrupt.

Grubman grew up in a blue-collar neighborhood in northeast Philadelphia. Ambitious and smart, he won a national math award in high school and went on to earn his undergraduate degree in math at Boston University. Wanting to be a professor, Grubman went to graduate school at Columbia University; after getting his master's degree in 1977, he joined AT&T, where he built economic models forecasting the impact of deregulation and the demand for long-distance service.

In 1985, Grubman was hired as a research analyst at PaineWebber; nine years later, in 1994, he joined Salomon. Admired then for his straight talk, he seemed to be independent, incorruptible. One of his best-known stock calls was on his former employer: in 1995 he turned on AT&T, downgrading his recommendation on its stock from a "buy" to a "neutral"—Wall Street code for "sell." It was a good call: AT&T's stock performed poorly.

During the next few years, AT&T executives kept meeting with Grubman, hoping to change his mind, but he held his ground. Thus, when he changed tack in late 1999, it raised suspicion on Wall Street. Here's the story: Having announced that it was spinning off its giant wireless division, AT&T was busy shopping for investment banks to take the spin-off public. That I.P.O. would be the biggest in history, selling $10 billion worth of shares to the public, and generating an astonishing $300 million in fees for the underwriters. In November 1999, Grubman changed his rating on AT&T from "neutral" to "buy." A few months later, in February 2000, Salomon Smith Barney was chosen—along with Goldman Sachs and Merrill Lynch—to be a lead underwriter of the spin-off, AT&T Wireless.

"The only way to view Grubman is that he makes price predictions based on INCOME," reads a posting from someone who followed the analyst's advice. **"HIS and not yo**



CALL ME Jack Grubman, who earlier this year was recommending Winstar even as the phone-service supplier was sliding into bankruptcy.

If Grubman's "buy" rating seemed fishy to some people, it wasn't the end of the affair by any means. Within a year, between November 1999 and November 2000, the price of AT&T's stock had dropped by half. As for AT&T Wireless, on going public in April 2000, a record percentage of its shares were bought by small investors, among them 57,000 loyal and trusting AT&T employees. From an I.P.O. price of $29.50, AT&T Wireless climbed to $36 two days later, whereupon it started on a downward spiral. As this story goes to press, the stock is at


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$16, representing a huge (paper) loss for shareholders—including loyal and trusting AT&T employees.

AT&T is only one of Grubman's failed prophecies; a company called Winstar Communications is another. Winstar offers local phone and Internet service to businesses, but what it does isn't really important. What matters is this: until the beginning of 2001 it was one of Wall Street's hottest companies, with backers that included Microsoft, Credit Suisse First Boston, Lucent—and Jack Grubman. Right up to the time Winstar filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection on April 18, 2001, Grubman was one of the company's ardent promoters; Salomon last year helped Winstar sell $1.2 billion worth of junk bonds.

The company had been in trouble for a while, with investors worried that it was running out of money. From a high of $66.50 in April 2000, the stock had fallen to $20 by late January 2001. Short-sellers were certain the company was going farther south. But on March 9, with the stock now at $9.94, Grubman was still enthusiastic. He blamed rumors of the company's impending demise on short-sellers and insisted the stock was worth $50. "We continue to believe that WCII remains well funded into 2002," he wrote in an early-morning research note, referring to Winstar by its stock symbol. "WCII continues to remain one of our favorite names in its space and [we] would be buyers at these levels—nearly their 52-week low."

Five days later, with Winstar at $7.69, another analyst, Mark Kastan of Credit Suisse First Boston, reiterated his "strong buy" rating on Winstar, prophesying that the stock would reach $79. His report goes: "On Tuesday March 13, we attended a well-attended, upbeat investor meeting with the WCII senior management team. . . . The WCII management effectively laid to rest many of the recent concerns that we have been hearing from investors." No surprise there: the private-equity division of Kastan's firm had invested $511 million in Winstar; the company had also partnered with Salomon on Winstar's junk-bond issue.

To be fair, some analysts at other big banks with no dogs in this particular hunt were equally optimistic. But six weeks after Kastan's cheerful report, Winstar filed for bankruptcy protection. Delisted from the NASDAQ exchange on April 26, Winstar now sells for pennies a share on what are known as "pink sheets"—a market for highly speculative junk stocks. Since April 2000, $6 billion in shareholder value has been lost in Winstar.

"I guess the only way to view Grubman is that he makes his price predictions based on INCOME," reads a posting on an Internet message board from someone who followed the analyst's advice on Winstar. "HIS and not yours!"



SAY BUY-BUY Two years ago, Mary Meeker urged investors to be "rationally reckless." One columnist now [illegible] her "almost [illegible]"

As stocks climbed, more and more Americans became convinced: investing was easy. They opened on-line trading accounts and watched CNBC. They also trusted analysts.

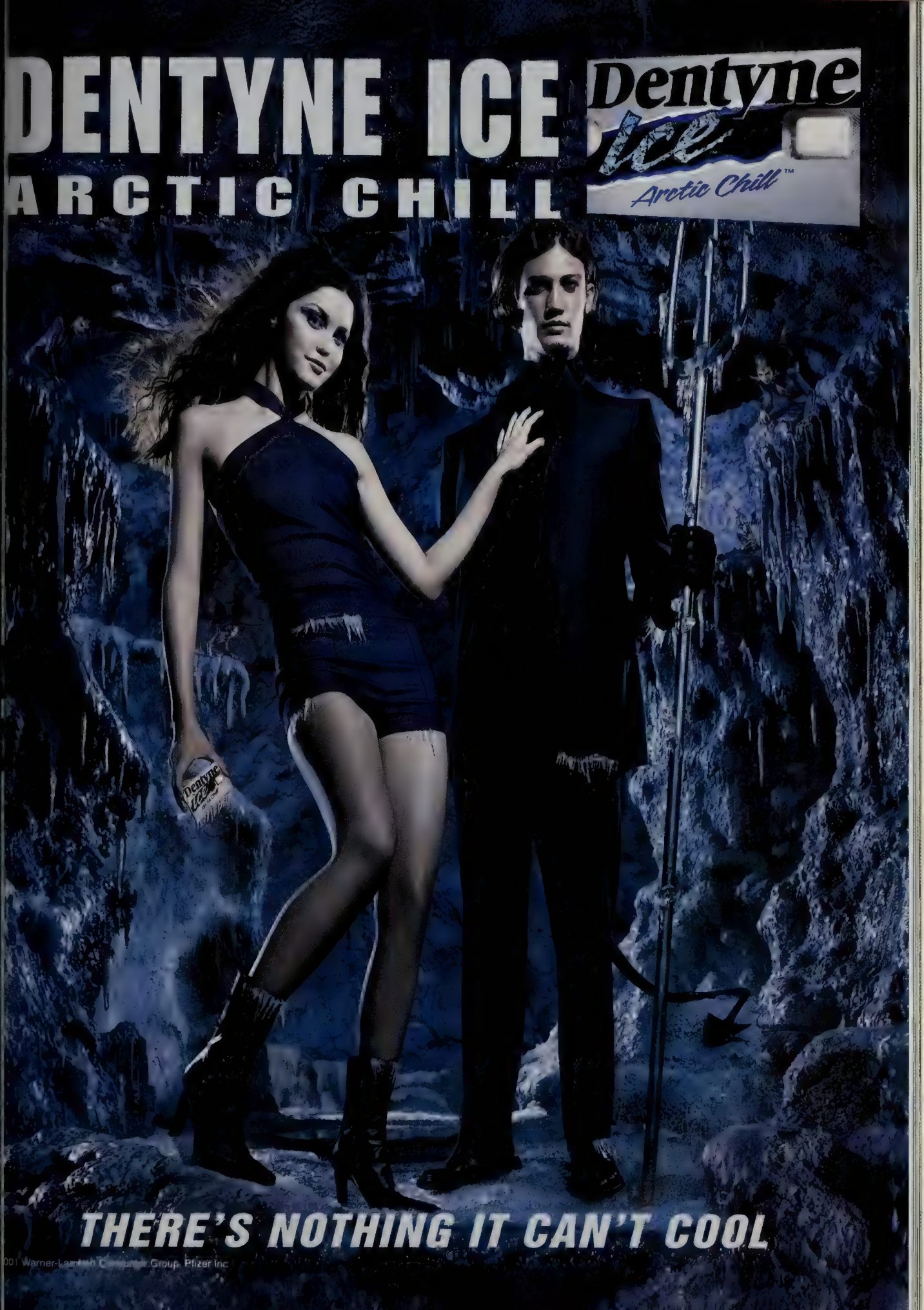
Few analysts have done a better job at self-promotion than Henry Blodget. In early 1999, shortly after his career-making call on Amazon.com, he was offered somewhere in the range of $4 million to become Merrill Lynch's top Internet analyst. Like Mary Meeker and Jack Grubman, he was expected to do more than write research reports; he had a duty to persuade Internet companies to steer their I.P.O.'s straight to Merrill Lynch.

Hundreds of I.P.O.'s were looking for underwriters, and underwriters were looking for I.P.O.'s. As stocks of Internet companies took off, few candidates were rejected outright. One of Blodget's errors in judgment was promoting the I.P.O. of Pets.com, the on-line pet-supply store. With Blodget's employer, Merrill Lynch, leading the I.P.O., Pets.com went public in February 2000, a month before the stock market peaked, selling shares worth $82 million, and earning Merrill close to $5 million in fees. Blodget, as is customary for an analyst leading an I.P.O., initiated his coverage of Pets.com with a "buy" recommendation. Then, over the following six months, with the market crumbling, and despite Pets.com's mounting losses, he issued three more positive research reports on the company, each time reiterating his "buy" recommendation and insisting the stock would soon surge.

By August 2000, the Dow Jones Composite Internet Index was down 44 percent from its peak in March. That month, Blodget finally gave up: in a single day he downgraded 11 of the 29 stocks he was tracking, including Pets.com. By that point, everyone knew that Internet stocks were dead anyway. ("Now he tells us," began an article in *The Wall Street Journal* about Blodget's change of heart.) Pets.com, which had gone public at $11, was down to $1.44; three months later the company was out of business. Blodget's other downgrades were equally after the fact: eToys had dropped 95 percent from its 52-week high when he downgraded it (it too is now out of business); Barnes & Noble.com was down 84 percent. Investors who had followed Blodget's advice to "buy" this or that dead horse may have been wiped out, but Merrill Lynch filled its coffers. Between 1997 and 2000 it earned fees of $100 million on Internet I.P.O.'s, including those of eToys and Barnes & Noble.com.

Before the bull market of the 1990s, most small investors left their money in the hands of professionals; they invested in mutual funds and focused on long-term results. But as stocks climbed, more and more Americans became convinced they were smarter than money managers. Investing was easy! They opened on-line trading accounts, watched CNBC, swapped stock tips in Internet chat rooms, invested in I.P.O.'s, and, aspiring to be day traders, slid in and out of stocks. They also trusted research analysts.

Which brings us, in this morality play, to one of Blodget's "victims": a pediatrician from Jackson Heights, Queens, named Debasis Kanjilal. Having set up a brokerage account at Merrill Lynch, Kanjilal started buying stocks in CONTINUED ON PAGE 113


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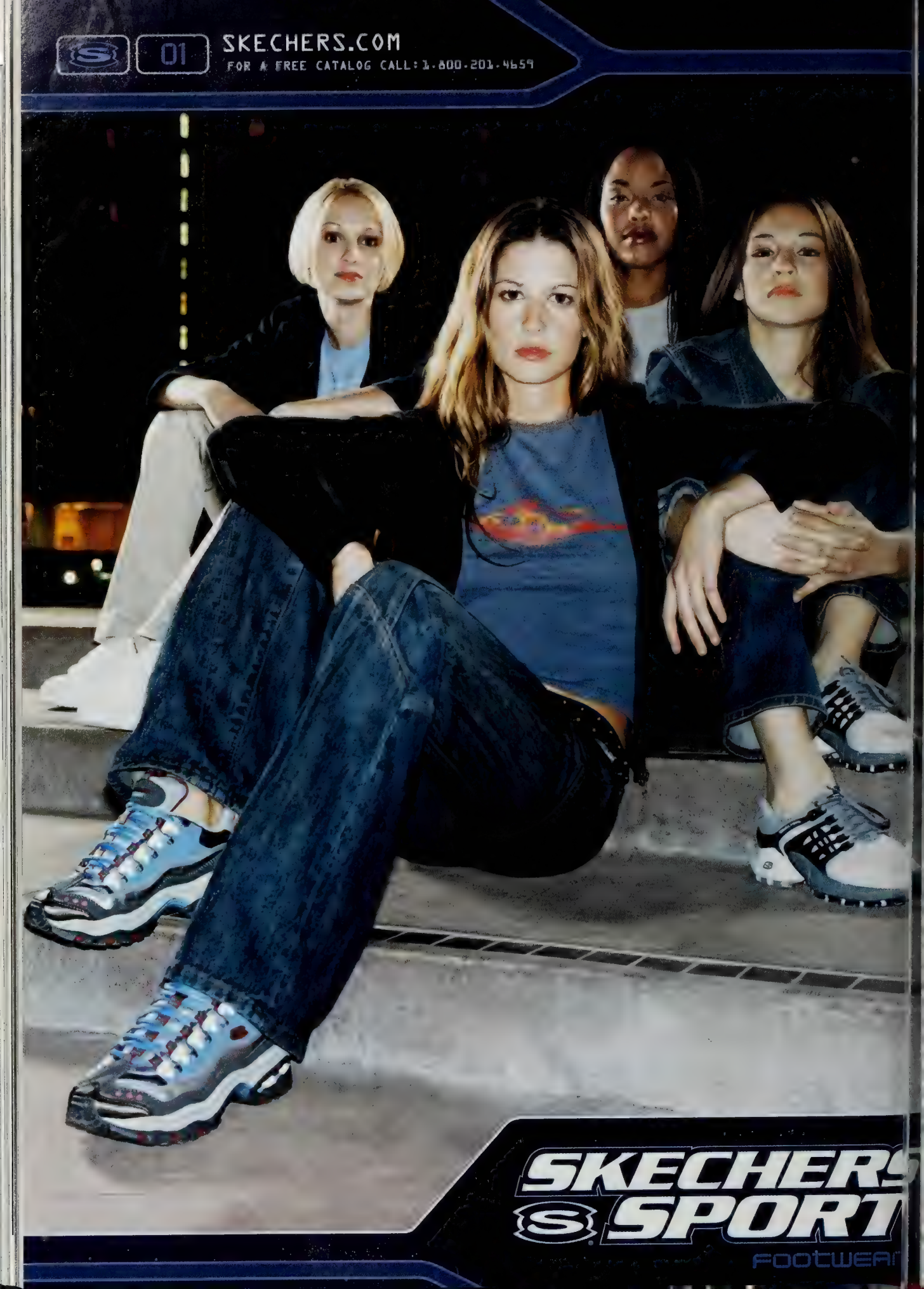
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108 1996, investing $250,000 in such companies as General Electric, IBM, Citibank, Microsoft, Chase, and AOL. He did very well at first. By the beginning of 2000, with all his money then invested in just two stocks, Microsoft and AOL, his Merrill Lynch account was worth $1.2 million. Kanjilal felt it was time to diversify. By his account, Michael Healy, Kanjilal's broker at Merrill, suggested he buy two stocks: InfoSpace (which supplies Web sites with news, stock quotes, search engines, and so on) and JDS Uniphase (a manufacturer of fiber-optic components).

So Kanjilal sold his positions in AOL and Microsoft, investing $571,200 in InfoSpace and $481,343 in JDS. At the time, Blodget rated InfoSpace a "buy"; the company was included on Merrill's "Favored 15" list of most-recommended stocks. As for JDS, it too was a "buy"; Merrill telecom analyst Tom Astle predicted that the stock, then trading in the mid-$100s, would go to $200. You know what happened next.

As the market plummeted, Kanjilal became rattled, calling his broker nearly every day, sometimes twice a day. What particularly distressed him, he told me, was that the C.E.O.'s of both InfoSpace and JDS were dumping millions of dollars' worth of shares in their own companies, even as he was being advised to buy them. Not that Merrill Lynch told him about the selling by insiders (which, as long as it's reported to the S.E.C., is legal, but viewed as a bad sign by the market); Kanjilal found out about it by doing research on-line. Nor did Merrill tell him that it was working as an adviser to a company InfoSpace was acquiring. When he intended to sell his shares in the company, Kanjilal reports, his broker talked him out of the idea, reassuring him that Merrill's analysts remained bullish. One time Kanjilal demanded to speak with Blodget. "No," his broker replied, according to the legal documents filed for Kanjilal's pending arbitration case against Merrill Lynch and Blodget. "He is a big shot. He is like a general in the army."

Kanjilal, who moved here from Calcutta in 1981, lives inconspicuously, frugally. He, his wife, Debjani, and their two teenage children rent a four-room apartment for $1,400 a month. They own a car—a Nissan Maxima bought three months ago to replace a Toyota Corolla they drove for 14 years. Once a year they go on vacation. But mostly the 47-year-old Kanjilal works. In the evenings, after returning home from Elmhurst Hospital Center, a public hospital in Queens, Kanjilal writes study guides for physicians preparing for medical-board exams. Mornings are devoted to his stock portfolio.

Last year, as he was losing thousands of dollars every day on InfoSpace and JDS, Kanjilal would rise at 4:30 A.M. to research stocks on the Internet. Throughout the summer, as those stocks continued hitting new lows, he began phoning his broker at seven A.M. "I was very concerned," Kanjilal recently told me. "I called my broker. He told me, 'Nothing to worry!' I would get weekly research reports from Merrill Lynch by mail—the target price on InfoSpace was $100. But it was falling and falling. I kept calling my broker: 'What is going on?' He said, 'It'll bounce back up.' So I waited and watched. When it came down to $50, still Blodget's target was $100. . . . They're telling me, 'Sit tight, nothing to worry.' So I said, Merrill Lynch is the best; they know what is right."

On December 11, Blodget finally downgraded InfoSpace. By then, the stock was at $11, having dropped 92 percent since Kanjilal, on Blodget's recommendation, had bought it. JDS had fallen by 57 percent. In less than a year, Kanjilal's $1.2 million portfolio had shrunk to $95,000. "Mr. Kanjilal was an experienced investor who made his own investment decisions," insists a Merrill Lynch spokesman. (Had he held on to his AOL and Microsoft shares, his portfolio would now be worth about $500,000.)

At the time, Kanjilal confronted his broker: "How can [Blodget] be one of the best Internet analysts when his recommended stocks went down the tubes?" According to legal documents, the broker replied matter-of-factly, "Doctors kill their patients too."

On Wall Street, scandals come and scandals go, and nothing ever happens, much. When Kanjilal's arbitration case against Henry Blodget and Merrill Lynch goes to trial early next year, its outcome may or may not alter the way analysts report on public companies. And in Washington, congressional hearings may lead to regulations that would require analysts to disclose their conflicts of interest. Last month, a trade group, the Securities Industry Association, issued toothless guidelines meant to bolster analysts' integrity—guidelines the big investment banks claim they already follow. Perhaps the S.E.C., which is threatening to look at the absence of integrity in research departments, will stir things up. But this much is certain: the era of celebrity analysts is over.

Jack Grubman, who declined to be interviewed for this article, has quietly lowered his public profile. Blodget, now advised not to speak to the press because of his legal trouble with Dr. Kanjilal, told *The Wall Street Journal* earlier this year that he's endured so much abuse he feels like a "piñata." Just last month, he suffered another whack for turning negative on a company called GoTo.com only hours after his firm, Merrill Lynch, was shut out of a GoTo.com underwriting deal. (A pure coincidence, claimed Merrill.) Back in October 1999, at the peak of Internet mania, he announced he was writing a book for Random House, which, according to his editor, would explain why "all of this market madness actually makes sense." Now, perhaps unable to make sense of the madness after all, Blodget's book has been delayed.

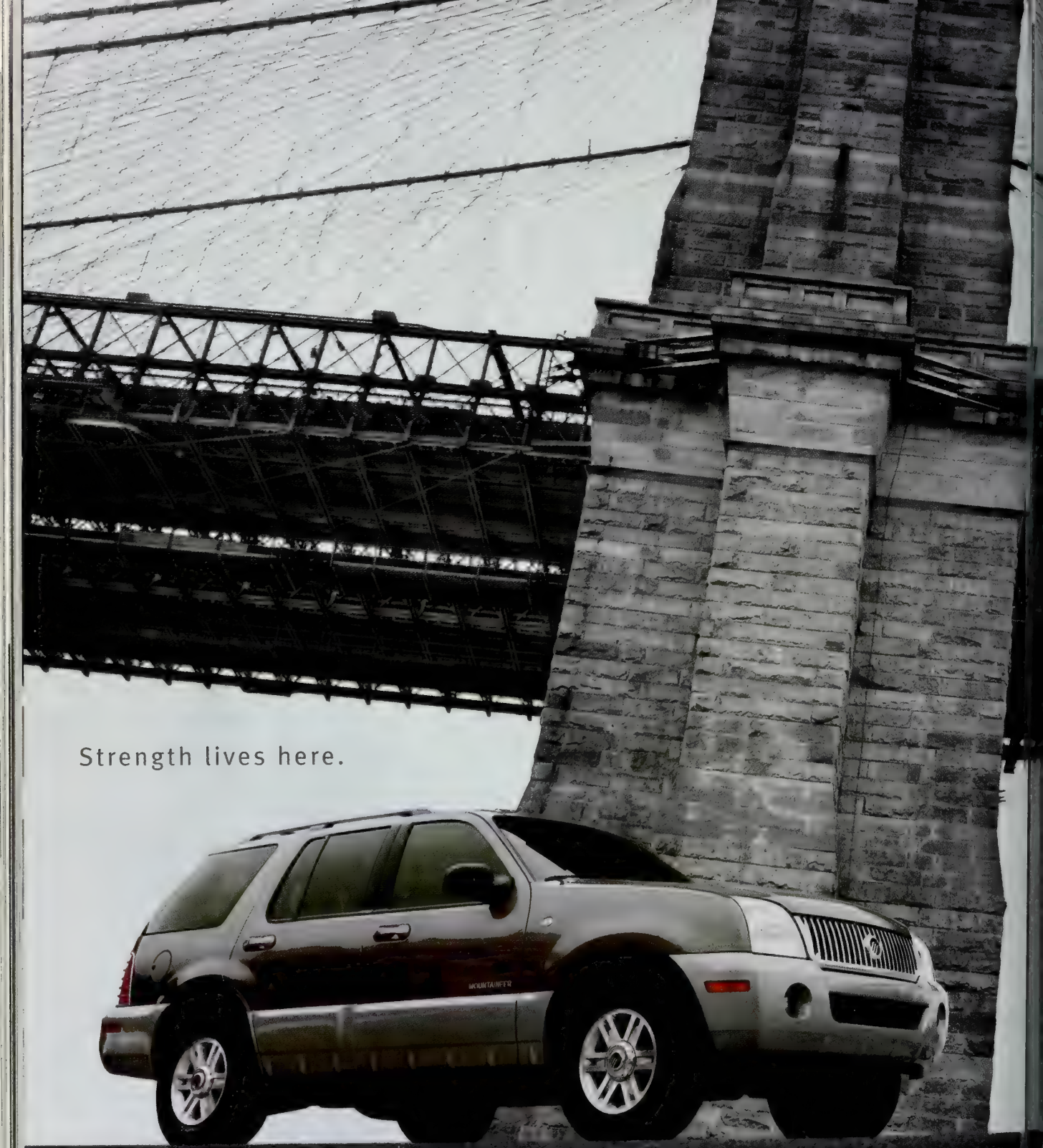
As for Mary Meeker, despite the hopes expressed in her *New Yorker* profile, she is not yet married with children. But in contrast to her colleagues, she's still bullish about Internet stocks. Among the stocks she has never stopped touting: Priceline.com, now at $7. Meeker wouldn't speak with me for this article. "She's just trying to focus on her research," explained her spokeswoman. "She's trying not to be the poster child for an era." □



KA-CHING! Jessica Reif Cohen says an analyst's job is to "ring as many cash registers as possible—and to have integrity."

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nalysts to disclose their conflicts of interest. Perhaps the S.E.C. will stir things up.



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VANITIES



Ali Larter

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 25, actor. **PROVENANCE:** New Jersey. **SHE HAD A MAGAZINE COVER BEFORE SHE HAD A MOVIE:** Larter posed as fictional actress "Allegra Coleman" for *Esquire*. "It made Hollywood laugh at itself. William Morris was calling, saying, 'Do we represent this girl?' When it came out, the door opened, and I dove in." Her fake introduction to Hollywood led to a role in *Varsity Blues*. **THIS SUMMER IS THE SUMMER OF LARTER:** She appears in Kevin Smith's *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back* and stars in *American Outlaws*, with Colin Farrell, and in *Legally Blonde*, with Reese Witherspoon. "It's like *Clueless*. I'm an exercise queen who makes millions of dollars on infomercials. It's over-the-top." **WHY WE WON'T BE SEEING HER ON THE WB ANYTIME SOON:** "Agents try to push you towards television. Since day one I've refused. I don't want someone telling me what I'm going to do for the next six years of my life. It's a daily struggle in this business to stick true to what you want to do." **BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE MET WITH DAVID E. KELLEY:** "I have been asked to lose weight before. I don't think Middle America would be unhappy if actors had 10 more pounds on them. I think it's important to be happy in your own skin."

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHE BRAKHA



[Strom Thurmond] Fig. 1

[Foam] Fig. 2

[Cathy] Fig. 3

[E-books] Fig. 4

[Despotic] Fig. 5

[Spokespeople] Fig. 6

[Bennington students] Fig. 7

[Stella] Fig. 8

[The Olsen twins] Fig. 9

[Summer shares] Fig. 10

[Summer theater] Fig. 11

[Summer blockbusters] Fig. 12

[Transvestites] Fig. 13

Common Grounds

The world as a series of sets and subsets

BY HENRY ALFORD



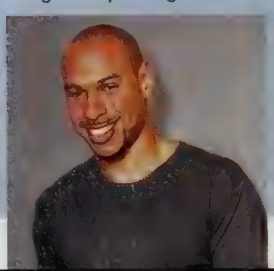
PAM GRIER
actress

Not a Day Goes By,
by E. Lynn Harris (Anchor). "You cannot put it down. He is a phenomenal writer, and the message of the book—you will find happiness if you follow your heart, and by conforming you will be unhappy—really spoke to me. I went out and bought 25 copies for my friends and family."

NIGHT TABLE READING

JOSHUA REDMAN
musician

A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius,
by Dave Eggers (Vintage). "For all its irony, sophistication, and literary gamesmanship, this is a genuinely moving book."





BUZZ ALDRIN
chairman, ShareSpace Foundation

Duty First: West Point and the Making of American Leaders,
by Ed Ruggero (HarperCollins). "It's a factual and emotional guided tour through the jarring, overwhelming, and inspiring school that produces our country's leaders in and out of uniform. It's truly an intense read!"

ALLISON ANDERS
director, Things Behind the Sun

Timeless Flight: The Definitive Biography of the Byrds,
by Johnny Rogan (Scorpion/Dark S "When I hit 40, rock bios replace self-help and spiritual books for m Rogan has an amazing way of showing the rifts among band mem and yet leaves you loving the ba and their music even more."





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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Raquel Welch's fantastic voyage

Ever since her debut as a molecule-size scientist in *Fantastic Voyage,* Raquel Welch has been celebrated as one of the great American sex symbols, and roles with names such as Lilian Lust and Priestess of the Whip have not dampened the phenomenon. On the eve of the release of her new film *Legally Blonde,* the still lovely and talented Welch speculates on Mae West's true gender, strategically placed wigs, and that famous fur bikini.



George Wayne: *Give me your laundry list of upcoming projects.*

Raquel Welch: Let's see, there is *Legally Blonde,* where I'm playing a very rich, self-serving, bitchy character . . .

G.W. *Well, that doesn't sound like much of a stretch, does it?*

R.W. Oh, thank you, at least for the rich part. And then there is the *Tortilla Soup* movie. And the skin-care products, Raquel Timeless Beauty Skin Care.

G.W. *I guess that would be the perfect complement to the Raquel Welch Signature Collection of Wigs & Extensions. When did you get into the wig business?*

R.W. Actually, I think I sort of flipped my wig when I played Victor/Victoria on Broadway.

G.W. *You must mean your off-set tantrums, which were so well recorded.*

R.W. Yes, absolutely, the breaking of the mirrors, and flinging things around the dressing room . . .

G.W. *And not getting along with Blake Edwards.*

R.W. Whatever.

G.W. *So tell me about the wigs.*

R.W. I had to wear wigs in *Victor/Victoria.* As a result of that, each night when I left the theater I would wear a wig. That year I even wore a wig to the Tony Awards, sort of the exact replica of what my hair was styled like. Then, lo and behold, somebody came to me and asked would I be interested in doing a wig line.

G.W. *Any plans to market merkins?*

R.W. What are merkins?

G.W. *Pubic-hair wigs.*

R.W. Oh my God! What is this—*The Howard Stern Show*?

G.W. *Where would Raquel be without* One Million Years B.C.*?*

R.W. Oh, absolutely! I don't know. This was a piece of good luck that fell into my lap. Dick Zanuck called very excited and said, "We're going to put you in *One Million Years B.C.,*" and I said, "What is that?" He sent over this book of Hollywood history, and I found the page where it was this dinosaur movie starring Victor Mature and Carole Landis. And I thought this was a fate worse than death. Dick said, "Don't be a silly girl. This is a classic."

G.W. *Can you still fit into that fur bikini 30 years later?*

R.W. I don't know. I could get it out and try.

G.W. *You still have it?!*

R.W. Oh yeah. I have that one, and the one from *Myra Breckinridge* too. I gave a replica of that to Christie's to auction for the Actors Studio. Not that anyone would ever know that I've studied. I think that's clear—that I never studied with the Actors Studio before *One Million Years B.C.*

G.W. *But it made you famous.*

R.W. The face of the 60s . . . all these accolades. The world was at my feet.

G.W. *How is marriage to the pizza man?*

R.W. Well, let's say it's a hot slice of life. Richie is great. He really is. He is nothing like what people think.

G.W. *Great sex?*

R.W. I suppose you could say that, but I don't like to comment on things like that in public.

G.W. *James Mason once said, "Raquel Welch is the rudest, most unprofessional actress I've ever had the displeasure of working with, and if I could, I would spank her from here to Aswân."*

R.W. Poor James, God rest his soul. He was a brilliant actor but a lousy human being.

G.W. *How did you get involved with* Myra Breckinridge*?*

R.W. That was a Fox picture again. And I know this is leading up to Mae West, so just ask the question.

G.W. *What was she like on the set?*

R.W. I was always trying to figure out whether she was a man or not.

G.W. *Raquel! How could you say that?*

R.W. You just had to be there, to look right into her face, and see those man's hands and that man's neck, those wigs she wore, the mink eyelashes, the false fingernails . . .

G.W. *You are declaring that Mae West was actually born a man?*

R.W. I think so. But then again I'm not the first person to say that. But I have a lot of respect for her. Mae was brilliant. She was an absolute legend.

G.W. *And you are swell, Raquel.*

HUNTER BOOTS BY AIGLE'S TOILET FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



THINK OF IT AS UPGRADING YOUR CONTACTS.

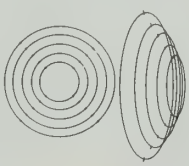
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VANITIES

EDWIN COASTER

June 17, 2001

Dear Graydon:

Just giving you a heads-up that I won't be available to write anything for V.F. this summer—I've taken a cottage at Smuglawn, the writers' colony in Vermont. As you've probably heard from the Halberstams, Kate and I are on the outs, so it's in my best interest to get the hell out of Dodge. (A compromising situation involving a girl dishwasher at the lobster pound down the road, but I'll spare you the gory details.) Anyway, no use drowning my sorrows, and to be frank, I'm actually kinda primed—last time I did the writers' colony thing, some 20-odd years ago, my nights were much busier than my days! (Flashback: Joyce Maynard. Moonlight. Skinny-dipping. A rope swing. Sigh.) "A little Minot à trois with your coffee, Mr. Coaster?" Heh-heh. Bye.

Best,

Ed

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

Smuglawn

Dear Graydon:

June 23, 2001

What was I thinking? It's horrible here! Totally different from the old days—everyone's younger than me and suffocatingly self-serious. There's this one guy who looks like a dustman but grandly calls himself David Foster Wallace and ends his every excruciating monologue by saying, "I shit you not." My next-door neighbor, Anne somebody-Beattie, Tyler, Proulx, not really sure, whichever one's face runs opposite mine on the Barnes & Noble bag—gives me grief about my pissing on the trees out back. And none of the Minots will put out—one of 'em even ruins cocktail hour every night by reading aloud from her novel in progress, Hollow Egret, in which taxidermy serves as an allegory for incest. What the hell? In the old days we slept 'til noon, put in about three hours of scrivening, and then it was time for Pimm's Cups and nude charades with the Barthelmes. I gotta bolt. Can V.F. put me up at the Hudson hotel until Kate finds a new place?

Awaiting your rescue,

Ed

VANITY FAIR

DOUG STUMPF
SENIOR ARTICLES EDITOR

6/25/01

Graydon—

I fear the Ed Coaster situation is coming to a head. Some of my writer friends say he's making a complete ass of himself up at Smuglawn. Exposing himself, getting blitzed in the A.M., groping the Minots. Can we discuss this soon?

Doug

Let's discuss.

G

Smuglawn

Dear Graydon:

June 26, 2001

Cancel that last request. Lifesaving call came from my English publisher, who says U.K. edition of The Edwin John Coaster Reader is a hit. Big book tour in the offing, etc. Apparently I'm a youth-cult celebrity over there. Bollocks, the new Felix Dennis magazine, rated my Reader "five bacon sarnies" (highest rating!!!) and named me "the greatest living podgy alcoholic serial-marrying mad American writer." (Watch, they ran that old photo of me cupping Germaine Greer's gozangas.) Well, if anyone needs me, I'll be at the St. Martins.

Best,

Ed



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VANITIES

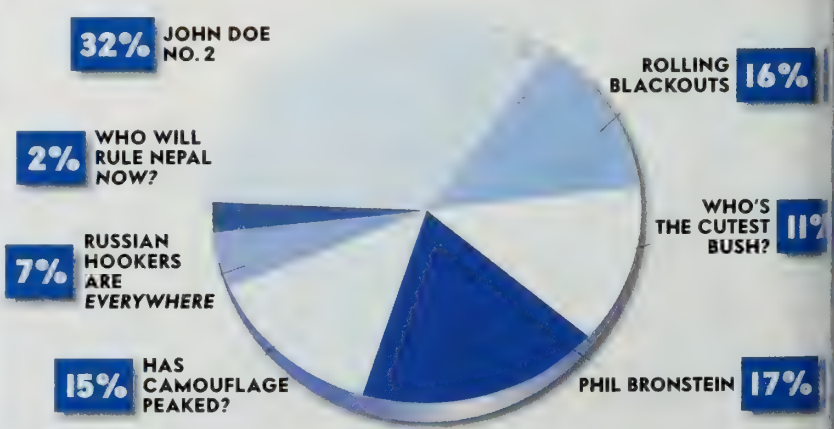




The old phrase "Let's go to town" took on a new meaning this season with the arrival of **Geoffrey Zakarian's** ultra-hot Town—a destination restaurant that has patrons fighting for reservations at the Four Seasons–inspired space in Midtown's latest hip hotel, the Chambers. Zakarian has won many fans during a peripatetic career that began at Le Cirque and included stints at the '21' Club, 44 at the Royalton, and Patroon. Now Zakarian, who turns 41 this summer, is executive chef and owner of Town, a 17-hour-a-day job, 365 days a year. "Chefs are all nuts," he says. Helping to ratchet up his productivity is his tiny two-and-a-half-ounce Motorola V-phone, which he considers to be his office. From the moment Zakarian leaves his Carnegie Hill apartment every morning board the Fifth Avenue bus for the 28-minute ride to work, he's on the phone. Not surprisin his speed dial is heavily weighted toward colleagues in the food world—wife **Heather Karam** a psychotherapist, gets the No. 1 slot, but after that comes fellow chef **Bobby Flay** (called m often to set up those all-important golf games); **Ira Drukier,** co-owner of the Chambers ho restaurateur **Jonathan Morr,** who owns Republic, Bond Street, and Apt.; and **Tony Fortuna** Lenox. This summer everyone left in town will be flocking to Town for Zakarian's subtl take on the cuisine du jour ("I call it dynamic American, which means anything I really w to do," he says). As for the chef, a confirmed urbanite, if he's not in his own kitchen he's a busman's holiday. "When you leave your restaurant, all you want to do is go to some else's restaurant," he says sheepishly. In town, of course. —LESLIE BENNE

Divided Attentions

A national-consciousness index





IF LIFE GIVES YOU ONE OF THESE, GIVE IT BACK.

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Rogue Star

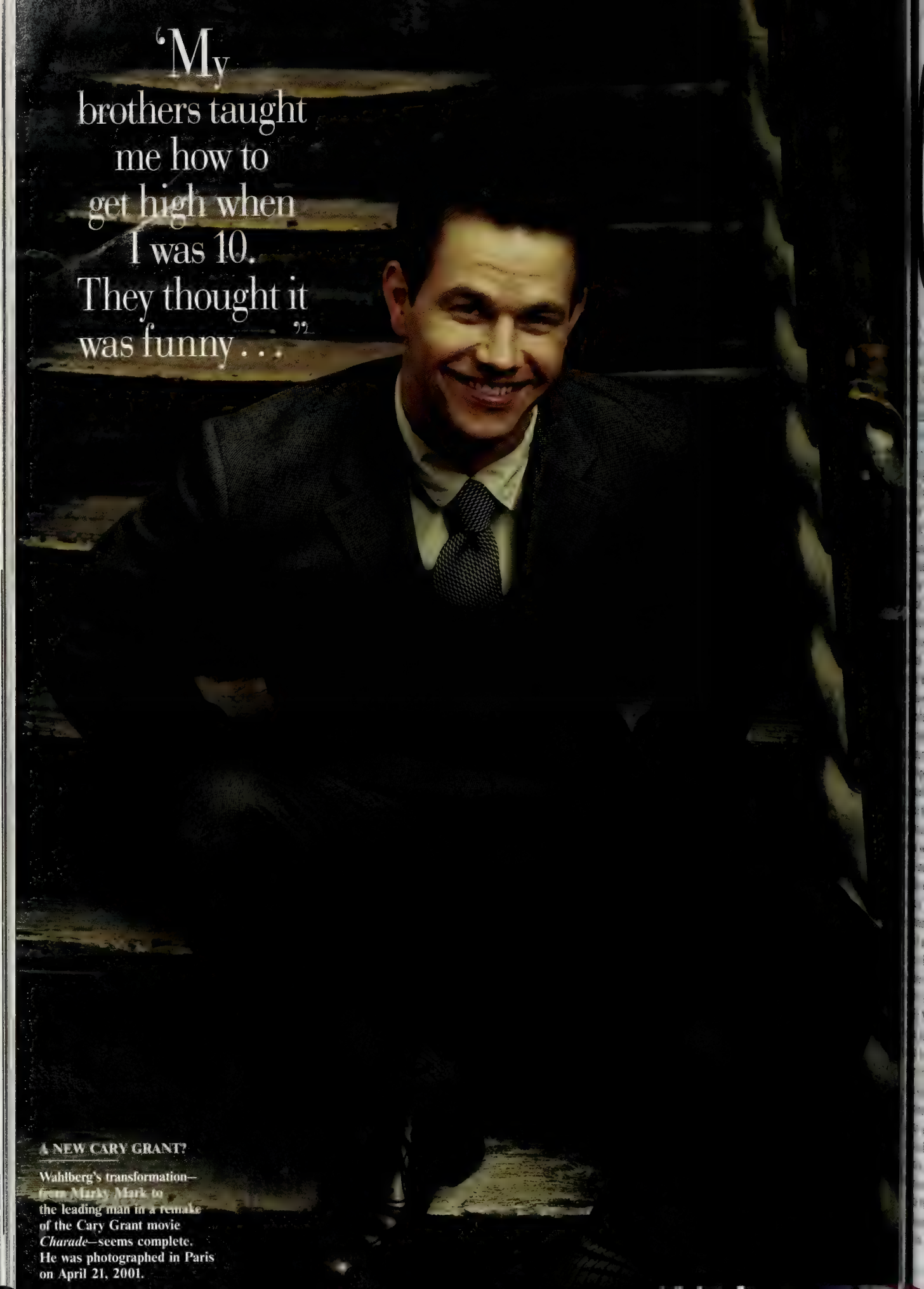
How did a hip-hop punk who made his name modeling Calvin Klein underwear end up in Paris playing the Cary Grant role in Jonathan Demme's upcoming remake of *Charade*? Mark Wahlberg, formerly rapper Marky Mark, turned to acting with all the determination, grit, and bad-boy charm that helped him survive Boston's mean streets—and a stint in prison for taking out a man's eye. On the eve of Wahlberg's $10 million leading-man debut in Tim Burton's *Planet of the Apes*, LESLIE BENNETTS and the 30-year-old star try to reconcile the darkness of his past with the brilliance of his future

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ • STYLED BY BILL MULLEN



TOWER OF POWER

Mark Wahlberg has reached great heights since his hoodlum days in Boston. He was photographed on the Eiffel Tower in Paris on April 20, 2001.



A NEW CARY GRANT?

Wahlberg's transformation—from Marky Mark to the leading man in a remake of the Cary Grant movie *Charade*—seems complete. He was photographed in Paris on April 21, 2001.

Gilded and opnt, the George V is a bastion of haute ury just off the Champs-Élysées where stal chandeliers twinkle in the lampnt and white orchids spill from vases in athtaking profusion. At teatime, the air suffused with the sounds of privilege: delicate clink of silver spoons against e porcelain, the tinkling of a piano ying the theme from "The Umbrellas Cherbourg," the murmur of refined ces softened by damask and brocade. the kind of hotel where you can easily agine Cary Grant sauntering by.

Indeed, Jonathan Demme is in Paris this very moment directing a remake of nley Donen's *Charade,* the Cary Grant–drey Hepburn romantic thriller, and its r has been living at the George V since rch while he works on his French, takes go lessons, practices a duet with Charles navour, and gets used to wearing berets. re he comes now, strolling jauntily past potted palms toward a late lunch in the ing room, Le Cinq.

Oops. The scene isn't going quite as nned. The actor is being turned away beuse he's not wearing a jacket. He looks wn at his outfit—sneakers, baggy pants, a ck sweater with his white T-shirt hanging —and offers a sheepish smile. The maître lifts an eloquent Gallic eyebrow. We reat to a tea table near the piano, where a stered hotel representative soon rushes up, l of anxious assurances that the George s so happy to have Monsieur here, and here is anything Monsieur needs, he has y to ask. Monsieur nods calmly.

For Monsieur knows that outside the tel, adoring fans wait around the clock, dy to shriek and swarm around him ry time he comes out the door. Monur knows that he's the star of the movie ryone's expecting to be a summer blockster—and that every director in the busis is clamoring to work with him, not to ntion waving millions of dollars at him. nsieur is not about to get ruffled over ttle thing like a jacket.

Monsieur says he's enjoying Paris, so I him how he likes the Louvre.

"What's the Louvre?" he asks.

Trying to figure out Mark Wahlberg is like putting together a puzzle whose pieces simply don't fit; he is a walking case study in extreme cognitive dissonance. Of one thing there's no doubt: he's hot. In June he turned 30, and July brings his debut as a bona fide action-adventure hero in *Planet of the Apes,* the new Tim Burton version of the hoary man-against-monkey saga, with Wahlberg (who pocketed a cool $10 million for his trouble) starring as the stranded astronaut and Helena Bonham Carter portraying a winsome simian. Although he has previously played second banana to heartthrobs such as George Clooney (in *The Perfect Storm* and *Three Kings*) and Leonardo DiCaprio (in *The Basketball Diaries*), this time Wahlberg has to carry a $100 million picture himself. This will obviously constitute a major test of his box-office clout, but Wahlberg says his only real concern was that he not have to wear a Charlton Heston–style loincloth.

Wahlberg's well-muscled shoulders will also carry *Rock Star,* which is scheduled for fall release and co-stars Jennifer Aniston. This time he plays a rock fan so obsessed with the famous band he idolizes that he forms a "cover" band to imitate it for local audiences. When he is unexpectedly tapped to replace the star of the real band, he is catapulted into the high-flying life of a genuine rock star—with dismaying consequences.

The *Charade* remake, retitled *The Truth About Charlie,* is due to arrive next year, with Wahlberg re-creating the mysterious character played by Cary Grant in the original. He seems unfazed by the shoes he's expected to fill. "If Thandie Newton is playing Audrey Hepburn, why can't I give Cary Grant a crack?" he says with a mischievous grin. "I probably won't realize what it means until it's over and I get bashed for destroying a great part. But I'm not really scared of taking risks."

To put it mildly. It seems like only the other day that Marky Mark was a hip-hop punk better known for dropping trou and flaunting his underpants than for his success as a rap star, since it is doubtful that his band, the Funky Bunch, despite some undeniable hits, will ever make it into anyone's pantheon of the all-time greats. An insolent ex-con whose main claim to fame was the awe-inspiring six-pack that landed his career-making stint as a Calvin Klein underwear model, Marky Mark combined the face of a choirboy with the body and attitude of a particularly nasty piece of rough trade, an explosive admixture that reduced screaming girls and gay guys to begging for mercy.

But even that angelic face was usually twisted into a sneer, with curled lip and squinting eyes (not to mention the hand whose signature gesture was squeezing his crotch) conveying one unmistakable message, loud and clear: Fuck You. Wahlberg's 1992 book, *Marky Mark,* begins, "I wanna dedicate this book to my dick," and continues with such pearls of wisdom as a full-page diagram of the location of his infamous third nipple, an anatomical irregularity which doesn't bother him because "it's dope. And bitches like to suck it."

Marky Mark? Cary Grant? Excuse me?

As he tells me earnestly about his churchgoing habits, his voice is low and smooth as butter, with no remaining trace of his Boston accent and few vestiges of the mean streets that spawned it in the rough part of town known as Dorchester. It's a long way from Dorchester to the Avenue George V, where Wahlberg faithfully attends services every Sunday morning at the august American Cathedral. This is today's Mark Wahlberg, you understand—the one who gets down on his knees and prays every night, as opposed to the old Mark Wahlberg, who spent his nights roaming the streets and took out a man's eye with a metal hook when he was 16. The new and improved Mark is polite, soft-spoken, and well mannered as well as pious, the kind of young man any girl would be proud to bring home to Mother—as long as Mom never got a glimpse of the tattoos that crawl across his rippling abs and delts. (She might buy the tattooed rosary beads and cross hanging from his neck, or even his parents' initials on his right shoulder, but what would she make of Bob Marley on his left shoulder, not to mention Sylvester the Cat and Tweety Bird on his left ankle?)

So which is the real Mark Wahlberg? Ahhhhhh, yes—zat is zee question. "He's a chameleon," says Stephen Herek, the director of *Rock Star.* "He can charm the pants off the president, and then he can be with his crew and all of a sudden he's a Southie street kid from Boston. I think it's all part of him. Who is he? Who knows. He's all those things. Is it a con? Maybe. Is it sincere? Maybe. That's the thing that's exciting and dangerous about him."

While filming *The Perfect Storm,* Diane Lane was stunned when two of Mark's old friends showed up on the set and Mark, before her eyes, turned into a completely different person. Wahlberg himself shrugs off such instant metamorphoses. "Two guys I'd grown up with, who'd just done eight years

in prison, came up and said, 'Hey, what the fuck.' So I have to speak their language," he says. "I've never tried to hide where I come from. Since then I've tried to educate myself. For those guys, the fact that I speak the way I do now was a complete shock to them. It's like growing up in New York and moving to Paris and speaking the language. It's not about forgetting where you came from; it's about adapting to the environment you're in and learning to communicate."

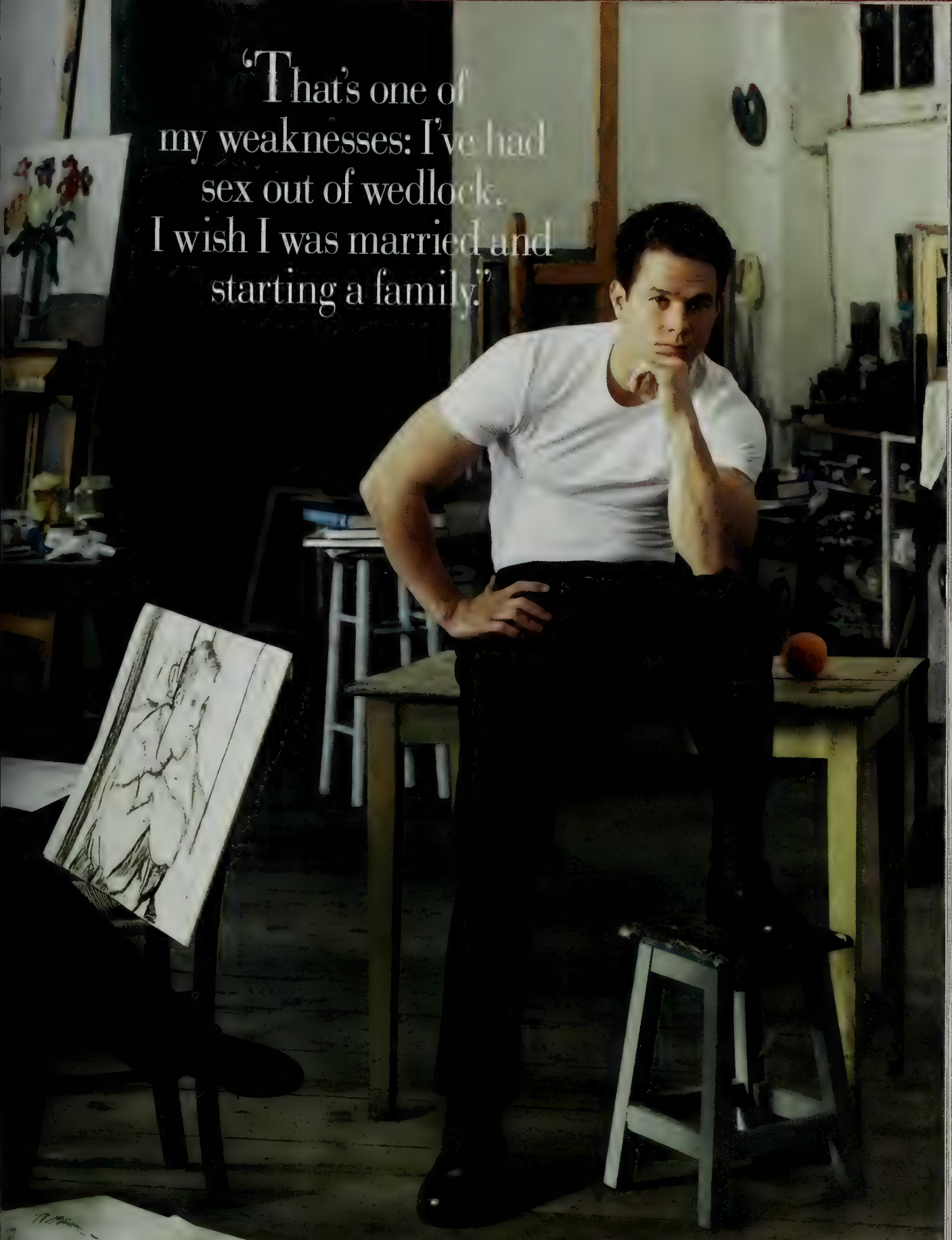
When he talks like this, he is so irresistibly sincere. He turns those puppy-dog hazel eyes on you, and gives you the sweetest smile, and it is impossible to imagine that this dear boy could ever tell you anything other than an Eagle Scout's version of the truth. It is useful to remember that Father Flavin, Wahlberg's former parish priest and the man who probably knows him better than anyone else, says that Mark is the greatest con artist he's ever met. "He could be in a fight and come and tell me with those big sad eyes how the other person started it and he was just defending himself. He could turn on those tears like nothing you've ever seen, and you'd feel so bad for him," Father Flavin says. "He'd get in a courtroom and you'd think he was just the best 16-year-old walking the street, out there helping old ladies. He could con anybody."

When I ask Mark about that, a smile tugs at the corners of his mouth until it turns into dazzling grin. "That's a big compliment, con artist," he says, his eyes twinkling, his teeth gleaming perfect and white. "That's what acting is about. Once you believe it, it's not hard to convince the rest of the people."

His friends have to adjust to his shifting personae. "He enjoys fucking with people," says David O. Russell, who directed him in *Three Kings*. "There are times when he's present and real and gentle, and then there's times when he's doing more of his street thing and it's hard to get a straight answer from him."

Growing up in a poor family, scrapping hard for everything he got, sleeping in a room with five older brothers, Mark learned very early to get over on just about everyone, including the sister whose pink bike he stole and repainted brown. (No one guessed until the brown paint started to chip off months later.) When one brother was incarcerated in a youth facility to which Nike and Converse donated defective products, he sent sneakers home to the other kids. "They'd be four sizes too big, but we were actu- CONTINUED ON PAGE 182





WORK IN PROGRESS

With his days as a pinup boy far behind him, Wahlberg poses for artists Ivan Pericoli and Pilar Saltini at their Paris atelier, April 21, 2001.

HILLARY'S SOLO ACT

Hillary Clinton has defied conventional wisdom slipping into her new role of senator as if she'd been groome for that cozy, backslapping, mostly male club Which, in fact, she has: by the imprint of her parents, by her experienc at the then male-dominated Yale Law School, and even paradoxically, by her trials as Bill Clinton's wife. Trailing Hillary from Capitol Hill to an intimate vacation with Bill in the Caribbean GAIL SHEEHY reveals how celebrity, character, and chutzpah have turne the controversial First Lady into a surprisingly effective legislato whose marriage is not only endurin but apparently thrivin

From behind, the silhouette of the freshman senator from New Yo looks like that of a man. She has been unbound from the ill-fitti bodice of First Lady and refitted with long-jacketed pantsuits, allowi her to clasp her hands low, behind the back, in an authoritative milita stance. Senator Clinton can now march about on the royal-blue carp of the United States Senate and address "my distinguished colleag from New Mexico" as one among equals. She is constantly surround by men. Powerful men: the Senate leaders, committee chairmen, a floor managers. One moment she's in a strategic huddle with the De ocratic leader, Tom Daschle, and liberal lieutenants Teddy Kennedy a Chris Dodd, the next she is striding across the aisle to schmooze w Republicans John Warner and Mike DeWine, to woo them into su porting her national teacher-recruitment campaign. If one didn't foc on the blond helmet hairdo we could all draw in our sleep, one mig mistake Hillary Clinton for just one of the boys.

That is not to say the freshman senator from New York has sh her femininity. If anything, she uses it now more than ever. She is m netic to the men. After a decisive vote, she makes a beeline for Rob

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO



PORT GROUP

y Clinton, buoyed by her
gues, clockwise from bottom right,
ors Ted Kennedy, Tom Daschle,
t Byrd, Orrin Hatch, and
Specter. At Yale Law School,
riend Lanny Davis, "you never
she was there as a woman,
as surrounded by men."

Byrd, the white-domed icon of the Senate, who inevitably will be standing with one arm tucked into his silk vest and the other planted on his desk, Daniel Webster–style. The former First Lady will bow her head and virtually genuflect before him. When Senator Kennedy orates from the floor, often to a nearly empty chamber, one member is almost certain to be there gazing adoringly at that still-handsome, silver-maned lion in winter: Hillary. Teddy will flash her the big, toothy, boyish grin that is the signature of lusty American males such as himself and Dodd and Bill Clinton. Hillary looks upon these men as her protectors. And they love it.

But she hardly neglects Republican men. Indeed, she makes a point of seeking out some of the most rabid conservatives and telling them funny stories, fluttering her hands at Pete Domenici's jokes, letting Orrin Hatch lay a hand on the small of her back, stroking the arm of—imagine this—Trent Lott. From my perch in the Senate gallery it looks as if she's doing a Bill. A Senate aide whispers to me, "The Senate is a very touchy-feely place.... And she's always nodding, whatever they say—*Your husband is an asshole*—she reaches out and puts her arm around them."

"You have to hand it to her. She may be wicked, but she's effective," says a Capitol Hill prayer leader.

Where did this retail political skill come from? In the early months of her New York senatorial campaign Hillary was as stiff as Queen Elizabeth in a cartwheel hat on a windy day. And just about everyone predicted that she could never get along in that tight, collegial, male-dominated body where nearly all of the other side wanted to throw her husband out of the White House.

Wrong.



CROWD PLEASER
Senator Clinton, February 22, 2001, denying that she knew her brother Hugh had made money pushing for pardons. The press gathers even for her less sensational announcements.

"She arrived in the Senate as an experienced, knowledgeable political leader," says Senator Kennedy. "She has a viewpoint.... She is a hard worker, a good listener. She gets grudging respect on the other side of the aisle, but there is respect." Senator Dodd adds, "There were those who would have preferred she had been obnoxious. They are pleasantly surprised at themselves. They like her." Dodd was the only Democrat who made a condolence call to the First Lady when she was sitting up in the White House residence, alone, nursing her wounds after a grilling before the Whitewater grand jury. "Who could fault her for having grudges against what some of them have said about her and her husband in the past?" Dodd observes. "But you have to live in your time."

The temptation in writing a story about a public figure who has been stereotyped with the most flamboyantly unflattering adjectives—"cold," "calculating," "steely," "tough," "[full of] hubris," "extremely smart and knows it"—is to discover a "new persona. Hillary reborn. But her close friends don't see it th way. They see Hillary as coming into her own, as more Hilla than she's been since before her White House years—no, sin before she ever met Bill Clinton.

"We know Hillary to be soft, extremely warm, funny, defere tial, and one of the guys," says Lanny Davis, an attorney wi Patton Boggs in Washington, D.C., and a Democratic Party i sider who met Hillary in line when she was registering for class at Yale Law School. My first thought at hearing this descri tion was *Oh, please.* But Davis has known Hillary well sin their long after-lunch gabfests in the school's cavernous woo paneled dining room. "W used to say at Yale La School, 'Twenty men ar Hillary.' You never knew s was there as a woman. S was surrounded by men and not self-conscious The conversation would range from high- to lo brow, from legal philosophy to sex, featuring ra comments on the charms deficits of women who walk by. But she never appeared be offended. She just blended with the boys.

Hillary has always been co fortable in elite, male-dominat clubs. At Yale she was one of women admitted in a class of 2 in 1969, a year before the wome movement really hit. Law-scho students in that era were trained be gentlemen. The culture empl sized aggressiveness and legitimiz emotional detachment and ritu ized combat (as described by wo en law students interviewed Lani Guinier for her 1997 boo *Becoming Gentlemen*). With few male law professors as role mo els, Hillary identified with m authority figures—just as she h in her Park Ridge, Illinois, pub schools and at home with a p sive mother and commanding ther. Like many women of l generation, she has found her r models and mentors among m or male-identified women who validate her intellect, ambition, a sense of purpose—chief among them her husband, Bill Clint

Those women who attempted to make the heroine's jour before the turn of the millennium had to put on their armor a go into battle against the prevailing powers—almost univers men—who would fight them hard. But if a woman didn't didn't expose her wounds, surrounded herself with powerful p tectors, and kept fighting to reach her dream—whether money tle, degree, or high political office—and if she won by *their* ru they would shake her hand and welcome her into the club.

That is exactly what has happened with Senator Clinton. Sh writing an entirely new story—the first First Lady to escape career confinement of her marriage and achieve elected posit

n her own. She would probably have us see her story as Prome-
hean. Prometheus defied the power of Zeus, king of gods, by
tealing fire and giving it to mortals to free them from darkness
nd ignorance. But despite the endless torture to which he is sub-
ected as Zeus's revenge, Prometheus endures, impelled by the
urest and truest of motives to the best and noblest ends.

Hillary lit her torch from the flame of our Zeus, the president
f the United States, who, not coincidentally, was her husband.
n retaliation her enemies promoted a zealous special prosecu-
or and created a Hate Hillary machine—all in the effort to put
ut her light. Indisputably, she and her husband gave them am-
le tinder, but Hillary in particular elicited the fear and fury of
onservatives. But although her enemies have tried every tor-
ure short of chaining her to a rock for a vulture to tear at her liv-
r, Hillary perseveres.

She is writing the script as she goes along, much like Jacque-
ne Kennedy did. When it appeared in 1976 that New York sena-
or James Buckley might give up his seat, the suggestion was
nade that the widowed former First Lady run for it. I've heard
ell that Jackie said sweetly, "I wouldn't have to go to Washing-
on more than two or three days a week, would I?" To Jackie,
Washington was a place to be endured. Hillary is more than hap-
y to spend long days on the Hill and nights poring over her
riefing books and nibbling cold pizza. But will anyone believe
ne is impelled by the purest motives to achieve the noblest ends?

"She really wants to be a senator, and she's going to work like
nad to be a good senator," I was told early on by a source
lose to the Clintons. "She has an agenda she's always wanted
o put across, since Yale Law School."

Still, Hillary herself observed that her journey is "nothing
nat could have ever been predicted in any way, shape, or form.
sometimes don't know how to cover my own life." The reason
ne wants to write a book, she says, is "so I can just understand
ny own life."

Hillary's transition to this brand-new stage of her life was as rocky as it gets. The Clintons' departure from the White House had the flavor of a Third World tyrant and his family fleeing with the booty before the coup. "What killed her debut as a senator was the spectacle of her two brothers," acknowledged a egal expert close to the Clintons. "Her brothers have been nooching around and making money off her for years.... It's still mbiguous whether she knew Hugh was getting paid on a contin-ency basis [to ask for pardons]." Some of those who inhabited ne White House in the Clinton years always saw Hugh Rodham s unsavory and Tony Rodham, if they even knew he existed, as a rashout. (In 1994, Tony married Senator Barbara Boxer's daugh-er, Nicole; they divorced last year.) But they have serious doubts nat Hugh or Tony would have petitioned their sister for the fa-ors they wanted from the president. It wasn't necessary. Hugh odham knew Bill Clinton from way back, from the days when a oung, love-struck Hillary summoned her burly brother to rkansas to run off the college girl Bill was fooling around with efore the couple married. The two brothers and Mom and Pop odham all went along with Bill and Hillary on their Acapulco oneymoon, for heaven's sake. Hugh and Bill have always had a olf-playing, trash-talking, guy-to-guy relationship apart from illary. And since it was Hillary who inherited the role of family askmaster from their tough-minded father, it is more plausible that the brothers feared her wrath if she found out about their pardon capers. But despite the long, vacuous nationally televised press conference she gave to deny knowing anything about her brother Hugh's role in the pardons, ... 58 percent of New York State voters polled by Marist College didn't believe her denials, and more than 60 percent thought she either broke the law or acted unethically in the pardon scandal.

It was the image of the middle-aged woman registering like a bride for gifts of china for her two new homes and backing up a truck to the White House to cart off furnishings not nailed down that really turned a lot of stomachs.

According to a legal source close to the Clintons, the idea of registering for gifts was proposed by a campaign contributor from Los Angeles, who offered to raise money to buy some of the stuff Hillary wanted. This contributor suggested to some of the donors, according to my source, that, rather than give a housewarming present from Hillary's registry, they could give cash. On the Clintons' recent financial-disclosure forms, they reported $190,027 in furniture, china, and other gifts donated to them and to the White House over the last eight years. Under fire, the couple agreed to pay for $86,000 worth of gifts given to them in 2000 only.

The $8 million deal for her memoir was cleverly negotiated in the window between her election and her swearing-in on January 3, when Senate ethics rules kicked in, but no sooner was Hillary safely on the Hill than she pulled up the gangplank to keep other grifters out, by offering to support a tentative suggestion by the Ethics Committee that would shut down such a grace period.

Then in March, as further evidence of her tin ear to public perception, Hillary moved into the nation's most expensive Senate office, a suite in Midtown Manhattan costing $514,000 a year. New York's senior senator, Chuck Schumer, pays only $209,500 for his space two blocks away. Even worse, Hillary signed the lease just weeks after her husband gave in to the uproar surrounding his plan to rent an $810,000 office in a luxury Midtown tower. He instead chose far less expensive digs in Harlem.

Would their shameless endgame permanently clip Hillary's wings just as she was making her first solo political flight? In February, I asked one of the savviest New York political consultants, David Garth, who saw her as definitely damaged. The question was: For how long? "The problem is, the party is stuck with her," he said. "If the party doesn't do some repairing of her image, it will keep people away. And don't forget, she's learned from the master—Bill Clinton is the best I've seen in 40 years at getting his tail out of trouble."

Hillary's own resilience is famous. Fernando Ferrer, the Bronx borough president, told me, "She has a sense of serenity when the bombs are bursting in air. Confidence, whatever one might call it, she's got it." Hillary went about studying for her new role in the manner of the master of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, who had sat at the feet of Georgia's Richard Russell, a 38-year Senate veteran and former governor; Hillary sat at the feet of Robert Byrd for at least two Byrd lessons even before she was sworn in. The West Virginian told her to learn the Senate rules and to remember that one may need today's enemy as a friend tomorrow, and, more specifically, that she would not have to compete for the limelight, because she would have plenty of reporters trailing her as the former First Lady. "And not having to work at getting press coverage, as other senators have to do, will free you up to do the real work

of a senator," as Byrd recalled for me his advice to Hillary. More important than the content of her Byrd lessons was her display of deference; one could see that it meant a lot to this proud octogenarian. It also served to help Byrd forget that the man he had criticized on national television for pardons, the man whose actions he called "malodorous," was her husband.

On her first day, she was pitched from the White House, where she had occupied the office right above her husband's in the West Wing, down to the grunge of a basement office in the Dirksen Senate Office Building. The maze of entry hallways to the suite she shared with another freshman was usually blocked by workmen carting furniture. It was a blessing in disguise, since the press needed sonar to find the place.

One morning in March, I met Al Sharpton coming out and a Reform Jewish group going in, the latter still muttering about the pardons and gifts. The harried receptionist was running her fingers through her uncombed hair. "I just got in," she apologized. It was 10 A.M. Not up to Hillary's standards, where neatness and punctuality count. The walls were hung with pictures of past New York senators, from Aaron Burr to Bobby Kennedy—all men, only one of whom became president: Martin Van Buren. The largest portrait was of a giant, smiling Hillary encircled by a jubilant family hug from Bill, Chelsea, and Dorothy Rodham, at the announcement of her candidacy.

Jim Kennedy, her new communications director, greeted me. Tall and round-shouldered, he had the slightly worn look of the furniture the workmen were moving from former to new senators' offices. This Kennedy (no relation) had worked many years for Senator Joe Lieberman and served during the last presidential campaign as the buffer for "gabby" Al Gore, a close second to Hillary as a favorite with the press. Kennedy's polite, soft-spoken, almost deferential manner was a pleasant shock after dealing with Howard Wolfson, the abrasive press secretary Hillary had chosen to run interference during her long campaign. Wolfson had come on like the Garment District salesman who yells at you when you walk in to buy a suit. Kennedy was all part of Hillary softening the edges.

One thing hadn't changed much—Hillary's famous contempt for journalists. When I asked to follow her for several months to study her chrysalis as a senator, Kennedy told me, "Not possible—she's keeping her head down, low profile, working hard, no national press." We were only talking about the most famous woman in the world. The *New York Post* had a full-time watchdog on her. The *Daily News* assigned veteran photographer Harry Hamburg to shoot her every day. "There is no more competitive story for New York papers than 'How Is Hillary Doing?'" I was told by Charlotte Hall, the managing editor of *Newsday*. The "keeping her head down" policy, designed to minimize the envy of her colleagues, had the predictable effect of ensuring that frustrated beat reporters would magnify every misstep or misplaced hair on the new senator's head.

Another thing that hadn't changed about Hillary: her obliviousness to her appearance until it becomes a political liability. She looked a wreck those first few weeks—hair dulled and flat, blushless cheeks, bluish bags—pretty much like most senators after days of dashing from committee meetings to press conferences to zealous constituents waiting in the office for personal meet-and-greets. Hillary was dead tired. She had been through a marathon of farewell parties, and she was the one who had to pack up eight years' worth of personal papers and effects and get it right t time. (Boxes "lost" in moving are a sensitive issue with the Cl tons—remember the Rose Law Firm billing records?)

She also had to find a house in Washington. For her perso embassy, Mrs. Clinton settled in late December on a six-bedro brick Georgian in a cul-de-sac off Embassy Row. She wanted public rooms finished in three weeks. As decorators she ch Robert Brown and Todd Davis, two young Washington men w had done the British Embassy, around the corner, telling them wanted something "comfortable, very comfortable," preferably yellow. By February 8, Brown had finished the public are which feature lots of chairs—high-backed chairs, scoop-sea chairs, armchairs, ballroom chairs, and, most eye-catching of bright-yellow-covered dining chairs with hot-pink backsides looked as if Hillary expected to seat the whole Senate.

While the private quarters were being decorated, Hillary sl over at the home of Vernon and Ann Jordan. Isabel Goetz, little French stylist from Salon Cristophe who used to jump her Harley at the First Lady's beck and call and who says she Hillary's hair hundreds of times in the last year (possibly paid by the White House, although Goetz prefers not to say), was s denly not being called all the time. "She was busy in her r house, her new work," says Goetz. And Hillary doesn't do Vel rollers or nail polish. A mensch of a Senate staffer put her on the secret behind Trent Lott's tornado-proof coiffure: Vagel discreet Greek hidden in the basement of the Russell Offi Building behind the small sign SENATE HAIR CARE SERVICES. Va comes in early to primp senators before nine A.M. and the rel less eye of C-SPAN. But once Hillary was ensconced, Goetz back on her Harley, zooming across town.

Even before she took office, Hillary appealed her powerful friends to get her seats at some the best committee tables. Senator Harry R a friend from Nevada and deputy leader of Democrats, got a call from Hillary, who had signed him the role of another Senate men She wanted advice on how to get on Approp tions, one of the most sought-after inner clubs because it a cates the money for federal spending. Reid says she knew it a stretch for a first-year member, but he would be happy to her on the Environment and Public Works Committee, wh he would soon chair (before offering to give it up to the Rep lican defector Senator Jeffords). Senator Kennedy, being am the rarefied few who thought she had done an outstanding on the health-care issue, was happy to have her on the H Committee (Health, Education, Labor and Pensions), and H helped get her on the prestigious Budget Committee.

One day in March, Cinderella-like, she was pulled up f the basement to a palatial suite of offices formerly belongin Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, on the top floor of the sell building. Offices are offered by seniority, and 98 sena were ahead of Hillary—most likely her influential friends hel here, too. It was not meant automatically to be passed o a mere first-termer. Suddenly, Senator Clinton's office grandeur: a double-height ceiling, a gilt Sheraton mirror han over a rose marble fireplace, and wall-to-wall carpeting ins of basement grunge. Brand-new female staffers were aln uniformly petite, fast-talking, and neatly attired in white sh longish skirts, and sensible heels. "Feel that breeze?" asked indicating a beautiful view of cherry blossoms out the win

And did you notice our neighbor?" said another proudly. The wo-month-old senator's office was next door to the Senate's iggest Republican enchilada, then majority leader Trent Lott.

She came into office still fighting the last war. After watching, oker-faced, while a new president addressed Congress, Hillary ent to her leader, Tom Daschle, and implored him to man the tor-edoes: "We need a war room here to start to respond to the Re-ublicans." The Democrats were acting too passively, she argued, nd this Bush was far more conservative and politically clever an they recognized. You may remember that the "war room" oncept was Hillary's brainchild, born of the nearly fatal flash re over Gennifer Flowers early in er husband's 1992 campaign. Its uiding principles were attack, ob-truct, destroy, and when the Clin-on War Room was under Hillary's ontrol, such tactics were used so ag-ressively that they often backfired o create unmitigated disasters.

Senator Daschle, who knows Hillary well and worked closely with er on the health-care battle, gently xplained that Senate politics are not and-to-hand combat. It's different hen one is dealing with a scandal, hich rates 24-hour cable coverage nd feeds the tabloids day after day, etting recycled down the food chain o front pages in Sioux Falls and Far-o; then every American is force-fed ne same story, and instant response ecomes imperative. Besides, after national election, most people go ack to their lives and tune out legislative is-ues until one becomes the subject of a fierce ilibuster or a government shutdown. Hillary ook Daschle's polite re-uff in stride and shift-d to the more subtle orm of obstructionism racticed by Daschle. When I asked him if he didn't sense Hillary's frustration when so many f the Clinton-era policies in which she had played an im-ortant part were being rolled back, he gave me a clue to her new-ound diplomacy. "I've never heard er reference her role in making those ings happen. She stays deliberately n the present and future tense."

EYE TO EYE

Daschle confers with then First Lady Clinton, October 1999. Of her working with Senate colleagues at a time when many Clinton-era policies are being rolled back, he says, "She stays deliberately in the present and future tense."



When Hillary pushed for a "war room," Daschle told her that Senate politics are not hand-to-hand combat.

In mid-March, I watched the new senator in a markup of the education bill in the HELP Committee. Seated on one side of the table in a semicircle with ranking Democrat Kennedy and fellow Democrats Dodd, Harkin, Mikulski, Murray, Bingaman, Edwards, Reed, and Wellstone, she looked at first like just one more spoke on the broken-wheeled cannon of liberalism. Stalwarts such as linton secretary of labor Robert Reich were pronouncing the par-y "dead as a doornail." It was essentially leaderless. In the vacu-m left by Bill Clinton even the eternally smiley Senator Lieberman ooked a bit hangdog after emerging from the Democrats' week-ly strategy lunch. When I asked him where the party's center of gravity was now, he had to stop and think. "It's Tom Daschle."

But the other Clinton's presence on the Hill seemed to inject new zest into one of the biggest battles being fought over Bush's agenda—education reform. "It's not just her experience in the White House, but in Arkansas," Daschle told me. "She was the person who created in Arkansas the kind of education agenda that we're hoping to create at the national level in our caucus. . . . Over the last couple weeks, as our caucus has strategized and prioritized how to fight for our education agenda, she has been extremely involved and attended every meeting I've called."

The HELP Committee was tasked with setting federal priorities for elementary and secondary education for no less than the next seven years. The president's forces were hell-bent on testing, but Bush wouldn't give lawmakers a clue about his budget. What good was reform without resources, the Kennedy-Dodd-Clinton wing insisted. If Bush gave away the historic budget surplus in a trillion-dollar tax cut for the richest Americans, and left only a tin-cup budget for rebuilding the nation's dilapidated schools, replenishing the teacher supply, and providing extra help for at-risk students, what good would it do to throw tests at the problem? All they would do was set up the kids in lousy schools for ritualized failure.

But, for all the passion of the arguments on both sides, Hillary's side faced a "very dicey situation," as the affable then chairman Jeffords called it: "Having to work together in conditions we haven't seen in a hundred years." Just about every proposal the Democrats put forward ran into a wall of partisan-Republican refusal. The result—a tie. But in a 50-50 Senate, when the chairman of a committee is Republican, their side trumps a tie. "It's frustrating," admitted Patty Murray.

Ever since she entered the Senate, in 1993, she had watched her amendment calling for a reduction in class size defeated by one or two Republican votes. No matter how eloquent Murray's argument, she would run up against opposition from the likes of conservative Missouri senator Kit Bond, who simply declared, "It don't work."

"The Murray amendment fails on a tie vote."

Ballsy Barbara Mikulski defended her proposal for community technology centers. Chairman Jeffords allowed as how "there's a lot of good in this bill, but I can't support it." Mikulski demanded a voice vote. When the Democrats outshouted the Republicans, Mikulski herself proclaimed, "The ayes have it!"

But again, the parliamentarian droned, CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

HOME ALONE

Keith and Julie Conrad on March 2, 2001. *Opposite,* the Conrads' Colonial on Thomas Point Court. Keith says of his neighbors' scapegoating his wife: "Everyone knew we had issues. . . . And they did this to her. They did it cavalierly . . . for sport."



TROUBLE



In the wealthy suburban enclave of Fishing Creek Farm, on the Maryland shore, an anonymous letter has divided a community, sparked a lawsuit, and spawned a Web site that chronicles nasty divorces, an extramarital liaison, a suicide attempt, and alleged cocaine parties. It's clear that Lori Gough, a local real-estate agent, and her banker husband, Tim, received the vicious piece of hate mail. But were Keith and Julie Conrad, who lived around the corner, really guilty of sending it? Interviewing the protagonists of this modern-day *Peyton Place*, BRYAN BURROUGH traces the spreading poison that turned their neighborhood into a battlefield

NEXT DOOR

Along the crowded suburban shores of Chesapeake Bay, 35 miles east of downtown Washington, the coastline is sprinkled with small fingers of land that reach out into the water. On one of these, on the outskirts of Annapolis, Maryland, every conceivable acre of land is chock-ablock with nautical-themed apartment houses and subdivisions, with names such as Blackwalnut Cove, Quay Harbor, Kitty Creek.

Down by the coast-guard station sprawls the newest and loveliest subdivision by far, Fishing Creek Farm, a brick-gated enclave where some 120 families have built their dream homes. There are two main streets and a series of leafy cul-de-sacs nestled around a marina where sailboats and dinghies rock peacefully in the morning sun. The houses, which sell for anywhere from $450,000 to $2.5 million, come in all shapes and sizes—brick Colonials, clapboard Cape Cods, mock Victorians, even a southern Gothic or two. The nicest ones, those fronting the bay, boast three-car garages, wraparound decks, and tennis courts. Everywhere the lawns are impossibly green, and the backyards stretch into pinewoods or marshes teeming with cattails.

The families of Fishing Creek Farm are wealthy but not jet-set: doctors, stockbrokers, a few investment bankers, an airline pilot. Volvos, Mercedeses, and the odd Porsche sit in the driveways, though there are Camrys and Supras as well. Down at the harbor there is a teal-green clubhouse for socializing and parties. Beside it sparkles the community pool, where families congregate on lazy summer afternoons.

There's even a community Web site. Actually, there are two. On the official site, fcfhoa.org, you will see a picture of the pool and clubhouse. On the other, fishingcreekfarm.com, which is set to music from *Jaws* and *Dallas,* you can read about extramarital affairs, the shouting match at the Chuck E. Cheese, the supposed cocaine dealer in the cul-de-sac, the hate mail Lori Gough received, Julie Conrad's suicide attempt, a messy divorce or two, and the lawsuit that has ripped the neighborhood apart. Much to the consternation of almost everyone here, this site has acquired cult status, drawing visitors from as far afield as London and phone calls from *The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal,* even *60 Minutes.*

Welcome to Fishing Creek Farm, a Peyton Place for the Internet Age. Underneath the idyllic veneer, it is a troubled community, but not for any of the reasons you're thinking. It didn't fall victim to tensions over race, money, or a tacky fence someone built. What happened in Fishing Creek Farm is far worse, perhaps the ultimate nightmare for anyone who ever got a tad insecure about his neighbors, who drank too much at a potluck dinner, who got the cold shoulder from that nice couple down the street.

What happened here is a reminder of how fragile any community really is, how it can be unraveled by a single unfortunat remark, thereby exposing the seething envies, secret attraction and gossip that always lie beneath. Ever gotten into an argumen with a neighbor and remarked, "Hey, what's the worst they coul do? Make us move?" Unfortunately, it turns out there *is* worse Here in Fishing Creek Farm a woman began one crisp Decem ber morning making pecan tarts for the annual cookie-exchang party. A squabble with the neighbors ensued, and by midnigh she was lying in a straitjacket in the mental ward of a downtow Washington hospital.

Nothing here has ever been the same. It might have all die down, hurt feelings healed, tempers cooled—except for the Inte net. Now every last scrap of village gossip is on-line for the glob al village to read and may remain there for eternity. Smart aleck from all over the world chime in with comments and criticism which naturally has only fanned the flames of neighborhoo strife in the once peaceful community of Fishing Creek Farm.

The story begins with something that happened t Tim and Lori Gough on an afternoon in early O tober 1997. The Goughs (pronounced "Goffs") a among Fishing Creek Farm's most popular youn couples. Tim, 40, a University of Maryland grad ate, is a mortgage banker, a senior vice president First Republic Mortgage Corporation in Rockvill Lori, 39, a petite brunette, is the neighborhood's most promine real-estate agent; the first time I visited the neighborhood, tw homes were for sale, and Lori was handling both listings.

The Goughs married in 1991 and moved into their three-sto brick home on Fishing Creek Farm's main street, Hidden Riv View Road, the following summer. The community was a magn for young couples, and several of them formed the Goughs' soc circle. In the ensuing years Lori gave birth to three children, t second of whom, Tommy, has Down's syndrome. Lori becam active in re-establishing a support group for parents of childr with Down's syndrome. Her employer at the time, a local Toyo dealership, thought so much of her work with the group it to out three advertisements in *People* magazine to promote it. Two the ads featured the dealership's president, his daughter Tamm and Tommy. They mentioned that Lori had left her job with t dealership to spend more time with Tommy. That wasn't entir true—there had been some tension between Lori and the owne but the ad was for a good cause.

That October day in 1997 Lori spent the afternoon crisscro ing the subdivision, dropping off invitations to Tommy's thi birthday party. Around four she returned home and gather the mail from her own mailbox. As she was sorting through t usual collection of catalogues and flyers, she found a white e velope with no return address. Opening it, she discovered a tw page letter that changed her life.

"Tim and Lori," it began. "Recently I had the opportunity see both of the *People* Magazine ads featuring you and your s Tommy. Never in my life have I felt shame in my friends like I in knowing you then.... My question is, what is your motive? A solute shameless self promotion at the expense of your son, w a pitiful display.... The mere fact that you would put a photo any of your children in a magazine to promote yourselves is graceful. And the body of the ad ... please. All about how were forced to leave your job Lori, so you could care for Tom You work now and see less of Tommy than you ever have."

Lori continued reading, stunned. "To say that you even t

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

re of any of your children is an out and out lie; there has nev- been a less maternal mother than you. You're out to dinner ys after having your baby, without the baby. You travel on a mily' trip while stowing Tommy at your in-laws. You basically ep Tommy locked up in the house.... When he's not in school, 's with the Nanny of the month."

The letter went on and on, with allegation after vicious allega- n. Charges that Lori paraded her daughter Kristen around ke a prized poodle," that Kristen would never be admitted to e prestigious St. Mary's school, because "they look at the fami- as well as the child." The letter also said: "You should both be amed of yourselves. For years you have been name-droppers, cializing with those that could move you up the ladder, and o the right circles. You have decided to choose your friends by at they own, where they live, what their titles are and what eir income is." It concluded: "I am ashamed you travel in our cle, and I am not alone in my feelings.... We are embarrassed you and embarrassed for you."

There was no signature.

Words could not convey the depth of Lori's feelings when she finished reading the letter. Outrage, shock, anger—nothing came close. The letter was a hateful, embittered attack on her fitness as a mother, on her values, on e core of her being. She began to cry. She called Tim work and read him the letter. He tried to calm her. He d her to forget the letter and throw it away. She couldn't. e telephoned her mother and read her the letter. Her ther said it was obviously the work of a sick person and d her to throw it away.

"So what did you do [then]?" a lawyer asked her in a position two years later.

"I think I made dinner," Lori said. (The Goughs declined comment for this article.)

That night Lori couldn't sleep. She read and reread the er about 50 times, by her count. She knew none of it was e. Again and again she went over it in her mind, asking same question: Who would do such a thing?

She thought of Carol Walsh, who lived across the street. She d been through a nasty divorce; Lori had heard things. But rol had never been anything but nice to the Goughs. Then thought of Linda Moran. Linda was older than the Goughs d their friends, a stern ex–military woman who said "shit" a ; where Lori might say she didn't care about something, da was the type who would say she didn't "give a rat's ass." t again, there had been no hint of ill will.

But mainly she thought of Keith Conrad. He and his wife, ie, lived around the corner on Thomas Point Court, a secluded -de-sac in the woods at the back of the development. The nrads had never quite fit in in Fishing Creek Farm. Everyone w Keith had had an affair with a neighbor, and Julie ... well, ie had a reputation for being a little erratic. She was always nging jobs, putting their house on and taking it off the mar- . She had arguments with other neighbors—a screaming match a Chuck E. Cheese birthday party stuck in Lori's mind—and re were rumors she took pills.

Even though the Goughs and Conrads weren't close, Lori d the Conrads and had defended them against neighborhood



"A lot of people feel there's a 5 percent chance [the Conrads] will go nuclear. Can't you hear their excuse now? 'The neighbors . . . they made us do it.'"



AMERICAN DREAM

Tim and Lori Gough's house; *top*, Fishing Creek Farm's welcome sign



"I know people who can squish Keith. We get a judgment, and you know he can't pay it, so we'll foreclose on his house and take him down."



SUBURBAN COMMANDO

The Fishing Creek Farm community pool; *top*, stockbroker Frank Ballinger at home.

gossip. What made Lori suspect Keith as author of the letter w a mention of the St. Mary's school in Annapolis; the Conra were one of only four families in the neighborhood with childr there. What hardened Lori's suspicion about Keith Conrad was single line in the letter about Tommy's ailment: "Down's Syndror is far and away the most accepted of all disabilities." She said s had heard that Keith had used almost the same words.

Around four that morning Tim Gough was awakened by t sound of someone typing on the family computer. He got up a found Lori tapping away. She was writing a response to Ke Conrad. She would later say that she never intended to send t letter, and she never did. It was a therapeutic exercise, she ins ed. She had no proof Keith had written the letter. "Dear Keith she wrote. "We received your anonymous letter today." And th she rebutted the letter point by point, taking pains to avoid a suggestion that Julie Conrad might have been involved. "Y should be ashamed of yourself," Lori wrote. "You don't dese to have a wife like Julie."

Later that morning Lori, still deeply upset, drove to a lo restaurant, the Main Ingredient, and had breakfast with her frie Jacque Schrader, a pretty blonde music teacher who happer to be the Conrads' next-door neighbor. Schrader found her repeatedly embroiled in the Conrads' household dramas.

Lori slid the anonymous letter across the table. Schrad wasn't halfway through when she looked up and said, "Ca Walsh."

"Keep reading," Lori said.

"Linda Moran."

"Keep reading."

When she finished reading the letter, Schrader sa "Who do you think?"

"I don't know. . . . I want your opinion."

They debated whether Carol Walsh or Linda M an nursed a secret grudge against the Goughs. I thought it unlikely. "I think it might be your n door neighbor," she said. The Conrads.

"Julie?"

"No, Keith."

Schrader read the letter again. When she finished tapped a single, long fingernail on the table. "This isn't Kei she said. Lori gave her friend a puzzled look, and Schrader plained her thinking. First, she felt the letter writer was a wom The gibes about parenting, social climbing, school selectic these were issues that preoccupied the wives of Fishing Cr Farm, not the husbands. But, for Schrader, the clincher was wording of a particular phrase. There was only one person in F ing Creek Farm, she believed, who used the expression "Na of the month," and she had used it more than once.

"This isn't Keith," said Schrader. "This is Julie."

The first families began trickling into Fishing C Farm in 1990. The neighborhood was never c the Norman Rockwell idyll it appeared; after opening its developer pleaded guilty to cocaine session, entered personal bankruptcy, and m away. Keith and Julie Conrad were among the 20 or so families to move in, buying a five-bedr Colonial on Thomas Point Court. A compact house, now in r of a coat of paint, the Conrad home features a basketball h out front, Oriental throw rugs on the shining wood floors, a Volvo in the drive.

Now 43, Keith wears a razor-thin part in his straight brown
ir and has bulging eyes that make him a dead ringer for the
tor Gary Sinise; he is serious, deliberate, and a little intense.
lie, also 43, is the kind of small, energetic blonde writers are
ways calling "perky." She walks around the house in bare feet
d tight blue jeans, trailing an air of manic energy.

After a string of jobs in retail-outlet security, working his way
from store detective, Keith started his own sports-marketing
siness in 1989. His main product is FanFone, which, among
ner things, is a dial-up service sports aficionados can use to
ar greetings from their favorite professional athletes. His clients
clude the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Pittsburgh Steelers. A
h-generation Washingtonian, Julie has worked in marketing and
blic relations for a string of Maryland-area companies, includ-
g her husband's. The Conrads married in 1990, adding two kids
their own to the three Julie brought from her first marriage.

For three years the Conrads lived an ideal life on their little
l-de-sac in the woods. Julie was head of the Fishing Creek
rm social committee, planning parties at the clubhouse and
ckyard barbecues. She and Keith started the subdivision's
arterly newsletter, the *Crab Wrapper,* and published its first local
rectory. They hired several neighbors to work at their company,
or seven in all. As more people moved in, Julie became a little
vious of some of them. She noticed what she called an "A-list"
richer wives, led by Lori Gough and her friend Ellen Ballinger,
ho tended to hang together at the pool and parties. Sometimes
e felt left out.

Then came 1993–94. A Major League Baseball strike cost
nFone several big accounts, new business disappeared, and
ddenly the future of Keith's company was in doubt. Faced with
aster, the Conrads cut back where they could, canceling their
ble television, their summer vacations, even their regular Sat-
day "date night." But there was no way to escape the tensions
the business. When Keith was unhappy about the marketing
ns, he took it out on Julie, who was then the company's mar-
ing director. They started to fight. The marriage grew cold,
d around this time Keith looked for a shoulder to cry on.

He found it in a woman I'll call Jennie Black, who was one of the neighbors Keith had hired. They had begun having long talks, and soon Keith realized he was having an affair. "It wasn't a sexual affair; we always said we wouldn't go there," Keith insists today. "I vented to her, I cried to her. It was bad." Julie found out when friend saw Keith and Jennie holding hands at an Annapolis taurant. ("I don't know who told her," Keith says. "She won't me.") Julie confronted Keith, and he admitted it. There were sterical, screaming fights. By turns despondent and outraged, ie confided in Jacque Schrader and other neighborhood wives. fore long, everyone in Fishing Creek Farm believed Keith had en cheating.

In the end the Conrads decided to stay married. But in the wake the affair both of them, especially Keith, withdrew from Fishing eek Farm's social whirl. "I heard the stories; I knew what peo- were saying," recalls Keith. "I was humiliated. I totally with- w. I probably haven't gone to the pool twice in the last six urs." Julie began suffering bouts of what she now knows was de- ssion. She had days where she could barely make it out of bed.

In 1995 everything changed. A former Washington Redskins otball star named Jean Fugett, half-brother of Reg Lewis, the wealthy African-American investor who bought Beatrice International, approached Keith and offered to invest in his company. A deal was struck, and overnight Keith was awash in new business; Fugett had sports contacts galore. As partners the two men acquired a Scottsdale, Arizona, software company and opened an office in Paris, where they began selling FanFone to European football and soccer teams. Keith started spending a week or so every month in Paris, where he had a corporate apartment on the Champs-Élysées and a chauffeur. Julie went with him sometimes, and their romance rekindled on long evenings there.

"I think that's where some of the jealousy began in the neighborhood," Keith speculates. "We had pulled things out of the fire, and things were just great."

But then, as quickly as he had appeared in their lives, Fugett withdrew. He wanted the business to branch out and serve other small businesses; Keith wanted to stay rooted in the sports world. In late 1996 the two men split: Fugett took his money, and Keith kept the company. Without Fugett's contacts, it began to founder. Through the end of 1996 and into 1997, Keith worked maniacally to save the business. "I was really focused on myself, on running the business," he recalls. "Julie was depressed—I know that now. But I didn't know what depression was. Julie's high-strung, and it's difficult for me to tell if she's angry for legitimate reasons or if there's more going on there."

Julie, who admits she can be caustic, began to acquire a reputation in the neighborhood for erratic behavior. People still shake their heads over the fight she had with Linda Moran at a Chuck E. Cheese birthday party. Julie had introduced the family's former nanny, a 67-year-old Salvadoran woman named Angela, to Moran, and Moran hired her, thanking Julie profusely for bailing her out. But the match wasn't ideal. Moran couldn't speak Spanish, and Angela didn't speak much English; every time there was a problem, Moran called Julie to help out. Eventually Angela grew disgruntled, and during one mangled exchange, Moran thought the nanny told her she was leaving to rejoin the Conrad household. Moran confronted Julie at her home, but Julie denied it. Then, when Angela simply disappeared one weekend, Moran walked up to Julie at the Chuck E. Cheese party and accused Julie of turning Angela against her.

"Linda, you were just vicious to her," Julie recalls saying. "The woman was just lovely, and you mistreated her terribly."

Voices were raised. Finally Moran told Julie, "Go fuck yourself!" and stormed off. (In a deposition Moran admits she suggested that Julie do something that was "anatomically impossible.")

Then there was an episode with Lori Gough. Julie had told Lori she was putting their house on the market, and Lori understood she would get the listing. But when the house was briefly put up for sale, the Conrads gave the listing to another real-estate agent. Lori told Julie about her disappointment. There was some lingering bad feeling, but nothing major. Both women forgot about it.

Julie's on-and-off bouts with depression turned serious after the death of her sister Elizabeth from cystic fibrosis in May 1997. "I took it very hard," Julie says today. "I became positively reclusive. I didn't even want to go to the pool. I just wanted to be alone.... Sometimes I felt like I was physically going to die. I couldn't function." When Julie wasn't morose she was angry, picking fights with Keith over the silliest things. By summer's end, she realized she needed professional help.

She went to her family doctor, who prescribed an antidepressant medication, Paxil. It didn't CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

Scions in Love

Not even a London tabloid could improve on the tale of Matthew Freud and Elisabeth Murdoch: The rakish Freud descendant (yes, Sigmund's great-grandson) meets Rupert Murdoch's daughter. They shed their spouses and have a child. Act II: He panics and leaves her as some of his business concerns hit the skids. Now, as JUDITH NEWMAN reports, wedding bells and new ventures—her TV start-up, his purchase of the Groucho Club—put them back in play as New Britain's ultimate power couple

He's a genius. He's a cad. He's a little bit of both, which may explain why Matthew Freud is about to capture the hand of Elisabeth Murdoch—and become the son-in-law of the 39th-richest man on earth. Freud, 37, is virtually unknown in the United States. But in London his epithet in the papers is either "P.R. guru" or "the most well-connected man in London," and not only because he comes from the Freud dynasty, which has done so well for itself in its adopted land. (His great-grandfather was Sigmund; father Clement is the journalist and raconteur; uncle Lucian is the painter; sister Emma is the TV host; and cousins Bella and Esther, the fashion designer and novelist.) For the past three years, Matthew Freud and Elisabeth Murdoch, daughter of Rupert, have been the very model of the modern media power couple, serving on the most prestigious boards, donating to the most social charities, and popping up at every event that demands its guests be garrulous, telegenic, and wealthy.

Freud can be a master strategist and the most seductive, charismatic gentleman ever to raise a glass at the Groucho Club. He can also live up to the nicknames "Matthew Fraud" and "Roland Rat in a suit": a snob and tyrant so obsessed with money and social climbing that, of her former relationship with him, one woman would say only, "It took a long time to lose the scent of brimstone."

Whatever he is, one thing is clear: he is a soigné symbol of New Labour values—success built on merit and entrepreneurism (if you're his friend), success built on the smoke and mirrors of a tradition-flouting, celebrity-mad society (if you're not). His influence cuts a swath through the entertainment, media, business, and political elite in London. He has been a friend to Arnold and Bruce and Sly—and Tony Blair too. The British stars who somehow capture the most tabloid pages—ex–Spice Girl Geri Halliwell; former host of the *Big Breakfast* television show and media mogul Chris Evans; Madonna's husband, director Guy Ritchie—are all products of the Freud star-making machinery. Freud is a fixer in the American tradition—the guy you call when your career is tanking, or your once trendoid business is thirsty for ink.

And for the last three years, Freud's romantic life has fed the London media's appetite for cheesy melodrama. The scions of two dynasties meet, fall in love, split from their shell-shocked spouses, and spawn a baby. Bedazzled, the Maiden leaves her family business and joins forces with the Rake—who abandons her quicker than you can say "early midlife crisis." He proceeds to go through the worst fou months of his life—businesses topple, m lions vanish. The lady quietly regroups.

Melodrama eventually demands a ha py ending. Is that the peal of wedding bell

October in raw, foggy London. Ma thew Freud and I are scheduled to me at the Freud Communications office which are in a grubby section of Londo behind Oxford Street. It's a bare-bones a fair, save for the artwork. In the entryw are the endless framed front-page tablo stories about his clients; in Freud's offic photos of his two cherubic sons, Georg five, and Jonah, four, vie for attention wi several small demonic nudes by his unc Lucian Freud. Also prominent: an ori nal Andy Warhol pencil drawing that cc sists of this: $.

But at the last minute Matthew Frer reschedules, inviting me to meet him a Elisabeth at their rented country estate the grounds of Winston Churchill's bir place, Blenheim Palace, 60 miles northw of London. Here, his neighbor is the 11 Duke of Marlborough. He has me pick up in London by a grim-faced chauffe in a Hugo Boss suit who is buffed to t same high shine as the new black Bent he's driving. The driver spends the miles discussing Jesus Christ his savior a the glories of his new boss. "Mr. Freud, has the qualities of a prime minister," chauffeur tells me.

Entering through the imposing gates Blenheim—entirely unnecessary for rea ing our destination—we drive a circuitc route through the grounds of the pal and pull up in front of Freud's capaci

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS KARLSSON



WHEN DYNASTIES COLLIDE
Publicity mastermind Matthew Freud and his fiancée, media heiress Elisabeth Murdoch, in front of their London home, June 6, 2001.

sandstone home. The courtyard is littered with his toys: a Ferrari 360 Spider, a Lincoln Navigator, and an enormous Harley. He tires of them quickly, tending to change vehicles every few months.

I'm greeted at the door by Elvis, Freud's Norwich terrier, and Elisabeth Murdoch. Even dressed in black sweats and seven months pregnant, she looks terminally sporty, the knocked-up captain of the girls' field-hockey team. She is fretting about her weight, her desire for a cigarette, and her inability to join her six-year-old daughter, Cornelia, for a canter through the damp, pungent Oxfordshire countryside.

Inside, Freud has managed to avoid the clichés of the stately homes of England. The interior, designed by Mike Rundell (who also did homes for the artist Damien Hirst), is all wood and leather, yet there's nothing clubby about it. The oak floorboards are lightly stained, and the leather chairs are sand and ivory. Indian bibelots and kitschy oddities are scattered about the rooms; it's unclear whether the glowering bullfrog in the corner is the product of an artist's hand or a taxidermist's. Religious iconography lines the walls—for years Freud made a yearly pilgrimage to an Indian ashram—as do Helmut Newton nudes and David Bailey rock stars. The house is by and for adults—save for one wing, a fantasy playroom for children.

Eventually I'm joined by Freud. He has been described as "the most exhausted-looking man in London," and he has indeed aged in the last decade from the beautiful, fey youth he was in his 20s. But dissipation suits him. He wears a gray cashmere sweater that perfectly matches his hooded gray eyes, and a pair of skin-tight Agnès B. leather pants that—how to put this delicately?—leave no doubt as to the truth of something an ex-girlfriend had told me about him: "He was my first proper boyfriend. It rather set a precedent, an expectation that has never quite been matched." Despite the fact that there are various servants scurrying about, he fries up sausages for his children before we retire to the hearth room to talk.

Nothing about this scenario—from the chauffeured Bentley to the leather pants to the loving paternal display—is an accident. With Freud, there are no accidents. But that need to impress is part of his charm. Notes Peter Mead, the founder of Abbott Mead Vickers, the advertising agency that bought Freud Communications for a reported £10 million in 1994, "What I love about him is that he's so vulnerable. He wears his insecurity on his sleeve."

Or in his pants.

Matthew Freud grew up the youngest of five children. "Birth order explains everything," says older brother Dominic, an investment banker in New York City. "Matthew vied for attention; he got the most attention."

Until Matthew came on the scene, father Clement was arguably the most famous of the living Freuds. He was, at various times, a chef, sportswriter, humorist, gambler, liberal M.P., and professional wit. He became famous for appearing in a tedious and inexplicably popular radio game show called *Just a Minute,* and starring in a series of dog-food commercials with a look-alike bloodhound named Henry.

The Freuds lived on Boundary Road in upper-middle-class St. John's Wood. Clement particularly loved the horses, but would gamble on pretty much anything, drawing on royalties from his grandfather Sigmund's writings. The Freud heirs had fame, but not the kind of money that usually goes with it.

"We were brought up very nicely, but it was always made abundantly clear that the well was going to run dry once we were out of the bosom of the family," Freud explains. Even as a boy, Matthew took this lesson to heart. "I think I was nine, and we were at a local fair, and my brother was selling mice," Freud says. "Only, he wasn't selling any. He just sat there with his box of mice." Matthew decided the mice would be more valuable if they were stars. "I went up to the guy doing the puppet show and asked if the mouse could be in the show." Kids clamored for the celebrity mice, and Matthew sold them. "Then the parents would come pick up their kids and say, 'What the fuck is that?' But we had a no-refund policy." Matthew had the parents pay, again, to get rid of the mice. "We sold the same few mice, over and over."

Freud's brand of can-do entrepreneurship eventually extended beyond vermin. At Westminster, the tony prep school, he made money by selling centerfolds from his father's *Playboy*s to schoolmates for 15 pence each. A finely sculpted, sloe-eyed boy who looked as if he had walked off the pages of *Brideshead Revisited,* he would also hire himself and his pet python out at parties, where he would walk around and mingle with the guests. "I guess I was a little desperate for female attention," he says.

After leaving Westminster, Freud spent less than a year at Pimlico, a state school. He kicked around the United States for eight months, then returned to the U.K. and quickly became entangled with the law. He was arrested and charged with possession of cocaine and marijuana. Those close to him said drugs were not only his ho by, but his business. "Everyone loved ha ing a dealer called Freud," says Mari Baker. Miss March 1987 in *Playboy* and former Page 3 girl, now a London jou nalist, she lived with Freud for about year. "Matthew dealt to everyone," she sa offering the names of rock stars and royal "I only have it from Matthew, which is indication of it being true," she adds.

Freud responds, "I would love to t you I was this glamorous. I was 17! Bu don't think I've had a line since then."

Freud was fined £500 and let off w magistrate Kenneth Harrington's warnir "I'm going to deal with you as a fooli young man."

As it turned out, selling coke sent M thew on his way. A highly placed reco executive who'd been a client got him job in RCA's publicity department. He l RCA after two years to work on a L Aid–style event that bombed, leaving h with about £50 to his name.

Fortunately, at around this time, his ther introduced him to a spoon-bend psychic named Uri Geller. Geller neec someone who could make deals on behalf. "He emanated an energy," Ge says today of the then 21-year-old boy.

Freud persuaded an Australian gc mining company to pay Geller a repor $250,000 to dowse for gold. Geller dic find any. (A fact the psychic disputes: pointed out a certain interesting area, l put it that way," he says cryptically.) Freud took 10 percent of the cut and bou himself a Rolex. Wearing a silver silk-m suit and a pair of sunglasses, he arrive U.K. Customs with £10,000 in a briefc He got pulled aside, was strip-search and—when they found his old watch in briefcase—was forced to pay the tax. V the rest of the money, he bankrolled M thew Freud Associates, which consiste him and three phone lines in the liv room of his Gloucester Place apartmer

"You know how I got first big account?" Fr says. "I was in New Y City with this film-prod client, who had a mee with the publicist Bo Zarem. The client coul make it, so he asked me to go. I calle Zarem, introduced myself as Matt Freud, and he barked, 'Any relatior said, 'Well, yes,' and he said, 'Good shrink's been out of town for two weel need to see you now.'" Zarem and F walked in Central Park for the next hours, "and Zarem just poured out extraordinary tortured life story. I told

vasn't a therapist. But he was on a roll." erward, Zarem told Freud, "I'm gonna you the Hard Rock Cafe account." Traditionally, England is about 10 years nind the U.S. in massive cultural trends. nich means that one benchmark of the s, shamelessness, had not quite come o vogue in the U.K. in the mid-80s. atthew Freud could be said to be one its earliest practitioners.

Friends and colleagues say he would anything, and become anyone, in interests of his clients and himself. e of his nicknames was Zelig. "If a listen to the way he sounds, the ent has changed," says his brother minic. "We ought to sound the ne, and we don't. His background pper-middle-class, but if you're go- to be in the P.R. business, you d more street cred.... So there's question he's adopted an accent t's more lower-class."

Freud handled the opening of the ndon Planet Hollywood in 1992, ich became the year celebrity cul- e took off in the U.K. "The tradi- nal press just caved in and said, ually, Fuck news," explains Freud mmunications managing director s Thykier. "We will write about burger bar if we can get access some Hollywood stars."





FAMILY AFFAIRS
Right, the Murdochs, 1997: from left, Elisabeth's mother, Anna; half-sister, Prudence; father, Rupert; Elisabeth; brothers, James and Lachlan. *Below,* Murdoch, Freud, and their kids at Pharmacy restaurant.

"Here's the weird thing about the Murdoch family," says Freud. "They believe what they read in the papers."

And Freud provided that access. Today theme restaurants seem like the punch line to a bad joke, conjuring images of Hollywood heavyweights bundling their money into t little piles and torching them with a nethrower. But in the early 90s, restau- ts such as Hard Rock Cafe and Planet llywood had cachet, and when they ar- d in London, Matthew Freud was there nake sure Brits understood the Planet llywood concept: namely, that soggy nch fries tasted damned good when you w Bruce Willis was eating them, too. "A Freud party was always a hilarious ng," says Marina Baker. "When he got be in charge of parties his obsession ne through. He would create cordon af- cordon. The more in you were, the more ou could go, towards this trumped up er sanctum—usually a V.I.P.-less room h a vulgar ice sculpture.... Basically omplete load of wank. But Matthew ght it and so did others."

Still, he controlled many of the hacks Fleet Street—because he controlled the ess to people such as Geri Halliwell Chris Evans, who sold papers for them. If he didn't like the way a story was playing out, he would threaten and cajole, and sometimes "he would just scream," says one editor. And if a story was about him? "Once he called to tell me that I would no longer have a career if I damaged his reputation."

"I was very, very emotional and very devoted to what my clients paid me to do," Freud says today. "[I had] this sort of righteous indignation to media injustice. It's a poor tool. How can you say my client was caught with a goat, or left his wife, or whatever?"

Freud's appetite for influence may not have been the only thing driving him at this point. As he was rising professionally, he seemed to enjoy playing the executive to the hilt. His workday antics remind his former girlfriend Marina Baker of a certain chief executive who made a headline or two during his time in office. Yes, Baker says, Bill Clinton and Freud shared what she describes as a "peccadillo." "Like Clinton," she says, Freud liked "having someone sit under his desk . . . while he sits on the phone." Baker adds, "I know this from experience."

Freud reveled in the psychological power he had over his clients almost as much as in the power he could wield in the media. "When people came to see me, they almost checked their dignity at the door," he says. "It was one of the really bizarre things about the job, that someone would sit down and tell you how they wished to be perceived.... It was a very interesting run from a psychological standpoint, to see the effect of narcissism." Freud shakes his head. "What Geri [Halliwell] first did when she walked out of the Spice Girls was hire a documentary crew just to follow her around."

For every Freudian impulse there was an equally strong pull in the opposite direction. He loved the showbiz frenzy, but he also wanted to settle down. Although Freud denies it, Baker reports that he kept a checklist of things he wanted to do by a certain age; at the top of the list were to be a millionaire by 25 (he made it, at least on paper, by 27), and to marry a beautiful simple country girl. With his introduction to Caroline Hutton in 1988, he seemed able to fulfill that dream. Known as Pidge to her friends, Hutton was an archetype of Englishwoman virtue: she had gone to Oxford and cultivated all the right grand and sporty friends; she was blonde and leggy and just shy CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

BLONDE ON BLONDE



Karolina Kurkova's interest in fashion began when she was 13. That was four years ago. "I would watch *Fashion File* and read all the magazines," she recalls. "Then people began to say to me, 'You're tall, you're skinny. You should try modeling.'" They were right, although just being tall and skinny isn't what made her at 16 one of the youngest models ever to get on the cover of *Vogue*. Since then she's appeared on the French, British, German, and Italian editions of the magazine. At a time when supermodels tend to be either morbidly pouty or Brazilian, Kurkova's expressive face and delightfully lanky frame have marked the return of the six-foot blonde. Actually, she's five feet eleven, but with legs so long that Calvin Klein had to drop her from a campaign when stylists couldn't find a pair of jeans that fit her, who's counting?

Kurkova grew up in Děčín, a small town in the Czech Republic, where her father is a well-known basketball player and a police official. "I kind of grew up onstage because my father is very famous," says Kurkova, who experienced instant success after being discovered at age 15 by Alessandro Bazzoni, her agent and current boyfriend. Her fall-2001 campaigns include Versace Jeans Couture, Céline, Helmut Lang, and Louis Vuitton. "The great supermodels all have this personality that separates them, and Karolina is the same," says David LaChapelle. "You can feel that she's just gonna keep going and going."

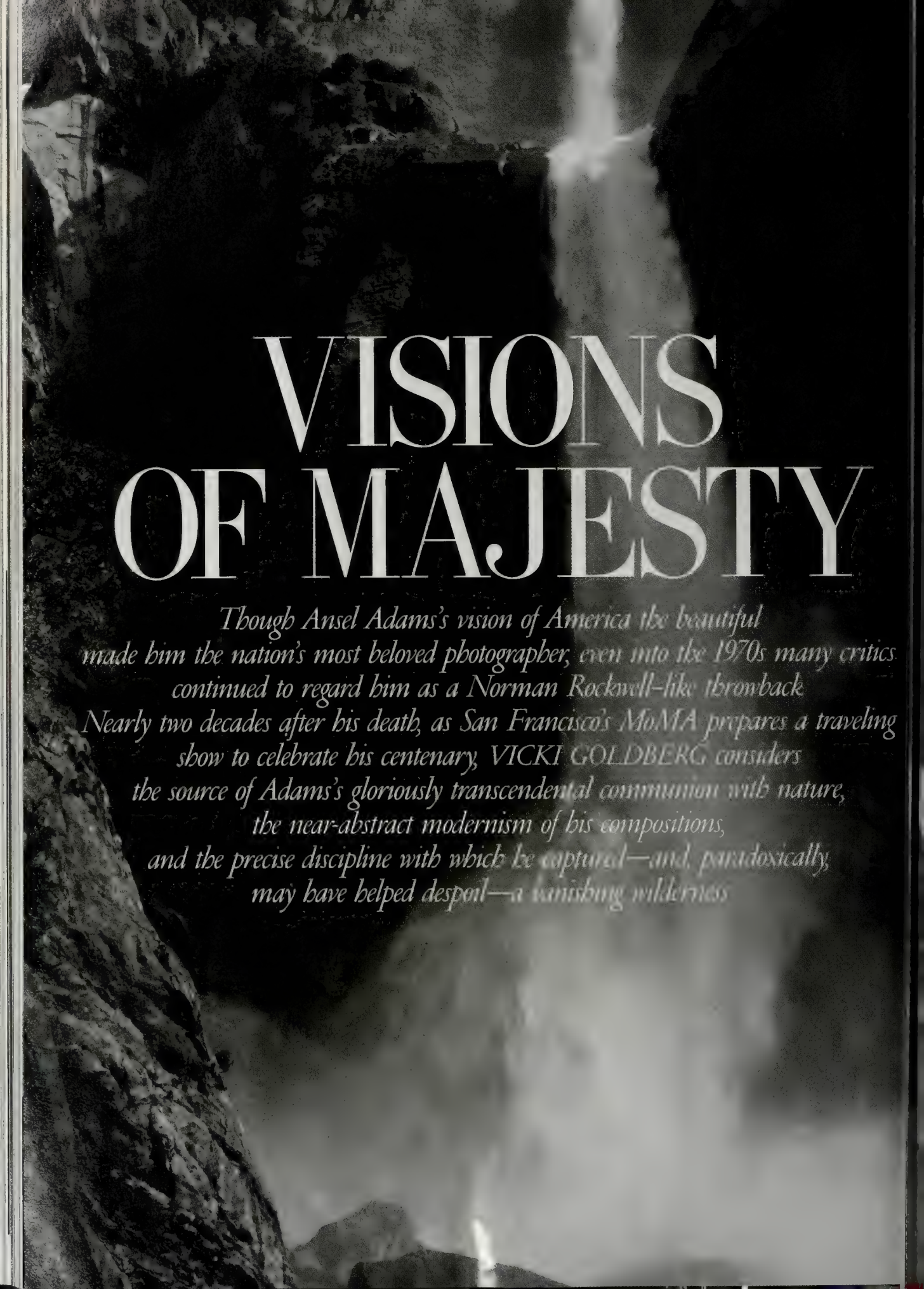
—MICHAEL HOGAN

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DAVID LACHAPELLE



LEGS UNLIMITED

Seventeen-year-old supermodel Karolina Kurkova, photographed in New York City on June 2, 2001.



VISIONS OF MAJESTY

Though Ansel Adams's vision of America the beautiful made him the nation's most beloved photographer, even into the 1970s many critics continued to regard him as a Norman Rockwell–like throwback. Nearly two decades after his death, as San Francisco's MoMA prepares a traveling show to celebrate his centenary, VICKI GOLDBERG considers the source of Adams's gloriously transcendental communion with nature, the near-abstract modernism of his compositions, and the precise discipline with which he captured—and, paradoxically, may have helped despoil—a vanishing wilderness



COMPOSING NATURE

Rondal Partridge's *Ansel Adams in the High Sierra,* circa 1935, illustrates the ends to which Adams would go to get the perfect shot. *Opposite, Lower Yosemite Fall, Yosemite Valley, California,* circa 1946, is a superb example of Adams's efforts to capture nature's impermanence.

Steadying his tripod on a rock halfway up a mountain, Ansel Adams extracted a five-by-seven-inch dream from an infinite landscape. The dream was of America the beautiful and victorious, the West as it once was, and the implicit promise that the soul might be restored within its mighty embrace. His photographs were exquisite evidence that the land was still the seal of America's glory and had not been buried under tract houses and parking lots. Adams became the most popular photographer in our history and was the first to appear on the cover of *Time* (in 1979), where his bearded face beneath his signature Stetson beamed like that of a cowboy Santa Claus. He was admired and loved by everyone—except the critics.

Beaumont Newhall, who was the first director of the Department of Photography at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, privately called Adams "the greatest photographer that there has ever been." In the 1970s, when both the Metropolitan Museum of Art and MoMA gave him retrospectives, collectors bid up his prints to then unheard-of prices—$6,000 and higher. In response to requests, he printed *Moonrise, Hernandez, New Mexico,* a moving image of a small village tranquilly coexisting with eternities of land and sky, some 1,300 times.

Adams, who died in 1984, was an enormous influence and a force, but critics, especially eastern critics, were reluctant to cozy up. A force is unavoidable, but you don't have to *like* it. Some said he was an outdated holdover from the 19th century. Some thought his pictures inhumane, stone-cold—no warm bodies in sight. In the 1930s, even photographers declared him irrelevant; Henri Cartier-Bresson exclaimed, "The world is going to pieces and people like Adams and [Edward] Weston are photographing rocks!"

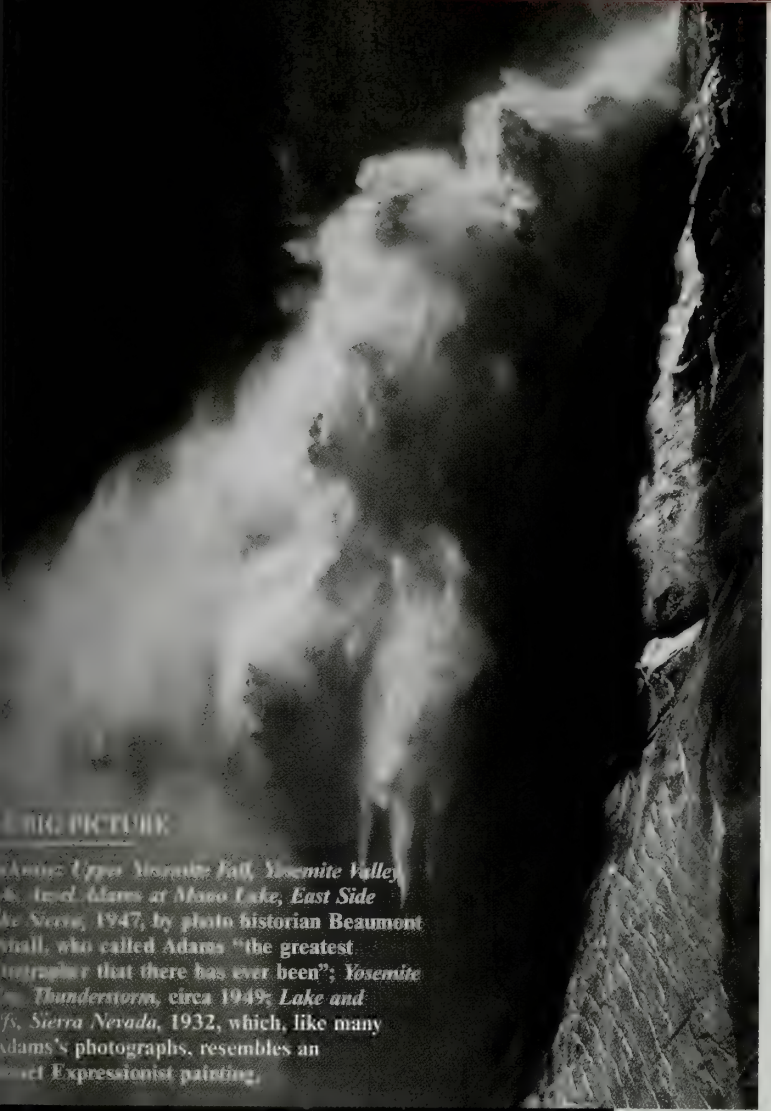
Others found him much too operatic for their taste: trumpets on the mountaintops, bassoons in the darkling lakes, an overdo of violins in the sky. In the 1970s, by which time Adams had w over everyone else, serious students of photography dismiss him as a kind of Norman Rockwell of the medium, saying had abandoned the lonely virtues of art and committed the of popularity.

Yet, much as Wagner's music was once said to be bet than it sounded, many have long suspected that Adams's pl tographs were even better than they looked. There was alw a scattering of fiercely compelling images. "Ansel Adams 100" (he was actually born in 1902), a show of 114 pl tographs at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art fr August 4 to January 13 of next year, takes up the cause, m ing a case that he was a rigorous modernist. More tha quarter of the images have never been published before. T exhibition will travel to Chicago, London, Berlin, Los An les, and New York. Meanwhile, from now until September the George Eastman House in Rochester, New York, is p





Photographs excerpted from *Ansel Adams at 100,* edited and with text by John Szarkowski, to be published this month by Little, Brown; © 2001 by the Trustees of the Ansel Adams Publishing Rights Trust.



…ARE PICTURE

…Upper Yosemite Fall, Yosemite Valley; …ansel Adams at Mono Lake, East Side …e Sierra, 1947, by photo historian Beaumont …ewhall, who called Adams "the greatest …tographer that there has ever been"; *Yosemite … Thunderstorm*, circa 1949; *Lake and …fs, Sierra Nevada*, 1932, which, like many …dams's photographs, resembles an …ct Expressionist painting.

…arlier photographers …w the West as geology, but …dams saw it as *weather.*



senting a show called "In Praise of Nature: Ansel Adams and Photographers of the American West."

John Szarkowski, director emeritus of the Department of Photography at New York's Museum of Modern Art, curator of "Ansel Adams at 100," and author of an accompanying book, published by Little, Brown, writes that Adams successfully reconciled landscape photography with modernism and was in fact a 20th-century photographer through and through. Earlier photographers may have seen the West as geology, but Adams saw it as *weather,* not just the thunderclouds and clearing winter storms he became noted for but also all the transience and impermanence that weather implies.

He was constantly aware, as Szarkowski puts it, of the contemporary omnipresence of the provisional and the potential for anxiety, elements that decisively mark the modernist style. Adams was mindful of a kind of perpetual, minute-to-minute evolution, written in time and light, poised for instant change under the capricious instructions of wind and seasons. In his photographs, the dawn glides for one silky instant across the woods; the glimmering trunks or glittering leaves of trees in autumn dance on the surface of the print and spill across it like shards of light.

In what may well be the first time any photo historian has compared Adams to Cartier-Bresson, Szarkowski says that the former, lugging his view camera uphill with a mule, was just as intent on recording the ephemeral as the latter, who wandered down the street with a Leica, prowling for split-second, decisive moments. The shadows on a mountain that has refused to budge for an eon are, after all, no more permanent than the position of a man leaping over a puddle.

The complex truth seems to be that Adams encoded a 19th-century idea about the land in a distinctly 20th-century idiom. The 19th-century part is a sense of deep spiritual communion with nature, akin to Ralph Waldo Emerson's transcendentalism. Adams's father read Emerson constantly. The young Adams read him as well and once described his own photographic aspirations as "transcendental." His photographs are imbued with the notion that all creation participates in a universal soul. "I look on the lines and forms of the mountains and all other aspects of nature," Adams wrote his future wife, "as if they were but the vast expression of ideas within the Cosmic Mind, if such it can be called."

By the late 19th century, transcendentalism had become a kind of tourist's salvation, a program that Adams bought into and many still do: namely, that the experience of witnessing the western monuments and wilderness could assuage



LOST HORIZON

In *Mount McKinley and Wonder Lake, Mount McKinley National Park, Alaska,* 1948, as in so many of his photographs, Adams cropped out the baseline in the foreground, setting the mountain afloat.



Adams said of his labors in the darkroom, "The negative is equivalent to the composer's score and the print is equivalent to the performance."

the anxieties of urban existence, which were gradually displacing the natural world. Adams's photographs were messengers bringing this faith to a hungry audience.

The 20th-century part of his impact is a graphic boldness allied to strategies of modern painting and combined with the precariousness Szarkowski notes. Critics long ago recognized Adams's ability to fuse strong emotion with near abstraction, and spirituality with strict artistic discipline and technical precision. *Lake and Cliffs, Sierra Nevada* records a remoteness and implacability so bleak, hard, and cold that they would provoke terror were they not so admirably encompassed by a rectangular frame and inserted into a nearly geometric, human sense of order. In *Wanda Lake, Near Muir Pass, Kings Canyon National Park,* the foothills and mountains unite with their reflections to float in a textured band between flat expanses of lake and sky—a composition an Abstract Expressionist might have envied, yet one recognizably composed of rock and ice and light acting on water. The stunning five-part *Surf Sequence* wrests dramatic designs from a confrontation between the camera's ability to stop time and the inability of anything, anywhere, to do so.

Adams frequently cropped out any baseline in the foreground, setting the mountains afloat; his long-focus lens then flattened and compressed even the deepest landscapes. He could play the graphic and rectilinear forms of summits and shadows against ruffled patches of fallen snow and tentative wisps of cloud in pictures that would have been entirely abstract had they not so clearly been photographs of actual places.

He also celebrated the unspectacular, hidden corners of nature with extreme close-ups of blades of grass adrift on water like random scratch marks, or patches of dead wood that imitate Expressionist landscapes—transformations akin to Paul Strand's close-ups of rocks and crockery or Georgia O'Keeffe's metamorphic details of flowers.

The grand, transcendent landscape, America's rival to monuments as great as Notre-Dame in Paris or St. Peter's in Rome, was not a mere ploy of Adams's but his very existence. Yosemite had transformed his life while he was still a boy. He was hyperactive before there was such a diagnosis (or a prescription for Ritalin), and his attention and behavior were so erratic and disruptive in class that he was regularly expelled. At 10 he CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

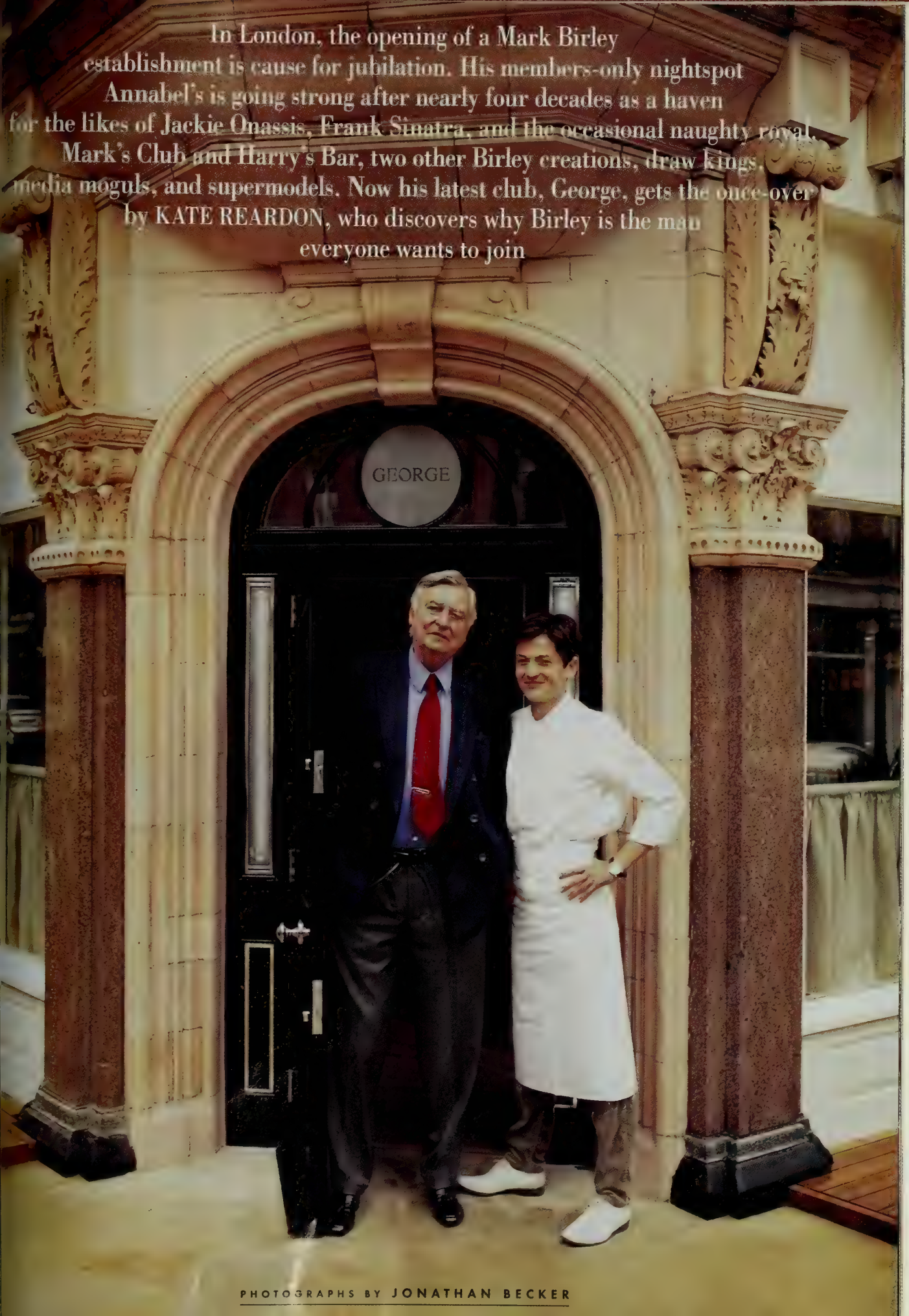
The Birley Touch



HOMES AWAY FROM HOME

The interior of Annabel's, the renowned supper club in London's Berkeley Square, launched by Mark Birley in 1963. *Opposite*, Birley in the South Audley Street doorway of his latest creation, George, with assistant head chef Daniel de la Falaise, May 18, 2001.

In London, the opening of a Mark Birley establishment is cause for jubilation. His members-only nightspot Annabel's is going strong after nearly four decades as a haven for the likes of Jackie Onassis, Frank Sinatra, and the occasional naughty royal. Mark's Club and Harry's Bar, two other Birley creations, draw kings, media moguls, and supermodels. Now his latest club, George, gets the once-over by KATE REARDON, who discovers why Birley is the man everyone wants to join



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

Bartender Abraao Rafike Ayob Omar at George. *Below,* Birley creates spaces where everyone is at ease: his dogs take a rest in their part of his London home.



The opening of a new restaurant in Londc is usually slightly less momentous than the opening of an umbre la. Until now. Over the last 40 years Mark Birley has created th smartest, most civilized, most sophisticated eating establishmen in town—all of which are enormously expensive private clubs. An now, to barely contained excitement, he has opened a new on

Invitations for membership have been accepted with ind cent haste, and a month before it served its first appetizer, 5(uninvited called to beg. It is called George, Birley says emph tically—"just plain George, not George's or George's Bar." A English social litmus tests go, misnaming it will be as bad a saying "Ascot" instead of "Asc't."

Opening a new place is something Birley doesn't do very c ten; in fact, he's kept it down to one a decade since the launc of the nightclub Annabel's, in 1963. Elle Macpherson says th restaurant is "a young, sexy version of Harry's Bar [a terrib chic Birley restaurant], just what London needs right now—ar you don't have to wear a tie!" Of his group of supersmart e tablishments, George will be known for its youthful informalit

Luckily, the definition of "young" seems pleasingly amo phous. The decorator Nina Campbell, a close friend of Birley says, "I asked Mark, 'What does "young" mean?' and he sai 'Oh, just around 70.' 'What, it moves round you?' and he ju smiled. So, obviously, whatever age Mark is is young, and the ne year is old. I think it's wonderful for him to be doing it, wh he could be resting on his laurels and other people are retiring

At 71, Birley admits this is his last blast: "I have no intentic of doing anything else, for better or for worse." But his six-fo six-inch frame is imposing as ever, and his eyes don't so mu twinkle as dazzle—his pupils look as though they are mirrore

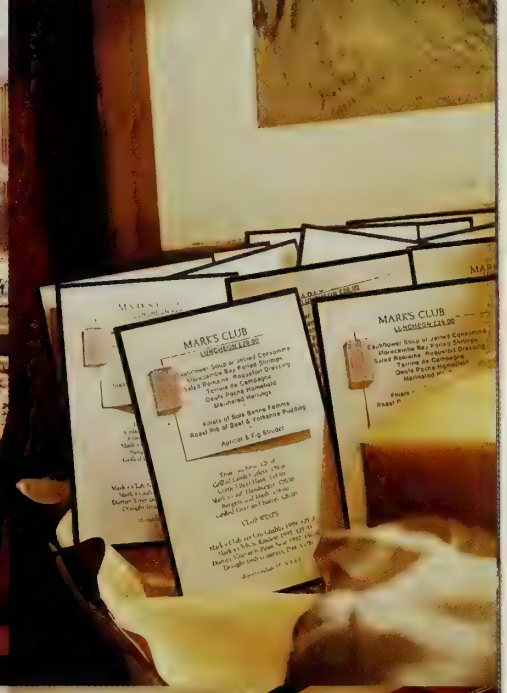
Age is irrelevant. The Mark Birley fan club, of which ep American socialite Nan Kempner says she's the oldest livi member, follows him doggedly. As she enthusiastically says, Birl has "the golden touch, rather like a magic wand. He has the mo superb taste of anyone I've ever known. No one has had su long standing—Annabel's is still as good as the day that it opene Mark's Club [a statesmanlike restaurant and bar] and Harry's B are still the only places you want to go in London. They all ha the individual and extraordinary Mark Birley touch."

The writer Jessica de Rothschild says, "His restaurants a renowned for having delicious food, and the A-list eat the but they are all quite formal. What will be great is that Geor will have all the traditional Birley ingredients, but it will more relaxed." The typical member, according to Birley, w be "a reasonably well-heeled 35- to 40-year-old, who preferat takes out very pretty girls." So not much of a change from t members of all his other clubs, then.

Conveniently placed on the same block of South Audley Stre























WELCOME TO BIRLEY WORLD

Clockwise from top left: manager Bruno Rotti at Mark's Club; Birley's London home; Mark's Club menus; inside Mark's Club; Birley's Bath & Racquet Club; a table at the clean, well-lighted George; de la Falaise's shoes; a photograph at Annabel's of the racehorse George Hobart (the horse was named after a steadfast barman at Annabel's, as is George restaurant); the doorbell at Mark's Club.

"I hate pretension in restaurants," says Birley. "I don't see anything wrong with good manners."



THE COLLECTION

All of Birley's clubs are known for their tastefully eclectic mix of artwork crowding the walls. Three pieces by Paul Colin and (top left) a model boat with a background painted by Mark Birley's daughter, India Jane, line this section of Annabel's.

Harry's Bar, George, like all of Birley's establishments, is safe-within a half-mile radius of the hub, Annabel's, in Berkeley uare. Birley effectively rules Mayfair. As is the case with the ners, he decides who, once they have been proposed and sec-ded by existing members, will have the privilege of paying orge's £400-a-year membership fee.

The restaurant at George has cream-painted tongue-and-groove neling and huge windows, which are partly obscured by off-ite linen café curtains. Seating 90, it is divided in two—the cool tion is the one farthest from the front door. On its opening y, Cosima von Bülow, Harry Fane, and Mark Birley himself re seated there. The kitchen, which runs the entire length of restaurant, is open and visible. And as with Harry's Bar there l be tables on the street in the summer—a rare treat in London.

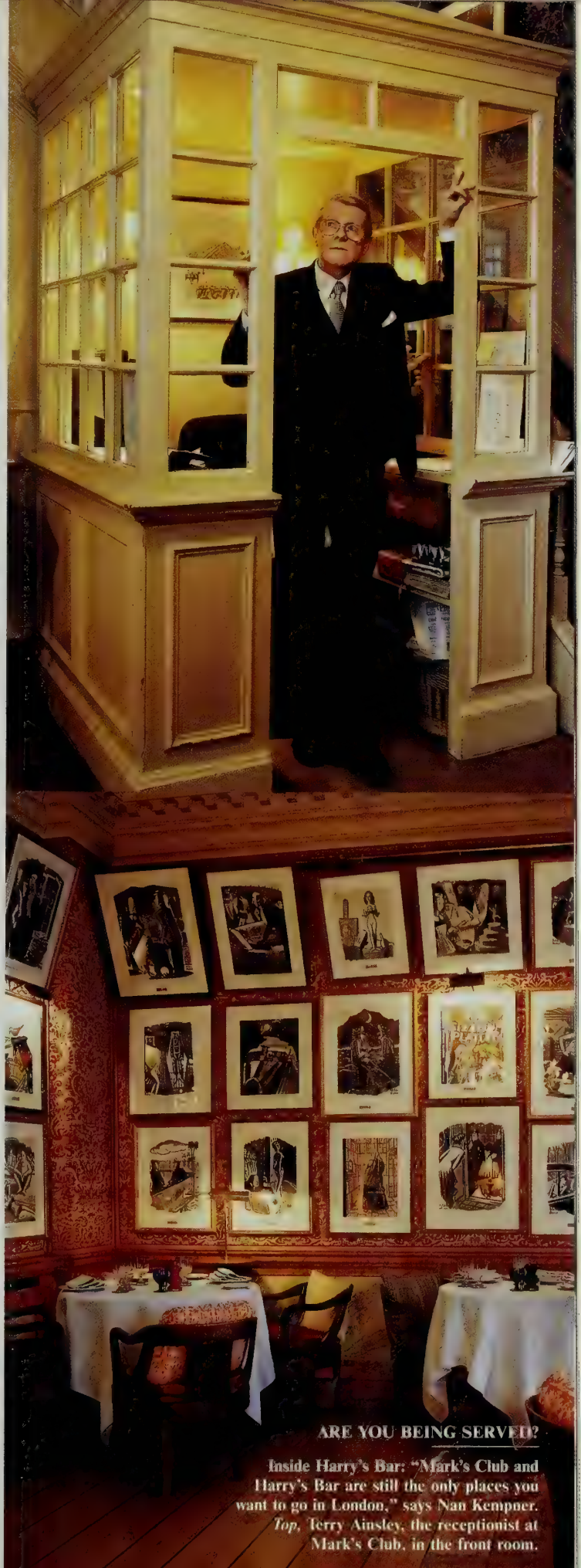
On display is a collection of David Hockney etch-ings. Birley says, "I'll probably discover I haven't got enough. All these places take several years to get right, like a house. It took about five years for me to move into the house I live in. It's better. I did that because I couldn't afford to do all the things I wanted to do straightaway. As it was, it s just as well because you could live in the place. O.K., you t up with the builders and so on. You're more likely to get it the y you want it like that. Everybody is so keen to employ deco-ors, to go away and come back to find every ashtray in place."

Downstairs at George is the "nighterie," as Birley calls it. ighterie—not a nightclub. You move downstairs at the end of ner, sit around on sofas, have a drink, and listen to a little bit music." It is painted dark greenish blue, with terribly romantic stlike coves made from the old coal cellars. "What will be so e will be the downstairs bar," says Jessica de Rothschild, "as s really hard to find somewhere to have a drink after dinner London without going to a nightclub." There is also a dark-inese-red private dining room which seats 12.

"The head chef is Luca dal Bosco, who's worked for seven years der Alberico Penati [at Harry's Bar]. And my great-nephew niel de la Falaise—he's been cooking since he was six years l. Madonna took him up at one point, sort of abducted him. 's going to be on view," says Birley, referring to the highly ible kitchen. The tasty de la Falaise, the assistant head chef d buyer, will no doubt be a draw in himself. Dal Bosco says t the food at George has the "freshness of Italian cuisine, technique of the French, and with an English taste." He adds t the brasserie-style menu is "sort of looking after the past, uilding these old recipes in a clean, contemporary way with-a lot of fat."

Birley says, "I want waitresses in the dining room. I'm going put them in long white aprons and black waistcoats." Which pronounces without any audible vowels. The maître d' will Isidro Cenizo. "He's a very, very nice man. You'll find Isi is y nice and smiley. [He's right—the Spaniard is indeed jolly.] u know, I hate pretension in restaurants. I think particularly restaurants it's annoying, because if you start a restaurant and and give yourself airs and graces too quickly it rather back-s on you. And people don't like it anyway. I don't see any-ng wrong with just good manners."

His ex-wife, Annabel Goldsmith, after whom the nightclub nabel's was named, remains an "enormous friend." She ex-ins Birley's formula: "His clubs are so special for three reasons: mber one, his perfectionism. It's a CONTINUED ON PAGE 185



ARE YOU BEING SERVED?

Inside Harry's Bar: "Mark's Club and Harry's Bar are still the only places you want to go in London," says Nan Kempner. *Top,* Terry Ainsley, the receptionist at Mark's Club, in the front room.

The Belle of

What Byron was to 19th-century England, Edna St. Vincent Millay was to 20th-century America: the embodiment of romance and passion. The most famous poet of her day and the first woman to win the Pulitzer Prize for verse, she was also, to the men who loved her, danger. In an excerpt from her new biography, *Savage Beauty*, which draws on never-before-published letters and notebooks, NANCY MILFORD recalls the swath Millay cut through Greenwich Village and Paris in the 1920s, tells of her triangular liaison with *Vanity Fair* editors Edmund Wilson and John Peale Bishop, and explores why she almost married a mysterious Frenchman



VANITY FAIR

A Monthly Magazine of The Stage, Society, Sports, Fashions and The Fine Arts

TEL. 2400 VANDERBILT
19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK

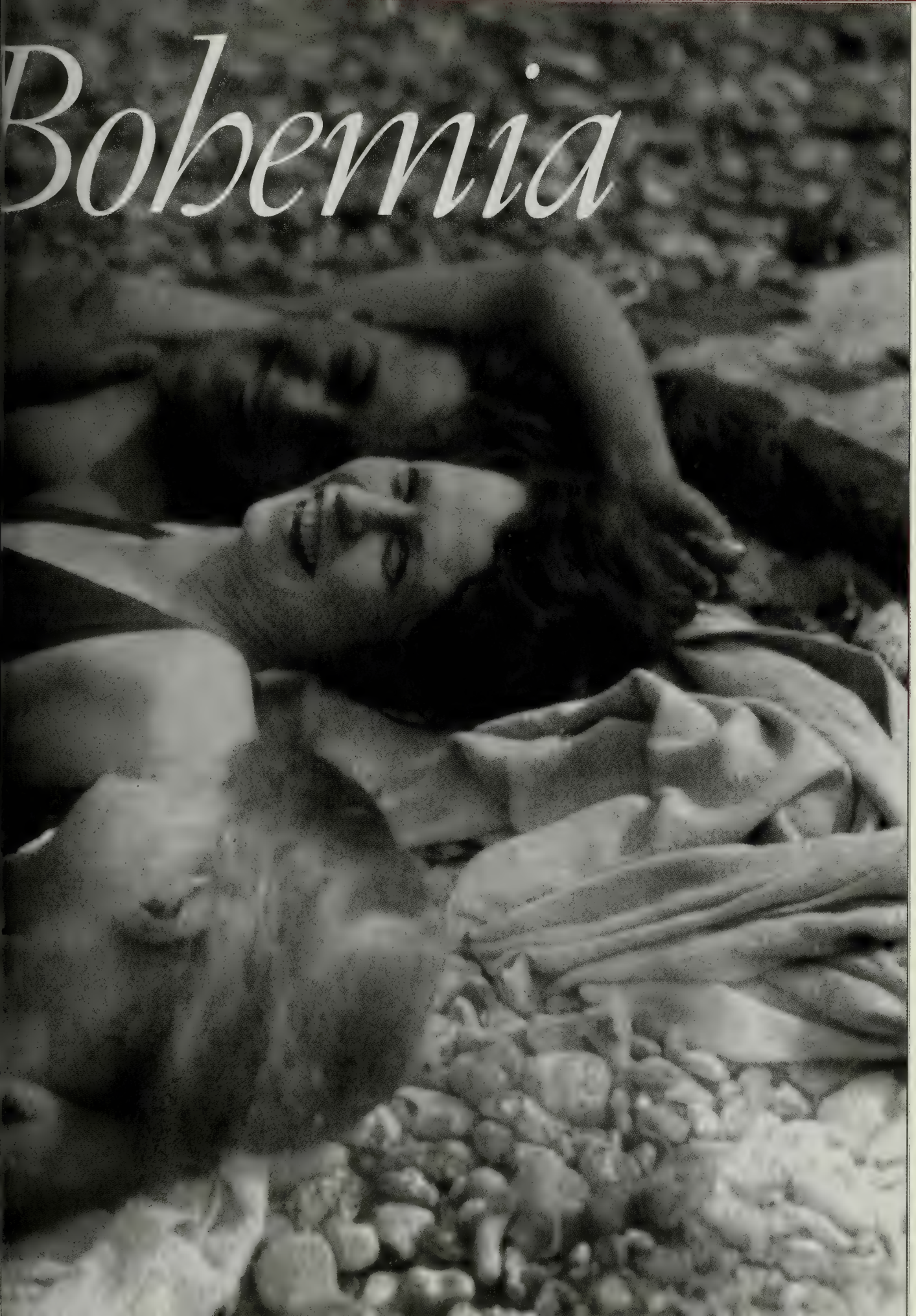
CONDÉ NAST, PUBLISHER
FRANK CROWNINSHIELD, EDITOR

For gods sake, Edna, don't forget my coming to see you this week - I can't stand it - really. I don't want you to spend any great amount of time with me, if you feel you can't endure hearing your work - then unreasonable, and not really selfish - But want to see you at all. - that is too much. I am in despair.

Only two more days, and I found you for a moment yesterday - very soon.

I am painfully aware that I have shown a vile advantage in over

Belles, letters: Edna St. Vincent Millay, center, and friends in Dorset, England, 1922. *Inset,* an October 1920 letter to Millay from John Bishop, one of her many suitors.


Bohemia

I played a hunch in the winter of 1972. I drove up to a farmhouse called Steepletop in the Taconic Hills of Austerlitz, New York, sat down in the kitchen of that house with Norma Millay, and told her I wanted to write about her sister's life. Both of us knew that any serious work about Edna St. Vincent Millay, the most famous poet in America during her lifetime, had been blocked for almost a quarter of a century. Norma, then 79 years old, was Edna's only heir, she controlled her estate, and she thought she might write what she called The Biography. But as we sat there eating and drinking and talking, it became more and more clear to me that I was going to write the biography of Edna Millay, that I would write it with her sister's help and permission, and that I would resist her influence as best I could. "All right," she said, raising a tumbler of Dewar's to mine as if it were a toast, "I've waited long enough. It's yours."

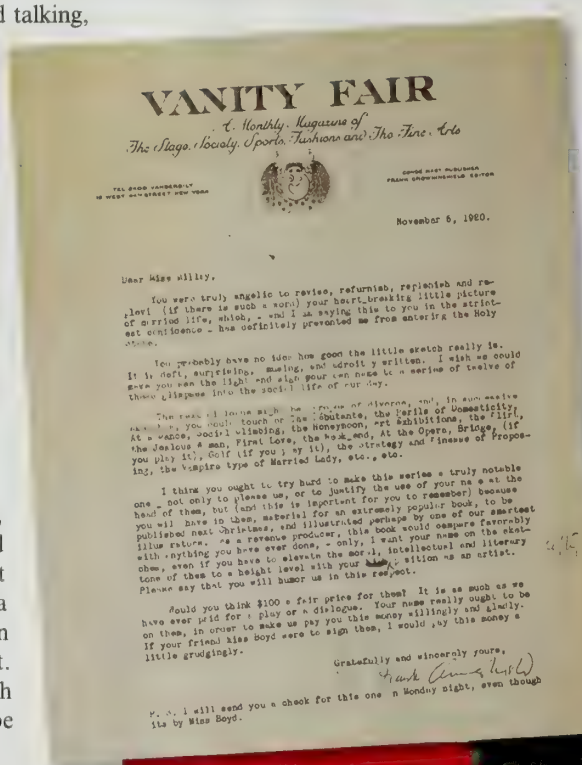
But that wasn't the hunch. It was that within the dining room, library, bedrooms, woodshed, and front halls of Steepletop, beneath the damask tablecloth and under the piano benches, there would be a collection of papers, letters, snapshots, notebooks, and drafts of poems that had not been destroyed or lost, as Norma sometimes hinted, that even if in disorder had been carefully kept. They would provide the fresh ground from which a life could be found and shaped.

During the summers of 1975, 1976, 1977, and 1978, I brought thousands of pieces of paper out of that farmhouse. I tried to make a list of what I was removing. This turned out to be difficult, for as I began to read among Edna Millay's papers, Norma would stop me. She intended to read each piece of paper before I did and to hand it to me. In order, she said, to tell me what it meant. Or might mean. We sat crouched over a letter written in a cascade of inky curls from Georgia O'Keeffe, postmarked Lake George but with the year smudged, telling Edna she wasn't ready to see her yet; or over a scrap of paper from Edmund Wilson reminding Edna she'd left her rings on his piano and imploring her to let him see her again before she left Greenwich Village for the Cape in the summer of 1920. "Oh, poor Bunny," Norma said of Wilson.

I made the list because I anticipated that at the very last minute, at the moment of removal from the grounds of Steepletop and therefore from Norma Millay's control, she might balk. She did. We dickered. I reminded her we had an agreement drawn up by the lawyers, according to which she was obliged to release these papers to me so that I could begin to work. I told her she would receive a hefty percentage of whatever I earned *after* the book's publication. I told her that we were not adversaries, and that I admired her caution. Then I handed her the list. She barely looked at it, wav her hand, and I drove off with the goods

Was it my luck that this extraordina collection was in no university library? C luck strike twice? Just as no one had Zel Fitzgerald's papers but her daughter, Sc tie, who handed them to me in shoppi bags for my 1970 biography, *Zelda,* so one had ever seen this collection. Exce of course, her sister. For who but a Nor Millay, or a Lavinia Dickinson, the youn sister of Emily Dickinson, each of wh in her day was considered eccentric, n rotic, and difficult, if not downright ig rant, would have cared with such intens to have cherished the past so careful And with such mixed motives?

There were only three things Norma s she'd destroyed. One was a letter return to her by a no-longer-young man to wh Edna had written. Norma said it was discreet. Edna had described his physi beauty in detail and made what she wan clear. He was homosexual, Norma sa "Maybe she didn't care. Anyway, he turn her down. We can't have that." There v an ivory dildo which Norma admitted v difficult to burn, but she'd managed And a set of pornographic photograp taken, she thought, in 1926 or 1927, wh Edna was writing her libretto, *The Ki Henchman,* for the Metropolitan Op These were of Eugen Boissevain, Ed husband, and Edna, she said. So were taken down by the pool at Stee top, perhaps shot by Eugen using a t ing device on his camera, but Nor guessed that Arthur Davison Fic the poet, had had a hand in shoot them. "Vincent," as Edna was cal by her sisters and mother, "was ready a famous poet, how


VANITY FAIR

A Monthly Magazine of The Stage, Society, Sports, Fashions and The Fine Arts

November 6, 1920.

Dear Miss Millay,

You were truly angelic to revise, refurnish, replenish and replevi (if there is such a word) your heart-breaking little picture of married life, which, - and I am saying this to you in the strictest confidence - has definitely prevented me from entering the Holy state.

You probably have no idea how good the little sketch really is. It is deft, surprising, moving, and adroitly written. I wish we could have you run the light and airy series of twelve of these glimpses into the social life of our day.

The result of [illegible] you, or divorce, and, in any case [illegible], you could touch on the debutante, the perils of domesticity, at a dance, social climbing, the honeymoon, art exhibitions, the flirt, the jealous man, First Love, the bas bleu, At the Opera, Bridge, (if you play it), Golf (if you play it), the strategy and finesse of Proposing, the vampire type of Married Lady, etc., etc.

I think you ought to try hard to make this series a truly notable one - not only to please us, or to justify the use of your name at the head of them, but [and this is important for you to remember] because you will have in them, material for an extremely popular book, to be published next Christmas, and illustrated perhaps by one of our smartest illustrators. As a revenue producer, this book would compare favorably with anything you have ever done, - only, I want your name on the sketches, even if you have to elevate the moral, intellectual and literary tone of them to a height level with your [illegible] position as an artist. Please say that you will humor us in this respect.

Would you think $100 a fair price for them? It is as much as we have ever paid for a play or a dialogue. Your name really ought to be on them, in order to make us pay you this money willingly and gladly. If your friend Miss Boyd were to sign them, I would pay this money a little grudgingly.

Gratefully and sincerely yours,

Frank Crowninshield

P. S. I will send you a check for this one in Monday night, even though it's by Miss Boyd.

Poetry rocks! *Above,* a letter from *V.F.* editor Frank Crowninshield thanking Millay for her "heart-breaking little picture of married life"; *right,* Crowninshield, magazine publisher Condé Nast, and *Vogue* editor Edna Chase; *opposite,* Millay, Croton-on-Hudson, New York, early 1920s.



Excerpted from *Savage Beauty: A Biography of Edna St. Vincent Millay,* by Nancy Milford, to be published in September by Random House; © 2001 by the author.


"She was one
of those women... who,
excited by the blood or
the spirit, become
almost supernaturally
beautiful."

could she have let these photographs of her be taken? Well, she did. Naughty Vincent Millay! I found them and I destroyed them. For her own good! You can put that down!"

To be a biographer is a somewhat peculiar endeavor. It seems to me it requires not only the tact, patience, and thoroughness of a scholar but also the stamina of a horse. Virginia Woolf, however, called it "donkeywork"—for who but a domesticated ass would harness herself to what is recoverable of the past and call it A Life? Isn't there something curious, not to say questionable, about this appetite for other people's mail, called Letters? What does it mean to be mulish in pursuit of someone else's life, to be charmed, beguiled even, by the past, if not held fast to it? It isn't true that it provides insulation from the present. On the contrary, it impinges upon it, for while it is from the terrain of my own life that I work mining hers, biography is the true story of someone else's life, and not my own.

But certain lives—the "rich dim Shelley drama" Henry James wrote about, the Fitzgeralds—are cautionary tales of high romance upon which entire generations feast. There is almost the same period of time—60 years, give or take—between the Romantic movement and James's generation as there is between our own and the writers of the 1920s. It is our own past, it is just within reach, and Edna Millay is our lyric voice.

Millay became the herald of the New Woman. She smoked in public when it was a transgression for women to do so, she lived in Greenwich Village during the halcyon days of that starry bohemia where she slept with men and women and wrote about it in lyrics and sonnets that blazed with wit and a sexual daring that captivated the nation as she became the Girl Poet.

I shall forget you presently, my dear,
So make the most of this, your little day,
Your little month, your little half a year,
Ere I forget, or die, or move away,
And we are done forever, by and by
I shall forget you, as I said, but now
If you entreat me with your loveliest lie
I will protest you with my favourite vow.
I would indeed that love were longer-lived,
And oaths were not so brittle as they are,
But so it is, and nature has contrived
To struggle on without a break thus far,—
Whether or not we find what we are
seeking
Is idle, biologically speaking.

It wasn't only that she was the first woman to win the Pulitzer Prize in poetry, which she was awarded in 1923 for *A Few Figs from Thistles, The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver,* and an additional eight sonnets, six of which were published in *Vanity Fair,* or that Thomas Hardy once said there were really only two great things in the United States, the skyscraper and the poetry of Edna St. Vincent Millay. It was that when she published "First Fig," in June 1918, her cheeky quatrain ignited the imagination of a generation of American women: she gave them their rallying cry. A wild freedom edged with death.

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night;
But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends—
It gives a lovely light!

But it wasn't all play or sexual glamour with her by a long shot. She stood by the side of the editors of the leftist magazine *The Masses* when they were up against charges of conspiracy to obstruct the war effort in 1918. She marched for Sacco and Vanzetti in 1927 and was arrested for protesting their death sentences, a protest she took all the way to the governor of Massachusetts. She fought the Lindberghs when Anne Morrow Lindbergh published her *The Wave of the Future* in 1940, advising American capitulation to Fascism. When the Nazis razed the entire Czech village of Lidice in 1942, Millay wrote a verse play for radio called *The Murder of Lidice,* which was broadcast throughout America, where a third of the country said it was willing to accept a separate peace with Germany.

Tickets for Millay's readings were wildly sought-after whether she was in Oklahoma City or Chicago, where the hall seating 1,600 was sold out and even with standees they had to take an extra hall for the overflow of another 800 who listened to her over amplifiers. In October 1934 she read at Yale. A young graduate student, Richard Sewall, who 40 years later would become the biographer of Emily Dickinson, never forgot the impression she made that night. Walking to the center of Woolsey Hall, wrapped in a long black velvet cloak, her bright hair shining, she "stood before us," he remembered, "like a daffodil." Looking at her wrist, she told the audience that the poems she was about to read were from her new book, *Wine from These Grapes,* "which is coming off the press just about now." That night she read with the zeal of a young Jeremiah, her words burning the air as she closed her reading with a sonnet from "Epitaph for the Race of Man."

Deep into the 19th century there had been literary gentlemen who filled lecture halls and athenaeums with their deft recitals of poems and sermons. But Millay was the first American figure to riv the personal adulation, frenzy even, of B ron, where the poet in his person was t romantic ideal. It was his life as much his work that his audiences were shocke and delighted by. Edna Millay was the on American woman to draw such crowds her. As a performer she made people fe they had seen the muse alive and ju within reach. They laughed with her ar they were moved by her poetry. Passio ate and charming, or easy and lofty, s not only brought them to their feet, s brought them to her. In the heart of t Depression, her collection of sonnets, *F tal Interview,* sold 35,000 copies with weeks of its publication.

Edna St. Vincent Milla whose very name her mot er said was song, was s and small and intense, most prim. (She was nam St. Vincent for the Gree wich Village hospital th cared for her uncle Charlie, who had be deathly ill in the days prior to Edna's bir in 1892.) Her hair was her glory—it w the color of fire. Thick and curling, it f to her waist. Her skin was as pale as mi She was the firstborn, the eldest of thr sisters who were as unalike and yet close as fingers on a hand. They had be, for there was nothing and no one hind them.

It was her mother who read in a mag zine article about a grand contest for p ets. One thousand dollars in prize mon would be awarded to the best three p ems submitted to Mitchell Kennerly, New York publisher. Only 20 at the tim Edna finished her entry, the 214-li "Renascence," in less than two month The poem did not win a prize, but ma thought it should have, including the c ic Jessie Rittenhouse, who told one of t judges that it was "one of the freshest a most original things in modern poetr and who praised it extravagantly in *T New York Times.*

When Caroline B. Dow, the dean the New York Y.W.C.A. Training Scho heard Edna read "Renascence" at a su mer hotel in Maine, she was stunned the poem, but even more by this prov cial girl's assured performance. Throu wealthy friends she raised the mon to send the young poet to Vassar. would not be the last time Edna Vincent Millay would win an older wo an to her side to help her. They we *taken* with Edna Millay. They want to assist her in any way they cou perhaps because in the careful str



"While her heart is still in the grave of one love affair she is making eyes at another man."

Vanity's fair share: Millay, 1923. *Insets:* Bishop, around 1922; a summer-1920 letter from Bishop to Millay. Bishop and Wilson had an assignation with Millay in which Wilson held "her lower half and John her upper—with a polite exchange of pleasantries as to which had the better share."

re of their lives they felt diminished. Her e would be grand, sweeping, urgent. Inpable of this themselves, they would help r. Already, at Vassar, Edna was "one of e celebrities," recalled Agnes Rogers, no was a year ahead of her there, "magi- l and luminous. I felt it. Everyone did."

After graduation Edna went straight to ew York, to look for work, and it was in e heady, bohemian world of Greenwich llage that she met Edmund Wilson and hn Peale Bishop, two young *Vanity Fair* sistant editors.

Edmund Wilson Jr., whose mother's nickname for him as a little boy, Bunny, had stuck, was at Princeton with F. Scott Fitzgerald and John Peale Bishop, later a well-known literary critic. When e First World War began, Wilson enlisted d served with a hospital unit as a stretcher-arer in France, until he couldn't stand the rnage and asked his father, who knew oodrow Wilson from his days as attor- y general in the state of New Jersey, to intervene. He was transferred to Germany in the Intelligence Corps, and returned to America in July 1919.

Wilson was short and stout, his fine red hair, neatly parted in the middle, was already at 25 beginning to thin. His speaking voice was high, "harsh and light," as Edna St. Vincent Millay described it. He wore brown suits that matched the color of his eyes, carried a slim malacca cane, and performed sleight of hand and card tricks to calm his nerves. When Scott Fitzgerald caught sight of him in Greenwich Village one evening, he found Wilson enviably urbane, no longer the "shy little scholar of Holder Court" he'd been at Princeton. A small legacy permitted him choices that Edna Millay did not have—a Chinese manservant who cooked for him, for instance.

Wilson had fallen in love with her

Princeton Club
Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-fourth Street
New York

My dear dear girl,
I have not written you because I am trying to shake you a little from my mind - with not great success. I am utterly ruthless with desire to free you core while hands against my throat, ... I don't know why do you have power to torture me? And why should it be that I should come to love you as the very most - you are so desperately



Poetry in motion: *Clockwise from below:* Wilson, 1920. A Man R photograph of Millay, ca 1920s. A page from the November 1920 *V.F.* wit Millay's poems. Edna's mother, Cora Millay, M 1925. Millay and her husband, Eugen Boissev wearing matching racco coats as they race their Cadillac, 1920s; they married in 1923.







NOVEMBER

Poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay

A New Set of Verses by the Most Distinguished American Poet of the Younger Generation



WHEN SPRING

I LOOKED in my heart while the world was young
And what did I see but a question mark
Against the blue sky of each bitter flower
Nature in early spring thrust through the mould
Dauntless heart-forgive, love, and depart
Hence without me—I have time and I have
Wild years come over the rose-time since
The town-crier, weather-worn to be, and gone.

THE SINGER WOMAN FROM HIS MEMORY

I

WHAT should I be but a prophet and a liar
Whose mother, in her despondency over
My father was a fiddler?
Fooled on a trapeze and a rolled-and-rocker
What should I be but the head acrobatter?
And who should be my playmate but the nobby
And the free.
That was out beneath a fairy lamp and bear
To what should be my cousin than to be stoned
At my altar,
The liar and trader and traitor and at the
Mother.

You will see each wake on the next year—not be
It's premonitory wonder for her hair
You will find each flower at the east—need with
It either in the meadow, at countenance each

For these owners to birth me—unseen, even
From the love of a poet's fun, a hyperbium
And you never have seen and was never will see
Such stone as the stone that molded me

After all—and after all I was
What should I be but a basket and a mine?

In through the bushes on my bicycle
At the world come a-run. I the loop on
With a prayer for me, both and cannot for me

Lamentable of his hand for all that he was with
And there it on me with her love beneath
Her chin.
Absolute as her face and adoration of it in
And amazing as the snow came from him—as
The world never and the open the at all that for
My praise

Oh the thing I haven't seen and the thing I
Haven't known,
And with bodice and dislike tell after I we
Green,
And cooked both was by on mother and my
Father,
If black sounded sun-bather—and a Black
With a
World sweather?

Rewinds me the bush tell of my pay and of within
He heard me on Lenox and he heard me on
Lenox,
Behind me and excited me to keep on—and
To
Some evil.
I had and we conquered

I

WHEN you that at all commend me to me
Beyond them world as paper hell depart
And be on—me the matter of me heart
Where if me in—all hell hath the key
And be in—me—but now—you come to be
The on from which I suffered—not
In coastal number—not a bridging dirt
All unsuitable room, you love I on the ice

I hall you mother out of the loom
And step somebody—now on—at me weep
The perfect of me love that like a flower
Afraid of death—at summon of leap
In—up for a monument and bolt of I married,
He would afternoon a petal—he's he bird

II

HERE—around that never will heal I know
Here—now he out of a dream—and death
But of a love—toward—the—and the he-ith
I—at married heart—never come will me
The one—mother—toward come thought I in
I me—and there—at—and the I—heart-ith
It toward—mother—he—a far mother-ith
Shall be—with heart-on—of at—at—

He loved me and I—toward I—and
That he—I heard he I with the I—at—on
I—at—he—and—I—the—and I—at—
I—at—heard—with—the—with—at—on

III

PITY me not because the light of day
At eve—or all—the—long—will—be—by
Pity me not because the—at—now
I—to—tell—me—the—of—the—at—
Pity—at—not—the—summer—of—the—moon,
Nor that the—afternoon—has—to—
Another—day—for—the—heart—of—
And—me—to—be—I—have—the—heart—of—

The—have—I—have—I—have—to—at—
Then—be—all—I—remain—with—the—and—I—with
Then—the—rest—I—be—that—and—I—be—between—
—appear—to—I—with—the—
—I—me—I—to—be—the—
Which—the—I—and—I—with—

IV

WHAT by—is—by—have—I—and—her—
—and—oh—
I—be—I—my—at—at—not—one—now—I—to—
I—and—at—heart—at—summer—that—be—and—with
I—I—all—I—have—summer—that—be—and—with
I—pity—the—and—I—have—I—to—I—pity—
At—I—me—I—and—I—pity—I—to—I—pity—
I—at—summer—and—I—I—that—not—with
I—all—I—summer—at—I—with—I—to—

The—at—the—very—end—I—heard—me—
Not—I—to—at—what—I—heard—I—at—summer—
I—I—me—at—I—not—I—to—I—summer—and—with
I—I—and—I—at—I—heard—I—at—summer—
I—and—I—have—that—summer—at—I—with—
I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—

THEM

THE—what—pity—I—heard—I—at—I—summer—I—with
The—I—and—with—I—
Not—I—at—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I

try well before he met Millay in the
ng of 1920. He had been reading her
:e the spring of 1916, when his cousin
olyn Crosby Wilson, who was in Mil-
s class at Vassar, gave him a copy of
Vassar Miscellany Monthly, in which
ıe Suicide" had appeared. When later
he year she sent him *A Book of Vas-*
Verse with both that poem and "In-
m," he decided to review it in the
York Evening Sun, where, just out of
ıceton, he was working as a $15-a-week
ɔrter. The following year that same
sin sent him Millay's poem "Rena-
ıce" when he was in France with the
erican Expeditionary Force and he
even more impressed. Now he longed
ıeet her.

ıt last he did, at a party in Greenwich
ıge to which she came late and tired af-
ı performance of her hit anti-war play,
da Capo, by the Provincetown Players.
t night her beauty overwhelmed him,
it was not only her beauty that was ar-
ing: he found her speaking voice thrill-

Unsettled, Wilson wrote in his 1952
noir, *The Shores of Light,* that he felt for
first time "her power of imposing her-
on others through a medium that un-
ılened the emotions of solitude. The
ıpany hushed and listened as people do
nusic—her authority was always com-
e; but her voice, though dramatic, was
ly.

She was dressed in some bright batik,
her face lit up with a flush that seemed
ɔurn also in the bronze reflections of
not yet bobbed reddish hair. She was
of those women whose features are
perfect and who in their moments of
ness may not seem even pretty, but
, excited by the blood or the spirit, be-
ıe almost supernaturally beautiful."

Vilson decided to cultivate her favor
ɔublishing her in *Vanity Fair.* The July
0 issue ran her poem "Dead Music—
Elegy," and in the following month "A
yer to Persephone," part of the "Ele-
" she was completing.

As for John Bishop and me," Wilson
te, "the more we saw of her poetry,
more our admiration grew, and we
h, before very long, had fallen irre-
ɣably in love with her. This latter was
:ommon an experience, so almost in-
able a consequence of knowing her in
se days.... One cannot really write
ut Edna Millay without bringing into
foreground of the picture her intoxi-
ng effect on people, because this so
:h created the atmosphere in which
lived and composed. [It was a] spell
she exercised on many ... of all ages
both sexes."

In May 1920, when Millay learned there was a chance to rent a cottage on the Cape that her friends Jig Cook, leader of the Provincetown Players, and his wife, the novelist Susan Glaspell, had just bought, she seized it. They warned her it was really no more than a beach shack, and Jiggie listed the drawbacks, "remoteness, mosquitoes, no running water, etc., etc.," while Susan added that the mosquitoes would bear mentioning twice. They did want her to come, but fretted that she'd like Provincetown better, for "P-town is gay and Truro is in the country—So there you are." But the little house, with a hedge of wild roses out front, set in a pine hollow just back from the dunes on the outermost reach of Cape Cod, behind the wild and lovely Longnook beach at Truro, delighted her, and she took it at once.

The Millays—Edna, her mother, Cora, and her two sisters, Norma and Kathleen—moved out of their apartment in the Village, boxed what they needed to take, and stored the rest. It was to this house on Cape Cod that Edmund Wilson Jr., sweaty and lost in the hot August night, came trudging, dragging his suitcase, cutting through fields of scrub oak and sweet fern because the old man who'd met his train had for some surly reason dropped him off several miles shy of Truro. Wilson had begged Edna to let him come. Now, stumbling in the dark, when he at last saw a light and found the Millays, it's hard to say whether he was more stunned by the cottage or by the women sitting inside. "They gave me dinner on a plain board table by the light of an oil-lamp. I had never seen anything like this household, nor have I seen anything like it since. Edna tried to reassure me by telling me that I mustn't be overpowered by all those girls, and one of the others added, 'And what girls!'"

It was as if he'd fallen into the enchanted world of a fairy tale, in which a crone and her three pretty daughters cast spells upon the innocent young traveler who has lost his bearings in the black night. Inside, in the flood of light and warmth, loosened by a tot of whiskey, they began to work transformations on him, and he was bewitched.

Edna was now very freckled. All were extremely pretty. But it was the mother who was most extraordinary. She was a little old woman with spectacles, who, although she had evidently been through a good deal, had managed to remain very brisk and bright. She sat up straight and smoked cigarettes and quizzically followed the conversation. She looked not unlike a New England schoolteacher, yet there was something almost raffish about her. She had anticipated the Bohemianism of her daughters; and she sometimes made remarks that were startling from the lips of a little old lady.

In his first version of this memoir Wilson remembered Mrs. Millay saying that she "had been a slut herself so why shouldn't her girls be," a statement which Norma asked him to cut. Such a word from the lips of anyone's mother so shocked him that he remembered it all his life. "But," he continued, "there was nothing sordid about her: you felt even more than with Edna that she had passed beyond good and evil ... and that she had attained there a certain gaiety."

Soon the sisters were singing songs they had made up in their three-part harmony to entertain him. But Wilson had come with a purpose, and he was not to be diverted.

Since there were only two rooms on the first floor, with no partition between them, the only way for Edna and me to get away by ourselves was to sit in a swing on the porch; but the mosquitoes were so tormenting—there being then no mosquito control—that we soon had to go in again. I did, however, ask her formally to marry me, and she did not reject my proposal but said that she would think about it. I am not sure that she actually said, "That might be the solution," but it haunts me that she conveyed that idea.

While he said it was clear to him "that proposals of marriage were not a source of great excitement" for Millay, he could not acknowledge that it was his proposal from which she shied.

The next morning Edna sat just below the stairs and recited some of her new poems. Then they walked to the sea. "Coming back from the beach, I kissed her behind a bush ... her grin and summer girl-smile." But when Wilson told her, "'By the time we're fifty years old, we'll be two of the most interesting people in the United States'—she said, 'You behave as if you were fifty already.'"

Wilson was in love for the first time in his life. Edna Millay was the first woman he'd ever made love with. Afterward, he remembered her saying, "I know just how you feel: it was here, and it was beautiful, and now it's gone." He couldn't believe she wasn't in love with him, since she had ignited "for me both my intellectual passion and my unsatisfied desire, which went up together in a blaze of ecstasy that remains for me one of the high points of my life. I do not believe

that such experiences can be common, for such women are not common. My subsequent chagrin and perplexity, when I discovered that, due to her extreme promiscuity, this could not be expected to continue, were rather amazingly soothed by an equanimity on her part which was also very uncommon."

"Between John Bishop and me relations were . . . becoming a little strained," Wilson wrote. "[*Vanity Fair* editor] Frank Crowninshield was complaining that it was difficult to have both his assistants in love with one of his most brilliant contributors."

Bishop was just as much in love with Millay as Wilson was. Even their letters to her were remarkably similar, except that Bishop was far more analytic even as he tried to shake her from his mind.

My dear dear girl,

. . . I am still restless with desire to feel your cool white hands against my temples. O Edna, why do you have power to torture me so? . . . I wonder, sometimes, if you do not hurt for sheer pleasure in hurting. . . . And yet I think with me, you have tried not so much to hurt as to save me from later and more desperate pain. Edna, I love you because you are passionate and wise. And if your passion had been less than your wisdom I should not have felt you so cruelly. . . . To come to me from someone else and to leave me for someone else. I don't care whom you loved last year or even last month—but now—well—what am I that I should hope to keep you. . . . I think really that your desire works strangely like a man's. And that desire has few secrets from me.

But by the fall Bishop was too much in the thick of it even to want to slake his desire for her.

For god's sake, Edna, don't forbid my coming to see you this week—I can't stand it really. I don't want you to spend any great amount of time with me, if you feel you can't without hurting your work. I'm reasonable. . . .

Only let me see you, and touch you for a moment sometime—very soon.

Alexander McKaig, a Princeton classmate of Bishop's and Wilson's, was now charting Wilson's conversations with him about Millay in his diary.

September 11: Met Edna Millet [*sic*] for a minute at Bunny Wilson's, light dim. She seemed pleasant and better looking than I had been led to believe. Bunny evidently much in love with her. Not much chance to get impression from her myself though I





Pause célèbre: Millay, 1923. Her friend Mrs. Dwight Townsend found her "such a totally bewitching sort of person that you just looked at her and loved her. . . . There was no sense of smallness, or evil in any way."

think from her verse she must be a genius. Modern Sappho. 18 love affairs and now Bunny is thinking of marrying her.

Five days later he notes,

Bunny Wilson and Edna Millet in intolerable situation. He wants her to marry him. She tempted because of her great poverty and the financial security he offers (he has private income). However, in addition to curse of Apollo she has curse of Venus. While her heart is still in the grave of one love affair she is making eyes at another man. It nearly kills her but she can't help it.

Toward the end of December, John Bishop invited Millay along with Wilson to dinner, "à deux—à trois—as you wish and then come to the apartment where I shall provide a stuffy air, cigarettes and a manuscript." Wilson remembered the night as festive. In his notebook for the 20s he described a hilarious scene where after their dinner, "sitting on her day bed, John and I held Edna in our arms—according to an arrangement insisted upon by herself—I her lower half and John her upper—with a polite exchange of pleasantries as to which had the better share." He said she called them "the choir boys of Hell" and complained that their both being in love with her hadn't even broken up their friendship.

Wilson told her that her many admirers should form an alumni association, "to which she answered with promptness and point: 'On en parle toujours, mais on ne le fait jamais.'" ("We always talk about it, but we never do it.")

That Millay was able to be consistently productive during a period of such disarray in her personal life was something of an achievement. Wilson has described this period as the beginning of her "immense popularity."

The current *Vanity Fair* has a whole page of my poems, and a photograph of me that looks about as much like me as it does like Arnold Bennett. And there have been three reviews of something I wrote, in New York newspapers in the last week alone. I am so incorrigibly ingenuous that these things mean just as much to me as ever. Besides, I just got a prize of a hundred dollars in Poetry, for the Bean-stalk. And I'm spending it all on clothes. I've the sweetest new evening gown you ever saw, and shoes with straps across them, and stockings with embroidery up the front.

Yet this girlish delight in her fame wasn't the whole story. "There was something of awful drama about everything one did with Edna," Wilson remembered. "Her poetry, you soon found out, was her real overmastering passion." Wilson came to believe that, other than her mother and her sisters, people were in some sense unimportant to her, "except as subjects for poems." She was impartial, Wilson said ruefully. And so her lovers did not quarrel with each other, or even much with her. What she was interested in was "her own emotions about them.... In all this, she was not egotistic in any boring or ridiculous or oppressive way, because it was not the personal, but the impersonal Edna Millay—that is, the poet—that preoccupied her so incessantly. But she was sometimes rather a strain, because nothing could be casual for her; I do not think I ever saw her relaxed."

Dearest, beloved Mother,—

The reason why I have not written you for so long is because I have been sick. I am all right now, but I have been quite sick, almost ever since I moved in here [her room on West 12th Street],—bronchitis for a while, & another small nervous breakdown after that. I didn't want you to know, for fear you would worry.—but now that I am all right again I have decided that the thing for me to do is to have a change,—change of everything,—so I am going to travel.

She was going to Europe. Frank Crowninshield had asked her to write two articles a month for the magazine: one she'd sign her own name to, the other would carry the pseudonym Nancy Boyd. "Technically," she said, she would be a foreign correspondent for *Vanity Fair.*

This is the thing I have always wanted to do, you know how much, dearest,—& my work, more than anything else, my poetry, needs fresh grass to feed on. I am becoming sterile here; I have known it would be, & I see it approaching if I stay here.—Also, New York life is getting too congested for me,—too many people; I get no time to work.... And I need to be alone for a while. I shall come back a fine strong woman....

Paris is where the 20th century was.
—Gertrude Stein

Millay raced through the snowy streets of New York on January 4, 1921, just making the ship as the French porter, slapping a sticker on her trunk—MIS À BORD AU DERNIER MOMENT—hurried her up the gangplank of the *Rochambeau.* Even her mother joked with Norma about Vincent's "get away," as if she were fleeing the scene of a crime. She *was* fleeing. But while her stomach had roiled with excitement for a good week before she left New York, once on the wintry Atlantic she didn't get sick and took no seasick remedies. "Whatever it might be," she wrote her mother, Cora, "I wanted the whole of it.—I wanted every bit of the experience, & no dope. (Like you, when I was going to be born.)"

Now, after nine days at sea, they were in the English Channel. She was too exhilarated to sleep, and, wrapping herself in the great white Hudson's Bay blanket she'd brought along, she went up on deck to see the dawn break over France. A steward, pointing to a rising gray bluff off the starboard bow, said, "Voilà, Mademoiselle, la terre de France."

By January 18 she had settled into h room at the Hôtel des Saints Pères on tl Left Bank. It was a pretty, old hotel with tiny winter garden filled with palms; it w cheap and it had steam heat. Outside, t rain didn't let up; Paris turned the color grisaille. She made her first diary entry th week: "It is so damp this afternoon ... th the wall-paper of my room is dark ar bubbly with it. I have given orders that n breakfast be brought me at eight o'clock a ter this, it being my notion to work in b until noon."

Each morning two American girls in t room next to hers began their Frenc lessons. The walls were paper-thin. As soo as their tutor left they would break into torrent of American slang, "all in a rath pleasant drawl which might mean Me phis," Edna mused. But they had only thr topics of conversation: "Clothes; How ma Francs does one get for a Dollar; and Ho Well One has done in a Week to see all O has seen." Her diary read as if she was c lecting material for *Vanity Fair* pieces, a of course she was.

Crowninshield had tried to persuade h before she left New York to sign her ov name to her prose pieces. He'd proposec series of 12 glimpses into "the social life e our day." Dialogues, "apropos of divorc and, in successive sketches, you could tou on The Debutante, The Perils of Domestici At a Dance, Social Climbing, The Hon moon, Art Exhibitions, The Flirt, The Je ous Woman, First Love ... Bridge, (if y play it), Golf (if you play it)."

His point was to make the series r table, not only to please *Vanity Fair* bu and here Crowninshield was no fool—becau it would give Millay material for a boo "Only, I want your name on the sketch even if you have to elevate the moral, int lectual and literary tone of them to a hei level with your lofty position as an artis He would pay her $100 for each, which v as much as the magazine had ever paid a play or a dialogue, but, he persisted de gedly, "your name really ought to be them, in order to make us pay you this m ey willingly and gladly. If your friend M Boyd were to sign them, I would pay t money a little grudgingly." Still, Millay c tinued to refuse, and Crowninshield cont ued to pay.

"Did you see The Implacable Aphroc [a comic dialogue in which an artist buffs one of her many suitors] in the Ma Vanity Fair?" she wrote Norma. "It rea rather amusingly." After that she manag a Nancy Boyd piece, alternating sometin with a poem, about once a month until October issue, when *Vanity Fair* publish nine of her poems. The magazine was p

ling her with an income, and the most
ostantial portion of it came from her prose.

Nora was overjoyed at Vincent's simply
being in Paris: "How we used to think
d dream and plan and work and give up
e thing and reach out for another. Hasn't
been a big wonderful, terrible, triumphant,
l haul up the hill? And if it had been
ooth and less steep, we would not have
ten so much out of it." Vincent became
mesick not for America but for her mother.

s nearly six months now since I saw you.
long time. Mother, do you
ow, almost all people love
ir mothers, but I have nev-
met anybody in my life, I
nk, who loved his mother
much as I love you. I don't
ieve there ever was any-
dy who did, quite so much,
l quite in so many wonder-
ways. I was telling some-
dy yesterday that the rea-
I am a poet is entirely be-
ise you wanted me to be
l intended I should be, even
n the very first. You brought
up in the tradition of po-
y, and everything I did you
ouraged. I can not remem-
once in my life when you
e not interested in what I
s working on, or even sug-
ted that I should put it
le for something else. Some
ents of children that are
fferent" have so much to
roach themselves with. But
you, Great Spirit.... If I
n't keep calling you moth-
anybody reading this would
nk I was writing to my
etheart. And he would be
te right.

Between this letter, written
June 15, and her next,
netime in the last week of
y, when she was going to
seashore, Vincent invited her mother to
ne to Europe "and play around with
ir eldest daughter.... We could go to
y and Switzerland, and to England and
otland, and, if there are not too many ri-
and street fights there at the time,—ma-
rneen, we would go to Ireland!... and
n, my Best Beloved, you and I will just
e ourselves a little honey-moon."

She didn't say why she was suddenly
ving Paris, and she certainly didn't tell
mother she had to borrow the money
go from Edmund Wilson, who had just
ved in Paris. "You told me that if I got
desperate straits you could raise some
ney for me," she had written to Wilson.
ell, I am there now. That's just where I
—I will pay it back very soon,—that is
to say, in a month's time.—If you can't do it, will you please wire me that you can't."

There was considerably more going on in her life than she admitted in any of her letters to her mother or to her sisters. In the spring she had fallen deeply in love with the young English journalist George Slocombe, from whom she was about to flee.

When Wilson arrived in Paris, he looked up Edna and found her at the Hôtel de l'Intendance, "a very first-rate hotel on the Left Bank and better dressed, I suppose," he wrote John Bishop, "than she has ever been before in her life." She was sitting at her typewriter with a pile of manuscripts on her desk, wearing "a serious black dress." "But she looks older, more mature—at least she has on the occasions when I have seen her; she assured me that perhaps the next day she would be like a little girl again. She was very serious, earnest, and sincere about herself—inspired, I suppose, by my presence ... and told me that she wanted to settle down to a new life: she was tired of breaking hearts and spreading havoc."

Then he told Bishop about Slocombe.

Unfortunately, he had a wife and three children at Saint-Cloud and a very cruel situation had arisen. She did not know whether he would get a divorce or not, but, if he did, she would marry him, go to England to live, and have children. She was very happy, she said. I am sorry to say that, when I first talked to her, I was inclined, with the memory of my own scars still giving out an occasional twinge, to jeer at her seriousness and be sarcastic at the expense of the pain she expressed at having wrecked another home....

> She ... has a new distinction of dress, but she can no longer intoxicate me with her beauty or throw bombs into my soul; when I looked at her it was like staring into the crater of an extinct volcano. She made me sad; it made me sad, curiously enough, that I had loved her so much once and now did not love her any longer. Actually, of course, I would not love her again for anything; I can think of few more terrible calamities; but I somehow felt that, impossible and imperfect as she is, some glamour and high passion had gone out of life when my love for her died.

He must have realized how inflated his own rhetoric was, for he added, "Well, these are old Dr. Wilson's last words on the chief maelstrom of his early years. Preserve them carefully, but do not publish them until all parties are dead."

Wilson was far more uncertain of how he felt about Edna than he admitted to Bishop; in fact, he seemed to friends to have pursued her to Paris. While she had not invited him, he nevertheless took a hotel close to hers, where he felt uncomfortable because she was "very much allied with the Bohemians of the Left Bank, with whom I was not much at home." Edna liked and admired Edmund Wilson, but she never again considered him as a lover.



NATIVE TALENT

Millay, who visited Albania in 1921, described in her journal a typical meal with traveling partner John Carter: "—how cool on the naked breast & knees drips now the clear bright blood of the crushed pomegranate."

In the spring of 1920, George Slocombe had come to Paris from London, where at 26 he had already established himself as a political reporter for *The Daily Herald.* He was rumored to have brought the czar's jewels out of Russia in the confused aftermath of the revolution. He stood just over six feet, and with his mahogany hair and bright-red beard, which he wore full at a time when men were clean-shaven, he looked like "a radiance," one of Edna's lovers, journalist

Edna Millay

Griffin Barry, said in envy. Slocombe had married a Russian girl—the daughter of the *homme d'affaires* of the Grand Duke Michael—for whom he'd been a tutor.

Slocombe led a daring life as a young journalist. He came to Paris when, as he wrote, it was one of the most promising cities in the world, and the hotels were still filled with the journalists and small fry of the diplomatic corps who remained in residence after the Versailles Peace Conference was over.

That spring the city seemed caught in a spell, the creamy-white blossoms of the chestnut trees perfuming the air while tiny red taxis, their drivers wearing boiled-leather top hats, took Americans into Montparnasse, which was still a village. "The Café du Dôme, not yet internationally celebrated, was a small, dark and modest establishment," Slocombe wrote in his 1936 memoir, *The Tumult and the Shouting,* "in whose obscure interior foreigners played chess, and a small group of American writers and artists ... played poker. The Café de la Rotonde ... had not yet extended its premises to swallow up the little narrow Café Vavin, at which Trotsky was frequently seen, and Lenin more rarely.... No more extraordinary state of affairs had existed on the Continent since the Congress of Vienna. ... Civil war in Russia and Hungary, D'Annunzio and his toy cannon manning the walls of Fiume ... famine in Austria and Germany, typhus in Russia, revolutionary agitation in France and Italy."

It was into this world in the spring of 1921 that Edna Millay began to move with Slocombe, until sometime early July, when he told his wife. By the night of July 19, only two weeks after Wilson had written to John Bishop, Edna and Slocombe had quarreled. The next morning Slocombe wrote her a long letter. He was leaving her, he explained,

> not because I don't love you any longer, but because I love you too much. I leave you before our love becomes less than the perfect thing it has been to me: & because I want to love you all my life as I love you now.... I know that if we had been married I should have tried to master you.... I must master those I love [and] I could not succeed in mastering you without making you something less than you are.... If I had been sure ... that you would be happy in subjection, I might have been forced to do the ignoble, but still inevitable & even necessary act of leaving my wife & children.

This self-serving and peculiar explanation went on: "I kiss your lips and your eyes and God help me your little round knees." He asked only two things of her: If they met in the street, she should not be afraid to talk to him. "I even think I shall not be happy without seeing you sometimes, if only at a distance." And could she write him a letter, since he had "never had a letter of yours & I would like one to keep with the picture of you." The man's caution combined with his arrogance was stunning; no wonder Edna fled. As for Slocombe, once he'd made his decision to leave her, he was unable to keep it. He wrote her every other day until she escaped to the Channel coast town of Dieppe, 100 miles from Paris.

When he hadn't heard from her by mid-August, he pressed her: "If you are forgetting me, there is no harm in a friendly little note once in a month is there?" This time she did weaken, telling him how strange it was to be without him in her life. He jumped at her reply; he was "eager & crazy to see you again." He asked her to return to Paris by September 1, because "on Sat. Sept. 3rd I take my family to ... Italy."

None of it mattered by mid-September, when Millay answered the letter. He wrote back quickly that he would try to be "to you what you would have me be ... in any case you are the only woman I love, or want to love." He said her letter broke his heart. "Do you remember a walk back through the woods to Blois, when you picked flowers, & told me of your mother's cupboard & kitchen? Do you remember anything?"

She remembered far too much. For all his declarations of love, she did not hear from him again until the end of November, when she was traveling with Griffin Barry in Italy.

Millay had been in Rome less than a week when the American ambassador, Richard Washburn Child, suggested it would be an adventure to travel to Albania, which had just been opened to the West but whose borders, in the aftermath of World War I, remained unfixed and in dispute. The young John Carter, whom she'd met in Paris and who was connected to the embassy, would accompany her.

The rugged isolation of tiny Albania, with its rival clans and religions, was as legendary as its beauty. Its coastline, with the ruins of old Venetian fortifications set among fields of wild dill, black mountains rising from the sea, was ravishing. But after 500 years of Ottoman domination the Albanians remained backward, fiercely independent, and desperately poor.

Edna and John began the first day riding through mountains from the capital city of Tirana to Elbasan. Edna spent 10 hours in the saddle because it was the only way to get there; it was the second time she had ever ridden. In a snapshot taken halfw between the two cities, she sits uneas astride a dark bay, squinting into the brig light. Two armed guards are in the fo ground. Standing next to her is their you Albanian interpreter, Abdullah, holding rifle with a clip of ammunition in his har a cartridge belt around his waist. He dressed in a Serb uniform. "They wear t uniforms of anybody they can catch & te it away from," Millay noted in her journ "—Their army on the march must be sight. This boy followed us everywhere ju out of pure affection & wept when we h to send him away. He cared for us like mother & like [a] dog & like a hen w ducklings."

Although there is never any direct m tion of John Carter in her journal, there always "you" and "we." The intimacy this entry makes it clear they were travel as lovers.

Rain on the Adriatic and on the Mosl tower.... Sleepily from the chalk-white m aret an hour before daybreak the dark you muezzin calls the town to prayer—Only y & I, alarmed from slumber, listen, star into the darkness, Ah—Ah—Ah—husky shrill the bodiless voice in the sky clim mounts the wide, uneven steps to the fold feet of Allah....

Let us tear apart the tough thick skin the ripe pomegranate & split the seedy fi in two—ah, how wet & good to the lo parched mouth—how cool on the naked bre & knees drips now the clear bright blood the crushed pomegranate—suck up & spi wipe the wet mouth & chin on the wa smooth shoulder—there are six pomegr ates in this basket—shall we eat them a hurl now the empty shells to the corner the room—Ah, how stained & drenched are!—Let the wind dry us if it will.

They vowed never to tell anybody ab their trip, "which sounds awful," Carter er wrote Norma, "but wasn't at all."

In another photograph taken in Alba she stands with a hand on her hip, sh ing off the fragile lace at the wrists throat of her long-sleeved blouse against heavily embroidered red velvet cloak v its stiff silk sash. Embroidered with gold, she told her mother. The image is n ly that of another poet—a man with aub curls and a surly mouth who sits for portrait by Thomas Phillips wearing a tive Albanian costume. There is the sa fitted brocaded jacket, shot through v gold threads and bright trimmings, except for the headdress, a turban flowing scarf flung over his shoulder, famous painting of Lord Byron looks tonishingly like Millay. Immensely popu his brief life a scandal, his poems me rized by schoolchildren in Albania, in l century England Byron was the beau i

the Romantic poet, as Millay was be-ming in America in the opening decades the 20th century.

"But in spite of all the hardships and conveniences of traveling in a country th no railroads or public conveyances any kind," she later wrote to her moth- from Rome, "as a matter of fact for the ost part no roads at all except a bridle th through the mountains, no plumbing, butter, no coffee except Turkish coffee ich is made with sugar, and other such- e lacks, seeing Albania—and also Mon- negro, where we traveled for a couple of ys only—has been my most thrilling ex- rience so far."

She said she intended to write it up for *Metropolitan Magazine,* but never did. In- ad, as John Carter wrote, "she remained Rome for a bit and then went to Vienna th Griffin Barry."

tter to her family]
vas interviewed the other day by a reporter a Budapest paper—they printed about two lumns about me. And the Hungarian fiancé my friend Dorothy Thompson is going to e me a lot more publicity, & try to get *ry de Cop* translated into Magyar & pre- ted here. Well, we shall see. I sign myself full,—Your loving niece & nephew,
Esther St. Nonsense Millwheel

Dorothy Thompson had a prodigious tal- t for journalism and boundless vitality. She uld soon marry the first man she'd made e to, Josef Bard. Unfortunately, he was as faithful as he was cosmopolitan and suave. a diary entry Dorothy Thompson made ars afterward, she wrote in fury:

dna] was a little bitch, a genius, a cross be- een a gamin and an angel. In Budapest she d two lovers . . . both from the embassy. eping them apart was a *kunst* [an art]. And sharing a room. . . . She sat before the ss and combed her lovely hair, over and er. Narcissan. She really never loved anyone cept herself. Very beautiful with her little ite body and her green-gold eyes. "Dotty, you think I am a nymphomaniac?" she d asked. Then she comes in a Grecian robe d reads aloud to the Ladies Club, "Such s my lips have kissed . . . " And what a nnet that one was.

I had to go back to Vienna and I left her toast of half the town. . . . Handed her all ad because she was an angel. A bright an- . She might have left Josef alone, but not t, either. When she came back to Vienna, twisted a little green ring on her finger. sef gave it to me," she said absolutely bru- y. "But he really cares for you." "It's all ht Edna," I said, "I know he does." And I s full of furious tears.

No matter what café in Montparnasse you ask a taxi-driver to bring you to . . . y always take you to the Rotonde.
—Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises.*

Both John Carter and George Slocombe warned Edna that the Latin Quarter had changed since she'd left. It had become "mean, monotonous, vicious," George wrote her. "So I am glad you are out of this silly Rotonde crowd." It was precisely that crowd to which she returned at the end of March 1922, to await her mother's arrival. She'd been gone eight months, but even with this complete change of scene from Vienna and Budapest, she couldn't shake her sense of despair. Nothing seemed to be working out as she had hoped—not even Griffin, with whom she'd never been in love.

But it wasn't Griffin's hands she suffered at; it was her own.

Paris April 1st, 1922
A mile of clean sand.
I will write my name here, and the trouble that is in my heart.
I will write the date & place of my birth,
What I was to be,
And what I am.
I will write my forty sins, my thousand follies,
My four unspeakable acts. . . .
I will write the names of the cities I have fled from,
The names of the men & women I have wronged.
I will write the holy name of her I serve,
And how I serve her ill.
And I will sit on the beach & let the tide come in.
I will watch with peace the great calm tongue of the tide
Licking from the sand the unclean story of my heart.

Allan Ross Macdougall had joined the staff of the Paris *Evening Telegram,* where he began a new column called "The Merry-go-Round." On April 2 he wrote, "Late up and to the Dome to break my fast and happening in by accident to the other Tavern across the way who should I see to my great joy but fair Margaretta Schuyler whom I have not seen this year and more. Then came . . . Edna Millay and sat with us saying things that were witty and gay."

Macdougall had in fact arranged for Margot (Margaretta's nickname) to meet Edna, and it was not quite as he described it in his column. "Remember," Margot wrote him years later, "that rainy April afternoon in the Rotonde when we had a rendez-vous with her and she came in looking like a little New England school teacher with a touch of the Candy Box. . . . What fun we had. What laughter and that inner throbbing of excitement that always affected everyone who met her. . . . Vincent with her gamin and Princess Lointaine qualities, her freckles and her romantic hair."

Remembering Millay more than a half-century later, this tiny woman, glossy hair cropped close like a silver helmet, her voice breaks as she speaks: "I *did* call her my Candy Box girl. Do you remember those elegant boxes of American chocolates? Well, they always had a portrait of a pretty girl in a lace blouse on the cover.

"I was staying at the Hôtel des Saints Pères, and we were to meet at last at the Rotonde. . . . I was delighted. So I shined my shoes. And she was late, of course. Dougie [Macdougall] and I sat and waited, and chatted, and waited, when a girl in a velvet dress with frills at the throat walked across the room and came to our table. Dougie stood up and said simply, 'Now, two of my dearest friends meet.'

"Certainly she did not look at all as I had expected her to look. We took hands. We talked. And later that afternoon we went to bed together."

When Margot didn't hear from Vincent that night, she sent this note up to her hotel room in the morning.

I hope this won't wake you up.
I hope you are already awake.
Dear lady . . . please let me come up a moment. I want to tell you something.
—Margot

Millay didn't reply. "I was terribly in love with Vincent from the first," Margot says. "Did she know? Oh, yes! There was very little she did not know. But after we were together and then I didn't hear from her, or see her, for two or three days—I suppose I was afraid. I was afraid. I thought maybe she was just promiscuous." She wrote to her again.

For goodness sake telephone me or send me a petite blue. I'm most awfully low. . . . Don't practice your sadistic tendency on me now I need some moral support. This is a hell of a town tonight and I want to talk to you.
—Margot

"I have no idea why I wrote 'sadistic'; you must understand that there were a great many other people who rushed after Vincent. And she was exclusive. She was not promiscuous, which she easily might have been. But, oh, she could make it very clear."

The only trace Millay left behind of this first encounter besides a white lace hankie embroidered with her initials, which Margot kept all her life, is this provocative glimpse, in a fragment of a poem, of a woman in a café. It may not refer to Margot Schuyler, although its date suggests her. It is untitled and was never printed.

You are most like some pale, impersonal
Small flower, that has no color for the bee,
Only a potent fragrance. [Quietly (?)]
Turning your eyes to none, troubling us all,
(Even the anxious waiter, even me)
You sit before the cafe in the heat,

Edna Millay

Rendering the heavy air too deadly sweet.
Drawing your puff & powder from their case,
Dusting with pollen your small, serious
face.

Paris April 26, 1922

"Then one morning she called me and said her mother was arriving," Margot continues. "I asked if I could go with her to meet Cora, and she said, 'No, I want to be with her alone.'"

Millay met her mother's boat, the *Rochambeau,* which by coincidence was the same ship Edna had crossed on the year before, then whisked her off on the noon boat train to Paris, where she'd booked a front room across the hall from her own. In her room, Cora wrote, she found "a beautiful bouquet of lilacs and iris, from a girl friend of V's, from Margaret V. R. Schuyler to Vincent's mother, on her mother's birthday, the 6th of April." Margot remembered meeting Cora:

And in she walked with this old woman in a Buster Brown bob, steel-rimmed glasses and the minute we shook hands I loved her. She was very plain spoken, Cora was. She called shit, shit, and not feces. She was not an ignorant woman, not by any means. I was with her all the time, for weeks on end. And she always had an idea. It was: Let's Go!—to the Tuileries! to the Louvre! Let's bum around these back streets! There was very little she was not game for.

That first night they went to the Rotonde Grill for dinner, "and then we all went to the Boeuf sur le Toit—and they danced, but it was so crowded they went to a cabaret called Zelli's, and that was lovely," Cora wrote home.

A young poet, Harold Lewis Cook, remembered meeting them at Zelli's, "that wicked, wicked nightclub in Montmartre. But the striking thing was that Edna was there with her mother. And this rather elderly, to me, then, little woman had cut her hair in the short bob of those days. I danced with both of them.... [Edna] was wearing a black satin dress—I remember the feel of the silky fabric against my hand as it slipped across her back."

Café de la Rotonde

Tues. Apr. 25, [1922]

Dearest Kids,—

Here are your mother and sister sitting with Margot Schuyler at the famous sink of corruption (see above) of the Latin Quarter.—Mother has a cold & is imbibing a Grog Américain, which is to say a hot rum with sugar & lemon.

Me, I have been sick in bed about all the time since mother came—the weather is frightful here, it has rained every day for nearly three months. But in spite of hell, we have had a swell time together.—Mother is so wonderful, & she enjoys every minute of it. I take her everywhere, on all my rough parties, & she is always the best sport present—everybody loves her & is crazy about her.... (Margot now says I must eat my noix de veau braisé aux endives while it is hot.)

At the beginning of Cora's stay in France, mother and daughter went everywhere together, most often with Margot. Cora began meticulously to list to her "Dear girls" at home where she'd been, with whom, and what they'd seen. This was just one weekend in May:

I saw Bernhardt, went with Margot and Sefe [a nickname for Edna], Sat. night, saw the Russian Ballet at L'Opera. Margo Schuyler ... and Sefe and I, went out to Pere Lachaise, the great grave-yard where Abelard and Heloise are buried in one grave, saw Chopin's tomb, and Oscar Wilde's. Sat. P.M. with John, Margo and Curtis Moffitt, to the Eiffel Tower and to the top, in four stages by elevator and then a short flight of stairs. Sat. Ev'g. with Margo and Sefe to Russian Ballet. Yesterday, we three girls, and John and Max Eastman, to the country. Not much time to write.

In another letter to Norma, dated June 30, 1922, Cora told her that "Tess Root, and Mrs. Townsend, [new] friends of ours," were going ahead to meet them in England.

"[Edna] was sitting across the table from me. Someone had given her a bunch of violets," Tess later recalled. "We started chatting and she suddenly said, 'We agree about so many things. Take these violets.' And then we were friends forever."

Dwight Townsend left an extraordinary record of her own in a remembrance she wrote years later.

She dropped into our hotel room wearing a childish blue gingham dress with a white apron attached. Now, girls go about cities like that. Then it seemed very unconventional—no hat, no gloves, no purse. She looked like a schoolgirl as she might wander around a small town.

Edna was so bright and gay and vibrant. Such a totally bewitching sort of person that you just looked at her and loved her and thought, this is the most wonderful girl that ever was. You see, you must remember there was no sense of smallness, or evil in any way attached to Edna. You must know that she was—well, she was splendid.

I think Edna's mother was rather, was a little bit in awe of her. That she had created such a creature. She was willing and eager for Edna to work out her own life, and yet I was sure there was a sadness. I could be wrong. But a sadness on Mrs. Millay's face—of what?—that Edna had gone overboard.

One scene in particular stood out in Mrs. Townsend's mind, and when she talked about it her breath seemed to catch.

We were sitting in the Dôme in Paris—the whole lot of us sitting around a table. Edna and her mother and a strange young man, very attractive man, whom she must just ha met. I don't recall ever having seen him b fore. Well, they must have made an arrang ment, for he would keep looking over at h as if to say: Come. Come. And Mrs. Mill must have noticed, for we all noticed.

Well, at last, Edna said, "We'll see y later," something like that. And the t walked off. There was a silence. Mrs. Mill sat with her head down—this may be enti ly my own imagination. Surely it was ve romantic in its way. But it did seem to m then, that Edna's mother accepted this. B had she a choice, you see? ... And all th time Mrs. Millay was sitting at our tab passed over in conversation—and here's th man, this man who means nothing to Edn She never saw him before and she never w see him again. I felt a real sadness radiat from her mother.

That Millay might expose her mother her sexual life in this way, with no effort protect her, or even to consider her own p vacy, seemed punishing.

On June 28, 1922, Millay applied f and received two documents throu the agency of the American consulate ge eral in Paris. The first was an affidavit tes fying that she was a citizen of the Unit States, residing in Paris, that her name w Edna St. Vincent Millay, that she was t legitimate daughter of Henry Tolman M lay and Cora Lounnella Buzzell, that s had been born in 1892 in Rockland, Mai and that she had never been married. T second was a longer legal document, a "C tificat de Coutume"—which Norma M lay, whose French was sketchy, thought w a permit to take costumes out of France America—assuring the French governm of all that the affidavit had, as well as th she had attained legal majority, so that s could marry in France without her pare consent.

These two legal documents were dra up by an American attorney in Paris a stamped with the raised seal of the Am can vice-consul. Edna Millay had gone considerable trouble to secure permissi as a foreigner to marry in France. W was it she was suddenly so intent to mar Did she think her mother would try to st her? There was only one person alive, w was in Paris then, who might know.

"His name was Daubigny!" Mar Schuyler remembered. "I thought he wa fop! A hanger-on! He was a gentleman, sofar as breeding was concerned, and some reason that I shall never understa he swept Vincent off her feet. Complet He was a pseudo-aristocrat who did no ing. He was tall, rather tall, immaculat dressed, he was French—oh, he had a lightful accent. But, no, he did not belo to our group, nor to any other that I co

l. He insinuated himself into our group—
ere were other eligible men—I don't under-
nd it and I didn't then. He was suave, oily,
hought. Thelma Wood, Djuna [Barnes],
ne of us liked him. And, of course, I was
traordinarily jealous. Because Vincent
owed very plainly that she didn't want me.
e wanted Daubigny."

Cora loathed Daubigny as well. Her fury
being displaced by him was astonishing;
was virulent. In a prose fragment, which
the only record we have, she whips her-
f into a rant as she pits herself against
r daughter's lover. "The dirty panderer!"
e exploded.

he had not been kept by some rich wanton!
he has not been a runner-in for some
ore-house, I am mistaken—Borrowing mon-
from her—making her borrow money from
r friends, because of him she cannot get
hance to do her work, and spending the
ney on him—people at the Quarter must
nk that this devotion to "Mummie" was
ily broken, and for a very little in exchange.
e gradual, sure, insidious taking her over
ay from me . . . even leaning over her, his
d between us—she can hardly get a chance
eat—in the street, running on ahead with
r, leaving me to get along as best I may . . .
t] appreciative of her wonderful powers,
t lustful, greedy, full of evil possession—each
nce almost an orgasm . . . his snake-shaped
ad and fish-eyed—carp-mouthed face—his
ad darting out like a snake till you look for
ed tongue to flash out and strike her—for a
und on the sweet, tender face—each glance
med to corrode the gold in her hair, and
ve it tarnished . . . she swore she would
ve him out of the Quarter.

Then Cora lost control completely. Her
ysical revulsion is relentless.

e knows he makes me ill near to death—I
n see his hands on her sweet flesh—when
is with him she is not even a woman—she
s no right to consent—she cannot be in her
ht mind—she is a child being violated! O
rist! Why am I her mother! Why must I, of
the world, wish to spare her? Why am I so
r that I must know? And I cannot be away
m her and live, and if I stay I shall die.
hen he is with her my heart is hurt physi-
lly, it aches like a sore, and cries out
inst this outrage to my womb, and the
e months I waited for her. I would kill
n if I had the courage.

Within two days, it was all cast in a dif-
ent light. On June 30, 1922, Cora wrote
rma: "Sefe . . . is lying down as she is
y tired. . . . We have our tickets for Lon-
n for Monday noon, July 3rd. . . . We ex-
cted to have been there some time ago,
t several things have held us here."

Millay was not simply tired, or ill, she was
gnant. In less than a week she fled France
h her mother for England. Daubigny—
atever Edna may have hoped for from
n—remained in Paris.

As Edna and Cora crossed the Channel, they made plans to meet Dwight Townsend and her small daughter in London. "The weather had been cold and rainy," recalls Townsend. "The Millays were both tired and sick; we could not wait to get to the country."

They were driven across the fields in a tiny roadster to Shillingstone the following morning. "We packed in and Mrs. Millay sat up on the back of the rumble seat. We drove all day through south Dorset towns and the children shrieked at that witch-like figure sitting up there, her cropped gray hair blowing wildly." They arrived in a downpour, "but after lunch the sun came out and there was Shillingstone, exactly what we were looking for. A winding, unpaved street, a few shops and small houses, many with thatched roofs. The downs around the town reached up to the sky."

Tess Root and Dwight Townsend found a house that delighted them, with a garden and a fireplace and a piano. "And so we were settled in the perfect spot. Edna found a 'hay shed' at the foot of the downs and rented it to work in. Afternoons she came for tea or we walked up the downs. She and I had bicycles and rode and we talked by the fire all the evening." Now that they'd spent time together, Dwight found Edna even more astonishing than she had in Paris: "She had Latin poetry by heart, Shakespeare and a great deal of modern poetry at her fingertips."

But in spite of the relaxed living in Shillingstone, Edna was not well. She was worried about finances and unhappy with her publisher. She had accepted a $500 advance for a novel which she was quite sure she would never write.

"I have been sick as a dog for months," Edna wrote to Edmund Wilson, "and so entirely convinced of the elaborate uselessness of everything, that there was nothing in the situation to get dramatic about and make a poem of, even. But little by little now I am getting back my health. . . . Bunny, is it only when you're tight that you want to be friends with me? I suppose so. And I don't complain. I have no rights in you. But I do solemnly offer this pious pagan prayer: that one of these days you'll become a dirty inveterate souse and bully your wife and beat your kids and kick your dog, and think of me with steadfast love."

Having heard of John Bishop's wedding from "ye fatte Bunnye," she sent Wilson these celebratory Chaucerian lines, which were no less true for being ironic.

The poet synges and spylls abroad his breth
In prayse of prettye friends brought lowe by dethe;
Ah, me!—to lose a friend bye lyfe, I gesse,
Holds lesse of songe and more of bitternesse!

Edna told Norma that she was getting better, but that she had been very sick. "Mother is wonderful," she wrote. "Every day we go for a long walk, either climb one of the downs or walk to some other little village and back." She had become once more her mother's child.

Mother and I have dandelion greens all the time. And you'd die at mother. This is what she cooked one day all in a pot together and served up to be et: dandelions, mustard, dock, pig-weed, clover, nettles and thistles! I put the clover in myself, making fun of her for cooking nettles and thistles. Some of the neighbors had told her nettles were good, boiling takes out all the sting . . . and the kind of thistle she gathers is called milk-thistle, it's much gentler than the other kind, but that's not saying much.

Edna didn't tell Norma what was truly at stake in her long walks, her rides on horseback, her feasts of "greens" that Cora searched for and brewed for their supper. Cora had found *Culpeper's*, a 17th-century herbal guide, in Dorset, from which she took pages and pages of extraordinary notes: "Willow Tree . . . under the dominion of the moon. Leaves, bark and seed, used to staunch bleeding of wounds . . . to stay vomiting—Leaves bruised and boiled in wine *stayeth the heat of lust in man or woman,*" Cora underlined, "and quite *extinguisheth it, if it be long used. . . .*" Henbane, caraway (under the influence of Mercury), all-heal, heart trefoil, hedge hyssop, and gentian, the leaves of which, either steeped in wine or bruised, were "*not to be* given to women with child."

Cora was reading carefully and with a clear purpose, listing hundreds of herbs and flowers and their healing properties, searching for something, describing which time of year was best for brewing their seeds or roots, bark or blooms, under what signs, planets, and conditions they were most useful. The herb alkanet is mentioned again and again. According to her notes, *Culpeper's Complete Herbal* carried this description of alkanet: "It hath a great and thick root of a reddish colour; long, narrow, hairy leaves, green like the leaves of bugloss, which lie very thick upon the ground; the stalks rise up compassed round about, thick with leaves. . . . It is an herb under the dominion of Venus, and indeed one of her darlings. . . . If you apply the herb to the privities, it draws forth the dead child."

Alkanet was the abortive Cora was searching for. Once she had found it in flower in July, she was able to use it to cause Vincent to miscarry. Her mother, in other words, country-wise nurse that she'd been, aborted her own daughter's child.

There is a snapshot of Vincent from that time, standing in a wide meadow, eating an

Edna Millay

apple. Her hair is bobbed, curly, thick, and wild in the wind coming up from the downs. She wears a striped jacket that will not close in front.

"I cannot say that she had a miscarriage in Dorset," Dwight Townsend says slowly, recalling events that took place half a century ago. "I cannot say that she did not. Edna and I would talk in the evening in front of the fire in Shillingstone. She would tell me more or less why she was promiscuous. I was so fond of her. And I tried to make sense of her, of it—this quality—of what she was saying. But it didn't make any sense to me.

"I had never had a lover. Oh, yes, I had married. I had a child. But I had never had an affair. And it seemed, it just seemed to me, that is, Edna—I just felt as if this kind of life produced such an entrancing person.. She tried to give me instructions. Once, I r member her saying, 'When a man looks you, you simply look back. Or ask him f something, for a match.' And I said, 'Edn men don't ask me for a match, or for t time. And if I am going to the post offi for a stamp, I come home with one. I a not met by a man.' I did not have whatev it takes, whatever it is to arrest men. But s did. Oh, yes. She did! And could. And did!"

Ansel Adams

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 153 fell prey to sudden bouts of weeping. His father mercifully decided to end his formal schooling two years later, and in its stead handed him a year's pass to the 1915 International Exposition in San Francisco.

His parents took him on vacation to Yosemite when he was 14; there wilderness excited his curiosity, harnessed his energy, and introduced him to friends with common interests. A couple of years later, he barely survived the global flu epidemic and emerged morbidly frightened of germs and handshakes and doorknobs; once more Yosemite restored him to both physical and mental health. He would return to the valley every year of his life. The western wilderness had blessed him, and he meant to pass his blessings on.

But he really meant to be a concert pianist. At 12 he had discovered a talent for music, and though he began photographing seriously while still in his teens, he considered music his life's work till well into his 20s. His musical training instilled a rigorous discipline and perfectionism—he merely exchanged an obsession with musical scales for an obsession with tonal scales. In a biography of Adams, Jonathan Spaulding traces his combination of precise order and romantic emotionalism to his early immersion in Bach and Beethoven.

Adams himself famously said, "The negative is equivalent to the composer's score and the print is equivalent to the performance," and he labored relentlessly in the darkroom in search of the perfect rendition of his response to the landscape. By the late 1950s his printing style had become darker, more dramatic and baroque, with more intense and showy contrasts. His best work was already behind him. By the 1970s, Adams's own opinion was that his finest photography had been done before 1960. He made astonishing pictures throughout his life; however, his penchant for grand opera eventually took over, at the very moment when the culture was downplaying theatrical emotionalism in favor of the subversive alienation of Robert Frank and the deadpan mien of Pop art.

In the 1960s, art lost faith in beauty too, preferring Campbell's soup cans and rows of bricks to sunsets. At the same time, people were becoming aware that the land Adams found so achingly beautiful scarcely existed outside his photographs any longer. By the 1970s, photographers such as Robert Adams and Lewis Baltz had replaced the traditional landscape of hope with the constructed scenery of disappointment, cluttered with jerry-built developments and crisscrossed with highways. Ansel Adams still offered people dreams, but critics no longer believed them.

His achievements, some of them out of sync with his times, were multiple. By dint of taking on an enormous number of jobs, he managed, if just barely, to support his family on commercial photography through all the years when no one bought photographs. (When he allowed a view of Yosemite to be printed on a coffee can and agreed to appear in a Datsun commercial—the company promised to plant a tree each time a Datsun was test-driven—many thought he'd sold out.) His fortunes finally changed in 1975, when photography at last had a market and his recently acquired business manager announced that Adams would accept print orders till the end of the year, then never again. Orders for some 3,400 prints poured in. By 1976 he was a millionaire.

His books and workshops taught photographers technique. His landmark "zone system," which correlates the brightness of every object seen through the viewfinder with exposure and development procedures, provided a reliable, science-based means of pre-visualizing images so that the final prints would more closely resemble the photographer's intentions. From the 1930s on, Adams insisted that his own prints be meticulously reproduced in his books; he was instrumental in raising the level of photographic reproduction in American book publishing. And his very popularity over more than half a century helped convince Americans that the low-life mediu of photography deserved a high place the arts.

Beginning in the 1920s, when Ansel Adar became an active member of the Sier Club, he was one of the staunchest, inde one of the most successful, advocates conservation in this country. In the 193(one of his books attracted the support President Franklin Roosevelt and Secreta of the Interior Harold Ickes for legislati declaring the Kings Canyon area a natior park. After 1960, every president except N on consulted with him on the environmen

Meanwhile, the parks were suffocating, a he knew why: bad policies and too many v tors. "All factors considered," he wrote frien "the only way to save things is to eliminate of the world population!" Too much empha on entertainment, too. Someone suggested t creating a lake in the Grand Canyon wou make it easier for people to see things; Ada counterproposed that the Sistine Chapel filled two-thirds of the way with water so t tourists, floating, could see the ceiling up clo

But, in a paradox inherent to photog phy, Adams himself surely contributed the problem. His images gave us a pride yearned for, then whispered that we mig replenish our souls, shriveled between off dividers, in the winds streaming off the mo tains. Thus reassured and bolstered by tra ads and cheap gas and the newfound h ness of vacations, we loaded our cars and out for the unspoiled wilderness, only to fi we had spoiled it.

In fact, a good part of the wilderness t is left exists mainly in Ansel Adams's p tographs, which is what most people see a way—landscapes not of earth but of emulsi The photographer who merged landsca photography with modernism has met fate of so many postmodernists: his ima have replaced his subjects in the eyes a aspirations of the public.

You might say that Adams was sim too good. He touched both an aesthetic a an emotional chord, and drew people to sources. He loved the wilderness both wis and well, yet for all that, he may have lo the land nearly to death. □

Hillary Clinton

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 135 "The Mikulski nendment fails on a tie vote."

Paul Wellstone, the fiery lefty from Min-esota, fumed, "I'm going to beat my horse ere. We're gonna help eight-year-olds by sting them every year? I'm just furious out this rhetoric while no funds go with " And so on. The Wellstone amendments l failed.

Finally, it was Senator Clinton's turn. "I ive several amendments that relate to the isis I spoke about on the floor regarding acher and principal recruitment," she be-n. "To me, this is one of the most portant issues confronting us. If we n't figure out ways to make teach-g attractive to mid-career people, e will find ourselves further behind providing quality education." She ent on to offer an amendment to hance public-school choice. Told at Senator Judd Gregg, a close Bush y, had a similar proposal, Senator inton graciously backed off. "I will rtainly withdraw this amendment d look forward to working with nator Gregg on it."

Yet all four of Hillary's amend-ents, too, failed to win Republi-ns over.

But the next morning, there she as, all made up, with the blush on d the blond helmet fully volu-zed, working the committee room, atting up Chairman Jim Jeffords, bbing the back of steely Judd regg, and, most important, ready th rewrites on all of her propos-s. Butter would have melted from e warmth of deference in her words. "Mr. Chairman, if I could, tak-g into account your opposition sterday, I would like to propose change . . . ," and on down the list e went, thanking the chairman for his pport, thanking Senator Gregg for his pport, and offering to remove just enough the "objectionable issues" to win them er. After six weeks on the job, the fresh-an senator from New York got four out four of her amendments written into the derlying education bill. On the last voice te, when her turn came, the parliamen-ian called out, "Mister Clinton?" Hillary smiled. "We both vote aye."

"Here, take my picture with the senator," demanded a male lobbyist, thrusting Nikon at my chest during a recess. Hil-y grinned as I, author of the unauthorized graphy *Hillary's Choice* (which was defi-ely not the choice of Hillary), assumed role of court photographer. It broke the ice. When I later bumped into her in the Capitol subway, we walked together to the Russell building. The woman who once went nowhere without a huge entourage now often trots to her office on foot with only a couple of discreet Secret Service agents and maybe her cannonball of an aide, Karen Dunn, following behind. I asked Senator Clinton if she still favored opening a war room.

"I don't know if you'd call it that. But I do think that the Democrats should have and are getting, in my view, quite effective in putting out a daily message. Because without that daily message you can't put your own views into the news cycle in an effective way, and then there's really only one dominant story." The Republican story. I had just heard Senator Daschle say that the Bush administration was the most intransigent he'd seen in his years in Washington—"incapable of compassion." Did she find the same thing in her work? "I don't have Senator Daschle's experience," she said diplomatically, "but clearly their position on so many of the issues they've voiced in the last three months, they've not offered to compromise; they're not open to moderation or mediation on the tax cut. I think many of them know it's too large and likely to undermine our economic prosperity."



SUITE SUCCESS

Clinton in her new Russell-building office, April 6, 2001. Next door to Minority Leader Trent Lott's, Clinton's suite is grander than those of most freshman senators.

She wouldn't criticize Bush directly (having perhaps taken the advice of Lanny Davis to confront only on the issues, but never, ever, personally). But she said she had sat through 16 hearings before the Budget Committee "and I just know, you know, we had a number of witnesses before us say things and by both verbal and body language suggest that they were on the defensive. They were uncomfortable in defending this tax cut based on these uncertain projections."

An hour later she rushed back for a Budget Committee hearing, where the new secretary of state, Colin Powell, was scheduled to present his priorities for the State Department. Senator Clinton began by leveling the playing field between them, reminding Secretary Powell, "We *both* have had the privilege of traveling throughout the world on behalf of our country and seeing the extraordinary work that is being done." (As First Lady she visited more than 50 countries, becoming the first presidential wife to make a solo trip to Africa.) She then launched into her list of "pull-backs" by the Bush administration, admonishing the secretary for the "continuing misunderstanding of the global gag rule [on family-planning assistance]," expressing her dismay over the Bush approach to global warming, and rapping the president for having "backed off his campaign promise to eliminate CO_2."

It was a bravura performance.

On the way out of the Budget Committee hearing, the widow of a North Carolina Republican congressman introduced herself to me as a volunteer with a Capitol Hill prayer group. Ruth Cox Mizell was taking her turn to pray for the senators. She made perhaps the most succinct comment I heard in three months of following Senator Clinton.

"You have to hand it to that Hillary," the prayer lady drawled. "She may be wicked, but she's effective."

In early April, Hillary relished preceding President Bush in a speech before the American Society of Newspaper Editors. After her rocky start as a senator, she was asked, had she regained her momentum?

"I'm having a wonderful time," she said. "Yesterday was a red-letter day for me because I had all my upstate economic bills introduced in the House, with all the Republican and Democratic co-sponsors—it's something I have worked on literally throughout the campaign and from the very moment I was elected." Over the next

Hillary Clinton

six weeks, with the help of her friend Congressman Charlie Rangel, she would collar three Republicans and nine Democrats in the House to sign on to her "New Jobs for New York" package, and at least one Republican senator, Olympia Snowe of Maine. It may take her a year or two to get an economic-stimulus package through the Senate to help the vast rural reaches of her state, left back in the last millennium by the digital revolution, but if anyone can do it, it will be the lady who has to prove she is not the carpetbagger who was only using New York as a stepping-stone to the presidency.

Hillary's smooth performance was followed an hour later by President Bush, who made a few lame jokes to start, didn't go over very well, and took only one question, on the standoff with China over the downed spy plane. To a follow-up he snapped, "I will not take a second question on China."

Hillary lost no time in getting back to the Senate to jump on a chance to embarrass Bush. She had heard the news that the administration planned to cut salmonella testing of ground beef for school lunches. Perfect. A president who would poison little children to save money for his tax cut. She called Daschle. She had a last-minute amendment to offer. It was the final night before the spring recess, and both the Democratic and Republican leaders were pleading with members to give up their place-holding amendments to shorten the list of business they had to get through. Yet Senator Clinton was able to introduce an 11th-hour amendment calling for the hiring of more food inspectors. She remained, smiling and schmoozing all during the late-night voterama, when the Senate floor looks like an endless academic cocktail party, with members wandering around glassy-eyed, unable to use their phones or computers and forced to make amiable chatter with the very people who might be driving a stake through their favorite programs. The next morning she managed to get her measure on the floor and rose to speak about it. It passed unanimously. (Trent Lott would later make sure it was deleted in the House-Senate conference on the budget.)

How did she do it? I asked Senator Daschle. "She was able to convince all the Republican managers this was a good amendment, that all their members could back it. And that made it passable as a Sense of the Senate."

"Pretty fast work," I said. "She only started the day before."

"That's right," gloated one of her new mentors. "That's what makes her such a good member."

It must gall the Bushies, I thought. The woman hadn't completed her first hundred days as a senator and already she had introduced 10 bills and co-sponsored 66 more. The administration did have the ghost of a special prosecutor in the person of Mary Jo White—the U.S. attorney in New York whose brief was expanded to do a criminal investigation of every last pardon. That included whether Hillary had used her influence in obtaining presidential commutations for four convicted swindlers from New Square, a Hasidic community that voted almost unanimously for her. Despite this cloud, politicians of all stripes were cozying up to Hillary. Why?

Her celebrity trumps scandal every time. She is invited everywhere. She enjoys being New York's new glamour girl, swanning around society events such as the Metropolitan Museum of Art's spring gala for the Jackie Kennedy exhibition. All eyes were on Hillary, arriving late in her floor-length leopard-print taffeta Oscar de la Renta creation. She chatted at the head table with event co-chair Anna Wintour, the editor of *Vogue*, and Gwyneth, Meg, Liv, and Naomi. She was conveniently too late to greet First Lady Laura Bush, who was dressed demurely, entered through a side door, and left unobtrusively before dinner.

Hillary doesn't dazzle just the nabobs. When she first attempted to woo New York's largest union, the 200,000-member Building and Construction Trades Council, the president, Ed Malloy, refused even to meet with her. "I felt we had little in common, she being the First Lady—you think, Wow—and we being construction workers and all." But Hillary managed to charm Malloy and his members, who became the foot soldiers of her campaign. When Hillary addressed their legislative conference in Washington in April, she walked the gauntlet of these big beefy men—ironworkers, plumbers, laborers, elevator constructors—and they parted for her in waves, their biceps pumping with applause as they serenaded her with Sinatra's version of "New York, New York": "You're king of the hill."

When Hillary shines her light on Senate colleagues, they bask in her glory. Let's say Senator Jack Reed of little Rhode Island wants attention for a piddly press conference on a recycled Democratic bill to close the gun-show loophole. You can sign up 20 co-sponsors, but if your 21st is Hillary Clinton, and she shows up at your press conference, it's guaranteed 10 grown men will drop to their knees at the lady's feet. Their cameras will click and whir and—presto!—the next morning Senator Reed finds his face in *The New York Times*. Well, maybe not his face.

"They got the back of my head, talking to Hillary," he told me jokingly. I asked if he thought the *Times* would have run a picture of any part of his anatomy had Hillary not been at his press conference.

"Honestly, no."

Hillary has found that the best refuge for a co-scoundrel is the Senate—where they take very seriously the concept of courtesy. Thus, celebrity combined with her new status works magic even on her former enemies.

This was made abundantly clear at a formal fund-raising gala on a mellow May night in Washington. When Hillary swept into the downtown hotel squired by Senator Orrin Hatch, the odd couple was somehow just right. The Mormon conservative from Utah, tall, steely-gray-haired, gallant, praised his date as a leader: "Let me tell you, it's been a wonderful thing to work with her." Hillary, wearing her own black tuxedo suit softened by a creamy satin shell and violet eye shadow, looked every bit the throwback to her Republican roots in suburban Park Ridge.

How did this political romance develop? I asked the Senate chaplain, Dr. Lloyd Ogilvie, an evangelical Presbyterian minister who calls together a mixed flock for his prayer breakfasts, where Hillary is friendly with Republicans such as Texan Kay Bailey Hutchison and Oklahoma's Don Nickles. "You know, she and Hatch came together on the bankruptcy bill," said Dr. Ogilvie. She won over Hatch by crossing the aisle and working on an amendment with him to ensure that spouses would be notified if a daddy went belly-up, so they wouldn't lose out on support payments. As Hatch told me proudly, "Together, Senator Clinton and I made the bankruptcy bill very children-friendly."

Hatch then asked Hillary to co-host the first large gala fund-raiser for a pilot program of mentoring and tutoring for children of prison inmates, called the Dream Academy. She immediately said yes. When she was introduced by the academy's founder, minister and vocalist Wintley Phipps, he said, "I've been telling her that every shuttle needs a booster rocket. This is our booster rocket tonight." By lending her firepower to a project only in its infancy (two pilot learning centers in D.C. serving 200 schoolchildren), Hillary helped Hatch reap a windfall of $1.6 million in one night—four times the academy's annual budget. Between the two of them, they had rounded up every Utah senator as honorary hosts of the event.

On the way out of the gala I ran into a gray-haired Democratic Party operative from New York who had worked for the Clintons and tends to the cynical. On hearing about the new political lovefest between the Mormon who excoriated Anita Hill and Our Lady of Forgiveness, he said, "I hope the Mary Jo White investigation is scaring Hillary. If a couple of those Hasidic New Square guys squeal, to save themselves from

nishment for double voting, she could be deep doo-doo. She needs these guys to l her out."

Hatch had already done so. A month be-e, while he was still chairman of the Sen-Judiciary Committee, he shot down the ggestion by another conservative Republi-n that Hillary be called before Congress testify about her brother Hugh Rodham's e in lobbying for presidential pardons. "I n't know why you would blame her," tch said protectively, pointing out that it s the former president who issued the rdons. "My personal belief is, let's show iatorial courtesy here."

Another of Hillary's new dream dates is en Specter, the Republican moderate from nsylvania. He remembers vividly the t time they met, in 1993. "I had just had in surgery, I saw her walking out of the iate, and we had a good chat about that." lary had expressed concern. Specter told about the M.R.I. that had found the tu-r. Hillary invited Specter to the White use to help her on the health-care plan. admire her intellect, her speaking abili-and her grasp of public policy," he says, ling collegially, "We share going to Yale w School."

But Specter was also chair of the Senate nmittee on the pardons. He put out the ggestion that President Clinton testify in losed session with a Democratic senator l with no press, then have a chance to iew the transcript before its release. "I ird through the grapevine that he want-to testify but he was discouraged from ng so by Democrat senators who want-to put it behind them," Specter said. ien Specter then offered a bill to require blic disclosure of moneys raised for pres-ntial libraries while a president is in of-:, Hillary reached out to tell him she liked idea. He tried out another provision on : to require lobbyists for pardons to reg-r, so they couldn't do what Marc Rich's byist, Jack Quinn, did. Specter told me lary said, "I think that's a good idea." asked her to co-sponsor the bill and she eed.

By May, Senator Specter had nothing but ise for Hillary. "From my point of view, is a senator and I treat her as a senator," told me. "She has a distinguished career ad of her. What's happened in the past is even a prologue."

Nor does Hillary neglect her female colleagues. She is chummy with some, ndoffish with others, but most impor-t, she does not play Queen Bee. At least, intentionally. Even before the press re-ted that Maria Cantwell, the dot-com ltimillionaire barely elected senator from shington State, had gone broke in the vnturn, Hillary offered to hold a fund-raiser for her. It was Hillary's debut as a hostess in her own home.

Guests who didn't get lost trying to find Whitehaven Street that evening made their way past local TV cameramen—absolutely no press permitted inside—and through a clutch of protesters with signs reading, HILLARY'S WITCH FEST and COUNT YOUR SILVERWARE. After forking over their $1,000 checks, guests were ushered to the front door and swiftly out back into a tented area, beyond which was a three-tiered garden. The Clinton "mob" of prototypical staffers made sure no one wandered about the house. White-coated waiters twirled trays with tiny triangles of broccoli over the heads of guests whose overriding purpose seemed to be to gawk at or, better yet, talk to Hillary. Even a Texas Republican real-estate man was intrigued enough to pay to get in.

Madame Clinton stood center tent, surrounded by men. She was grinning ear to ear. Cantwell hovered by the entrance, badly dressed in what one guest thought looked like white leggings. This was Hillary's event. Cantwell was a mere sideshow. Attendees said it was almost impossible to find a voter from her state at the party. A parade of women senators poured in. Then Senator Daschle. The tent was packed.

Hillary stepped up to a small podium and ticked off the states represented. New Yorkers, clearly the majority, cheered for themselves. "Thanks to everyone who stood by me through thick and thin, and a lot of thin," she said. Everyone who spoke praised Hillary and mentioned Cantwell only in passing, even Cantwell herself.

As the party was winding down, a bull of a man made a bombastic entrance—Terry McAuliffe, who had turned himself into President Clinton's best friend by raising piles of money and who now heads the Democratic National Committee. Hillary's eyes lit up. They huddled for a tense conversation. Even at peak moments for Hillary, there always seems to be some bad news in the wings.

On her way out of the party, one young guest peeked into the sitting room, a vibrant space with little tables crowded with silver-framed photos. Bill and Hillary many, many years ago, smiling. Hillary, Bill, and Chelsea laughing, happy. Every picture emphasized their successful coupledom.

But where were the current pictures of Hillary with Bill Clinton—remember him? In the four months since the Clintons left the White House there had been scarcely any published news photos of the couple together, and then only at J.F.K. airport, at an Irish-American awards ceremony in New York, at a fund-raiser in Rhode Island, at a teachers' conference in Rochester, and on a few walks in Chappaqua. They took separate New York–Washington shuttles, perhaps to avoid any photo that might remind voters of their coupledom while Bill Clinton was politically radioactive. But he was sneaking down to Washington once or twice a week, when he wasn't globe-trotting to collect huge speaking fees, to stay over in the senator's new house. And she would slip down to Chappaqua on Sunday nights after a weekend of thrilling events in Plattsburgh and Oneonta.

And then there was their secret holiday on a Caribbean island in April. I was tipped off that they were to stay at the Punta Cana Resort and Club, an idyllic spot in the Dominican Republic. I know it well from once having briefly owned a small villa there. But when my husband and I visited in 1988, our friend Theodore Kheel was just developing the first major resort on the east end of the island, having bought 30 square miles of raw jungle accessible only by helicopter. Today the area has 28 hotels and is the only resort in the Caribbean with an international airport that lands 747s.

"This is the first time they have had a vacation alone together," boasted one of the resort's principals. It was probably an overstatement, but not by much. After the Clintons' chaperoned honeymoon, during their Arkansas years Hillary usually took Chelsea on vacations; Bill would promise to catch up and usually come a couple of days late or not at all. In the White House the couple always seemed to take Chelsea along. In May of '99, when their daughter was away at Stanford, the Clintons told the press they planned to spend a week in seclusion. Hillary was making her final decision about running for the Moynihan seat and presumably needed some face time with her chief political adviser. The couple escaped to a rural corner of northeast Florida with fish camps and deep-fried everything. But it turned out they were guests on the White Oak Plantation, a corporate retreat, where a New Democrat think-tank meeting of a dozen people took up a full weekend of the Clintons' five-day holiday.

The beach at Punta Cana looks like the setting for a swimsuit commercial: five miles of powder-white sand; the luscious shallows of the Caribbean in six shades of blue, from aqua to cobalt; beautiful caramel-skinned women in skimpy bikinis, their spandexed bottoms draped over barstools; and a brand-new golf course at the edge of the sea—all made to order for the tastes of Bill Clinton. But what was Hillary going to do? She doesn't take the sun well, she doesn't play golf, and she is phobic about being photographed in her bathing suit. Yet it was Hillary who had chosen to return to this spot. Two years ago she had discovered its

Hillary Clinton

serenity as a guest of her designer and friend Oscar de la Renta, who, along with Julio Iglesias, has become a partner in and publicist *extraordinaire* for the place. Hillary had arranged to spend six whole days with her husband, no Chelsea, in the confinement of one house. Or maybe separate houses. The resort owners weren't certain.

"These are not predictable people," said Frank Rainieri, one of the resort's partners and its manager. "They might move around," said Manolo Despradel, the houseman, "so we're filling all the houses with three kinds of seafood, meat, fish, wine, and rum, and a cook in each house, so anything they ask for, we will make it for them." What was certain was that the Clintons didn't want to be seen at the resort's hotel or beach; they had negotiated through de la Renta to choose among the few lavish private homes in the adjacent compound known as the villas of Corales de Punta Cana. And they weren't about to land in a 747. They were flown down in a private plane, courtesy of their friend Brian Greenspun, president and editor of the *Las Vegas Sun.*

Greenspun is a Republican. I called Charlie Rangel to ask why the Clintons were hanging out with him. "Deep pockets" was the only reason Rangel gave. Greenspun, a Georgetown classmate of Bill's, had been part of the McAuliffe money-raising machine. He and members of his family gave a total of $95,950 to the Democratic Party between 1991 and 1996, and they had enjoyed many of the perks—frequent sleepovers at the White House and a place among the 60 Americans invited by the president to fly to the Negev Desert for the signing of the 1994 Israel-Jordan accord. For Hillary's Senate campaign Greenspun also helped raise $230,000 in two events, one at his Las Vegas home and another at the home of his brother, Danny. Finally, he had obtained a pardon from Clinton for Al Schwimmer, who, in violation of American neutrality in the Middle East, had been an American arms smuggler to Israel in 1948 with Greenspun's father, Hank, who had been pardoned by President Kennedy. (Schwimmer was also a key middleman in the Iran-contra arms-trading deal in the mid-1980s, but he was not charged.)

Bill and Hillary chose to stay at Frank and Haydee Rainieri's home; the Rainieris moved down the beach to Ted Kheel's villa. The Rainieris' beach is huge and utterly secluded, with ravishing ocean views through walls of glass. It is believed that Bill and Hillary stayed in the same bedroom, with a balcony over the beach.

"They liked best taking the watch off, not having an agenda," says one of their hosts. "They read a lot around the pool and slept on the beach, lying under a coconut tree. Sometimes he'd say, 'I'm going to play golf tomorrow,' then he'd call us up at 11 A.M. and say, 'Hey, you guys want to come over and play cards?'"

I told my source that many Americans were certain, with the finality of Moses descending the mountain, that the Clinton marriage "is all a façade—strictly business—not a marriage." Or, they predicted, "She'll dump him the minute she gets what she wants." Or "She's not into men." Or, as any number of self-proclaimed "experts" have told me over the years, "Everyone knows she's a lesbian." Some would wonder if this marital summit might end in a deal to divorce.

My source laughed. "It was not my impression, let me tell you."

The most intriguing view of the holiday couple was had by fellow residents who saw them frequently. They asked the Clintons to join them on their boat, but Bill and Hillary said they preferred to rest. "We saw them when we were on the boat off their beach. They were very cozy."

Another villa owner said they were acting like a young couple in love. At night the Clintons turned social, inviting Oscar and Annette de la Renta and Brian and Myra Greenspun and the Rainieris to join them. One night the Clintons dined on the de la Renta loggia with the new president of the Dominican Republic and the country's first woman vice-president, Milagros Ortiz Bosch. Strolling guitarists serenaded them with "Guantanamera" and "Volare," and they sang along. The next night they invited the same group back to *la residencia* Rainieri and played Strategy. One of the participants says, "We were like four chummy couples on dates. We sang songs and told jokes and played games, and they held hands a lot." On another night the same quartet of couples (minus Mrs. de la Renta) and some of the younger people dined at the resort's new marina restaurant. This time the women ditched the men. "We're tired of hearing you boys talk golf," they said. "We'll let Oscar sit with us." Hillary asked Paola Rainieri, Frank and Haydee's lively daughter, "How did you meet your husband?" That started a roundelay of stories. Finally Paola prevailed upon Hillary. "How did you meet Mr. Clinton?" Hillary retold the legend of the Clintons' Yale Law library encounter, and Paola said, "It was so romantic."

For once, this was not a working vacation for either Clinton. Hillary broke all her usual disciplines and ate heartily, sampling delicious Dominican desserts with Bill and finishing meals at midnight or one A.M. before retiring. She spent many hours napping on the beach and reading the best-seller *Seabiscuit* for pleasure. Expected visit the impressive new Cornell Biodivers Laboratory, she begged off. Her only o cial excursion was to see the school and phanage built by the resort to educate employees' children.

Her first day back on the Hill, Hill looked radiant. She even dallied with t press for an unusually long time and teas about her holiday. "You should go aw more often," gibed a reporter. "You thi so? I like to have fun. You like to have fu she called over her shoulder. "You kn what was great about it.... There were pictures of me in my bathing suit!"

According to eyewitnesses to other their recent semi-private moments, Clinton marriage is physically affectiona even lusty at times. A woman who ma many social and professional visits to Clinton White House, both with and wi out her husband, describes having priv dinners with the First Couple. "His ha would be on her leg, her arm would around him. I think they love each ot very much." It was this friend's impress the Clintons had a physical relationsh even after Monica. "People are so dee critical of her for staying with him, bu you are married to your best friend, pec screw up, and your best friend is pr hard to replace—for both of them."

But . . . but. The eternal question: h could she have stayed with a man who l betrayed her before the whole world?

"When you know that your husba treats you like an equal, includes you in his major decisions, gives you the most portunity to develop yourself, there's a lo security in that. They are very deeply tie This friend of both Bill's and Hillary's c the couple's co-dependence in a new li "He is the bad boy, but he is also unbel ably strong behind her—a protector. He by her side during the campaign, help her quietly. He never even pointed a fi at her for the health-care thing, and hurt him badly. So there is a part of that has her on a pedestal too strong."

This description rang true. It was Clinton who warned Hillary years ago she might be sorry for giving up her political career to follow him. And it Bill Clinton who first suggested she for senator from New York. A close f friend of Hillary's says, "I genuinely bel he appreciates her sacrifice, putting a her ambition and her gifts as a polit person to help him. He absolutely re nized, when she considered running Senate, this was her turn. Now, if you w the way he's kept his head down and av ed the limelight so she can have the cha to grow and sprout her career, you w know they are in love, not just love, bu

ve—and being in love means you do things
at are not entirely rational."

Beth Dozoretz, the woman who promised
raise $1 million for the Clinton Library
d who acted as a conduit for Denise Rich
the president in the Marc Rich pardon,
as cleared to visit the White House 96 times
the last two years of the Clinton presiden-
. Now 50, she is a beautiful brunette who
rved briefly as finance chair of the Dem-
cratic National Committee, motivated by
mpathy for Clinton during the height of his
peachment trials. Mystery has surrounded
e nature of their relationship. When a con-
essional committee investigating the Clin-
n pardons called her to find out if there was
connection between Denise Rich's contri-
ution to the Clinton Library fund and the
rdon of Marc Rich—Dozoretz took the
fth Amendment. But in two appearances
fore the federal criminal grand jury in
ew York, she answered questions. "The
rosecutors] were respect-
l," she told me. Sources say
ey believe this part of the
vestigation is winding down.

Although stung by rumors about her and the presi-
nt, and having refused to talk the press, Dozoretz agreed to
swer a few of my questions
out Hillary. Given Bill Clin-
n's sexually profligate history
d Monica, did she ever get
e feeling that Mrs. Clinton
as suspicious about having
r or Denise Rich around the
hite House so much?

"This I am happy to an-
ver," she said. "A lot of my time was with
illary. And of the 48 times I was in the ac-
al White House [not in an adjacent office
ilding], on 44 of them my husband was
ith me. We enjoyed a friendship of the four
us, and I don't think she had any discom-
rt, since she knew how close I was to her."

And Denise Rich? "She's in a cast of
ndreds of adoring women. Sure, she went
the White House a lot, but there are
zens of them, hundreds—women who idol-
ed Bill Clinton and think he can do no
rong and hang on him."

One often hears it said that Hillary's "not
to men." What did she think?

"That's silliness," said Dozoretz. "Peo-
e are so quick to label a highly successful
oman with one of two stereotypes—either
e sleeps her way to the top, or she doesn't
e men. When you see Hillary—the friend-
ip she had with my husband, Ron—you
n see her eyes light up. You see her fem-
inity emerge to respond to the chemistry.
e adores men—Vernon [Jordan], Harry
homason, at times my husband—and she
n keep up with them."

Dr. Ron Dozoretz, a psychiatrist who heads FHC Health Systems, the second-largest managed-behavioral-health-care company in America, was one of those tapped by Hillary for her health-care task force. He would not label her, as many do, an enabler. "That's too easy. She doesn't get dissuaded by Monica or anything else; she knows they come and go, others will get involved, but she takes the years of their marriage and says those things are more important." Hillary, Dr. Dozoretz says, is a long-term player.

The sickly odor of scandal resurfaced in April when Denise Rich, the exhibitionist ex-wife of Marc Rich, launched her relentless personal publicity drive, doing Barbara Walters and Larry King and an interview with Maureen Orth in this magazine.

Denise's own breathy admissions on national television that "the president and I have a special relationship" all but spelled out the missing word: intimate. (Rich vehemently denies this through her lawyer.) A close male friend of Hillary's and stalwart defender of the Clintons got two dozen agitated phone calls after Denise's shining hour with Larry. The first was from Melanne Verveer, one of Hillary's oldest friends and her former chief of staff, who was almost as upset as he. "There are legions of people who want to punch Denise Rich's face," he told me. "Not only for the irrevocable damage she caused Bill Clinton—because without Denise Rich, [then Israeli prime minister Ehud] Barak wouldn't have gotten that pardon for Rich from the president—but her oblique references to her 'special relationship with the president' showed disrespect to another woman, who happens to be married to him. I don't think she's naïve. I think she's arrogant and disrespectful."



SIX BDRM, WHITE HOUSE VU
Clinton's Washington, D.C., residence, off Embassy Row, a $2.8 million Georgian designed for entertaining. Sitting-room tables are crowded with photos of the Clintons, emphasizing their successful coupledom.

Is she Gennifer Two? I asked. Gennifer One is still making a career out of marketing her tapes and videos and books based on her intimate relationship with Bill Clinton.

"That video they keep running of Denise," groaned Hillary's friend, "this star-fucker onstage with her bosoms hanging out, handing this big saxophone to the president—it's blatant beyond belief."

But how about Hillary, looking on with a beatific smile as her husband hugged the star-effer? What did that say? *You can rent my husband as long as you raise money for my campaign?*

Another Clinton stalwart who worked for both Clintons went ballistic: "What is he doing with people like the Denise Riches and Terry McAuliffes? If Bill Clinton were not so hung up on the glitz-and-fame bullshit, there is no way these people would be in his life. Who are they? They are starfuckers. With money. He doesn't have to lie down for those people, but that's who he's become."

The supermarket tabloids, finding the Bushes boring, keep printing unsourced rumors that the Clintons are talking divorce. A former staffer of the Clintons', who continues to work closely with them, says, "It's BS. There's nothing to it." Still, it is always possible that things may have gone on too long and gone too far. The specter of Denise Rich and the utter selfishness of Bill going about his gaudy carousel of pardons with no thought to the impact on his wife's senatorial debut deeply angered Hillary. The daughter to whom she is devoted has a boyfriend now and a Stanford degree, and Chelsea is preparing to graduate from the role of parent mediator to live in England on her own to do graduate study at Oxford. The Clintons must also contend with the seismic midlife role reversal between a defunct president who has to be a tourist of the world to play golf (since no Westchester club he wants to join will have him) and a woman who, as seen by the construction workers who serenaded her back in April, is spreading her wings.

Since she is now the powerful Clinton, who might Hillary become? Senator Kennedy was expansive about his new colleague's political prospects when we had a cozy morning chat in Washington. I asked if he could see Hillary as a presidential candidate. "Her future is wide open," he said. "Down the road I think it's very possible. However, there is no indication, none, *nada,*

Hillary Clinton

nothing that would indicate that she wants to be anything but a good senator [now]. There are people who come here who are constantly churning, like [Bill] Bradley, lots who come in and you can tell from the beginning that they are temporary. Mrs. Clinton is a keeper." (Hillary herself has told the press that she will not run for president in 2004 or 2008.)

Hillary was chosen by Yale University students as the speaker for their Class Day in May. The threat of protests evaporated, and she was received as a pop-culture icon. She challenged the graduates to "dare to compete" and "dare to care." In interviews with many students, it became clear that most see her as a role model. Grant Chavin of the class of 2001 said, "Fifteen years from now I'll probably remember that Hillary Clinton spoke at my graduation instead of some random poet laureate or something." Rachel Berger, class of 2003: "Just to be a woman and to get that far and to be that successful, you wonder what it takes—what sacrifices they have to make." Alena Bartoli, class of 2001: "I'm not a big fan of Hillary's. But she gave good examples from her own life which might apply later to ours: dare to compete, dare to care—she's done both those things. She's still a role model."

George W. Bush followed Hillary, speaking the next day. Ignoring that 84 percent of the students voted against him in the presidential election and 208 faculty members petitioned against his receiving an honorary degree, he ran into hundreds of peaceful protesters and was loudly booed. Once again, Hillary outshone the president of the United States—the person with whom she now sees herself daring to compete.

In its first 200 years the Senate elected only six women (unless they stepped ov their husband's dead body). Now the are 12, plus a booster rocket named Sen tor Clinton. It's likely she's positioning he self for a run at the presidency—one can s burning in her eyes the Promethean fir But it's a big leap from promising fres man senator to serious contender to be t second President Clinton. She might find useful to contemplate this admonition b the gorgon in Shelley's poem *Prometheu Unbound:*

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope, till Hope creat
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates. □

Mark Wahlberg

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128 ally happy my brother was locked up, because we would get free sneakers," Mark recalls.

Back then he thought he was the youngest of nine children, but the truth turns out to be more complicated. Mark's mother had three children out of wedlock, six with Mark's father, Don Wahlberg, and none with her second husband, from whom she is now separated. Mark's father was married once before, but Mark isn't sure how many children he may have sired. "There are a couple of kids floating around that I just met at Christmas," Mark reports. "I thought it was funny. I was like, 'Jesus, how many kids do you have?' Now there's 12 in all, but there's probably a couple more; my dad was in the army and spent a lot of time overseas. There's a lotta people in my family."

Mark's Swedish-German father was a teamster who drove a truck and then a bus; his mother, an Irish girl named Alma Donnelly, who was still a teenager when she had her first child, worked many odd jobs while going to school at night and later became a nurse's aide. "It was always about trying to provide," says Mark. "Now that we've got that figured out, I can start asking questions. There's a lotta things I don't know. It's time to put all the pieces together. Before, it was always: 'What did you do?' 'I didn't do it!'"

Mark was 10 when his parents split up, and he remains fiercely loyal to both: "I love my parents to death, and I think they did a remarkable job, considering the circumstances in which they lived," he says. "My mom has regrets, but god knows she shouldn't. She definitely held herself responsible for all the mistakes I made, even if the mistake was allowing me to convince her that it wasn't me when it *was* me."

The divorce hit the youngest Wahlberg hard. "I was preoccupied with my own pain," Alma Wahlberg says, "and when Mark started to get into trouble I really don't think I was seeing what was happening. I was just trying to get back on my feet. He was adorable, and everyone babied him, but when the family structure was falling apart, he was kind of lost. There was a lot of peer pressure, and he wanted to be part of the crowd."

"I was climbing out the window and staying out all night when I was 12 or 13, and by the time I was 13 or 14, I stopped going to school," Mark recalls. "My older brothers taught me how to get high when I was 10, and gave me a couple of beers. They thought it was funny to see me stumbling around. A lot of my family is now in A.A. But I don't blame anybody. I took it upon myself to take it to the next level. I was getting fucked up every day and committing violent acts. When I was 13, 14, 15, I had a pretty serious cocaine problem. I was sniffing and freebasing, but I never tried heroin—never saw it, thank god. If the cool guys in my neighborhood were doing it, I would have. Being the youngest and the smallest and the most eager, I was always trying to impress the older guys. And I wasn't scared of much at all."

No one seemed able to control him. "I first met Mark around two in the morning, selling marijuana on the corner," Father Flavin recalls. "He was about 15. I'd often see him drive by the church in a differe car. He'd beep and wave. He'd stolen it, course. He ran with a tough crowd, and h had a chip on his shoulder. He alwa played in Catholic Youth Organization ba ketball, and I could always count on hi getting into a fight during the game. T other kids would tower over him. He'd g frustrated and haul off and clock som body. Being small, he had to try hard than everyone else to show he was toug or you get beat up by other kids. I used use a story about Mark in my sermon about one time he got in an awful fight the street. I said, 'Why did you get in fight?'—and he said because a kid looked him. He was always a fighter."

Then one night Mark and his frien smoked the angel-dust joints they h found in someone's freezer. They hit t streets in a rampage, robbing a pharma and then a liquor store, where Mark swu a metal hook at a Vietnamese refugee th gouged out his eye. He ended up servi 45 days of a two-year sentence at Deer land, an adult prison.

"That was a dirty, rat-infested place th smelled like an old cellar, out on an isla in Boston Harbor," says Father Flavi "Mark was scared to death, but you do let anyone know you're upset or scared hurt. I felt terrible for him, but he play that tough game very well."

"I had to convince grown men tha was tough and dangerous when I was l Mark says, not without pride. "Whe was locked up, I was able to take care of m self, even though I was maybe five fe three inches and 125 pounds."

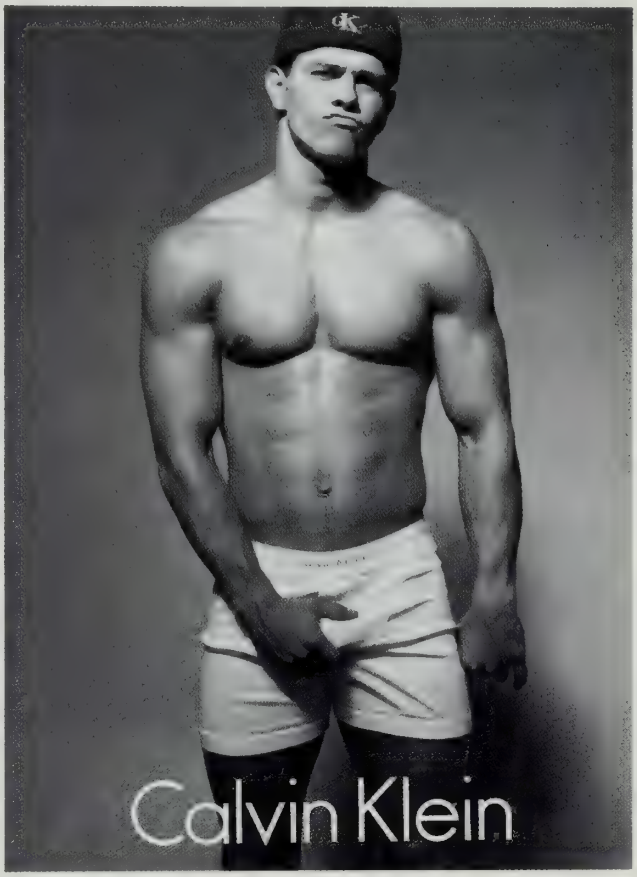
Prison marked the turning point in

, prompting him to do some serious
il-searching as well as to begin working
:. "When I got to jail and saw all these
's I grew up with and emulated, it was a
ke-up call I should have gotten a long
ıe before," he says. "That was it: I was
? of them. I had accomplished what I
out to do. Being chased with knives
I shot at—if that's not going to wake you
what is? A lot of people have died. A
I know stole a police officer's car; they
cked off the street and he smashed into
ree. One of my best friends killed his
er brother—stabbed him twice—and his
ther died. I know kids doing life with no
ole. I thought, There's got
be something better for me
there. I have to believe God
w that I was capable of do-
some good and working to
w people there's something
ter than being the toughest
in the neighborhood—being
one who's willing to pull
trigger or rob the store. I
ıember being 17 and think-
, God, if I could snap my
gers and be 50, I'd do it. I
n't know if I'd make it that
I'm very lucky to be alive."
His salvation was abetted by
brother Donnie, who struck
I with New Kids on the Block
I believed his kid brother
ıld make it, too. Mark, who
I considerable difficulty car-
ng a tune, had rejected the
portunity to be part of New
ls, so Donnie composed some
-hop arrangements, helped
ırk organize a group called
ırky Mark and the Funky
nch, and produced their first
um, *Music for the People,* with
own money. Propelled by the
singles "Good Vibrations"
l "Wildside," the album went
tinum.

"When I met Marky, I'm like, 'He's gonna
a star.' You could just tell," says Scott
lvert, who directed *The Basketball Di-
es* as well as many Wahlberg videos,
rting with "Good Vibrations" in 1991.
e just had an explosive charisma. I said,
u should act.'"

uccess wrenched Mark out of the paro-
chial world he had inhabited all his life.
e first time Marky Mark and the Funky
nch went on tour, he says, "I hated Eu-
e. I didn't know how to deal with being
my own. I never realized any world ex-
d outside Dorchester. I thought every-
e knew the same things, spoke the same
guage, stole from each other. Once I
lized I was welcome in the rest of the
world, then I just took it on myself to try to educate myself."

Even now, even in Paris, he still yearns for his mother's cooking. "I've been working so hard that all I want to do is be home," he says, looking suddenly like a tired little boy. Home is Massachusetts, where he lives with his mother in the house Donnie bought her in Braintree: "I'm still paying rent. I don't own a house anywhere. That's the next big plunge. I have to figure out where first, whether in Massachusetts or on the West Coast. If it's in Massachusetts it's only a matter of time before I'm hanging out in the neighborhood again."



THE ACTOR
FORMERLY KNOWN AS . . .
Mark Wahlberg, in his Marky Mark days, poses for the Calvin Klein ad campaign, shot by Herb Ritts, that added to his fame in the early 90s.

That isn't likely, given his ferocious appetite for work and the offers that are coming his way. When Wahlberg first decided to try acting, he wasn't exactly welcomed with open arms. His second album, *You Gotta Believe,* hadn't sold as well as the first, and he grew disenchanted with the music business. But the movie industry was openly derisive about his new aspirations, as Scott Kalvert found when trying to cast Wahlberg in *The Basketball Diaries.* "It was very hard to get him the movie, because of the stigma," Kalvert says. "To take yourself from Marky Mark the rapper to a serious actor—you have to will yourself to do that, because everything was against him being able to succeed. He had to work four times as hard as somebody starting from scratch, and he did it."

"If anything, he was driven by the obvious doubts about him," says James Foley, the director of *Fear,* the 1996 thriller that co-starred Reese Witherspoon. "That was a fight he took on: to wipe the sneer off people's faces and convince them he's a serious actor. He's kicked major ass."

In the process, Wahlberg transformed himself from a punk into a fiercely motivated, disciplined workhorse who wins effusive admiration from his colleagues. "He's the poster boy for redemption," says James Gray, who directed him in *The Yards.*

For many people, Wahlberg's breakthrough performance came in *Boogie Nights,* Paul Thomas Anderson's 1997 film, in which he played the pathetically deluded porn star Dirk Diggler, complete with a 13-inch prosthetic penis. "I was totally blown away, because he was playing somebody so against type," says Kalvert. "That character is nothing like him. He's not vulnerable like that character. He has always been extremely sure of himself. He knew his power. He had confidence. He's smart as hell."

Others still weren't convinced. "I thought, Is this guy the dope I saw in *Boogie Nights*? What if he wasn't an actor; what if he was just good at playing a hapless kind of guy?" says David O. Russell. "But when I met him, I realized he was a serious actor—and his ambition is limitless."

Wahlberg has since shown such range that directors are lining up to work with him. Tim Burton, the director of *Planet of the Apes,* says he was attracted to Wahlberg by a masculine quality that reminded him of another era. "I met Mark and thought he had a certain gravity to him, a kind of Steve McQueen simplicity where you don't have to say much," Burton says. "I've always been fascinated by that type of acting where it's minimal. But you have to *have* it; you can't really tell somebody to *do* that."

Wahlberg underwent another metamorphosis to play the star of a heavy-metal band, losing weight and immersing himself in a musical genre he had never even listened to. "He was a large reason I wanted to do *Rock Star,*" says Stephen Herek. "There's

Mark Wahlberg

something really electric, something wild and unexpected about him on-screen. He's sort of a man-child. He has this mature, dangerous sexuality, but at the same time there's a boyish innocence, and the combination is rather lethal. He has this magnetic thing, for almost any girl and even guys. It's a vortex; people get sucked in. You see the way girls look at him, and it's literally like a rock star, where you could just pick and choose and basically take whatever you want. He'll be shy about it in public, but in private—look out!"

Older colleagues are both amused and amazed by the results. "Me and Spike Jonze went out with Mark one night to do it his way, which is you go nightclubbing," reports Russell. "He's wearing some beautiful Armani suit, and he would stand up and just be surrounded by young, beautiful women touching him. I saw a woman touching his crotch! There have been movie stars who shall remain nameless who have found him at his hotel and had their way with him. Women adore him."

In his Catholic-altar-boy mode, Mark has claimed for years that he just wants to get married and have kids, and he purports to feel real guilt about his robust sex life. "That's one of my weaknesses: I've had sex out of wedlock," he says solemnly. "I'm 30; I wish I was already married and starting to have a family."

But he finds it difficult to let down his guard in intimate relationships. "Being thrust from one extreme into another, it's been hard to trust in this world in which I live and work," he explains. "Someone who's grown up in a privileged, sheltered background with a small family and all the attention, compared to someone like me, who's grown up with nothing—I feel it's impossible for them to really relate to me. I don't make that very easy for them, because I don't reveal everything. I've had a couple of bumps and bruises along the way, but because of that, I've also caused some bumps and bruises. I also know that if I continue to be this way, I won't allow myself to find all the things I need to be happy. I've had relationships, a couple years here and there, but I've never really lived with anybody. You gotta protect yourself, but when you do that, you set yourself up to miss out on unconditional love."

Wahlberg's past liaisons include Reese Witherspoon and China Chow, and for the last couple of years he has been involved with actress Jordana Brewster, but she's only 21 and a student at Yale. They recently broke up via long-distance tel- phone, although they've done so before ar gotten back together again. Brewster's bac ground—she is the granddaughter of form Yale president Kingman Brewster Jr.— clearly a hot-button issue for Mark. "There nothing wrong with being privileged," h concedes. "She's got great parents who a involved in every aspect of her life. I de nitely think there might be issues I ha with that."

When I push him to explain, he loo uncomfortable and starts to fidget, his ey darting around the room. "It reminds m of how hard I've had to work to get whe I have," he says finally, staring off in space with a scowl. "I have a hard tim hearing about living on Fifth Avenue an having housekeepers and going to Yale. think I was better off growing up in t world I did. If people are able to survi that, then they can survive anything. Co ing skills are big on the résumé, in m book. I'm willing to learn about their wor but I also make sure I keep my world arou me. I don't have famous friends. On t day-to-day basics, I still hang out with gu from my neighborhood. It's who I am. I not ashamed of it. I don't ever want to lo it or forget about it, because there are many kids who can gain so much inspi tion just by my giving a little time. Th can identify with me and get the chance see a larger world. Giving back—that's wh it's all about. Helping somebody to he themselves."

These days Wahlberg, whose person assistant is a former drug addict turn drug counselor, is obsessed with the id of trying to do good. Although the scien credits continue to thwart him, he h struggled for years to earn his high-scho equivalency degree because it will ma him a better role model. "Right now I working with the Boys Club, donating time as well as money, building a gym Father Flavin's new parish," he says. was named to the board of directors, and felt like I had finally done something could truly be proud of. It was one of best feelings in the world. We're send kids on trips—the Boys Club sent 40 k on a sports program to Texas. There i lot of good to be done, and if I apply m self I can do some, and that's what ma me feel good about myself. I made m lions of dollars by the time I was 20, and didn't make me happy. I've done my sh of bad, and when I get down on my kn every night I certainly don't ask for any on the back. But as long as people rea look to God and ask for help, then I th it's there. Everyone can be forgiven. It's j a matter of going out and working for I've only lived a third of my life, but I th

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY.

Entries must be received by 11:59 p.m. ET on 08/03/01. Three winners will be chosen at random on or about 08/08/01 by *Vanity Fair* and Neutrogena and will be notified on or about 08/10/01. Limit of one entry per person. Odds of winning depend on the number of entries received. Not responsible for entries that are lost, late, misdirected, garbled, or incompletely received for any reason, including by reason of hardware, software, or browser, or network failure, malfunction, congestion, or incompatibility at sponsor or elsewhere. All entries become the property of sponsors and will not be acknowledged or returned. All decisions of the judges are final. Contest open to U.S. residents 21 years of age or older as of date of entry, except employees of The Condé Nast Publications, Neutrogena, and members of their families. Subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Void outside the U.S., in Puerto Rico, and where prohibited by law. Fill out your name, age, postal address, and e-mail address on the online entry form. One winner and a guest will receive compliments of Neutrogena and *Vanity Fair*, a Telluride Film Festival Package, including roundtrip transportation to and from the airport in Telluride, double-occupancy hotel accommodations, coach airfare for two, and two Festival passes. Approximate retail value of the prize package is $4,500.00, depending on point of origin and other factors. Airfare is from the major commercial airport in the U.S. nearest the winner's home. Meals and other expenses not included. Winner must be available to travel from August 30 to September 4, 2001. The first runner-up winner will receive $250.00 of Neutrogena products and the second runner-up will receive $100.00 of Neutrogena products. Prizes are not transferable. No substitution for prize except by sponsors, in which case a prize of equal or greater value will be substituted. Income and other taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners. Winners will be notified by e-mail. Winners will be posted on vanityfair.com and Neutrogena.com. Acceptance of prize constitutes consent to use winners' names and likenesses for editorial, advertising, and publicity purposes, without further compensation, except where prohibited. Winners may be required to sign an Affidavit of Eligibility and trip winner and companion a Liability/Publicity Release, which must be returned within 5 days from notification or alternate winner may be chosen.

.e rest is going to be pretty boring for ost people. There won't be much contro-ersy from now on. There will be a lot of ositive things. It will be a challenge: hard ork to do good."

The controversies of the past seem far ehind him now: the hotheadedness that rovoked so many fights, the 1993 press restorm in which he was accused of ho-ophobia and racism, the catfight with ladonna at a Hollywood party. Wahlberg legedly disparaged a member of Madon-a's entourage as a "homo"—a charge he as always denied—and got into a scuffle ith Guy Oseary of Maverick Records, who ter filed a complaint. "Young testosterone ut of control" was how one observer de-ribed it. (Wahlberg says Madonna still wes him an apology.)

The current Mark is politically correct id rigorously controlled. "I have never ice witnessed Mark Wahlberg become ngry—not ever," says James Foley. "I've ever seen that toughness in his eyes ex-ressed in anger—and I don't want to, un-ss it's between 'Action!' and 'Cut!'"

Much more religious than his parents er were, Mark believes his Catholic faith ays a crucial role in grounding him. "I go church because it's what I should be do-g," he says. "It's pointing me in the right rection, making me a better person. There's ill a lot of work to be done, and I still have ghtmares about going to prison—'I didn't o it, man! Just let me go!' But I'm pretty ire I will do some good."

Those goals have fueled his determination not to be lured back into rap music. "I love making music, and I do it on y own, but I haven't recorded since '98," e says. "My record company calls me all ie time now that I'm successful, but the usiness left a bad taste in my mouth—be-g pushed in a certain way for commercial success, rather than doing what I thought was right for me. What people have to do to sell records is just not good. It's always pushing the envelope, promoting negative stuff, and it has an effect. There's a lot of damage being done to young people across the world. What's wrong with giving people a positive image? I never thought that going to prison was something to brag about. I didn't want to glamorize being a thug."

Not that Wahlberg is averse to exploring the dark side he knows so well in his acting. "I prefer to play the bad guy," he admits. "I'm always the one who roots for the bad guy. I don't think a movie works without a great villain."

And he does concealed menace so well—an attribute that inspired Foley to cast him as the homicidal boyfriend in *Fear.* "There was something in his eyes where you felt like it was the real deal—that forged-in-steel kind of tough thing where you don't have to act it out or pose it," says Foley. "This character had to be sexually attractive and dangerous. I've never seen Mark try to sell himself, try to convince anybody that he's tough or that he's smart. There's just an eerie calm. You know about his past and about the potential for physical violence, and all that energy has been sublimated into the focus on being an actor. There's a certain unbridled volcano that lurks behind those eyes."

One thing Wahlberg avoids now is taking off his clothes for the camera. "I spent a lot of time doing it in the beginning of my career, and when I started to make films, that was what people expected of me," he explains. "It's not anything I'm really ashamed of, but I'd like to move forward. If people are constantly paying attention to that, they're going to miss whatever else is going on."

And what he wants them to pay attention to is his acting, although he is not one to make pompous pronouncements about his craft; the school of hard knocks has given him a philosophical attitude about his past as well as his present. "You always wish you could go back and do some things a little differently, but I learned a great deal, so it's O.K.," he says. "I don't take myself all that seriously, so I can look back and laugh."

Wahlberg has a lot to laugh about these days, and those who know him well think this is only the beginning. "You take somebody from the streets of Dorchester and he ends up in Paris, and that's a guy who's growing and transforming," says Russell. "He's a work in progress, and I'd like to think we ain't seen nothing yet."

And while some of his contemporaries succumb to the pitfalls of fame, Wahlberg seems unlikely to lose his way at this late date. "Where he came from is the reason he has such a good level head now," says Kalvert. "A lot of these kids in Hollywood reach a pinnacle and self-destruct. Mark can do anything he wants to do, and he's going to thrive."

Not to mention have some fun along the way. "Life for him right now is a big party, in terms of being happy with who you are," Herek observes.

Happiness? That's a tall order, and Wahlberg won't admit that he's achieved it, only that he's getting closer. "I think happiness is around the corner," he says, and then flashes me a sly, knowing smile: the smile of a con artist, the smile of an irresistible rogue who knows he can get away with just about anything he wants to get away with. A Cary Grant smile. After all, even Cary Grant had to invent himself.

"You just gotta shift those gears and get around the corner," Wahlberg says lightly, and then heads off to dance the tango with a beautiful girl. □

Mark Birley

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 159 question of look-g at every single detail on every single night ntil it is absolutely right. Secondly, anything ve learned taste-wise I've learned from Mark. nd thirdly, the fact that Mark has the ability inspire enormous loyalty in his staff—they dore him and that makes a team. Having ade that team, he doesn't leave it at that. He ally looks after them; he wants to know if their ives are all right—he's a godfather figure."

Birley's persnicketiness in particular is well known. "Obviously what makes him so ecial is that he's got such an incredible at-ntion to detail," says Nina Campbell. "He will not be shortchanged; if something's not right, he just won't have it. He just will make it perfection. As a result, people always feel at their ease."

Being at ease is a big thing in Birley World. "I think people who were young in the 50s are very different to people who were young in the 60s," says his daughter, India Jane. "The 50s generation always like to appear at their ease, no matter how much they were working. Always relaxed and always charming, real grace-under-pressure types, and that's what Pup is like. And it's quite infectious, that." It is true that, from a man who uses the word "what" as a full stop conversationally, there is no suggestion of Birley feet frantically paddling beneath the surface.

Joan Collins notes the result: "Mark's stock-in-trade is the laid-back, self-effacing charm he brings to both Harry's Bar and Mark's Club." This imperative of ease is reinforced by Birley. "I like to feel comfortable, by which I mean not just any old chair but the general feeling of the place, the way you're greeted, the way you're looked after. And I love continuity—it's terribly important."

That continuity is provided by long-serving staff. Birley's "You look after them and they look after you" ethic is reflected in the very name of his new club. "It's named after George Hobart, who was the original head barman at Annabel's, who eventually retired and didn't live long after that," Birley says. "He was a wonderful man. I think if you name a place it's got

Mark Birley

to have some personal meaning for you."

Despite his list of successes, Annabel Goldsmith says, "he's very excited about George. He's always excited about everything he does." And he seems to have done it all extremely well. Of Annabel's, the writer Taki Theodoracopulos says, "If it weren't for Mark Birley, I probably wouldn't have stayed in London for as long as I did. It may be chic now, but before Mrs. Thatcher, London was a grubby place. In those days you built your life around going to Annabel's." And Annabel's remains the antithesis of grubby. It's like going into a rather grand, but surprisingly comfortable, smart town house. The brass-columned dining room, the Buddha Room, which is dominated by a large Buddha, and the private dining room, lined entirely with bottles of fabulous wine, are as ingrained into wealthy, well-connected visitors' must-see lists as Wimbledon and the Tate Modern. As with all of Birley's clubs, the walls are packed with his idiosyncratic mix of pictures: traditionally themed oil paintings, portraits, retro posters, and here an iconic set of original Bateman cartoons—which have alleviated many a dull date.

Annabel's has also been the scene of royal high jinks. Princess Diana and the Duchess of York once appeared dressed as a policewoman and a traffic warden—they had just been thrown out of Prince Andrew's stag party. The maître d', Louis, recognized Diana and told her that she had to stay in the bar, since "we have a rule banning uniforms" in the restaurant. As Diana and Fergie proved, Annabel's has provided safe haven to virtually everyone who has ever been famous, from Jackie Onassis to Frank Sinatra and Peter O'Toole, for the past 40 years.

Birley's second venture, Mark's Club, is a serious take on a traditional gentlemen's club—one that allows women. Hung with old-masterish oils, the restaurant's pleasingly yielding red velvet banquettes have been the scene of more power-prandial occasions than any other restaurant in London. King Hussein of Jordan ate there a week before he died, and King Abdullah ate there last week. Conrad Black, Michael Bloomberg, Rupert Murdoch, and Lady Thatcher have all impressed bystanders in the traditionally masculine yet irresistibly comfortable bar.

Harry's Bar, Birley's third club, is perhaps the most glamorous of the group. The London *Times* described its members as "industrialists, diplomats, kings, American widows with an appetite for what the French euphemise as aesthetic surgery, film stars of the old school, dandiacal plutocrats, Mayfair smoothies and the gastronomically earnest." It is decorated with a vast collection of Peter Arno cartoons from *The New Yorker* of the 40s and 50s, and the tables and chairs are surprisingly low, giving this incredibly smart restaurant a surprisingly intimate atmosphere. Harry's Bar has a unique mix of pure fluff and astounding seriousness. Joan Collins, Elle Macpherson, Oscar de la Renta, and Prince Andrew casually rub shoulders with the likes of Sir David Frost and Benjamin Netanyahu.

The £3,000-a-year Bath & Racquets Club is Birley's only nongastronomic enterprise. Opened in 1990, the men-only health club has a Persian-carpeted gym and squash courts with maple floors. The extravagantly sofa'd changing room is more like a rich-man's study, with a huge television and a terrifically nice barman permanently on hand. It has become a home away from home to gaggles of Goulandrises, the pulchritudinous gallery owner Tim Jeffries, who declares himself "the club mascot," and any well-established man in London who takes a sybaritic approach to fitness.

Birley's talent is innate. "His parents were extremely bohemian and different," says Annabel Goldsmith. "His father was a famous painter. His mother was an extraordinary woman, amazing taste, very, very eccentric. I thought he was the most glamorous young man around." Nan Kempner agrees: "In him lies his father's talent and his mother's perspicacity."

"Although he's got a short fuse if things go wrong, he has the best sense of humor in the world," says Goldsmith. "He has a wonderful sense of the ridiculous, and what's kept us so close is a developed sense of the absurd. He'll sit there with hankies and laugh till the tears roll down his cheeks." Kempner says, "With Mark you know exactly where you stand—there's nothing phony about him, he's a shining diamond. I cannot speak in enough superlatives about Mark. He has truly heroic qualities which he tries to hide behind a gruff exterior—but he doesn't get away with it."

According to their mother, Annabel, his children, Robin and India Jane, have "both inherited Mark's taste." Robin owns a thriving chain called Birley's Sandwiches and has just opened the first American branch in San Francisco. India Jane is a successful painter. The closest George got to a launch party was her sell-out exhibition, "Canines and Companions," which took place weeks before the furniture arrived. Mark and Annabel's other son, Rupert, tragically disappeared in 1986 while swimming off the African coast.

India Jane, who worked with her father on George, says, "He's a benign dictator. Pup, so you don't really collaborate with him. He says, 'Well, what do you think about this color?' and you say, 'Well, how about another color?' and then in a few days it's back at his color. Somehow, you listened to him talk about a particular color, and that's collaboration. But basically he decides everything himself." □

Murdoch and Freud

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 145 of a whinny in her coltishness. She also loved the country life. Having met her when she was working on the pro tennis circuit, Matthew first wooed her to work for him at Freud Communications, then wooed her to be his wife. Chrissie Hynde sang at their wedding, ensuring another item checked off his list: press coverage. Soon they had two sons. But they were, as one friend said, "oil and water" from the beginning. "There was another part of Matthew's wish list," says Marina Baker. "He wanted to marry the simple girl, but also shag the most powerful woman in the world while you're at it."

Enter Elisabeth Murdoch.

Beautiful women know they're beautiful, and the ones who tell you otherwise are lying. Still, on some days, Elisabeth Murdoch sees herself as she was at 13: "The kid with the runny nose and the funny accent and the kneesocks pulled up and the hat with the pom-pom. I was completely uncool." That she can still see herself that way is part of her innate sweetness—and perhaps part of her susceptibility to Freud.

She had been living a fairly low-profile existence in Surrey as the wife of Dutch-Ghanaian economist Elkin Pianim, whom she had married in 1993. "When she arrived here, she was very suburban-mother," says a journalist who has written about Murdoch. "She kind of wore these Laura Ashley Sloaney styles and a quite sensible hairdo."

Freud and Murdoch met when she was eight months pregnant with her second daughter. It was 1997; Murdoch had recently been appointed general manager of broadcasting at BSkyB, the London arm of her father's satellite-broadcasting company. (Whereas her brother Lachlan, as deputy chief operating officer of News Corporation, runs the company's American operations, among other things, and her other brother James, runs Murdoch's television operations in Asia, Liz was not given her own track set.) Freud was already consulting for various

ews Corp. operations. They kept bumping to each other at functions, and six months ter, "when my marriage had broken down, nd I was separated," Elisabeth says, "it be- ame more . . . personal."

("She told you it was six months later?" reud said to me later, smiling. "Well . . . ")

Exactly when Freud left his wife and two ns is a little murky. But acquaintances say idge was distraught. Still, she didn't waste o much time mourning. She began seeing harles Spencer, Diana's brother, in the ring of '99; they had first met as students at xford. Spencer is said to loathe latthew, but won't comment on m publicly. "We think it's high- inappropriate to get involved," ys Spencer's flack.

Meanwhile, photos of Elisabeth nd Matthew, with barbed com- ents, had begun appearing in e tabs in May 1998—a month ter Rupert left Elisabeth's moth- , Anna. The heated gossip in edia circles, however, far out- eighed the newspaper coverage. Who's going to report *that* ro- ance?" says one journalist. "The bloids aren't going to—they need reud. The papers owned by Mur- ch aren't going to."

Friends wondered what Mur- ch saw in Freud. The couple ad the common bond of com- g from dynasties that had great pectations for their children—ough Liz airily dismisses her- lf and Matthew as "rather bor- g work people with interesting mes." There was also the sense each being the family wild ild: "I had gone to Ethel Walk- , the girls' school, and I only sted about six months. I got spended. I bought a bottle of m, and everyone was smashed." ut it's not too much of a stretch say that, in Matthew, Elisabeth w her father—a man who began as an up- art, and lacked utterly the British coyness out power and ambition.

Freud, in turn, was happy to play Elisabeth's engali. He has, friends say, remade her. He pported her decision to leave her father's siness and start her own TV-programming mpany. (Her parents, insists Murdoch, ere supportive. "Though they'd express it fferently," Murdoch says with a laugh. "My other would exercise her anger towards my ther and say, 'Good for her! At last!'") In ddition to the shift in career, Freud and urdoch redesigned her Notting Hill home. Everything was all tassels, heavy and dark," ys designer Mike Rundell. "Matthew had a ear idea of what she wanted: modern, sleek, ts of warm, simple fabrics—very London."

"He has a great deal of power [with her]," says an acquaintance. "She's massively influenced by this man."

"It was a very difficult decision," Elisabeth Murdoch says of leaving her marriage. "But Matthew is . . . everyone says you shouldn't believe in soul mates. But I can't believe in a more perfect person for me. And I can't think of a more perfect person for him."

Less than two months after this conversation, I get a call from Freud. "All is not well. You may be reading about it in the papers. . . . Liz and I are in different places, emotionally . . . "



LOVE'S LABOUR'S WON
Elisabeth Murdoch and Matthew Freud at a 1998 costume benefit for the Royal Shakespeare Company in London. The couple split up earlier this year, but now plan to marry on the grounds of Blenheim Palace in mid-August.

Translation: Liz had their baby, Charlotte. Then Matthew panicked and split.

At least one person was probably relieved by this turn of events: Rupert Murdoch (who, at 70, is about to have his fifth child, the first with third wife Wendi Deng). Lesson No. 1 in fostering good father-boyfriend relations: Don't persuade Dad to spend £12 million on your boyfriend's doomed project. Freud was a member of the executive committee of the Millennium Dome fiasco, an Epcot Center–like project that was supposed to be a monument to New Labour; funded through the state lottery and private donations, it cost £850 million, and now cannot even be given away to a private investor. Sky Networks donated £12 million to the cause.

Lesson No. 2: Don't let Dad hear you've given his daughter a taste for the fast life. That was the rumor among the chattering classes—that Matthew had, as one journalist put it, "introduced her to the full delights of the showbiz lifestyle."

"What a bizarre thought—I don't do anything," Freud insists. "When I was 17, I used to take drugs. But [since that time] I've worked for the department of drug prevention and . . . if I corrupted her, I corrupted her well. Because she's certainly more of a party girl than I am."

Freud does admit, however, that he has something of a "black mark against his name" with Pater. In the interest of getting attention for BSkyB, Matthew pitched her as an interview subject to a variety of magazines. "There was this picture of her in a beautiful black dress with an arm over her head [and—well,] 'misogyny' is too strong, but Rupert has an old-fashioned attitude." Meanwhile, a few months later, "Rupert was pictured lounging on a bed in a Comme des Garçons dressing gown, and Lachlan was voted 'sexiest man in Australia' and photographed from the waist up. Rupert didn't have a problem with that—Lachlan's the prince regent," says Matthew.

There was also a magazine article about London power couples who are the biggest partygoers. Murdoch believed the article made his daughter sound frivolous. "Liz and I were No. 2 or 3 on the list," says Freud, "but that was parties we got invited to, not necessarily went to.

"Here's the weird thing about the Murdoch family," Freud adds. "They believe what they read in the papers."

Well, one thing the papers got right was the Freud-Murdoch split in February. For the next four months Freud "went to hell and back a bit." A number of his businesses went south. His Web site, Toyzone, went out of business; in November 2000, he reportedly got kicked off the board (he says he resigned) of the Hartford Group, the restaurant-management company that owns

Murdoch and Freud

Pharmacy, the restaurant designed by Damien Hirst. Freud sold half his shares in the struggling company in April. And he had a paper loss of millions on Oxygen, the Internet-company incubator, which he and Elisabeth had invested in heavily. The company that was once valued at £240 million was recently valued at £5 million, and is now known as Tera, after merging with the obscure Finnish company.

Freud, who once said, "There is nothing sadder than an old P.R. man," did not have much greater luck dabbling in politics. His work on behalf of London mayoral candidate Frank Dobson had already come to nothing. Then his close friend Peter Mandelson, Tony Blair's Dick Morris–like spinmeister, who had enabled Freud to become something of an unofficial consultant to Blair, had to resign a Cabinet position for the second time in two years for alleged financial misconduct.

In mid-May, however, the London tabs were reporting a new twist in the Murdoch-Freud saga. I got this E-mail from Matthew:

Hooray.

I got there in the end. Bizarre journey to the depths of my soul (ugh).

Call me and I will confess.

Hope you are happy, I am.

Best,
Matthew 2.0

During those dark days Freud had gone into therapy—"Jungian. I kept going to Freudians, but they got a little too excited," he says, adding, "I spent four months being very alone.

"But at the end of it," Freud continues, "I came through with immense clarity of who I was, and the fact that, having been the way I was for 37 years, I was pretty unlikely to change. I've always had a significant internal conflict . . . one side being adult, and one side being [not]. I haven't always made the right decisions—I wreaked a lot of havoc over people in my life, which hasn't sat happily. [So I needed to find] a degree of (a) acceptance and (b) forgiveness. I needed to end the internal war."

Translation: Matthew Freud was in love.

During the months of tumult Elisabeth Murdoch tended her baby and threw herself into her new programming company, Shine Entertainment. (First offering: *Single Girls,* a reality program where comely Sloane Rangers hole up in a London apartment for eight weeks in search of the perfect man. One of the primary equity holders in the company is television executive Lord Waheed Alli, who created *Survivor.*) When Matthew proposed to her in May, she didn't believe him. She made him come back three weeks later, with a proper ring (three "D" flawless French-cut diamonds in a square setting) and, presumably, proper humility. Her friends were shocked, and her father, while genuinely happy for her, could not hide "some skepticism," says Elisabeth. "The whole thing w pretty traumatic."

Freud announced his engagement at t same time as he was negotiating several oth events in his life: he was trying to buy ba his company, Freud Communications, fro Omnicom; with a group of investors, bought the Groucho Club, the famous wat ing hole for the media elite; and, togeth with chocolate heir Joel Cadbury, he open Third Space in Soho—the largest and mo chichi gym in central London. "It was strange conversion thing," Freud says.

Call it a resurrection, call it getting clue—Freud seems to have come home roost. The wedding is set for mid-August allegedly a quiet friends-and-family affair their home on the Blenheim grounds, though the prospect of Liz and Matt doi anything quietly seems dubious.

Even after coming through the fires of t last year seemingly unscathed, Freud cann resist a little extracurricular spinning. H would prefer that this story not come o before his wedding. So he offers me an "o portunity": persuade *Vanity Fair* to postpo the piece and I am invited to his weddin The fact that the wedding is in mid-Augu and I would be boarding an airplane wh seven months pregnant with twins should, says, pose no impediment. "C'mon, no o will know," he purrs.

He's absolutely right! So what if I we into labor over the Atlantic? It will be su a beautiful affair . . .

Bounders are so very hard to disappoint.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141 help. In early October he prescribed another pill—Julie can't remember what it was—but that didn't work, either. In mid-October she saw a psychiatrist, who prescribed Atavan, a powerful anti-anxiety medication. Even it didn't help. Julie sleepwalked through her days, feeling like either a drugged-out zombie or a screeching harridan. Keith burrowed even deeper into work.

It was at this point that the Goughs received the anonymous letter.

As Lori Gough was driving home from her breakfast with Jacque Schrader, she called her friend Ellen Ballinger from her car and said she needed to talk. A few minutes later Lori was sitting at the Ballingers' kitchen table, just down the street from the Conrads' house on Thomas Point Court. She showed her the letter. Ballinger read the first two paragraphs and said, "Who do you think it is? Cathy?" Cathy Herndon, another friend.

"No," Lori said. "Keep reading."

Ballinger finished, then listened to Lori's theories about the Conrads. She agreed it could be Julie, whom she had never entirely trusted. In fact, she had warned Lori about Julie Conrad more than once.

They faxed the letter to Ellen's husband, Frank, a stockbroker. A man well accustomed to the brawny ways of Wall Street and business litigation, Ballinger advised Lori to immediately confront the Conrads. "Mark it 'Return to Sender' and jam it in their mailbox," Ballinger said. "You'll never be absolutely sure [it was them]. But if you initiate a confrontation and look them in the eye, you'll have a good chance of knowing what went on."

But the Goughs couldn't bring themselves to do it. Instead they did nothing. Neither the Goughs nor their friends told the Conrads about the letter. A few days later Lori was on the phone with Ellen Ballinger when, to her surprise, she saw Julie Conrad drive up.

"You're not going to believe who's pulling into my driveway," she said.

"Who?"

"Julie."

Two of the Conrad children scurried the Goughs' front door and gave Lori birthday gift for her youngest child.

"What did you do?" Ellen Ballinger ask when Lori called back.

"I didn't do anything," Lori said. "I w like I always am. I was nice. I said, 'Tha you.'"

Julie Conrad, meanwhile, was busy w her own problems. That November latest employer, a small clothing-store cha named Sassafras, staged an impromptu ventory. Julie had been around retailing lo enough to know what that meant: the cha was being sold. She asked the owners, lo time friends, but they declined to confi her suspicions. Still, the uncertainty fuel Julie's anxiety. She took two weeks' vacati time, to begin on December 15.

That Sunday, the 14th, Julie mustered t energy for her big annual project, Operati Santa, which she had started in the ea 90s. As he did every year, Linda Mora husband, John, put on a Santa suit, climb onto a fire truck, and drove through t neighborhood to hand out peppermint sti

nd collect presents for the poor. Julie slipped to her green elf costume, tied on a red sequined belt, and followed the fire truck in er Volvo station wagon. At each stop she mped out, helped with the candy, then owed the presents in the back of her car.

Everything went fine until they got to the op in front of the Goughs' house. A crowd as waiting, singing Christmas carols. Julie otted Lori's two best friends, Cathy Hernon and Ellen Ballinger. "Hi, how are you?" e said. She noticed Ballinger's new fur coat. Oh, your coat is gorgeous!" Without a word, lie says, the women turned their backs on er. Julie was too busy collecting presents to well on the obvious snub.

A week went by. On December 22, a cold, rainy Monday, Julie got up early. She ad arranged to take two of her children, ho had strep-throat symptoms, to the octor at 11. That night was the neighborood's annual cookie-exchange party at nnifer Dengler's house, down the street, nd Julie had decided to attend. In the tchen she began making her pecan tarts. ut she wasn't sure how many batches ere needed, since she had thrown away e invitation, just as she had thrown away dozen other invitations in the last six onths. A little after nine she called to ask cque Schrader.

Schrader sounded pleased and surprised learn Julie was going to attend the party. Because nobody's seen you!" she said enusiastically.

"I know," Julie said. "It's just been cra-." She told Schrader of their winter vacaon plans, and briefed her on the latest ings-on at her job. "You know what?" Julie sked at one point. "Did I do something to ffend somebody? Lori or Ellen Ballinger aybe?"

"Why would you say that?" Schrader sked.

Julie told her what had happened at Opation Santa. "Do you know of anything ve done?" she asked.

"Well, if you think there's a problem, you ould call Lori," Schrader said, her tone ifting. "I don't want to get in the middle anything."

Julie sensed trouble. "What is it?" she sked. "Jacque, if you know, you have to tell e."

"No, no, I promised Lori I wouldn't."

Now Julie knew something was up. Without going into detail she explained her ent struggles with depression and anxiety. The last thing I need right now is some kind confrontation," Julie said. "What is it I've one?"

"No, I won't say," Schrader insisted. "You ve to call Lori."

Afterward, Julie stood in her kitchen, acking her brains for something she had done. She thought of her son Patrick's third-birthday party at Chuck E. Cheese in August. It had been a last-minute thing, and she hadn't given out gift bags. Nor had she sent thank-you notes. Yet there had been no sense of strain. Keith had bounced little Tommy Gough on his knee, and everyone had been so nice. Surely, she thought, Lori couldn't be angry about thank-you notes. She felt her anxiety building.

While Julie decided what to do, Jacque Schrader called Lori. "Has Julie called you yet?" Schrader asked.

"No," Lori said. "Why?"

"Well," Schrader said, "she called me and wanted to know what she had done to offend the perfect Lori Gough, and [I] said, 'What are you talking about?' [She said,] 'Well, Ellen snubbed me a little bit. What's Lori upset about?' She didn't really make sense. [So I said,] 'I can't tell you. Why don't you call Lori yourself?'"

Lori's call-waiting beeped. "That's probably her now," Lori said. "I'm just going to let the answering machine get it."

"No, no, no," Schrader said. "You talk to her, and confront her, and get it out in the open."

Gough said good-bye to Schrader and picked up the incoming call. It was indeed Julie Conrad. Her tone was conciliatory.

"I haven't been a good friend lately," Julie said. "I haven't been around." She began to apologize for something she couldn't imagine she had done. "If I've done something to offend you," she said, "I'm really sorry."

Lori Gough didn't want to hear it. Two months of frustration welled up inside her, and she cut Julie off.

"Look, I have reason to believe that you may have written me a nasty letter," Lori said, "and if you did, I think you're sick, and you're judgmental, and you need to look in the mirror, because your own family is falling apart. So maybe you ought to take a look at your own family instead of taking shots at mine, if you wrote it."

"And you showed it to other people?" Julie asked.

"Yes."

According to Lori's deposition, Julie then said: "How dare you show that letter to anyone!"

"It's my prerogative if I want to show them the letter," Gough said. "I wanted to get their opinion."

They bickered a bit more before Julie finally denied she had written the letter.

"There are things in this letter only you would know," Lori said at one point. What she meant was there were things in the letter she had heard the Conrads say.

"I don't know anything about you!" Julie said.

"Well," Lori said, "did Keith write it?"

"If he wrote it," Julie said, "I'll kill him."

"If you didn't write it, then Keith did." Lori's adrenaline was flowing now. "Why didn't you come or R.S.V.P. to Tommy's birthday party?" she asked Julie. "Because you couldn't face me?"

"Well, I never got the invitation," Julie said. "I saw you put something in my mailbox, but I never got the invitation."

In Julie's rambling explanation of why she didn't attend the birthday party, Lori sensed something wrong, something a tad too frantic. "She was just kind of going round and round not really making sense," Lori recalled in a deposition, "and I kind of thought, 'Whoa, what's this all about?'"

Julie was growing hysterical. "I've been really depressed, it's been a horrible few months," she said. "They've given me these pills, and they can't get my medication right. You need to let me bring my medication over. My medicine's not working, and I'm taking all this stuff, and it's not working." At that point Lori began trying to end the conversation. In her deposition, Lori said Julie volunteered that her family was trying to get her committed to Sheppard Pratt, a local mental-health center. (Julie denies mentioning this then.) Julie asked for a copy of the letter, and Lori said, "I'll call Tim and see, but I just think we should forget about it and move on, and it's over. Like, I don't care. I don't care. Just don't worry about it, and let's forget about it."

Julie said she was taking her kids to the doctor and would swing by the Goughs at 11:30 to see the letter. Finally Lori hung up. She called Tim at work. He listened, tried to calm her down, and told her not to give Julie a copy of the letter. "She's not stable," Lori said, telling Tim about the Sheppard Pratt reference. Then Lori took a deep breath, called Julie back, and said she couldn't give her the letter. "Oh, that's nice," Julie snapped. "You go around showing it to people for two months, and you won't show it to me. This is not over by a long shot."

After she hung up, Julie called her best friends, John and Barbara Yackus, who lived on Beachview, a cul-de-sac around the corner. She was so distraught, the Yackuses drove right over. They found her in pieces, sobbing and trying to explain what had happened. John Yackus, a pilot for United Airlines, called Keith's cell phone and left a message, the urgency clear in his voice: "Keith, you need to come home right now."

Meanwhile, Jacque Schrader had walked into Lori's house. Lori told her about the telephone conversations with Julie. As angry as she was, Lori was worried about Julie. "Jacque, you need to go over there and make sure she's O.K.," Lori said. "This is ridicu-

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lous that this has escalated like this." Jacque didn't want to go. Lori insisted.

Schrader went back to her house and saw the Yackuses' car in the Conrads' driveway. She phoned Lori and told her, "I'm not going over there, because the Yackuses' car is there."

After the Yackuses left, Schrader's phone rang. It was Julie, still hysterical. First she called Schrader a "bitch" for not telling her about the letter. Then she said she had money from her mother's estate and was prepared to spend every last cent "to get Lori Gough." Once that was done, Julie went on, she was going to jump off the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, because she had nothing to live for. And then she slammed down the phone. Schrader called and told Lori what had happened. Both women were now deeply worried.

And with good reason. Julie was beside herself. Thoughts of suicide flitted in and out of her mind. She couldn't reach Keith at work. Unable to cope, she postponed the children's doctor's appointment, found the number of a lawyer friend, Kim Marshall, and called and tried to explain what had happened. Marshall told her to calm down, and promised to take care of everything after the holidays. Pacing the house, biting her nails, Julie began taking Atavan pills. She was supposed to take no more than 3 a day, but by three o'clock, when she left to take the children to the doctor's office, she had taken 9 or 10. It turned out that both children had strep, so she dropped by the CVS to get prescriptions filled. By the time she returned home, around five, she had begun to calm down—a little.

Keith's Audi was in the driveway. He had come home early to find the house empty, and had no idea what was going on. As Julie hustled the kids upstairs to bed he thought she said something about scarlet fever; at first he thought the kids were dying. When Julie came downstairs she started to explain. Keith thought a minute, then walked into the kitchen and called the Goughs.

Lori picked up.

"What is going on here?" Keith asked. "Can you fill me in?"

"You know exactly what this is about," Lori said, as Keith remembers the conversation.

"Well, can I see the letter?"

"We're not going to show it to you."

"Lori," Keith said, "do you really want to draw this line in the sand?"

"Absolutely," Lori Gough said, and slammed down the phone.

Keith called back. This time Tim Gough answered. "Let's just try to have a good holiday," Tim said. Keith kept asking for the letter; Tim kept saying, "Let's just try and have a good holiday." Finally Tim said his father was on the other line, and ended the call.

Troubled and confused, Keith thought of his next-door neighbor Scott Schrader, Jacque's husband. Keith was as close to Scott as he was to any man in the neighborhood; he had volunteered to help Scott with an Internet project and was spending many evenings with him working on it. Julie had once helped Scott get a job interview.

"Hey, Scott, Julie's pretty upset," Keith told Schrader over the phone. "Do you know anything about this letter?"

A beat. "Yes," Schrader said. "I do."

"Why didn't you mention it to me?"

"Well, from what I know, Julie could've written it."

Keith didn't know what to say. "Well, fuck you!" he shouted, slamming down the phone.

Julie was standing next to him in the kitchen. "What'd he say? What'd he say?" she demanded. He told her. Julie's eyes rolled back. She was stricken; even their close friends thought she had written the letter. "I was crushed, just devastated," Julie recalls. "That's what sent me over the edge."

She began to grow hysterical again, crying and screaming. When she disappeared upstairs, Keith called Julie's sister Patty in Bethesda and asked her to come over; he needed help. He called John Yackus too. Then he went to the laundry room and grabbed Julie's car keys from a hook. He was trying to calm the children a few minutes later when Julie came down the stairs. "This is it!" she announced. "I can't take this anymore. I want to go for a drive."

"No," Keith said, stepping in front of the laundry-room door, which led to the garage.

"I'm too afraid to shoot myself," Julie said. "I'm just going to jump off the bridge." The Chesapeake Bay Bridge.

A struggle ensued as Julie tried to get her keys out of Keith's pants pocket. The pants ripped. She began hitting him. Running to the garage, she pressed the garage-door opener and the door began to rise. Keith pressed it again to make it go down. They fought at the button, with the door going up and down, up and down, the garage light flicking on and off, on and off. "She basically attacked me," Keith says. "All I remember is the garage door going up and down."

Just then John Yackus drove up. "Is everything O.K.?" he yelled from the driveway. "Keith, let me in!"

"John, it's fine!" Keith yelled, still struggling with Julie.

Finally Julie gave up and disappeared upstairs. She began calling people, a friend in Arizona, the lawyer Kim Marshall, telling them good-bye—she intended to kill herself. Keith could hear her sobbing and shouting incoherently. At some point she grabbed the bottle of Atavan and gulped down a handful of pills, maybe 10 or 20. Meanwhile, her sister arrived from Bethesda. Keith dialed 911. Upstairs, Julie's sister tried to calm her down. It was no use.

An ambulance and two police cars pulled into Thomas Point Court just as the women of Fishing Creek Farm began arriving for the cookie-exchange party at Jennifer Dengler's. There was a brief traffic jam. Instead of swapping cookie recipes, the wives found themselves milling about in front of the Conrads' house, watching.

When Julie saw the ambulance, she attempted to jump out her bedroom window; her sister wrestled her back inside. When the three muscular ambulance attendants went upstairs to get her, Julie fought them, kicking and spitting. Eventually they quieted her and began taking her to the ambulance. Keith stopped them. "Half the women in the neighborhood were standing outside," he recalls. "I was trying to avoid humiliating her."

Keith asked the ambulance attendants to let him take her.

"Can you handle her?" one asked.

"I think so," he said.

They drove out of Thomas Point Court in a little caravan, a police car following Keith and Julie in the Audi, past the astonished crowd. Julie's nightmare, however, was only beginning. They drove to the nearest hospital, the Anne Arundel Medical Center, where the emergency-room doctor was another Fishing Creek Farm neighbor; he lived a few doors down from the Conrads. The doctor made Julie drink a charcoal-based liquid to clean out her stomach, then put her in restraints. She was still a mess, babbling about the letter and crying uncontrollably. She kept saying, "It's Christmas, I have to go home." One of the doctors asked Keith if he would sign a paper to commit Julie temporarily to a mental ward.

"Don't make me do this," Keith said. "I can't commit my wife to a mental institution three days before Christmas."

To Keith's amazement, the doctors caucused and decided to commit her involuntarily. He was still asking what this meant when Julie was placed in a straitjacket and wheeled out to an ambulance, which then drove off. Julie was given a shot and passed out.

She awoke in restraints, alone in a white windowless room with a locked steel door. Somewhere someone was screaming. She started to cry, but was unable to wipe the tears that streamed down her face. She

ought she must be dreaming, but eventual- realized she wasn't. Julie had been taken the maximum-security mental ward at the ashington Adventist Hospital, one of two ch facilities in Maryland. "Ever seen *The ake Pit*?" Julie asks today. "I was in it."

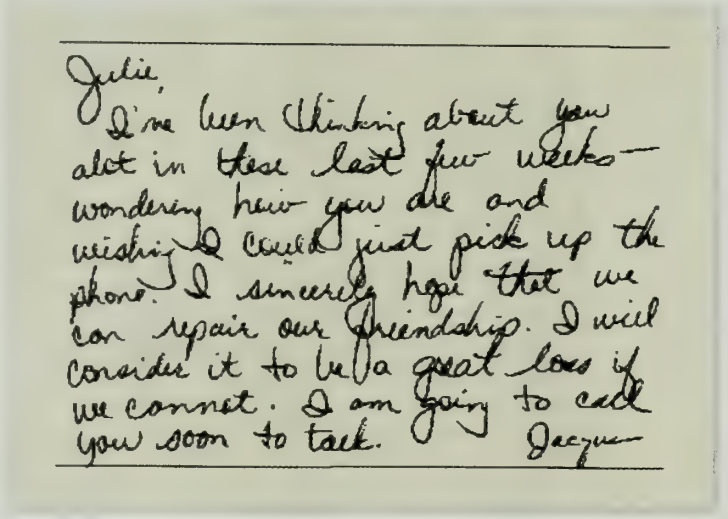
By and by a nurse came in, then a doc- r, who interviewed her. The next morning e was escorted out of her cell and taken to group-therapy meeting, where she listened, unned, as schizophrenics talked about ices in their heads. Afterward the patients nvened in a dayroom. Julie led the group singing Christmas carols. "I was Julie, the uise director of the psycho ward," she says th a crooked smile. "It was surreal."

Keith wasn't able to see Julie until late e next afternoon, December 23. At the spital he was led past series of concrete-block rridors, barred windows, d steel doors to a con- rence room, his mind eling. "I didn't know nat to think," Keith re- embers. "[I thought,] he doesn't belong here. r does she? What about e children? Could she rt them?'" When Julie me in they embraced. e begged Keith to get r released, but he wasn't re. Other patients walked the door; some yelled, Hey, Julie!" Julie an- ered, and that bothered eith even more. "That as weird," he remembers. mean, now she was friends with these eople?"

Julie was kept in the mental ward an- her 24 hours before Keith was allowed take her home late on Christmas Eve. hristmas Day was an exercise in denial. o one spoke about what had happened. ventually, day by day, Julie returned to ing her old self. Except she could never her old self again.

t took several weeks for the Conrads' confusion to turn to anger. At first Keith ought Julie might have written the mys- rious letter, of which he still knew no de- ils. "I could see Julie writing something, d having it misinterpreted," he remem- ers. "We didn't really know the Goughs, t they were good people. They wouldn't ve made this up. Of course I thought e had done it. I thought she had done mething." Julie assumed that the letter d been written on Conrad-family station- y or that it bore some identifying mark hich led the Goughs to suspect them. e thought about her children and a baby- ter or two.

The whole controversy receded that January, when Julie's 72-year-old father was diagnosed with terminal cancer. She placed him under hospice care and spent long days and nights looking after him. A few weeks later Jacque Schrader sent an olive branch. "I've been thinking about you alot in these last few weeks—wondering how you are and wishing I could just pick up the phone," she wrote in a note. "I sincerely hope that we can repair our friendship. I will consider it to be a great loss if we cannot." She called soon after, asking for Julie's forgiveness. Julie hung up on her. Jacque called back once more. She explained that the Goughs assumed Julie had written the letter while on medication and probably had no memory of it.


Julie,
I've been thinking about you alot in these last few weeks— wondering how you are and wishing I could just pick up the phone. I sincerely hope that we can repair our friendship. I will consider it to be a great loss if we cannot. I am going to call you soon to talk. Jacque

MENDING FENCES
A note to Julie Conrad from next-door neighbor Jacque Schrader. Schrader, a confidante to both Julie Conrad and Lori Gough, alerted Julie that Lori was upset.

The more Keith Conrad pondered what had happened, the angrier he got. He began to believe his wife's denials. And the more he thought about it, the more he believed the rest of Fishing Creek Farm was scapegoating its weakest link. "Everyone knew she was sick, everyone knew we had issues, that things with Julie weren't right," he says today. "And they did this to her. They did it cavalierly." Keith's lips purse for a moment. "They do it for sport," he says.

The Conrads consulted a lawyer, an old family friend named Bob Bittman, who had earned his 15 minutes of fame as the attorney who elicited President Clinton's hairsplitting denial of having had sex with Monica Lewinsky. Bittman explained that every skeleton in the family closet would come tumbling out if they sued; the Goughs would try to make the Conrads look as bad as possible.

Keith explained about the affair he'd had. Bittman asked if he'd had sex with the woman. Keith denied it. "Keith, do you mean to tell the man who questioned President Clinton about Monica Lewinsky that you never had sex with this woman?" Julie asked. They all smiled. They needed to.

In March 1998, three months after the incident, the Conrads had another attorney write a letter to the Goughs. In it he asked for a copy of the anonymous letter and a published retraction. Tensions rose in the neighborhood. The Goughs hired a neighbor, Rick Jaklitsch, to represent them. The most the Goughs were willing to say was that they had no "proof" the Conrads had authored the note. In December 1998, a year to the day after Julie's trip to the mental ward, the Conrads sued the Goughs for defamation and emotional distress, charging them with spreading rumors that the Conrads had authored the letter. They asked for $2.3 million in damages.

Fishing Creek Farm entered its Cold War phase. The Goughs and their allies, including the Ballingers and other families, began compiling dirt on the Conrads—the pills, the affair, the arguments. The Conrads did the same, hiring an investigator to dredge up dirt on the Goughs and others; Keith estimates he spent $85,000 on legal and other fees. It was during this phase that the nuttiest rumors emerged, such as allegations that Frank Ballinger was a cocaine dealer who held drug parties at his house at the end of Thomas Point Court. During discovery the Conrads were finally given a copy of the letter; Keith's belief that Julie couldn't have written it was confirmed. He says he could see her writing an angry letter, but never an anonymous one. Julie may be caustic, Keith says, but she's always up-front about it.

The case went to trial in April 2000. Most of the major players testified. The Conrads lost. In the wake of the trial, Fishing Creek Farm breathed a sigh of relief, hoping that the controversy had finally been settled. But, for Keith Conrad, nothing was settled. The trial loss only deepened his conviction that his family had been wronged. He wanted justice. And so, in October 2000 he opened fishingcreekfarm.com, placing in cyberspace all the depositions and tawdry letters from the court case.

An uproar ensued. The Goughs, backed by the Fishing Creek Farm housing associ-

Trouble Next Door

ation and several neighbors, filed to block the postings of court depositions. But after gaining a temporary court order blocking them, the Goughs withdrew the motion, realizing it was only leading to more publicity. Traffic to the Web site increased to a thousand or so visitors a day, then surged to 12,000 visitors in late February when *The Washington Post*'s local edition carried an article on the furor.

"Hi, this is the cocaine dealer in the cul-de-sac," Frank Ballinger had said on the phone. I was grateful to hear from him; few of his neighbors are willing to discuss the case on the record. "And here," Ballinger says now, sweeping his hand toward the pool, hot tub, playground, and tennis court in his backyard, "is where the famous neighborhood cocaine parties were held."

Ballinger is making a joke, but he's not smiling. He's not a drug dealer, he's a stockbroker—"supersuccessful," he says, "got my own company." Blue-eyed and blow-dried, relaxing at his house this morning in khaki shorts, a dark-red knit shirt, and a Rolex, Ballinger shows me into an office lined with self-help books such as *The Millionaire Next Door* and two copies of J. Paul Getty's *How to Be Rich*.

"I've spent $3 million in the last five years killing people," he announces. "With lawsuits, you know, business. If Keith Conrad thinks $85,000 is a lot of money, I know people who can squish him. We get a judgment, and you know he can't pay it, so we'll foreclose on his house and take him down. That's what has to happen. He just needs to be taken down."

Ballinger lives in a sprawling modern home three doors down from the Conrads'. The two families were once friendly; now the Ballingers won't let their children inside the Conrad home. "This is a more conservative block," Ballinger says. "There's more money on the other side [of Fishing Creek Farm]. Except for me. But I looked at this area and said, 'Let's live back here with the regular people.' One of the reasons we did this was seeing the Conrads and all of their kids. We thought it looked just right."

Then came the letter. And the lawsuit. And the Web site. Ballinger warned *The Washington Post* and others who considered publishing the allegations about him that were posted on the site. "It's a hate Web site, it's the big Trojan horse," Ballinger says. "It deflects the issue that they did this, the Conrads, that this site is all a big hoax. This case, it's like JonBenet, or like O.J. Well, you know O.J. really did kill Nicole. And someday Keith Conrad will find that note writer, because in my opinion his own wife wrote it." He sighs, then looks at me. "Who cares who wrote the damn note! What Keith Conrad needs to do is, instead of spending his energy with people like you, he should get his wife to see a mental-health professional."

Ballinger lowers his voice. "Some parents are afraid of the Conrads," he says. Ballinger casts his eyes through his office window, toward the Conrad house. "There's a lot of people who feel there's a 5 percent chance they will go nuclear. Can't you hear their excuse now? 'Oh, the neighbors, they drove us crazy, they made us do it.'"

One neighbor has already warned the F.B.I.

Today, thanks to the Web site and the threat of new litigation, the venom in Fishing Creek Farm has only increased. A typical example came in April, after the Conrads were asked to move their 30-foot sailboat to a different berth—between the Gough and Jaklitsch families' boats. Julie hit the roof. She told one neighbor that she would sooner blow up the pier than move the boat. (Julie acknowledges making the remark as a joke but says it's been taken out of context.) She used the occasion to fire a broadside at the Fishing Creek Farm housing association. In an E-mail she denounced it as "Nazi" for disinviting the Conrads to the neighborhood Christmas party.

"I had no intention of attending [the party] because I get ill at the sight of liars, cheats and wannabes, such as the many former table servers, warehouse workers and drug dealers that reside in this community," Julie wrote. "[Keith] intended to go and hold his head up, like a man.... I know his presence would have been too much for many of the scum to tolerate—having to look a gentleman like Keith Conrad in the face after what this lawless band had senselessly done to him.... You cannot buy breeding—at any cost." Asked for some documentation on their home ownership, Julie closed, "[If] you want documentation from me, I'll slip on latex gloves and grab the KY Jelly and give it to you exactly where you deserve it."

These and other missives have only deepened the feelings of some in the neighborhood that Julie authored the anonymous letter. One of the few who will say so on the record is Rick Jaklitsch, the Goughs' former attorney. He notes what he calls "amazing, incredible similarities, in my opinion, between these latest letters and that letter—from the level of hate to the style of bouncing from person to person, spewing hate, down to the lack of paragraph indentations."

Seeking to rebut such accusations, the Conrads have continued their quest to identify the anonymous letter's author. Earlier this year they contacted Donald Foster, the noted Shakespearean scholar and writing analyst who identified the journalist Joe Klein as the author of the best-selling anonymously published book *Primary Colors*. Foster agreed to review the letter, but several weeks later withdrew; he says he formed an opinion as to the identity of the letter's author, but wouldn't tell the Conrads, saying he didn't want to cause any further damage to the community. Around the time Foster withdrew, an anonymous E-mail appeared on the Fishing Creek Farm Web site.

"Reading through the various transcripts," it read, "and applying a certain amount of rationality (and the principle of Occam's razor), it seems to me that the most probable answer to who wrote the anonymous letter has been passed by. Specifically, it seems that in all the testimony there is only one person whose deposition betrays a significant aura of malice—Jacqui Schrader."

Foster says he didn't write the E-mail. The Schraders deny any involvement whatsoever, and there's no evidence that they wrote the letter. They say: "It is both sad and unfortunate that a neighborhood conflict has gone on for several years. In spite of most people's efforts within the community to move forward with their lives, in our opinion, this conflict has been perpetuated by two things: a lawsuit which was quickly dismissed by the courts, and a website whose purpose remains unclear. In spite of these things, for the vast majority of people who live here, Fishing Creek Farm continues to be a great neighborhood to raise a family and to mix with friends."

Today visitors to the Web site regularly chime in with their own theories and comments. Some take sides; many more denounce everyone involved. "What a bunch of demented fucking wankers," wrote one British correspondent. Adds another visitor: "You people are pathetic. Get over it." And another: "What a bunch of useless, self-centered, egotistical, Nazis you all are! Poor poor litigious rich people! Nothing better to do with your time. You are sincerely what's wrong with this country."

Back in his cul-de-sac, Frank Ballinger is shaking his head. "Who would have thought it would come to this?" he asks. "Who ever would have thought little old Fishing Creek Farm would be on the Internet around the world over something trivial, so stupid? I mean, things like this happen in neighborhoods all the time. You know?" □

CREDITS

FASHION



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Page 22: Ali Larter's Givenchy dress from Givenchy, N.Y.C.; Jimmy Choo shoes from Jimmy Choo, L.A.; David Orgell earrings and necklace from David Orgell, L.A.

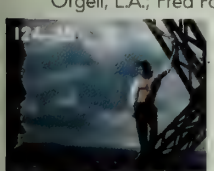


Page 44: J. M. Weston shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.; for clothing, see credits for cover.
Page 52: Julie Weiss styled by Christine Hahn; for shirt by Helmut Lang, go to www.helmutlang.com.
Page 68: Simon Morley and **David Friend** styled by Seta Niland for CLM. Suits by Ozwald Boateng, from Bespoke Couture, London. Morley's shirt by Alexander McQueen, from Alexander McQueen, London; tie by Ozwald Boateng, from Bespoke Couture, London. Friend's shirt by Richard James, from Richard James, London; tie by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, London. Shoes by Paul Smith, from Paul Smith, London.





Page 115: Ali Larter's Prada dress from Prada, L.A.; Chanel shoes from Chanel, L.A.; David Orgell earrings from David Orgell, L.A.; Fred Paris jewelry from Fred Paris, Beverly Hills; Dana Marasca for Célestine.



Page 118: Raquel Welch styled by Petra; dress by Versace, from Versace, Beverly Hills; ring by Fred Paris, from Fred Paris, Beverly Hills.
Pages 124–25: Mark Wahlberg's Charvet shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Giorgio Armani pants from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide.



Page 126: Valentino suit from Valentino, N.Y.C.; Polo Ralph Lauren shirt and socks from selected Polo Ralph Lauren stores; Paul Smith tie from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; J. M. Weston shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.



Page 129: Emporio Armani T-shirt from Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide; Giorgio Armani pants from Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide.



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Michael Lutin tells Leos that heartache is part of the game



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Robert De Niro

At least for the rest of the summer, do yourself and everyone else a favor and pay special attention to that little voice calling to you from inside your chest cavity. While you may worry each time you experience a twinge of pain that the creature from *Alien* is about to burst forth, what you're feeling is actually part of a healing process that began last spring, when Mars went stationary retrograde in its conjunction with Chiron. Two truths should comfort you: (1) Love is all there is. (2) With Jupiter now in your 12th house, you are safely delivered from all evil—even your own.



Beyoncé Knowles

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

No matter how much you may protest to the contrary, it is clear from your actions that the Mars-Chiron conjunction in your 4th house is still drawing you into the Greek tragedy called family. Pluto's position there too keeps you grinding your teeth at night and contributes to your fixation on issues of blood relationships. Wallowing in family muck can be engrossing, but with your 4th-house ruler transiting your 11th house, look for true comfort and camaraderie in the company of good friends. And the less they know about your past, the better.



Fela Anikulapo Kuti

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

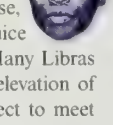
If you've been yearning for a promotion or at the very least a raise, or if you've been dying to make a comeback and inject a little juice into a once fancy but now flagging career, this is your chance. Many Libras are getting breaks whether they deserve them or not. With the elevation of Jupiter to the midheaven of your solar horoscope, you can expect to meet some benevolent big shots who will think that you're pretty hot stuff. Then again, they have never seen you snarling like a pit bull at anyone foolish enough to get in your way.



Barbara Hutton

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

There's bound to be aggravation in money matters when Mars and Pluto hover around Chiron in your 2nd house. Just as you're about to move over to Easy Street, the mortgage falls through and the Dow drops dead. Conversely (and perversely), when you're convinced that fiscal annihilation is imminent—*shazam!* You're saved. If you are really terrified of being wiped out, why do you keep spending so lavishly? It's probably because, with the ruler of your 2nd house in your 9th, you still believe that the bountiful universe wouldn't dare screw up your vacation plans.



Princess Masako

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The entrance of your ruling planet into the sign of Cancer in your 8th house is a profoundly blessed event. No matter what happens to you from here on in, you can take a philosophical attitude toward the mysteries of life and joyfully accept and participate in whatever experiences come your way. This change in perspective couldn't come at a better time, because for months you have felt like an angry, wounded animal alone in your cave. And there's more: for the sexually active, Jupiter in the 8th house should bring a series of thrills you will never forget.



Jude Law

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Self-doubt has been plaguing the members of your sign for months. You've been terribly hard on yourself lately, so much so that it has become difficult for you to accept support or praise. In fact, you seem to think that anyone who believes in you probably has terrible taste. Although a 12th-house transit of Mars could drive you further into paranoid self-deprecation, its planetary dispositor has become exalted. In plain English that means you have admirers and fans who actually think you just might be worth something. They can't all be crazy.



Elizabeth Bishop

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

It's amazing how a simple job offer can ease any gnawing uncertainties you may have about the future. In fact, work can be a divine source of comfort and security, especially when your insides are t ing somersaults 43 times a minute. As for strife with associates and polit shenanigans, there's no escaping that nonsense, but the healing vibrat created by the passage of your 11th-house ruler into your 6th house will t care of you as long as you remember that you're a servant of humanity. not the other way around.



Alan Greenspan

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

Do you sometimes feel that you are continually being hamme from above? Are you becoming convinced that the man upstairs whoever is running the show) has it in for you? Cheer up. It's not as if lack opportunities to make it in the world. It's just that the current transi Mars has been a bitch, and it's not over yet. There's an antidote to the p son, though: with Jupiter in your 5th house, you can't go wrong if you grou yourself in pure love and creativity. First you have to get over your bittern though, and that's a tough one.



Sarah Jessica Parker

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

If you've had any doubts that personal fulfillment is the right path to follow, your reservations will now be dispelled. Chasing after fame can be fun, but public recognition would seem empty and shallow compared with the inner peace you will find when Jupiter reaches its exa place in your solar 4th house. There is just one hitch, though: with your p etary ruler going direct in your 9th house at the same time, you won't home long enough to enjoy this newfound contentment. Are you actu afraid of being caught by the happiness you seek? How odd.



Willie Mays

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY

Whether you thought you needed it or not, there is a sexual hea taking place. You have to believe it, now that the ruler of your house is changing direction in your 8th and moving toward a conjunc with Chiron that will occur in September. Despite your vain attempts at malcy and your noble respect for tradition, a major awakening is going o the most private area of your life. It may be easier to look away and shift focus onto money matters, but talking truth to the people close to yo much more rewarding. It's also scarier.



Bob Dylan

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

There's no need to worry about money. That's not the problem any longer. Relationships should be your concern now, as the Venus-Pluto conjunction kicks off a no-holds-barred mud-wrestling match that will last for months, and you struggle to pin an opponent who con ally slips through your fingers. It may be hard to accept, but there are pe in your life whose function it is to drag you away from your tired, old ro and lead you to a whole new place. If you are resisting, however, it's good reason. It's hard to learn lessons from people who hurt you.



Frida Kahlo

CANCER JUNE 22–JUL

Though you are torn between your compulsive urge to re healthy, keep busy, and stay connected on the one hand and an e ly powerful wish to turn your face to the wall and let the dar phone keep ringing on the other, don't think for a moment that the uni isn't watching out for you. As Jupiter passes through Cancer, its benev vibration offers a state of grace, a feeling of calm, and a sense of prosp These are invaluable tools which, God knows, should help you ward of goblins of self-pity and anxiety—if you can bear to be happy, that is.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a Touch-Tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.

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BRIAN WILSON

Brian Wilson's Beach Boys album *Pet Sounds* was so revolutionary it sent the worried Beatles straight to the recording studio (result: *Sgt. Pepper's*), but musicians and fans have always been inspired by Wilson's ethereal tenor and his lyrical images of love, loneliness, and California life. With an all-star tribute concert airing on TNT, Wilson takes time to reflect on Thomas Edison, his partial deafness, and his hero, Phil Spector

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3



What is your greatest fear?
Dying.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Thomas Edison, because he turned on the lights.

Which living person do you most admire?
Phil Spector.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Being deaf in my right ear.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Food.

On what occasion do you lie?
I don't lie.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My face.

Which living person do you most despise?
I don't think I should say. I would hate for it to get back to them.

What is your greatest regret?
To have taken LSD. It was a far-out trip. I took it twice and I didn't like it.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My wife, Melinda.

Which talent would you most like to have?
I wish I could talk better, in conversation. I'm not a good talker.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I would like to talk with a deeper, more masculine voice.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
I would call Wendy more often.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
I would come back as a movie star.

What is your most treasured possession?
My wife.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Losing my brothers.

Where would you like to live?
Santa Barbara.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability to talk cool shit.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Legs.

What is it that you most dislike?
Feeling scared.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep.

What is your motto?
"Be cool."



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